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HARPER'S WEEKLY

SATURDAY
JANUARY 3
1903

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VENEZUELA

*The Political, Personal, and
Diplomatic Status treated in
Pictures and Articles*

"The Book of Months"
A New Novel by E. F. Benson

The Future of Niagara

Progress Under the Sea

AMERICANS OF TO-MORROW
'THIS WEEK

GEORGE B. CORTELYOU

NEXT WEEK

ARTHUR TWINING HADLEY

*Sixteen Pages of Comment on
Politics, Literature, Art, & Science*

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PAGES

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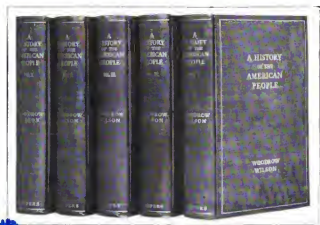
HARPER & BROTHERS NEW YORK

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In Five Volumes

By WOODROW WILSON, Ph.D., Litt.D., LL.D.

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AMERICANS OF TO-MORROW

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See page 29—Editorial Section

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Aspects of the Monroe Doctrine in Venezuela

EXACTLY a century ago James Monroe was with Livingston in Paris negotiating with the representatives of Napoleon for the secret privilege of depositing merchandise at the mouth of the Mississippi for reshipment, or, at best, for the purchase of a mere strip along the river, which was then practically closed to our commerce. The negotiations ended unexpectedly, before the end of the year 1803, by the proposal of the sale of the entire Louisiana Territory to the United States. This was the first premise of the Monroe doctrine, which it is not so generally remembered Monroe had himself a part in establishing. Livingston wrote: "From this day the United States take their place among the powers of first rank; the English lose all exclusive influence in the affairs of America." The second premise was established to our own satisfaction in the administration of Monroe as President; and the conclusion seems now to be generally accepted by European powers. A century began with the purchase of Louisiana has ended with England, Germany, and Italy praying the arbitration of the United States in the peaceful settlement of their quarrels with a small South-American state. A few years ago arbitration was asked by one of these under a certain compulsion; now it is voluntarily solicited by all. It is an enviable tribute to American diplomacy.

By what motives the powers were actuated in this request it were migrations to ask. If self-interest were alone the motive, it would still be as encouraging as if the step were taken for purely

altruistic reasons (something not to be imagined). What is of importance is that European nations, from whatever domestic motive, have been constrained, both by the position of the United States in this hemisphere and by the integrity and sanity of her diplomacy, to entrust to her their Magistrate the adjudication of their claims. This is not in itself a formal recognition of the Monroe doctrine, but it would seem to give added color to a policy of acquiescence in our position. Perhaps it has only forestalled an immediate and final settlement of the question; but it is more reasonable to believe that there is no serious disposition on the part of the European nations to begin the forcible partition of another continent.

It is true that Germany and Italy have had little extra-European territory to satisfy their earth hunger. They have had to be content with the crumbs which have fallen from the feasting of England, France, and Russia upon Africa, Asia, and the islands of the sea. Their eyes have naturally been following the streams of emigration to South America, and have no doubt looked enviously upon the unoccupied or undeveloped parts of that continent. It is easy to believe that under the direct and responsible guidance of these and other European peoples South America would more rapidly develop; it is a question, however, if, under such protection as this doctrine affords, the backward, turbulent people which now control the continent, are not ultimately to work out a better destiny, not only for themselves, but for the world at large.



Lord Lansdowne
British Minister of Foreign Affairs

Colonel John Hay
United States Secretary of State

Count von Bismarck
Chancellor of the German Empire

The Three Ministers having the Venezuela Episode in Charge



Photograph by

Van Alstyne

New York

Photo-Litho. Co.

Photograph by

Van Alstyne

New York

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THE FIRST STATE DINNER OF THE SEASON IN THE NEW WHITE HOUSE

On December 18 President and Mrs. Roosevelt entertained seven people at dinner in the newly renovated state dining-room in the White House. All the lower floor of the mansion, with the exception of the Blue Room, is now completed, and after the dinner the distinguished guests went through the rooms, admiring the beautiful renovations in the old house.



Official Trial of "Moccasin"
Discharging a torpedo at target 150 feet long representing the vitals of a battle-ship

Progress Under the Sea

THE recent official trials of the *Adder* and *Moccasin*, the two submarine torpedo-boats which have just been added to our navy list, promise the doom of the surface torpedo-boat. In the history of warfare there has always been some method or weapon designed to weaken the enemy's power of resistance by making him morally afraid. This factor has of late years been supplied by the surface torpedo-boat, which has performed the same office for the modern navies as, for example, the piked dragons and the beating of tom-toms for the Chinese; and they have proved equally valuable. When the passing of each naval engagement found the results from the torpedo-boat to be nil, its much-wanted moral effect naturally decreased, and there remained only some such incidents as the recent performance of the new submarines to give it its *coup de grace*. The fact that these boats have not only met the severe specifications of the Navy Department, with a handsome margin to spare, but that they have revealed a reliability hitherto unsuspected, has won over the doubting naval experts who know that a weapon, to be permanently useful, must produce some result more tangible than mere moral effect.

The one feature of the recent trials which impressed itself most strongly upon those present was the ability of the boat to maintain an accurate course when completely submerged.

A comparison of the official trial of the *Moccasin* with the requirements of the contract will demonstrate how well it was fulfilled. The programme for the speed and torpedo trials provided for a run of two miles under water, with a turn, the boat to rise at the conclusion of the run, and discharge her torpedo at a submerged target 150 feet long, representing that portion of a battle-ship containing her vitals and protected by the heaviest armor, the ends of the target being indicated by flags. During the run, required to be made at an average speed of seven knots, the boat was allowed to rise, to take observations, three times, but the interval of visibility could not exceed one minute. The Board of Inspection and Navy reported to the Secretary of the Navy that, after the *Moccasin* made her first dive, she steered a straight course midway between the flags marking the course, and at the

end of the mile made a complete circle about the third pair of flags, and then headed toward the range flags denoting the target. Instead of being visible for one minute each time she rose, as allowed by contract, she was visible the first time thirty-five seconds; the second time, thirty seconds; and the third time, when she emerged to aim her torpedo, only thirty-five seconds. The Board states that during the run the vessel maintained a course at right angles to the target and midway between the range flags, and that her torpedo was discharged "approximately toward the middle of the space between the target flags, the heading of the vessel being approximately normal to the target, so that an accurately revealed torpedo should have struck the middle of the target. The torpedo, however, veered sharply to the left, the trajectory being a well-defined curve, and passed about fifty feet to the left of the left flag indicating the target." It was, therefore, not the *Moccasin's* fault that she did not make a bull's-eye.

These results place the United States far in the lead of other nations in the development of submarine warfare. Although several other nations have from time to time conducted desultory experiments, our only serious rival in this field has been France, who now has either in service or under construction forty-four boats. But despite the great public interest displayed in the subject throughout France, and the inducements offered in the shape of prizes by the government, the inferiority of the French boats, as compared with the American, is marked.

England is not considered our rival in the contest for the most successful design, for the reason that she has accepted the American theories governing the construction, and has adopted the Holland type invented by Mr. J. P. Holland. Six boats have recently been finished for the English government, and five more are under construction at the works of Vickers' Sons & Maxon, the company owning the English patents.

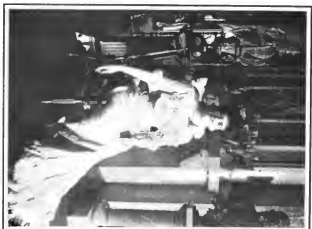
The distinct advantage possessed by this design over the French consists of the ability to manoeuvre more quickly. As these vessels cannot always hope to approach their prey wholly undetected, and as they must frequently rise for observation, a short interval of visibility is essential to safety from gun fire.



New Method of lowering the new Submarine Boats from Battle-ship in actual Warfare



Baron Hengemüller
Austrian Ambassador to the United States



Baroness Hengemüller and her Child

THE NEW AUSTRIAN AMBASSADOR AND HIS FAMILY

The Man of the Hour in Venezuela

HERBERT WOLCOTT BOWEN, the United States minister to Venezuela, who is receiving such high praise in England, Germany, Venezuela, and the United States for his

diplomatic course during the past few weeks, has been continuously in the service of the State Department for twelve years. Beginning as consul, he has risen through every grade in the service up to his present rank of envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary; and every President except Roosevelt has promoted him. He has served as consul and consul-general at Barcelona, Spain; minister resident and consular-general and envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary to Persia; and now as minister to Venezuela. In 1896, when the agitation in Spain against the United States began to assume unpleasant proportions, Mr. Bowen was considered by the Barcelona police authorities to be in constant danger of assassination, such was the feeling against this country and all her representatives. During this period nineteen bombs appeared before the consulate, and on several occasions Mr. Bowen faced them at the risk of his life. On the day after the declaration of war he was escorted over the frontier on a train guarded by soldiers, being the last American official, if not the last American citizen, to leave Spain. At Venezuela, Mr. Bowen has had a peculiarly trying time. During most of his term the revolution of General Matos against President Castro has been in progress, but he has kept on such good terms with the Venezuelan President that now the latter seems to seek his advice on all matters of state as though he were the very Venezuelan Minister of Foreign Affairs. It speaks well for Mr. Bowen's fitness for a diplomatic office, that England, Germany,

Holland, Italy, the United States, and Venezuela are all gratified with the services he has rendered to each. Mr. Bowen is now in the prime of his powers. The son of the late Henry C. Bowen, collector and proprietor of *The Independent*, he was born forty-six years ago in Brooklyn, New York. He received his education in the Brooklyn Polytechnic Institute and at Yale University, where William B. Taft, now Governor of the Philippines, and William H. Hunt, now Governor of Porto Rico, were among his classmates. He was also graduated later at the Columbia Law School with the degree of LL.B. cum laude. Although Mr. Bowen practiced law only a few years before entering upon his diplomatic career, he has always kept up his interest in legal matters, and while he was at Barcelona wrote a short manual on "International Law," which has received considerable praise both here and abroad. He is also an accomplished linguist, speaking and reading, besides his native tongue, Spanish, French, German, Italian, and Persian. In the present connection Mr. Russell, the able secretary of the American Legation at Caracas, should not be forgotten. To no small degree has he contributed to Mr. Bowen's recent successes. He is now in charge of the British Legation, which Mr. Bowen has reopened under the Stars and Stripes, in order that all the foreign subjects who have sought refuge with him may be comfortably and safely housed. During the past summer, when the revolution had brought so many Venezuelans to the verge of starvation, Mr. Russell and Mr. Bowen rendered timely aid to the poor of Caracas with food and other necessities. In many cases this aid was distributed to the poor, who came in crowds to the door of the Legation.



Herbert Wolcott Bowen
United States Minister to Venezuela



William W. Russell

The Secretary of the American Legation, formerly Chargé d'Affaires at Caracas



Mrs. Bowen giving Food to the Poor at the Door of
the American Legation at Caracas



MR. E. S. WILLARD'S PRESENTATION OF THE PLAY "THE CARDINAL"

Act III.—The "Cardinal Giovanni de Medici" (Mr. Willard) refuses to let "Filberta" (Miss Fealy) sacrifice herself to "Strozzi" (Mr. Roe). "Filberta," who is the fiancée of the Cardinal's brother, agrees to marry "Strozzi" to save her lover's life; but at the last moment the Cardinal saves her, and thus condemns his own brother



Mr. Kelly

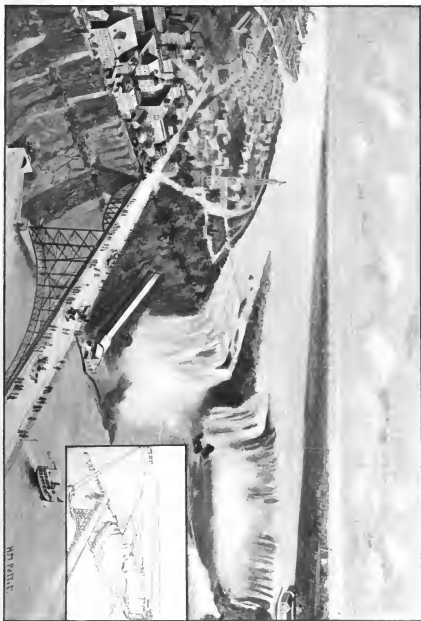
Blocking out the Horse in Clay

Mr. James E. Kelly at work on his heroic equestrian statue of General Fitz-John Porter, to be placed in Haymarket Square, Portsmouth, New Hampshire

The New Statue of General Fitz-John Porter

THIS designing and making of the new heroic statue of General Fitz-John Porter, which, when completed, will be placed in Portsmouth, New Hampshire, the old home of General Porter, have been entrusted to Mr. James E. Kelly, the well-known sculptor, of New York. The proposal to erect a statue to General Porter was made by one of the general's admirers and friends. Thirty thousand dollars were given for the purpose. The choice of Mr. Kelly to carry out the work, in view not only of his prominent position in the art world to-day, but on account of his wide experience in this particular field, cannot be too highly approved. Beginning with the well-known statuette of "Sheridan's Ride," most of Mr. Kelly's work has been done through the inspiration of military subjects. Apart from the groups representing military scenes, like his "Call to Arms," and so on, Mr. Kelly has modelled busts or statues of many of the most famous civil-war commanders, as well as those of a great number of our modern military men of prominence. The field is in a sense one that he has made his own, and his success makes

him most eminently qualified to carry out the present commission. In all his work where it has been a question of modelling an equestrian statue Mr. Kelly has accomplished the rare result of showing the alliance between the figures without subordinating the principal motive of character. In this case the sketch of the statue was made and approved by General Porter himself. Shortly before his last illness the general expressed the desire that Mr. Kelly, who had already modelled a bust of him, make the sketch of him in war-time. This was done, and the sketch as drawn was enthusiastically praised by the general. This sketch is the one that has been used in developing the finished design of the present statue. It is particularly fitting that the old home of the general should be chosen. It is the one place of all others where the statue should stand. Those who recall the bitterness in the army career of General Porter, especially his friends, will undoubtedly accept the placing of the statue in this place as the most thorough vindication possible in a material way of the career of one of our great national heroes.



THE FUTURE OF NIAGARA

Few people begin to realize the possibilities of Niagara Falls in commerce even now after the powerhouse on the American side has proved its practical value. On the Canadian side another huge plan is under construction, and the chances seem in point to the erection of a series of plants along both banks of the river in the near future. This drawing represents both the American and Canadian plants, and on page 31 the reader will find an interesting article on the possibilities of the Great Falls.



Type of Descendant of Mound-Builders



The Androssa Urn



Ojibway Family Group

Descendants of the Mound-Builders

MANY scientists have persisted in the belief, up in this time that the mound-builders, like the cliff-dwellers, were wiped out in remote times, either by natural causes or by superior tribes. The late Professor David Swing advanced the theory that their mounds were constructed in the Ohio and Mississippi valleys as refuges in times of flood. Others held that the higher mounds were watch-towers, because they often contained no remains. It remained for Mr. Harlan I. Smith, of the American Museum of Natural History, New York, to announce that the Ojibway, or Chippewa, Indians living in the Saginaw Valley of Michigan to-day, are manufacturing many of the same objects and have much of the same culture as he excavated from the mounds near which they are living, and are, therefore, the descendants of the mound-builders. Further, traditions of the Chippewa, he affirms, state that in early times another people, Sacs and Fox, had a great village at the junction of the Shiawassee and Tittabawassee rivers, that the neighboring tribes united in a war of extermination and destroyed many of the villages, burying them in two large known conical mounds. The remainder escaped to Iowa, where their descendants still reside.

The exact location of these strangers leaves the Chippewas with a clear and ancient title, extending back through the remotest historic times. It is readily conceivable that, as times changed and the aborigines came in contact with the whites, their culture changed to meet the new conditions and to procure the necessities of life. They abandoned many of their manufactures as such products became useless. The chert arrow-points, and the rude factories where they were forged as weapons, gave way to more modern arms secured by exchange. Pottery-making became extinct in the presence of cheap modern utensils of tin or iron, readily obtained. So, too, disappeared the spear of the savage, stone hammers, knives, hoes, drills, pipes, ornaments, and so on, before the advent of better materials of the whites. To-day these people gather wild rice in almost the same manner as their forefathers. To invade the

marshes and cover the product inland, canoes are used, which are different in form and construction from those used by their ancestors. Papposes are still carried on the back, but in baskets which the women now make after modern patterns. Women's clothes of cheap prints have replaced the skins of the chase; and the men have doffed the moose-skin to rise to the dignity of the "plug" hat of the white trash. Clay pipes have replaced the ornamented slates. Among ethnological discoveries, few have been more important than those of Harlan I. Smith. They clear away one of the great mysteries as to who the mound-builders were and what were they like. Their mounds, as is clear, from the human skeletons found, were graveyards, where warriors were laid with their arms ready for the happy hunting-grounds, and where the women were buried with their pottery and wares, ready to keep house in the better world. No doubt, when the mystery of the mounds of the Ohio and Mississippi valleys is cleared up, they will be found to have had a similar origin. The mound-building peoples found, with prophetic exactness, the best and most-favored spots in the regions where their crude civilization developed. The roads they built were of little importance. They made no great thoroughfares, because they did not require them, and because the great pioneers in road-building—the vast herds of buffalo, which were not



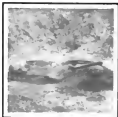
The Smith Expedition excavating a Mound

known to them as they were to the Indians, their descendants—had not yet shown the way toward possible expansion and development. The broad paths broken through the forests, across the continent, and over the summits of the water-sheds by the half-fled herds, made possible the migration of the mound-building tribes, and the Chippewas of the Saginaw Valley in Michigan are the direct descendants of these migratory peoples. As has been conclusively shown by the discoveries of the American Museum, their civilization, apart from the natural changes of environment and of contact with new peoples and new conditions, is the same.

The discovery throws a new light upon a little-known race, and points the way to still more important researches into the history of early American peoples.



An old Industry Revived



Remains in a Mound Exhumed



Indian carrying Papposes

HARPER'S WEEKLY

JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

Editorial section for the week ending January 3, 1903

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COMMENT

CONGRESS will be in session again on Monday next, after the holiday recess. With the exception of a few days devoted to eulogies on the late Senator McMillan and on some Representatives, the business of legislation can be carried on uninterruptedly for the space of two months. Last year at this time Congress had the year before it, and it actually worked for three months, accomplishing, however, nothing more than the passage of the general appropriation bills and some crude legislation for the Philippines,—for which there is now crying need of radical amendment, as its principal author, Mr. Lodge, admits. If the spirit of the last session prevail in this, we shall have the same fruitless outcome. At the same time, a new spirit certainly prevails, and it is clear, as we pointed out at the opening of the session, that Congress is evidently at the command of the President, except on the great issues, and there is no doubt he can have much from the House, the Republican Representatives feeling grateful to him for re-election, and he is stronger than he was in the Senate. The work of the session, therefore, begins briskly. The House of Representatives passed the Philippine tariff bill before the holiday recess. This bill reduces duties from 75 per cent. to 25 per cent. of the Dingley rates. The larger rate was established at the last session in obedience to the decision of the Supreme Court's decision in the insular cases. It is interesting to note that this year the Democratic minority has acted more rationally than did the Democratic Senators last winter. Then, the objection to the Foraker amendment, which granted a reduction of 50 instead of one of 25 per cent., was opposed by the Democrats, because they would have nothing but free trade for the islands.

In the Senate, the Committee on the Philippines has agreed to report a bill establishing the gold standard in the archipelago. Congress was urged to make this provision at the last session, but it found the subject difficult, and was therefore content to leave bad enough alone. The consequence is that the insular government lost \$1,000,000 during the year on the depreciation of the Mexican dollar, and it is to be hoped that the action of the Senate committee

foreshadows the result in the two Houses. The Cuban reciprocity treaty gives so many advantages to the American producer and manufacturer that the Senate promises a speedy ratification. It is indicative of the President's power over the House that it seems inclined not to insist upon its right to pass upon the treaty. As a matter of fact, the House is unanimously of the opinion that changes in taxation cannot be effected by a treaty to which the House has not assented. In order to save its face, and to gratify the President, who disputes its constitutional law, and is probably wrong in doing so, a suggestion is made that the House pass a bill providing for the same reductions of tariff duties on Cuban goods as are provided for in the treaty. The House has also passed a bill appropriating \$500,000 to enforce the Sherman act. This was pure demagoguery. At first Representative Bartlett, a Democrat, suggested \$250,000, and Mr. Hepburn replied with an amendment making the sum \$500,000. It was simply a bipartisan race to catch the popular fever which it is thought that the President won by his anti-trust speeches. On the whole, the President's leadership seems to hold on the subjects that are coming before Congress in which its members are not deeply interested, but the overshadowing question, that of trust regulation, remains. Senator Hoar has presented the title of a bill, and has vaguely outlined its provisions. As we have thought, the Senator is yet very far from going as far as the President desires to go, and it is clear, so far, that, amiable and even subservient as Congress is in its new relations with the President, the majority is not inclined to give him his head on the trust question, nor on the tariff, nor on the currency.

The protest of the small body of Gloucester fishermen has killed the Hay-Bond reciprocity treaty which promised a profitable commerce with Newfoundland—a notable proof that Congress is not to follow the President against the opposition of certain interests. Still more selfish is the action of the owners of coasting-vessels, who were aroused by Congressman McCall's suggestion that the navigation laws might be suspended for thirty days for the relief of the coal consumers of the Eastern States. The coastwise trade has certainly taken advantage of an opportunity for oppression. Freight charges on coal from New York to Boston have been made higher than the charges from Glasgow and Liverpool to New York. So harsh have been the conditions imposed by the New England vessel-owners that one-coal-dealer in Salem, Massachusetts, found that his cargo from a coal port had cost him \$3 50 a ton. In consequence, the people who are asking for coal, but who cannot afford to enrich the water carriers in a single season, are behind Mr. McCall's request for a short suspension of the navigation laws which exclude foreign vessels from our coasting trade. The idea is to increase the competition in the carrying trade for the purpose not only of bringing down freight, but of increasing the supply of coal in the New England ports. To this benevolent movement the vessel-owners object. They want to keep the victim for their own particular plucking. They see an opportunity for coining the distress of others into money, and they insist that Congress shall leave them their pound of flesh. The worst of it is that Congress seems inclined to accede. The fundamental morality of the doctrine of protection and commercialism is that profit is the most sacred thing in the world, and that no business interest must be touched for the saving of life or for the betterment of the soul.

The case submitted for the United Mine Workers to the Anthracite Coal Strike Arbitration sitting in Scranton was not completed quite so quickly as was expected at the time

when our last number went to press. Before the commission took a recess, however, and adjourned to Tuesday, January 6, it had time to hear considerable evidence from the non-union workers. For three days the arbitrators were deluged with proofs that men who ventured during the recent strike to exercise the inalienable constitutional right to sell one's labor when, where, and how one pleases were subjected not only to boycotting and terrorizing, but to actual maiming and killing. It was shown that after the wife and little children of a non-union worker had been chased from their home, the house and its contents were destroyed by fire. All the testimony relating to such outrages will, of course, be set forth by the arbitrators in their report, and is likely to have an effect upon public opinion for which the strikers are unprepared. Those who have watched the proceedings carefully from day to day express the belief that Mr. Mitchell and his coadjutors have failed to convince the arbitrators that the United Mine Workers need either a higher rate of wages or shorter hours of labor. More than one company has shown that its average payments to miners exceed by a tenth or more the six hundred dollars which Mr. Mitchell described as an adequate annual wage for a miner, while there was an abundance of evidence that, as things are now, the contract miner works only from two to six hours a day, and that even the laborers employed by a miner seldom, if ever, stay in the mines seven hours. On the whole, it looks as if publicity and the rigorous impartial investigation which Mr. Mitchell professed to want are unlikely ever again to figure among the demands of American labor-unionists. It was the labor leader who insisted, it will be remembered, upon arbitration, and he will thus have no reason to complain if he is hoist with his own petard.

We hope that Congress, which has been so swift to provide second salaries for officeholders employed in functions for which there is no constitutional warrant, will show itself equally expeditious in passing the Army and Navy bills, which recent events have proved to be simply indispensable if adequate preparations are to be made for the national defence and for the maintenance of our national policy. We refer, of course, to the measure which, by creating a general staff, would place our army on a level with the most vigorous military organizations of the European continent, instead of leaving it in the disconnected, not to say chaotic condition the deplorable results of which were exposed in our late war with Spain. Everybody acquainted with the improvements in military mechanism made by von Bismarck, von Moltke, and others during the last forty years, knows that a general staff represents not only the brain of an army, but also the nerve system by which intelligence and volition are telegraphed to all parts of the machine. Should we drift into another war before a drastic reform has been made in this direction, the present Congress will be held to a stern account, for it will have signed not only against light, but in the face of a startling warning.

In view of what has just taken place in the Caribbean, and of the contingencies which it is now plain may confront us when we have built the Panama Canal, we take for granted that Congress will agree to an appropriation for at least two more battle-ships and two more armored cruisers. That is not all by any means, however, that the American people will expect Congress to do for the navy. Of what use will additional war-ships be if there are no officers and men to handle them? A comparative table compiled by Mr. Long, late Secretary of the Navy, showed that at the present time a first-class American battle-ship has only seventeen officers, as against twenty in Germany, twenty-six in France, and thirty-three in England. The total strength of officers and men of all ranks and ratings in 1900 was in the United States only 23,453, against 25,504 in Italy, 26,108 in Japan, 30,286 in Germany, 30,546 in Russia, 49,775 in France, and 114,880 in Great Britain. It is true that the English figures include marine infantry, whereas marines are not comprehended in the figures for France or the United States. It is certain that on the 1st of July, 1904, our navy will require upwards of 600 officers more than are on the register to-day; and they will not be forthcoming, simply because Congress has hitherto failed to adopt the urgent proposals of the Navy Department for remedying a grave and growing source of weakness. Should a war break out and some of our best ironclads have

to lie in harbor uncommissioned for lack of officers and men to handle them, our people will know how to place the blame exactly where it belongs,—namely, on the shoulders of the present Congress.

Thoroughly to be commended is the resolution introduced by Mr. Hepburn in the House of Representatives just before the recess, a resolution inviting the Secretary of State to submit a detailed report of the expenditures of the Panama Canal Commission. The Walker Commission,—so called because headed by Admiral Walker,—has expended, it seems, over one million dollars in the prosecution of its inquiries, and, according to the official information thus far available, nearly \$700,000 has been disbursed for the pay of officers and employees, including the pay of laborers hired in Central America. In view of the disclosures made by Senator Morgan, it is fitting that every item of this expenditure should be scrutinized by the people's representatives. Mr. Morgan asserted in the Senate that members of the commission had received, by way of compensation, one thousand dollars per month for a period of two and one-half years, besides all their expenses, which were liberally estimated. During that long period they had spent, he says, less than eight weeks on the isthmus. Under the circumstances, reasonable persons will concur with Senator Morgan in thinking that disbursements to be made hereafter in connection with the proposed interoceanic waterway should not be left to the discretion of the Executive, but should be fixed beforehand by Congress. He suggests that five thousand dollars a year, the salary of a United States Senator, should suffice for a usual commissioner, and that the latter should be obliged by law to spend a definite fraction of each year on the isthmus, where his supervisory functions are ostensibly performed. We must acknowledge that effectual precautions of the kind cannot be too promptly taken when we call to mind the monstrous wastefulness, to say nothing of flagrant embezzlement and bribery, by which the Lesseps Canal Company was disabed. If the detailed report which Mr. Hepburn has rightfully demanded shall show that our government has evinced a tendency to lavishness in the compensation given for even preliminary inquiries, the necessity of providing safeguards against future extravagance will be generally recognized.

It is a pity that the reciprocity treaty with Cuba could not have been ratified by the Senate before the recess, but we presume that the ratification will speedily take place after the re-assembling of Congress. The treaty, as signed by President Palma, is not so favorable to the United States as Cuba would willingly have made it a year ago, nor is it as favorable as the draft which General Elise laid before the Havana authorities. He proposed that, in return for reducing the Dingley dues on Cuban products twenty per cent., Cuba should grant tariff reductions ranging from fifty to seventy per cent. on a long list of articles produced in the United States. The largest reduction conceded to any American commodity in the treaty, as finally agreed upon, is forty per cent., but, with the conceded reductions in our favor, we certainly should be able to compete with foreign purveyors for Cuba's import trade, especially when we keep in view our far greater proximity to the island. An immediate ratification of the treaty is most desirable, not only in order to discharge a moral obligation and to stimulate Cuban industries, but also because it is regarded on both sides as a condition precedent to the concession of coaling-stations by the insular government. A naval and coaling station on the south coast of Cuba is urgently needed for the control of that part of the Caribbean which adjoins the projected Panama Canal. For the same purpose the Venezuelan island of Margarita is almost equally essential, and we could not, therefore, suffer Germany or any other European power to take possession of it.

We have formerly referred to the recklessness with which both parties in the House of Representatives, vying with each other in the effort to conciliate the labor-union vote, combined to pass the Eight Hour bill, without any regard to its effect on the efficiency of the national defence at a critical conjuncture. We suggested that the leaders of the House, while shirking their own responsibility, looked forward, probably, to an exhibition of more common-sense and forethought on the part of the Senate. If such was their expectation, they

have not been altogether disappointed. The House bill, it may be remembered, prohibited any man engaged on government contract work from laboring more than eight hours a day, no matter how he might be willing or eager to spend his leisure time. When the bill came up for consideration before the Labor Committee of the Senate, representatives of the firms engaged in building war-vessels and furnishing armor-plate to the United States appeared, and testified that they would be unable to do any further work for the government if the conditions prescribed by the House of Representatives should be embodied in law.

Fortunately, the Senate Committee has since received an object-lesson in the high-handed demonstrations of British and German squadrons against Venezuela, the scope of which has been, no doubt, materially affected by the presence of the large American fleet under Admiral Dewey in the Caribbean. In other words, the fact has been driven home to the dullest perception that the Monroe doctrine is not worth the paper on which it was penned unless we possess a navy strong enough to enforce it. There is now not a single patriotic man in Congress who has not awakened to the possible significance of the huge additions being made to the German navy, and who is not keenly alive to the necessity of increasing our own war fleet as quickly as possible. To choose such a time for depriving ourselves of the services of our native ship-builders and armor-plate manufacturers by prescribing intolerable conditions would be one of those inexplicable blunders that are worse than crimes. The Labor Committee of the Senate has shown itself less blind to its duty than was the House. So largely has the bill been amended that its scope is limited to a very few industries, and an effort has been made to protect the manufacturers who are engaged in supplying materials to the government. The infringement of a workman's constitutional right to spend his leisure time as he pleases has also been limited to a provision that only eight hours a day shall be given to government work. Even in its amended form, however, the bill is objectionable, on the ground that it imposes restrictions which might paralyze our means of making prompt preparations for national defense in a sudden and grave emergency. Luckily the measure, as reported, is certain to receive searching discussion in the Senate, and its possible bearing on the welfare and safety of the republic will not be overlooked.

A correspondent of the Philadelphia Ledger moots a question which, beyond a doubt, is ripe for general discussion. Is it reasonable or becoming that this great republic, which, as the late Mr. Millhall, the well-known British statistician, pointed out, is now considerably richer than the United Kingdom, or, in other words, richer than any other nation on the globe, should require its President to discharge the manifold, arduous, and responsible functions of his high office for the relatively meagre stipend of \$50,000 a year? We call the stipend relatively meagre, because the President of the French Republic, who is elected for seven years, receives \$250,000 per annum, and because even the thinly peopled and comparatively poverty-stricken Dominion of Canada allots \$50,000 a year to its Governor-General. Nor should it be for a moment overlooked that, by comparison with the American Chief Magistrate, the President of the French Republic and the Governor-General of Canada are mere figure-heads, restricted, for the most part, to the stage-business of executive headship, the real powers and duties of administration being entrusted to a Prime Minister. From one point of view, indeed, an American President may be said to have no minister at all, for the members of his cabinet, being accountable, not to the House of Representatives, but to himself alone, and dismissible at his option, might be described as private secretaries, unprotected by a civil service law. President Loubet might go to sleep in the midst of a national crisis, for he is not personally responsible for any of the acts of the French ministers. His chief function is to entertain. The same thing may be said of the Governor-General of Canada. Outside of his decorative function, all he has to do is to sign the bills that are put before him by his cabinet; the hard work of administration is performed by Sir Wilfrid Laurier and his colleagues. Yet, although, under our Constitution, we hold our Chief Magistrate to a rigorous and exclusive responsibility, and although we exact from him more

than all the work discharged by M. Loubet and Premier Combes combined, we pay him only a fifth of the sum deemed commensurate with the dignity and services of a President of the French Republic. That is to say, having begun by delegating to our Chief Magistrate powers and duties far ampler than belong to any European sovereign, with the exception of the Czar of Russia, we proceed by implication to assert that the task of guiding the destinies of the United States is less onerous, less momentous, and less deserving of reward than is the management of American banks and corporations, not a few of which pay their presiding officer a salary equal or superior to that of the President of the United States.

The King has proured Parliament for the holidays, which are to be protracted until February 17. His speech, which was read in the House of Lords, is an attempt at a history of the past year, rather than a forecast of the future. One might almost call it a hodgepodge of regrets and hopes. The most serious regret is over the Venezuelan difficulty, and we cannot doubt his Majesty's sincerity when he expresses his sorrow that Venezuela's many sins should have made this action inevitable. He alleges "unjustifiable and arbitrary acts against British subjects and property" as the cause of the war, and very innocently relates that, finding that Germany had also complaints to make, he decided to make common cause with Nephew Willy in an attempt to sit upon the South-American republic. If the regrets are chiefly about Venezuela, the hopes mainly hover over Africa, from the Nile to the Cape. We are still left in doubt as to the fate of the so-called "Mad" Mullah, who will probably demonstrate that he is very much alive, or, if he decides to stay dead, will doubtless drop his mantle on the shoulders of an equally "mad" successor, so that the rumors of war will still re-echo among the sands and jungles of Somaliland. Roseate hopes for the future of South Africa are added, and a string of very pretty compliments paid to the angel of peace in the form of Mr. Secretary Chamberlain, whose departure and difficulties we have already enlarged upon. There are more hopes about the Anglo-Chinese treaty, which is to secure valuable facilities and advantages not only for England, but for the world, and the Delhi Durbar is made the centre of a new rainbow of promise for India, where, by-the-way, an occasional renewal of the Deluge would be something of a boon. The King is even optimistic about the alliance with Japan, and speaks of Italy as co-operating with him in Abyssinia, so that, instead of the splendid isolation of the past, his Majesty may now boast that he has allies to burn.

Very significant as a symptom of the real motive force in the Venezuelan quarrel is the attitude of the German press, which has recently been filled with jubulations over the fact that the Monroe doctrine has been "blown sky-high" by the events at La Guayra and Porto Cabello. This expression is echoed by the press of Italy, which is rubbing its hands over Uncle Sam's discomfiture. It is not enough to say that the course of events will show that those good people have been somewhat forehanded with their self-congratulations; the point is that we are thus openly let into the secret of Germany's true feeling; and it is evident that the whole nation is solidly ranged beside Kaiser Wilhelm in his determination to blow our foreign policy into the air. Kaiser Wilhelm's distrust of the United States, or, rather, his apprehension of danger from our commercial and political expansion, is notorious, and has been expressed in many speeches and conversations. And there cannot be the smallest doubt that Austria and Italy agree in this with Germany, and regard our claim to exclude them politically from the New World, at the very time when we are pushing our way into the affairs of the Old,—gaining territory in Asia, and even interfering in the domestic concerns of Europe, as in Turkey and Roumania,—as a piece of intolerable arrogance, which must be snuffed at the first opportunity. A significant piece of news coming from Germany sheds additional light on this attitude of mind. It is well known that nearly all the production of Germany is now controlled by trusts, or, as they are called there, Kartells,—there being nearly three hundred in existence. About three-quarters of these have now established a "trust of trusts," with the avowed intention of controlling and driving back the "American invasion" in the German markets. This is, of course, not a mere speculative proposal, but the result of years of bit-

tor experience and loss, and the German government, in the person of Count Posadowsky, fully sympathizes with the plans of the manufacturers. It is easy to see how this persistent pressure in Germany itself might inspire a longing to "blow the Monroe doctrine sky-high."

A son of the Marquis de Rodini is on his way to South America to search for El Dorado, or, perhaps he himself would say, to open up the El Dorado he has already found. He assures the world at large, and the Brazilian government in particular, that the Acree syndicate has no political purpose whatever, but is merely a company which has great faith in the wealth of that country, and is anxious to develop it commercially, not only on Bolivian, but also on Brazilian territory. He suggests that the best way to prove there are no ulterior designs upon Brazil in the Acree venture would be for the Bolivian syndicate to absorb some large and valuable concessions adjoining the Acree region, but which lie in what is indisputably Brazilian jurisdiction. We confess that we fail to see how this could reassure Brazil. She fears an attack on the sovereignty of the South-American republics, through the concession made by Bolivia, and to put certain territories of her own into the same position of menaced sovereignty hardly seems to us to be the most likely way to remove the fears of Brazil. However, the Marquis Carlo de Rodini is hopeful that he will be able to put the whole question before Brazil in a light so roscate that all her objections will vanish away, and be incidentally reveals the fact that he himself is the concessionary of certain valuable territories near Acree, but within the limits of Brazil. He is trying to bring about a merger with Sir Martin Conway, Mr. Whitridge, and the Acree syndicate. He even hopes to build roads and railways from the hidden treasure-house of Acree to the Madeira River, whence steamboats can carry its boundless ransoms down the Amazon to the ocean. The young marquis has a vision of immense fortunes to be gained in Bolivian cattle, rubber, gold, diamond mines, and so forth, with which his El Dorado is liberally stuffed. In this context, it is interesting to recall the present attitude of Italy towards Venezuela, and the exultation of the Italian press that the Monroe doctrine is an exploded fiction, a ghost that has been laid.

Recent advices from Spain are more reassuring. After a series of cabinet crises, a ministry has just been formed which, it is agreed on all hands, bids fair to be stable and enduring. Spain needs a Waldeck-Rousseau to combine the strong and able men of all parties in a ministry of talent; but in the mean time a condition of relative tranquillity seems fairly assured. We are also informed that the young King is tending down, or, to quote the words of our new ambassador to Austria, Mr. Bellamy Storer, has "acquired a repose of manner," which is apparently was much in need of during the first months of his reign. Mr. Storer also vouches for the fact that Alfonso has not "gone back on his mother," as Scotty Briggs said of Buck Fanshawe, or, if we remember rightly, "has not shaken his mother," was the exact phrase used. A warm tribute to the character and qualities of the Queen Mother is paid by the same high authority, who calls her "one of the best sovereigns Spain has had for centuries." Meanwhile the King's cousin has been arrested in a gambling-hall, and has retorted by challenging the prefect who caused his arrest. This opens up a picture of alarming possibilities for a distinguished official within our own city limits: Suppose that Mr. Doe, should that elusive gentleman be captured, were to reply by sending his seconds to Mr. Jerome, or that the big chief were to favor our Mayer with a like attention! But then the good sense of the Anglo-Saxon opposes martial challenges between individuals, though still tolerating much the same kind of thing between nations. Mr. Storer is responsible for the statement that a very amicable feeling for the United States is not a remote possibility in Spain, and that already there is far less ill-will towards us in the peninsula than might be reasonably expected. We wish the new ministry good luck, and hope the young King will continue to cultivate that repose of manner which befits the figure-head of a state, however gay and wicked he may feel inside.

A very high authority on international law, and especially on the significance and the reach of the Monroe doctrine, has

given us his opinion on the request of the allies that the President act as an arbitrator between them and Venezuela. His name, if we might mention it, would carry conviction to most minds. He takes the ground that the President ought never to act as arbitrator in any dispute in which that doctrine is involved. The reason is that this country must always be a party in interest in any such controversy, and it is a fundamental rule of legal ethics that one must not be a judge in one's own case. When a South-American country, like Venezuela, is embroiled with a European power, there is always danger, until the controversy is settled, that the United States will be brought into the quarrel. Even after judgment is rendered, this danger must continue. If, for example, in such a case as the attack of the allies upon Venezuela, the President, acting as arbitrator, should decide in favor of the South-American country, he could not escape the suspicion that he was moved by motives different from those which should govern a judge. The defeated parties would almost inevitably feel that he had been moved by his sympathy for the American party to the controversy, and that his judgment had been warped by the consciousness of his assumed duty to protect the American power from the slightest injustice.

The consciousness that such a suspicion existed would make the President quick to scent injustice. Such a suspicion of his motives, although it is not incompatible with perfect honesty, is harmful to a judge, and is properly dreaded by him. It is a suspicion which the President ought not to invite, and which the country, if it saw that it was inevitable, would not like to have him invite. Again, if the judgment should be in favor of the claimants, and they were thereby authorized to proceed to the collection of their claims, we might soon be placed in a false position. It is one thing for us to stand by and say to a European power: "You may fight out your quarrel with this American nation, but you must not take from it its territory"; and it is quite another thing to say, as judge: "Your debt is just, but you shall not employ the uttermost power of war and conquest for its collection." Would not the creditor power then be justified in replying: "You say, as judge, that our claim is just, but you threaten to become an ally of the judgment debtor, and prevent our collection of the debt if, in order to do so, we find it necessary to go beyond the limit of compulsion which you have set; in that case, the only just course for you to pursue is to guarantee the collection." The course of wisdom, then, is to avoid the imputation upon our honor, or the pecuniary responsibility, by keeping clear of the quarrel until our own interests compel our intervention. The proposed intervention is excusable on no other ground than that our interests are affected. Therefore, in every controversy between a European and a South-American power, we are liable to become a party, and one who may become a party in an action is necessarily barred from being a judge.

The folly of England's alliance with Germany has been striking. There is no doubt in well-informed circles that Germany has sought to test the disposition of this country, and to discover the extent to which we can be led away from our insistence upon the Monroe doctrine. It is true that the German Emperor has recognized the validity of our rule that no European power shall permanently occupy new American territory; but he is eager to know if that is our real limit, and if we will always defend even that assertion. He shrewdly obtained the aid of England in this enterprise. On the other hand, the statesmen of Great Britain are convinced that it is for their interest, and especially for the interest of the Dominion of Canada, that the Monroe doctrine shall be upheld against Continental Europe, and that it shall mean much more than we have declared it to mean. For example: England would have us assert that no European power shall be permitted to take, or to occupy, a South-American state on invitation of the people of that state. To that extent our own official utterances have not yet gone. When, therefore, we consider England's enormous interest in maintaining the integrity of the Monroe doctrine, and the comparatively paltry nature of the claims of its citizens against Venezuela, and even of the slights suffered by British marines.

the alliance with Germany is seen to be a folly which demands explanation.

Not only does this alliance of Germany and England endanger English interests on this continent, but it is incongruous; it is opposed to the policy of the government, and it threatens to overturn what British administrations have been working for during more than a score of years. It is not probable, of course, that great harm will result from the affair to endanger the growing friendship between the two nations, but trained statesmen would have avoided the possibility of arousing popular distrust in this country, or of joining England with Germany in American imaginations. That the alliance is radically opposed to British policy, and to English sentiment, which is thoroughly loyal to this country, is shown by the outbreaks of criticism in Parliament and in the press. The whole affair is so strange, as well as foolish, that it is necessary to find the explanation for it below the surface. The truth is, as we have good reason to believe, that the primary responsibility rests upon the King. He was persuaded by his nephew, the Emperor, that the alliance could not involve him with this country; he was made to feel "like doing something"; he committed the nation; and Mr. Balfour's government has attempted to help him out. This was folly on Mr. Balfour's part, a folly that cut two ways, for, not only does it endanger friendly relations with the United States, it comes dangerously near being an unconstitutional recognition of the King's right to govern. The German Emperor's influence with his uncle is great, and in the direction of inducing him to assert himself, and Mr. Balfour was caught napping when he permitted the Emperor to prevail in this Venezuelan affair. For the sake of the King and of the Conservative party, Mr. Balfour ought to see to it that this does not happen again.

We are accustomed to look upon the Chinese as a race of very inferior mental and moral endowment: indeed, the popular opinion of them among the white races is that they are not very far removed, in the scale of being, from the higher animals. Now and again something happens to disturb our fixed ideas on this subject. We read some wise aphorism from Confucius, or come upon a Chinese poem instinct with delicate emotion, or are set wondering by some Chinese speech or essay in our periodical literature. Wu Ting-Fang, the eminent ambassador of the Celestial Empire to this country, has done much to give us a truer conception of the mental and moral quality of his countrymen, and in his own person he is a striking witness to the error of our general notions. In the January number of HARPER'S MAGAZINE he writes a polished and dignified article, full of quiet, deep wisdom. He claims that in intellectual endowment the Chinese are not inferior to any other people in the world. Only, their way of looking at life is different from that of Western peoples. As Aristotle said, man's natural and universal aim is happiness; it is in the means that we are generally mistaken, not in the end. The Chinese aim at happiness, just as the Americans do. The two peoples try to attain to it by utterly divergent roads, and Wu Ting-Fang clearly points out the divergence. The Americans believe it is to be reached by way of a feverish activity, in work and in play; the Chinese, by content and repose. Which is the happier nation? asks the writer. We are almost persuaded by his argument that China is, and a doubt rises up in the mind as to whether we in our Western world have not, after all, taken the wrong road. But we are quickly reassured. We know that, in a general way, our course is surely marked out for us by original temperament and natural environment—a combination which some call destiny—and that we could follow no other. The same is true for the Chinese. But the point we wish to make here is that a nation which knows how to be happy—that is, a nation which, by the proper use of such free will as it has in the matter, adequately fulfills its destiny—is worthy of respect and consideration.

How far is a man justified in turning the imperative necessity of his neighbors into his own exceptional pecuniary profit? Sometimes this is an academic question, so-called; to-day it is a practical one. If there is anything that folks need this winter more than anything else it is fuel. But because they need it so much, prices creep up, and up, and up. The mine-owners say it costs them but little more than in the

past; the transportation companies declare they are getting no more out of it; the dealers, as a rule, asseverate that their own profits are but pitiful. Still, somewhere in the transit from mine to bin there are mysterious accretions of cost, until the best mathematic the luckless buyer can muster will figure nothing but that in the windings of the journey a special and extraordinary profit is made to trickle into somebody's pocket. Buyers mildly protest, with no worse word than "robber"; but they are told that this is the natural working of the law of supply trade. Scarcity of supply, excess of demand, rising prices—these go together as water flowing over the cliffs of Niagara clouds the river below in spray. Does a lucky or foresighted man succeed in winning a few extra thousands of dollars out of his countrymen who must keep warm in their houses—or their shops? He is part of the order of the universe, and his gains are decreed by the laws which govern the movement of all human affairs—possibly the movement of the planets. He would display idleness and defy destiny were he to give up or refuse these exceptional gains and content himself with modest profits. This is the tide, taken at the flood, which may lead him to fortune. And yet,—there was a plain man in a New England town who said No. He had a different idea. Coal was scarce, to be sure; prices might be made high, and the profits were tempting. But he did not see his way clear to take them. He would do the best he could with his townpeople. They should have their coal, so far as he could supply them, at a moderate advance, no greater than the usual profit. He couldn't make up his mind to excessive gain forced out of the dire need of the community. Possibly he was an idiot, blind to his own opportunity. Even so, it is more cheery to believe that he may have been ahead of his time, and that he was trying to realize in present practice a principle that will yet govern the world of trade more certainly than the law of supply and demand—the principle that business will be better off when human beings are treated as human beings, and not as so many opportunities for making more money when they get into a tight place.

President Wilson of Princeton is afraid neither of trusts, nor of labor unions, nor of too much concentration of government. "I believe," he says, "in the utmost freedom of combination in a free country. There is no people so able to form combinations as the American people. We are born lawyers. There is no race that produces a people who are so capable of self-government, because there is an inborn sense of the power of combination." Dr. Wilson has the advantage of some observers in that he not only reads the newspapers, but has studied and written American history. To forecast the future, it is necessary to know the past. Dr. Wilson is pretty good authority on the past of the American people, and ought to be reasonably well qualified to guess what is going to be good for them.

Mr. Kipling and the London Times between them can give effective expression to any opinion on which they agree. They have agreed in thinking ill of the British-German partnership to coerce Venezuela, and Mr. Kipling has put their common sentiment in verse, which the Times has published. It is good verse, worth reading—and probably worth cabling—for its own sake as verse. As politics, it is at least candid. Mr. Kipling seems not to care who knows that he is out of humor with the Germans. He makes his rovers of the British war-galley say:

Look south, the gale is scarce o'erpast
That stripped and laid us down
When we stood forth, but they stood fast
And prayed to see us drown.

The dead they mocked are scarcely cold;
Our wounds are bleeding yet;
And ye tell us now that our strength is sold
To help them press for a debt!

This is rough speech, and rougher follows. When we remember that English is a mother-tongue of the German Emperor, it is conceivable that feelings have been hurt in Berlin.

It is a solemn truth—a truth universally recognized and long since beyond palliation or denial, that the facilities for hauling the working-people of New York back and forth between their residences and the places of their employment

are inadequate. Everybody thinks so who tries to get down town before nine o'clock in the morning, or up town after five in the afternoon, or tries to get from Brooklyn and home again, or reads the newspapers, or sees the public vehicles go by in the "rush hours." Things are bad enough in good weather when all our means of transportation are at their best; and in times of snow and ice, when there is bad going, they are so bad as to make men faster than the papers can print it. The community is fully alive to its hardships, and earnest in procuring any abatement that is possible. The Mayor and most of the branches of the city government, the Merchants' Association, the Citizens' Union, members of other organizations, the newspapers and the people who write letters to them, are all bent on the amelioration of existing hardships. All propositions take one of two forms. They either suggest that the elevated and surface railroads shall put on more cars, or that travel shall be a little better distributed through the day. The roads think they are running all the cars they can possibly manage. It looks as though they were doing their best, but appearances sometimes mislead, and it is possible that vigorous stimulation may result in getting better service out of them than their officers believe them capable of rendering. They are asked to perform the impossible. Perhaps they can't, but certainly they won't unless it is urgently expected of them. As for the other remedy—the better distribution of travel—that is being applied by such individuals as can apply it. Workers who can go up town at four, go at four, and go comfortably. Nobody waits until five or six unless he must. One correspondent suggests that whereas now a great number of stores and offices open at nine and close at five, it would help matters if half of them opened at 8:45 and closed at 4:45. It might help a little. So it would help if more of the city's work was done at night and less in the daytime. But nothing is going to help very much until the tunnel is opened. Those of us who survive the next five months will see a better state of things, for the summer exodus comes with June, and the tunnel may be working by October.

Dr. Lorenz, unless he changes his plans, will sail this week for England on his way home. He has had a wonderful visit in this country, which he has traversed from ocean to ocean, making himself everywhere welcome by works of skill and mercy, by kind acts and kind words, by ready appreciation of hospitality, and indefatigable willingness not only to do what he could to relieve suffering, but to teach his methods, as far as possible, to our surgeons. He seems to have pleased every one with whom he has come in contact, and especially to have quite won the members of his own profession, who have nothing but admiration and good words for him. His visit will undoubtedly have an effect here on the treatment of the dislocations to which he has chiefly devoted himself, but the impression the layman gets from reading about his operations is that it is one thing to know how he does his wonders, and quite another thing to imitate him. His method is simple, but the strength and the skill with which he applies it are both prodigious, and have been acquired by years of practice. Still, to show that a thing can be done is two-thirds of the battle. What a surgeon from Vienna can do, surgeons in America will do; it is only a matter of time. If Dr. Lorenz comes back next year, as he suggests, that will be so much gain. His inexhaustible good-will is his most significant characteristic. He seems to have the real missionary spirit: it is to be desirous to go where he can do the most good. It is the more likely to come back here because the field is so great and the laborers so hospitable to new ideas.

The American Methodists undertook to raise a Twentieth Century Thankoffering Fund of twenty million dollars, and have succeeded. Dr. Edmund M. Mills, who was detailed to take charge of the work, gave out a week ago that the money would all be subscribed by the last day of the year. Nearly eight millions is to be used for educational purposes. Another eight millions will go to pay church debts, and is expected to pay them all. A million and a half is to be set aside as a fund for aged and infirm ministers, and, apparently, another large sum is to be devoted to hospitals. Among the contributors, Dr. Wells says, are "many wealthy sons of Methodist ministers, one giving \$400,000, an amount which it would have taken his father a thousand years to earn in the

service of the Church." The statistics of the wealth of the sons of Methodist ministers would probably make interesting reading. They don't all get rich, but most of them get a good education, sound moral training, and a better than average chance to inherit the earth. Doubtless they acquire their full share of it.

Mr. Charles Francis Adams, who does not mind speaking unexpected thoughts when he has them to speak, has been telling his friends in Charleston that the fathers built the civil war into the Constitution when they framed it. They could not reconcile State sovereignty and national sovereignty, so they put them both in, and started them on their long journey. Some of them foresaw the result; some didn't. They did the best they could do. With consummate skill, says Mr. Adams, they proposed a contradiction in terms—a divided sovereignty. But sovereignty had to be somewhere. "From the moment the fathers sought to divide the indivisible the result was written on the wall. . . . As I read the record and understand the real facts, in case of direct and insoluble issue between sovereign State and sovereign nation between 1788 and 1861, every man was not only free to decide for himself, but had to decide for himself; and whichever way he decided he was right. The Constitution gave him two masters. Both he could not serve, and the average man decided which to serve in the light of sentiment, tradition, and environment." It was an irrepressible conflict, as Mr. Seward said. This generation easily takes that view of it. It was settled, Mr. Adams thinks, by steam and electricity, and not until 1861 had these instruments become so serviceable to man as to make him equal to the unprecedented task then undertaken and accomplished. Before that time, the Southern Confederacy, if it had attempted to secede, must have succeeded. This last is an interesting Adams opinion which is open to amiable academic discussion, but the former conclusion—that there was little to choose between the legal argument of the North and the legal argument of the South will excite few denials from persons less than fifty years old.

In scanning the list of the dead for the year 1906 there are not many names that stand out distinct and monumental. Of such, in the light of the present, are these: Cecil Rhodes, Rudolf Virchow, Zola, Thomas B. Reed, and Samuel Rawson Gardiner. Rhodes, whatever his methods may have been, ethically appraised, was a statesman with an imagination and an empire-builder; Virchow was a benefactor of his race, vastly prolonging man's life and happiness by his scientific discoveries; Zola, both as a story-teller and as a citizen of France, revealed a passion for truth which was great compared with that of most of his French contemporaries; Reed had an intellectual and ethical equipment comparable to his physical superiority over most men of his time, and he lived long enough to know that his place was secure in the list of great parliamentarians; and Gardiner was, in the opinion of some, the greatest of historians next to Gibbon and Thucydides. If the boys of the English-reading world were to vote as to the death of the year causing the most irreparable loss, it is not certain whether their verdict would not fall on G. A. Heuty's name. Of men who had lived so long as to be forgotten, and yet who once were famous as poets, we gave one to the list—Thomas Dunn English—and Great Britain the other—Phillip James Bailey. Of men of letters prematurely taken off we mourn Frank Norris; the Scotch, George Douglas Brown—the former's *The Octopus* and the latter's *The House with the Green Shutters* marking them as men potentially great. Of editors, the brilliant and mordant Godkin of *The Nation* and the sane and conservative Scudder of *The Atlantic* bare read their last proof and penned their last exhortation. Two of Great Britain's most loyal and servicable diplomats—the Marquis of Dufferin and Lord Pauncefote—have been promoted to heavenly courts. Our naval list is much less rich in valor, intellectuality, and a lofty sense of duty by the premature death of Admiral Sampson. The world of art misses the living presence of B. Constant, J. G. Vibert, Tissot, and Mesdag, and the Christian Church mourns prelates and preachers as notable as Cardinal Ledochowski, Archbishop Corrigan, Fochan, and Croke, Bishop William Taylor, and Doctors Talmage, Newman Hall, and Joseph Parler, and Rev. Huub Prioe Hughes, while American Jewry mourns Chief-Rabbi Joseph Jacob, a leader among its people.

Germany and South America

The Berlin Foreign Office has given our government assurances that Germany has no intention of acquiring territory in South America at the expense of Venezuela. Nobody disputes the present sincerity of those assurances. To-day Germany, single-handed, is not strong enough at sea to carry out, against the wishes of the United States, any project of territorial aggrandisement in the quarter named. Neither would England countenance such a project; a disclosure of it would cause her promptly to withdraw her squadron from the Caribbean, just as in 1861 she recalled her war-ships from Vera Cruz when she learned that Napoleon III., with whom she had previously co-operated, had in view the conquest of Mexico.

For the moment, therefore, neither the Latin-American republics nor the upholders of the Monroe doctrine have anything to fear, except the establishment or confirmation of a precedent that may have dangerous consequences hereafter. What position the German government may take a dozen or fifteen years hence, when by means of the vast areas already appropriated, her navy shall have been enormously increased, is an entirely different question. No one can doubt that the attitude of the German government toward South America will then be shaped by what it believes to be the interests and wishes of the German people.

It is, therefore, a matter of deep interest and grave importation to forecast what those interests and wishes are likely to be, and to this end it will be obviously useful to mark what they are even now. As it happens, a good deal of light has been thrown quite recently on both these points by two publications, namely, a letter addressed to President Roosevelt by Mr. Emory G. White, an acknowledged authority on South American affairs, and an article contributed to *The Outlook*, the most influential weekly published in the German Empire, by Maximilian Harden, who, as the readers of Busch's book are well aware, was one of Bismarck's most devoted lieutenants, and who, since his patron's death, has been a zealous advocate of Bismarckian ideas. Being at the head of a business house which has extensive connections throughout South America, and having personally resided for several years in Spanish-American republics, Mr. White is qualified to testify as to the extraordinary influence acquired by Germans in those countries, an influence by no means limited to commercial and financial affairs. He points out that in Chile, for example, where, ten years ago, most of the foreign trade was in the hands of the English, and where English banks predominated, it is now recognized by the English themselves that they must retreat and surrender most of their commerce to Germany.

To-day, moreover, the German banks are far the strongest in that republic, and, practically, control the financial situation and the mines.

Nor is this all. The German General Körner was placed at the head of the Chilean army, after the civil war which brought about the downfall of President Balmaceda, and the result is that not only the army, but the navy has been, to a large extent, reorganized on German principles. In Argentina also the Germans are gradually ousting the English from the position of ascendancy which the latter formerly occupied, while in Brazil the province of Rio Grande do Sul is virtually a German colony, so far as the dominant element of the population is concerned. Mr. White computes that already in South America the German-speaking inhabitants number nearly a mil-

lion, and they are rapidly increasing. He further testifies that the political and financial influence acquired by Germans is persistently used to discriminate against representatives of the United States. The Germans in South America, he says, laugh at the Monroe doctrine, and make no secret of their belief that Emperor William will go on elsewhere, as he has done in Venezuela, under the pretext of collecting a debt, and, if he refrains from annexing territory, will virtually hold Latin-American republics in his grasp by means of mortgages which they are unable to discharge. According to Mr. White, the demonstration against Venezuela was artfully contrived to discover how far the United States would permit foreign powers to go in the coercion of minor American commonwealths; and, through the personal influence exercised by Emperor William over his uncle, King Edward VII., the British Foreign Office was persuaded to serve as a cat's-paw in the business.

Such is the evidence given by a trustworthy American citizen who thoroughly knows the countries about which he testifies. From his exposition of the situation, it is clear German interests have already attained in South America, we can infer what they are likely to become a dozen or fifteen years hence.

Now let us turn to Mr. Maximilian Harden, and note how those interests and their relation to the Monroe doctrine are regarded by intelligent and patriotic men in Germany. After quoting Captain Mahan to the effect that the Monroe doctrine is antiquated, Mr. Harden asserts that it was practically renounced when our government undertook to interfere with European spheres of influence. He thinks that he finds examples of interference in our violent seizure of the Spanish West Indies, and of the Philippines, in our participation in the expedition against China, and in Secretary Hay's note with reference to the Roumanian Jews. He accuses President Roosevelt of reserving to himself the right to peep on the Old World, while refusing to Europe the privilege of doing a little peeping in the New.

Under the circumstances, he contends that Germany, instead of howling and scraping before Uncle Sam, should say right out that she looks upon the Monroe doctrine, not as a hindrance, but as exploded. The doctrine should be buried, he says, and, if the United States are unwilling to acquiesce in the instrument, they may expect to have a war upon their hands sooner or later. That Mr. Harden is not the only German who looks forward to such a contingency may be inferred from the fact that in 1896, when Mr. White went to Venezuela, he found that a German army engineer, Baron von Steuben, had undertaken to travel all over South America on a map-making tour. Mr. White adds that Germany now has her possession maps on which are noted all the points of strategic value on the South-American Continent. It is well known also that, as lately as last summer, Emperor William sent his gunboat *Falko* up the Amazon River for reconnoitering purposes.

We have thought it worth while to set forth this concurrent and cumulating testimony from very different sources in order to indicate how large German interests in South America already are, and what political deductions are likely to be drawn from them when the German government shall be able, or think itself able, to draw them with impunity. Only blind men would disregard such warnings. The first duty to the nation is to build and maintain a navy equal at least in size and strength of that of the German Empire.

The President as Arbitrator

At the hour when we write it is uncertain whether President Roosevelt will accept the proposal made by Great Britain and Germany that he shall act as arbitrator in the controversy pending between them and Venezuela, or whether the two European powers will ultimately acquiesce in his suggestion that the amount and validity of the claims against the South-American republic shall be referred to the international tribunal at The Hague. The fact that Venezuela was not represented at the Peace Conference, and did not sign the resultant Convention, does not, of course, preclude the adoption of the plan of settlement favored by our State Department, for the Convention itself provides that the jurisdiction of the permanent court created by it may be extended to controversies between signatory and non-signatory powers, if both parties agree. It is understood that the real objection of the Berlin and London Foreign Offices to such a disposition of the case is the apprehension that President Castro might pay but scant deference to the decision of the Hague tribunal, and that consequently, the unpleasant business of coercion would have to be resumed. Both Great Britain and Germany, on the other hand, profess to be convinced that the Venezuela Executive would feel himself morally constrained to comply with a decision rendered by the President of the United States.

There are obvious reasons for Mr. Roosevelt's reluctance to discharge the function of arbitrator. In the first place, American citizens have claims against the Caracas government, and our Chief Magistrate would naturally prefer that some third party should undertake the task of propounding principles in the application of which American claimants would be interested.

To the extent to which such interests exist our own government is virtually invited to say the part of judge in its own case. There is, indeed, no doubt that this objection would be gladly waived by Venezuela, and that President Castro, who has already clothed the United States minister at Caracas with full powers to act as arbitrator, would exhibit at least as much confidence in that minister's superior, the President of the American Commonwealth. It is, then, perfectly evident that Mr. Roosevelt's assumption of the rôle of arbitrator would be unsatisfactory to all the parties to the controversy, and we suppose that, sooner than witness a prolonged war between the European elements and Venezuela, and face the awkward complications that may grow out of such a contest, his fellow-countryman would prefer to see their Chief Magistrate take upon himself the unenviable duties of an arbitrator.

It should be borne in mind, however, that even if the proposal to make Mr. Roosevelt arbitrator is accepted, delicate and perhaps protracted negotiations would have to take place before all the details of the case to be submitted are agreed upon by the parties to the controversy. Mr. Balfour said in the House of Commons, just before the adjournment of Parliament, that England had not entered upon a mere debt-collecting expedition, but desired to secure justice for wrongs suffered by British subjects in their persons as well as property at the hands of Venezuelan governments, and to obtain reasonable safeguards, if possible, against the repetition of such offences.

The German Foreign Office has made a similar declaration, and demands an apology for the indignities to which the family of its diplomatic representative was

subjected when the crews that Venezuelan survivors had been seized and sunk at La Guayra reached Caracas, and provoked a riot in that capital. On his part, President Roosevelt will, no doubt, require as a condition precedent to his performance of the part of arbitrator, an agreement that, as soon as the case to be submitted to him has been made up, if not earlier, the so-called war blockades of Venezuelan seaports shall cease, and European war-ships shall be withdrawn from Venezuelan waters. We take for granted that all these things will be done in good faith, and with all possible celerity, though a certain amount of time may be needed for the arrangement of the form of procedure. This preliminary business will be complicated, and to a certain extent delayed, by the fact that France, Italy, and Holland have a right to ask that the claims of their subjects, as well as those of British and German subjects, shall fall within the scope of one and the same arbitration.

Assuming that all preliminary and incidental arrangements are promptly made, that detailed inquiries into the validity and amount of all claims submitted have been conducted by qualified persons appointed by Mr. Roosevelt, and that the President, enlightened by their researches, has rendered his decision, we must still regard this solution of the Venezuelan imbroglio as only tentative and provisional. For it is clear that Venezuela should fall to conform to the terms of the award on the plea of her inability to do so. It should be borne in mind that the pecuniary resources of the Caracas government are very scanty. If to-day she were called upon to pay interest on the cost of the railways built with German and British capital, she could with perfect honesty reply *non possumus*. But, if she may be asked, why should not a receiver of her customs duties be appointed by the interest of those foreign creditors whose claims are adjudged valid by the arbitrator? The answer is that, in the first place, the Caracas government depends upon those customs duties to defray the cost of internal administration; and, in the second place, as things are now, even the whole of those duties would represent but a meagre revenue. In 1898 the value of the republic's imports was but \$61,500,000, and the imports are now said to be less than half what they were in the year named. To provide interest and a sinking-fund for the purpose of restoring all the money invested by British and German subjects in Venezuela would require the surrender of all the customs duties to a receiver for an almost indefinite period.

If that receiver were a foreigner, it is obvious that Venezuela would be practically reduced to the ignominious position of Egypt, or, on the other hand, the receiver were an American citizen appointed by Mr. Roosevelt, Venezuela would find herself in a position analogous to that occupied by Cuba during our military occupation of that island. There would be this difference, however, that the task of the receiver would stretch over a far longer term.

Nobody can blame Mr. Roosevelt for shrinking as he doubtless does, from the assumption of the rôle of arbitrator, foregoing, as he must, that he may be called upon to assure the execution of the judgment that he renders. It is possible, however, and certainly desirable, that some firm of American bankers, if assured of the continued good offices of our State Department, might undertake the payment of Venezuela's debts, when these have been judicially defined, on a condition that an agent of their own shall be installed as receiver of a considerable proportion of the Venezuelan customs.

Good Resolutions

It was about this time of year that people, who were young fifty years ago, used to buy black books, of different sorts and sizes, or sometimes merely quires of ruled paper, which they sewed together, and began, by the advice of their siders, to keep diaries. The habit so initiated was supposed to make for character through the daily introspection required; for the diarist had to take stock, day by day, of their opinions and principles, and their conformity to certain rules of conduct, as well as to set down the events of the last twenty-four hours. Their ideal was by no means realized in the young diarist whose continuous record ran through the week that ended it, "Got up; washed; foiled round the rest of the day." They were expected to commensurate with themselves, and to give themselves the advantage of their reflections on their behavior. Above all, they were expected, in opening their diaries, to form good resolutions for the ensuing year, and to ask themselves pretty constantly afterwards whether they had kept them.

They may or may not have kept the resolutions longer than they kept the diaries. The habit of keeping a diary, with the self-consciousness that it promoted, may or may not have been very wholesome. But we incline to think that the habit of forming good resolutions with the beginning of the year was not such a bad one, even when the resolutions were broken, as they usually were. It is very well to be brought to shame for moral failure, and this is what broken resolutions were always doing for the victim. To be sure, they could overwork his consciences, and deprave him in his despair of ever being able to do right. But they were supposed to be a secret between him and his Maker, and a transgressor can seldom be nearly always a transgressor with his Maker. It is his fellow-creature, his fellow-sinner whom he finds difficult; but his fellow-creature, his fellow-sinner, was not in his confidence. To keep him out of it for the time being was, perhaps, the reason why the early diarists wrote their diaries in cipher. Mr. Pepsy conspicuously did so, with the consequences that when some centuries later, his confessions were deciphered, nobody would be permitted to publish his shortcomings; which were indeed greatly enjoyed for their quaintness. They may have always seemed quaint to his Maker, who knew as well how to account for Samuel Pepsy's sins as we do now, and since he had invented him, was amused as well as pained by him. But we cannot be sure of this, while we can be sure that we can only be better by trying to be so; and though we cannot urge our readers to keep diaries, even in cipher, we think we can fitly urge them to form good resolutions, at this season, when the good resolutions of the past year have mostly gone to pieces. There is nothing morbid, or censorious, or unwholesome anyway in resolving to do nothing that is not perfectly right, and true and noble during the year before us. We shall ourselves, editorially speaking, set form any such purpose, for we do not feel the need of it; but we fear that there is hardly a reader of ours whom something of the kind would not advantage. We may do our readers injustice; and we will not push the quest too far; but we should really like to know whether there is one of them can truthfully say that he has derived all the benefit he might from the exemplary tone and temper of this publication during the past year. Has he read every line of it as he ought? Every paragraph of the "Comment." All the pertinent All the poetry? All the advertisements? Having done all this, has he had a care to speak of us to his neighbor, to the stranger within his gates, to the fellow at the club whom he has suspected of not reading us?

It can be answered us (not very cordially, we own) that this is a very narrow and selfish view of the matter, and we could grant that it was if we had meant to offer it as the sole view. But we had not and we do not. We offer it in illustration, merely, of the sort of sin of omission which forms the guilt of the resolution-breaker. He does not so much resolve that he will do such and such good things during the new year, as he could more easily keep himself up to the work. But he resolves that he will not do so and so, and unless we very much mistake him he keeps on doing the things he promised not to do. That is where he falls down, and that is where he finds it most difficult to pick himself up.

It should be understood that good resolutions are usually, if not invariably, good habits, some of which we will specify, let our readers accuse us of being personal, and harp on one or other of them in mind. It is in the nature of good resolutions to require the penitent to be constantly on his guard; and while one may readily remember to do a fine thing or a noble thing, when the chance offers, or the duty thrusts itself upon one (in that offensive way of duties), one is always forgetting not to do the shabby, or new, or disgusting, or wicked thing, one would one's self to forbear; and it is there that one hits gravel, as the old proverb says. We out the facts not with the expectation that the reader will be instantly and fully able to profit by them, but partly for the psychological pleasure that their recognition gives, and partly in the hope of suggesting, daily, remotely, a way out of the vicious circle in which the reason "edible round and round." It is apparent at this glad hour of the link that we ought to form good resolutions and not put it off till the Fourth of July, or next Christmas. Yet it is just as apparent that if we resolve not to do this or that, we shall pretty surely do it, because we forget not to. On the other hand, it is again just as apparent that if we resolve to do this or that good thing, we shall owe and then do it, because the opportunity offers or insists. The good resolution ought therefore to be positive, and not negative, in its terms. This seems to us the solution, and we commend it to our readers. For ourselves, as we have already hinted, we do not feel the need of so sharp a spur.

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The Secretary to the People, George B. Cortelyou

See page 3

THE constitutional provision for the succession in case of the incapacity or death of the President of the United States, every school-boy knows. But there is an official not named in the Constitution who in the evolution of the organs of government, has come into a place and a function of such prominence that he virtually succeeds in temporary emergencies. He might very properly be called the "Acting President," for when the Chief Executive is for any reason kept from his duties, this official, who is both afferent and efferent corvee to the administrative head, goes on receiving and directing as if the nervous centre were itself consciously active.

By title this person, who stands second to the President, is his daily official life (though he is not known to the Constitution), is the "Secretary to the President," but the term "Secretary" must be given, in its present association at any rate, very ex-

tensive and dignified significance. All the members of the cabinet are "Secretaries to the President"; they have simply taken over certain administrative duties which by the Constitution are lodged with the Chief Executive. He is still responsible for their acts; they are responsible to him. But even with this division of labor and multiplying of advice, the President has not eyes, ears, tongues, or hands enough to attend to his growing duties; so a general secretaryship has been added. Its occupant is without a portfolio, but by virtue of his office he enters all departments, knows all secrets (or so I suppose), and is necessary to all Executive acts. He is seldom far distant physically from his Chief, either at home or in his travels, and he most often is the President's sole companion in his expeditions for information and in the roads of thinking by which he comes at conclusions.

I am, of course, generalizing the office from the personality and the imagined relationship of the present secretary to the Presidents with whom he has been associated; and, naturally, the office is what the temperament and capacity of both President and secretary make it. In the early days of the Republic, the secretaryship was a direct participation in the serious political affairs of the Chief Executive. The office magnified by the executive abilities and the political sagacity of Colonel Daniel Lamont, which President Cleveland recognized by appointing him later to a cabinet position, has kept its larger import; and under Mr. Cortelyou, who has had training in both the clerical and social duties, has come to an even greater scope. This is due partly to the increasing business which falls to the Executive office and partly to the qualifications of the man who holds the secretaryship.

It is an interesting coincidence that the office which received increased dignity and influence under President Cleveland is now filled by a man whom he called to the White House. Mr. Cleveland has himself referred to Mr. Cortelyou as a good example of the results of the merit system. From a very subordinate position in the civil service he has been promoted, merely upon the recommendation of his own efficiency, to places of higher and greater responsibility. There has been no political influence. Mr. Cleveland summoned him from the service of a department reluctant to part with him, and two Presidents of the other party have kept him and further advanced him. Now he holds the highest and most important clerical position in the country. The correspondence of a nation passes across his desk to and from his Chief.

But, as has been already suggested, his duties are not merely and passively clerical. He partakes, in his personality and office, of all the active functions of the Executive. In President McKinley's administration he seemed as one job of his brain, so devoted was he to all the objects of the President's devotion, so accurately did he know and express the President's feeling and purpose. When the President was stricken, he seemed to occupy in his own person the place which his Chief had shared with him. It was anxiously his own brave, unselfish, thoughtful spirit that, above all others, directed affairs in the days between the wounding and the death of the

President. Constitutionally, there was no inter-regnum, but if the actual conditions could have record Mr. Cortelyou's name might well appear between those of President McKinley and President Roosevelt.

At any rate, it was through his personality that the poorer masses and through his service the two administrations he had a very vital bond. That he has remained at the same post under President Roosevelt is the best tribute to his efficiency. One, not knowing, might infer that his ready adaptation to the thought and ways of a President of such widely differing temperament indicated a weakness, but those who have seen much of this man who is so quick to hear and so slow to speak are obliged to find some other explanation, and one that is creditable to him.

His devotion to the President and his interests is a part of his subconsciousness. I was told by a member of the party at Pittsfield, on the day of the accident, that the secretary, in dazed condition, would not have himself cared for, but asked only concerning the President. And yet with all this devotion and with all his untiring official labors, he is developing himself in other ways. When he entered the government service he was not only an expert stenographer; he had studied music thoroughly; he had been a principal of secondary schools; he was somewhat acquainted with medicine, and had written for newspapers and magazines. Since then he has made time to take a course in law, and is qualified for its practice. He is thus a man of accomplishments and attainments quite apart from his immense field of occupation, and fitted for independent service.

It is rumored that if the new Department of Commerce is established he will be appointed its first Secretary. No one can question his qualifications for organizing and directing the work of such an administrative department; but it would seem almost a misfortune to specialize the labors of one who is of such great value to the country in all its interests, through his generalised, devoted, personal service. His title might very well now be "Secretary to the People," and those who know with what full desert he holds it, cannot wish him a better.

Woman's Privileges

Whoever says an unexpected thing at a public dinner, and says it well, is entitled to the gratitude of the company. No matter if the unexpected thing runs counter to some of the convictions of those present; the license that is issued to an after-dinner speaker carries the right to relieve the mind, otherwise no one worth hearing would take such a license out.

The remarks of Miss Josephine Dodge Daskam at the "Pilgrim Mothers' Dinner" last week, in New York, had this surprising merit of being unexpected. The dinner was given on the anniversary of the landing of the Pilgrim mothers, by members of the New York Legislative League. Most of them are pronounced woman-suffragists, solicitors for all the rights that women can obtain by legislation or constitutional amendment. Miss Daskam's theme was "The American Girl of the Future." She was not very strenuous about rights. Reminding her listeners that the recent multiplication of women's rights had not perceptibly loosened the hold of "our brothers" on the advantages he had always possessed, nor increased the strength of women, she suggested that the girl of the future may have to choose between her present privileges and her rights. In which case, said she, "I should advise a young girl who asked me what to choose, to hang on to her

privileges and let her rights go." When we read that in the paper the next day she had smiled, and said it was a joke on the "Mothers," Miss Daskam went on: "If you cannot in this generation get your vote you can always get your voter. I don't think the young girl has changed very much. She has an more mind than she used to have, though she may use her mind a little differently. There are two things which woman must always have had to be, since the creation of the world, to be successful: she must be good, and she must be charming. If she is not good, the world cannot progress; if she is good, and nothing else, she will be as dull as anything the world ever made; but if she can be good and charming her heritage and posterity can ask absolutely nothing better."

Miss Daskam spoke for the majority. Most of the rights—the legal rights—that have been won for American women in the last fifty years were due and overdue, were well worth waiting, and are well worth keeping, but they have not put her in a position where she can afford not to be charming. A large share of success in this world goes by favor. There are women who make their way and their names by sheer ability and persistence, but the commoner experience is that the women who get what they want win it more by grace than by main strength. A lot of valuable qualities go to the making of a charming woman—intelligence, the quick sympathy which is at the bottom of what we call "sweet" kindness, unselfishness, sweetness. Charm has not much to do with physical beauty, except as that itself is a reflection of the inner spirit, for charm is really an attitude. Nobody should, surely any one does, disclaim it as an attribute of weakness, for, rightly understood, it stands out as a form of strength.

After all that has been done for American women by legislators and educators, and college builders and reformers, it still remains true that the most valuable possession a normal woman can acquire is a suitable and satisfactory marriage. Nothing else is quite so serviceable in promoting the fulfillment of her destiny and her content while it is in the process of fulfillment. Nothing else if she is normal—and there are very few women who are not considerably normal—quite takes a man's place with her. One of her most valuable privileges is that of selecting her man, of picking and choosing and taking her time about it, and possibly even of changing her mind after she had begun to think she knew it. It is observed that women who are good, and have the luck to be charming also, have great advantages in carrying this important process of selection to a successful issue. More men are available for such girls to choose from, and once the choice is made the resulting contentment is more apt to endure and to wax, instead of diminishing. The most that legislators can do for married women is to protect them from bad husbands. Choosing good ones is a matter of personal enterprise which less one can do little to promote, but of course a woman who has few rights and is in complete possession of a satisfactory and competent husband is better off than if she had more rights and no satisfactory means of realizing her destiny. If the American girl ever has to choose between her rights and her privileges—including the privilege of being charming, and this invaluable privilege of selecting a man that suits her—she will undoubtedly do well, as Miss Daskam advises, to hold on to her privileges and let her rights go. But she will hardly have to make such a choice. She will retain her privileges, anyway, and all the rights she can make up her mind to want, besides.

A Great English Sport

By Sydney Brooks

London, December 12, 1906.

WHAT, at this time of the year, is the great social pre-occupation of England? I would suggest the question as a test of all American knowledge of this country. Is it politics? Chamberlain's visit to South Africa? the Education bill? the trouble in Romaland? the little brush with the Wastries? the approaching Durbar at Delhi? No; none of these things. These are but the accidental happenings of the moment. The staple interest of England from the first day of November to the last of March is fox-hunting. One gets some idea of how big an interest it is from the mere fact that in this little country, which is only a shade larger than the State of New York, there are one hundred and sixty-five packs of hounds hunting regularly two or three times a week for nearly five months on end. That means practically that wherever you pitch your tent in England, you are within easy hacking distance of a meet, often of several meets. At Melton Mowbray, for instance, a little village that is the hunting centre of "the Shires," you will find the chateau of a man with the five most famous packs in England, brought literally every week-day to your very door. Geographically, "the Shires" are understood to mean Leicestershire, Rutlandshire, and Northamptonshire, but in practice "hunting in the Shires" implies that you have been following one or the other of five packs—the Belvoir, Cottingham, Quorn, Mr. Fernie's hounds, or the Pytchley. These are the oldest, the most fashionable, the best appointed, the most lavishly maintained hunts in the kingdom, and the country they hunt over is supposed by all Englishmen, by a few Americans, and a good many Continentals to be the most beautiful in the world. Nowhere else do you get such a combination of stout straight-running foxes, high scent, difficult variegated jumps, such thrilling forty-minute outwits, so many expert huntmen. The late Empress of Austria, herself a dashing and experienced huntswoman, gave the palm to a day with the Quorn or Belvoir over all other forms of sport to be met with in Europe, adding thereto the remark that she did not know how good or how bad riding could be until she had visited the Shires. I imagine Mr. Foxhall Keene, who knows more of hunting in England than any other American, would confirm this judgment in both particulars. One needs a stout nerve, a superb mount, and a long purse to live with these hounds. If Englishmen spent as much in proportion on education as they do on sport, this country would stand a good chance of becoming the most intelligent in the world. An average price for a hunter trained in the Shires is anywhere from \$1000 to \$1500. The Earl of Londale is rarely without a \$10,000 mount in his stud, and when one remembers that the ordinary life of a horse in the hunting-field is five years, that an accident may kill him any day, and a Welsh nobleman has already this season "shook" a couple of horses, worth \$1250 and \$1600, within a week of their purchase—and that a man who means to do the Shires properly needs two or three set-irons nags and at least eight or ten hunters in his stud, one may form some notion of the lengths to which English extravagance will run.

I have no exact statistics of the number of people who habitually follow the hounds right through the season, but a rough guess may be hazarded. Taking the country all in all, the small packs of twenty couple, as well as those of fifty and seventy, and

putting the average attendance at each meet at 100 and the number of meets at 400 a week, one gets the respectable total of 40,000 men and women in the saddle every week. The hunting season lasts twenty weeks. A complete return of all who follow the hounds from November 1 to March 31 would therefore show a total of 800,000—most, of course, 300,000 different individuals, because the same person will hunt four or five days a week from start to finish. And this takes no account of the multitudes who follow in traps, on foot, or on bicycles or motors. A meet is always regarded in the neighborhood as an informal holiday. I remember as a boy that whenever hounds were to throw off within striking distance of the school I was at, the headmaster would solemnly announce the fact after morning prayers, books would be thrown aside, football jerseys and knickers donned, and we would run our five or six miles to the meet and join in the hunt, to our own intense delight, but to the malevolent dismay of the M. F. H. and his whippers-in. For every man and woman actually riding to hounds there are usually five or six doing what they can to keep up with the fun on foot or wheels. One must also remember the numbers of those immediately dependent on the sport for their living—the grooms, stable and kennel boys, cart stoppers, and so on. Altogether, if one said that from first to last fox-hunting actively interested two million people each season, it would be very difficult to prove the statement an exaggeration.

Wherever you go, evidence of the popularity of the sport is palpable. The daily papers give their column a day to hunting news. The railroad companies lease special tickets and run special trains for huntingmen, so that it is possible to breakfast in London and be at a Leicestershire covert-side in time for the first draw. There are villages and whole districts in the Shires that live on the sport, as Stroud-on-Avon lives on Shakspeare. At the hunting centres, places like Melton Mowbray, Market Harborough, and Grantham, nothing is said or done or thought that has not some immediate reference to the great pastime. Young and old, men and women, are alike engrossed in it. The first ambition of a nobleman or county magnate's son is to follow the hounds on a pony; his next, to be in at the death; his last, to be M. F. H., as his father was before him. A meet on the grounds of an old country manor is perhaps the pleasantest of the many pleasant sights that England has to show. The aristocracy and the great territorial families still largely control the sport, spending in some cases tens of thousands of dollars a year to see it prize. All run as an equality by the covert-side, landless and tenant, the small farmer and the peer. And this season sport has been and promises to continue exceptionally good. The end of the war has restored thousands of officers to their beloved Shires; foxes are plentiful, fields large and more of the right sort than they have been for some years, oats and horse-flesh are both up in price, and the farmer, without whose good-will and co-operation hunting would have to cease, is less than usually discontented.

Nevertheless, in spite of all the wealth and enthusiasm behind it, in spite, too, of its essential manliness, the future of the long-run sport is to be against fox-hunting. The world is the opinion of many good judges, has already, and without knowing it, passed its meridian. Free trade, railways, and the present are slowly but surely squeezing it out of existence. Even within the last fifty years its conditions have been revolutionized. Half a century ago a hunt was an affair of friends. It had

a territorial basis; its members all came pretty much from the same neighborhood, and, either as landlords or tenants, were intimately connected with the soil. Every one knew every one else. The farmers were prosperous, and hunted themselves; the soils were manageable and mainly of the country gentleman type; barbed-wire was rarer even than a railroad track, and the game preserver had not yet arisen to prefer the pleasant to the fox. Moreover, the old semi-feudal respect for the squirearchy still held its own, and was justly scorned by the almost universal custom of the M. F. H.'s of buying their forage, their hacks, and at times even their hunters in the locality. But to-day you find, first of all, that the large well-to-do farmers has practically disappeared, and that his place is taken by the small two-hundred-acre man, whose finances will not allow him to hunt. That means that the farmers as a class no longer have the same personal interest and participation in the sport. Secondly, you find the railroad everywhere; and the railroad has had an immense effect on hunting, first, by largely reducing to the number of the who follow the hounds, and, again, by reducing the area in which hunting is practicable. A cultivated, but not overgrown, country is the ideal one for fox-hunting. The railroads, however, not only head off the fox, but bring the suburban builder and speculator with them. New districts are opened up, houses are built, and the fox-hunter finds another stretch of country spoilt for his pastime.

Moreover, the railroads bring an entirely new class of men into the hunting-field, townsmen for the most part who know little of hunting and less of agriculture, who do not reside in the district they hunt, and are simply out for a day's sport. These are the men who are setting the farmers' backs up and who are doubly irritating to the M. F. H. Nixity are common, and the fox-hunters; they pay no subscriptions, and make no donations to the funds of the hunt they patronize, yet there is no way in which they can be prevented from joining in the run. And being ignorant of agriculture and having themselves no stake in the land and no fear of social ostracism—for the neighborhood only sees them on hunting days—they are careless of what damage they inflict. One hears in consequence of a growing antagonism towards the sport, of foxes poisoned and trapped, of fields needlessly fenced with barbed-wire, at times even of prosecutions for trespass. At the same time, the number of those who turn out for a run grows yearly greater—in the Shires a meet of seven hundred is no uncommon thing—and the damage they cause increases in proportion, while true sport diminishes in the same ratio. To maintain a pack, becomes, in consequence, a most expensive business. The farmers, even when they are willing to have their land ridden over and their coverts drawn, make the M. F. H. pay handsomely if indirectly for the privilege. They systematically exaggerate the damage to their crops and fences, and in the matter of the poultry which they allege to have been killed by foxes, they practice what is almost a form of blackmail. The hunt treasurer, as a result, is continually putting his hands into his pockets, not grudgingly, but still with the feeling that he is being "done." The "compensation fund" of any one of the packs in the Shires would average, I suppose, about \$6000 a season, \$4000 of which would go to the poultry account. The "wires fund," to meet the expense of taking down the barbed-wire fences at the beginning of each season, and of putting them up at the end, is another considerable item.

The Book of Months

By E. F. Benson

JANUARY

THICK yellow fog, and in consequence electric light to glow by and breakfast by, was the opening day of the year. Never, to say one who looks at this fact in the right spirit, did a year dawn more characteristically. The demeness, the utter inscrutability of the face of that which should be, was never better typified. We blindly groped on the threshold of the future; feeling here for a bell-handle, here for a knocker, while the door still stood shut. Then, about midday, sudden commotions shook the vapors; dim altitudes of house roofs, promised lands, perhaps, or profiled wrecks, stood suddenly out against swirling orange whirlpools of mist, and from my window, which commanded a double view up and down Oxford Street, I looked out over the crawling traffic, with as interest as if in the unfolding of some dramatic plot, on the battle of the skies. From sick dead yellow the color changed to gray, and for a few moments the street seemed lit by a dawn of April; then across the partly haze came a sunburst, lighting them with sudden opalescence. Then the smokebeam from the house opposite, which had been ascending slowly, like a tired man climbing stairs, was plucked away by a breeze, and in two minutes the whole street was a street of prismatic-colored sunshine.

All that week I was work-bound in London, a place where, as every one knows, there are forty-eight hours in every twenty-four. The reason for this is obvious—it is impossible to sit idle in a chair in London; it is impossible (almost) to read a book, and it is (happily) quite impossible to write one. Thus, then, the hours are multiplied. The sound and spectacle of life induce a sort of intoxication of the mind; two yards of Piccadilly is a volume, and the Circus an improper epic. Hence the impossibility of reading—the books are in the fowling-tides that jostle from house wall to house wall, and they are vastly more entertaining than anything that publishers have ever had the good fortune to bring out. Now people who are incapable of reading print, of which the enormous mass is very sorry stuff, are held to be uneducated, but it seems to me that people who cannot read, or, at any rate, conjecture at, this splendid human print, are much more ignorant. For it is here in these places, alive with the original words and phrases out of which all books are made, that there lies the key to all books that are worth reading at all. At any rate, here lies the material; it is here, and nowhere else, that the chef does his marketing. There are, however, several rules to be observed if you would read the original. The first is that you must attend with all your might; the book, so to speak, shunts automatically if you cease to attend. The second is that you must at a moment's notice be ready to pity and to praise. The third, and perhaps the most important of all, is that you must never be shocked. For the whole attitude of the observer is covered by pity or praise. The great author does not want his moral condemnation, and in addition to this there is nothing so blinding to oneself as being shocked. It is like looking through a telescope at one point only, and that probably wrongly focused, for it is focused by one's own individual code, which is almost certainly not correct. It is Human Life you are looking at. If that is not good enough for you, go and look at something else. There are plenty of dull things in the world, but remember always that if you find other people dull, it

is only a sign that a dull person is present. But if you are to read the book *Living*, remember humble and alert. Try to catch the point of every phrase, for of this you may be sure, that there is a point. You will find there, thank God, many pages that will make you laugh—laugh, that is, properly, with sheer childish, unreflecting amusement; you will find there things that will make you think, and you will certainly find the things that will make you want to weep. And if we knew a little, instead of knowing nothing, we should probably—so, certainly—fall on our knees and thank God for those also.

One of these that occurred to me today. The first was when I was coming out of the club with a friend on our way to dinner. A obsequious porter held the club door open, an obsequious page-boy stood by our glittering limousine, with a hand on the wheel. My friend had an opulent appearance, and wore a fur coat. On the pavement were standing two exceedingly small and ragged boys, and one of them, whose hair drooped over his eyes like a Skye terrier, seeing this resplendent exit, put his thumbs in the places where the ermbolies of his waistcoat would have been had the merry little devil had one, and with his nose in the air, said very loudly to the other, "What are we doing to-night, Bill?"

The second made one laugh at first, but think afterwards, and it was this: At the corner of Dover Street there lay a heap of mud and street sweepings, and as we drew up just opposite, blocked by an opposing tide of carriages in Piccadilly, a small, very dapper little gentleman in dress-clothes stepped into this muck-heap, with the result that one of his dress-pumps was drawn off his gentlemanly foot with a "clomp," and stuck there. On to it there swooped a vulture of the highway, a led of about twenty, who picked it out and made off down Dover Street with it. Now what good was one shoe to him? Would he not have done better to have wiped it carefully on his coat, which really could not have deteriorated further, and chanced a tip from the dapper little gentleman; or was the instinct of stealing so strong that he never stopped to think? One would have supposed that a tip was a practical certainty.

The third was merely a matter for tears: I walked back from dinner, and my way lay up Piccadilly again. At a populous corner stood a very stout elderly woman dressed in violent and ridiculous colors. Her hair was golden, her eyebrows broad, thick, and vividly drawn, her cheeks so barned with rouge that one blushed. She addressed every passer-by in endearing terms. None regarded her. That was quite right; but the pity of her standing there on this equally right, with her horrid mission, and her total ill-success! Yes, it is difficult to thank God for that.

After five days I got deliverance from this entrancing slavery, and, like a cork from a bottle, flew to Grindelwald. The journey I remember as a dreadful dream, for I had a cold so bad that all sense of taste, smell, and most of hearing and feeling had passed from me, and I seemed to myself to be a rough deal-board being sent by train, and turned out into a drizzling night at what appeared to be mere cow-sheds, simply for the purpose of declaring that I had no spirit or lace about me. Spirit! The Queen of Sheba when she had seen Solomon in all his glory had more. As to lace, that diaphanous material seriously occupied my waking dreams as we neared the Jura. Was there anything in my face that suggested lace, I wondered, or did lace filling peep out from my trousers? Anyhow, why lace? I was willing, almost anxious, to declare five hundred cigarettes, but nobody suggested such a thing. Then—

The new heaven and the new earth—on earth covered with powdery snow, unthawed here and there by pines and reaching beyond all power of thought, by glacier and snow-field, and rocks too steep for the setting of the snow into the pinacles of the Eiger and the Wetterhorn. From ridge to ridge the eye followed, lost in an amazement of the wonder of the earth and the greatness of the design. Another and silent, from the virgin snows, and more silent, growing from words to exclamation, and from exclamation to silence itself, one's wonder. There, out of the void and formless pulp which was once the world, they were set, barren, fruitless, useless, and that is the wonder of them and their glory. Craterias have been as but seconds in the life of an idle man in the forming of them, for craterias that have been to them but the winking of an eye they have raised their immemorial craters, and the centuries shall be as the sea sand before they rumble. O ye mountains and hills, praise ye the Lord! Every day you praise Him.

Now this Book of Months is almost certainly worth nothing, anyhow, and I take this opportunity to inform critics so, in case (as is not likely) they have the slightest doubt about it. But if they and I are wrong, it will be because we have both overlooked the possible value of a true document,—true, that is, as far as I personally am able to make it true. Therefore I will state at once that for the next four weeks the childish parent of making correct turns and edges on the ice occupied me much more, except on a few occasions, than all the mountains, all the heavenly blue of the sky, or the divine radiance of the mercurial sun. I got up day after day, full of anxious thoughts, and had I been assured that these anxieties would ever trouble me again on condition that I never again looked at the Eiger, or the scarlet finger of the Finsteraarhorn that caught the sunset long after the sun had set to us, I would quite certainly have closed with the bargain. Those who do not know what a clean outside-back-counter means can have no voice in this affair, since they are not acquainted with the subject matter of it. But those who do will, I believe, extend to me their pitying sympathy. For no known reason, I desired to make these and other turns, which, when made, are of no conceivable use to anybody; and full of anxious thoughts, which violent collisions with the elastic material on which I performed fully justified, I proceeded to devote the hours of light to these utterly indefensible pursuits. I wished to execute a movement in which the skate left a certain mark on the ice, and no other (I am alluding, of course, to involuntary change of edge), and to make this and other marks on the ice (continuous loops, bracket eight, and a few more, for the sake of the curious) I signed a bond, so to speak, for three weeks of my short mortal life. All merrily, that is to say, I struggled with three thousand scratches, ate a hurried lunch, and struggled again till it was dark. Really, it is very odd; and I hope to do the same next winter. I am perfectly aware that I could have spent my time much better, or, at any rate, tried to; I knew that at the time. But I did not care then. And I do not care now.

There were some intervals, however. For instance, one Saturday evening it began to snow. Now I see nothing ominous, or comprehended the position of those who do. But it is certainly wrong to skate on Sunday when it will spoil the ice on Monday, and on this particular Sunday I went to church in the morning, and afterwards took a sandwich lunch from the hotel, and trying

It securely in a toboggan, sat myself insecurely on the toboggan, and went alone (that was an essential part of the plan) down past the church and through the village, through fields of white snow that spotted as the toboggan met them, even as the spray sports round the bows of a liner. In nothing does a man (unless he be M. Santos-Dumont) come nearer to the ecstasy of flight—some low skimming flight that follows the contours of the ground, as a swallow when storm is imminent. So went I down an ever-steepening mile, flanking at the end just by the side of the bridge that crosses the stream from the glacier. The frost had been severe for the last week, and this was never covered over with lids of ice that grew out from backwaters and extended almost from bank to bank. Wherever a stone stood in mid-current, there below it had the ice first gathered, lengthening itself sparrowlike down stream till the cold feeler reached another stone. Then, already half established, it had broadened and broadened till it placed an anchorage net. But in certain swift places the water still ran unobscured, its flow, of course, greatly diminished with the lesser melting of the glacier in winter, but still brisk, respecting the sea with steadfast purpose. Round the bank and in the bed itself of the stream grew an immense company of alders covered completely with the immitable confectiory of frost, a forest of spiked branches.

Then mounting again, I passed up a long gentle slope by a few outlying chalets, and having come out of the shadow of the Eiger, sat down to lunch. The air was utterly windless, the frost so heavy that not a flake of snow clung to my clothes, yet through the glory of that pellucid air the sun struck so hot that a coat was altogether a superfluity. Eastwards the Wetterhorn rose in glacier and snow-field, and its superb and patient beauty, seeming like a noble woman waiting for the man she loves, struck me with a pang of delight that never faded. I climbed, I entered the pine woods below the Scheidegg, where the sun drew out a thousand resinous smells, as if odorous summer instead of midwinter held sway.

Alone! I had intended to be alone, but never was a man in more delectable company. Trees, glimpses of the gorgeous dome above them, drifts of driven snow, were my companions, while, if one goes overhead, there was the Eiger to hazard a respectable remark to, and the sun itself to be worshipped. On no other day, indeed, that I can remember have I felt so strong a sympathy with Paracelsus. High it swung, benignant, and all for the fir-trees and me. Then rising higher, I came to the edge of the wood and the beginning of the snow-fields again, and reading for a moment, did an exceedingly childish thing. Underneath a piece of spreading root of the last tree of that heavenly wood I hid a stick of chocolate, a Bryant & May's match-box containing an English sixpence, two nickel coins of ten centimes, a short piece of pencil, and four matches. These I dedicate to the wayfarer, should he need a light. Also I should ask him to write his name with the pencil and put it in the match-box, and, if he feels as foolish as I, add some small object of no value. Next year I will go there again and make some further striking addition to the cache. The tree is a large one on the left of the path, and quite notably the last in the wood. My initials are rudely carved in the piece of root directly above the cache.

Now where shall we look for the source of this instructive piece of foolishness? This is not a merely egotistic query, for I am perfectly certain that many sober and mature citizens like myself will feel sympathy with, though they may not practise, such caches as

I made on the slope of the Scheidegg. In that we still preserve, even in this well-civilized and restauranted century, some cell in our brain which even now obeys the prudent instincts of some remote cave-dwelling ancestor, and do we say in play imitate his serious precautions? Or—and I like to think this better—have we still, in spite of our sober maturity, some remnants of a heritage more priceless than cave-dwelling ancestors, namely, the lingering joys of our own childhood?

Hark I feel that I may be treading on alien ground—the cache habit I know is not rare, but I have not at present met any one who "talks French," of which the manner is as follows: Every one, I suppose, has moments of sheer physical enjoyment. I need mention two only: the one getting into bed with legs curled up, ere yet the freezing sheets can be encountered; the other, when very cold, getting into a hot bath—a bath, that is to say, so hot that it is on the border between bliss and anguish, when, in fact, to move is to sear. On those occasions—for loneliness is essential—I "talk French." That is to say, streams of gibberish flow in a hushed voice from my lips, in the form of dialogue, and any one present would hear remarkable things of this nature:

(With deep sincerity.) "Lestil lebon!"
(Reassuringly.) "Mimi molet into pacher."
(Reassured.) "Kaparamoat quillil. Amatinal abolet."

I blush to reproduce more. But I long to know if anybody else "talks French." I want to talk it with somebody and compare vocabularies.

A long colloquy was held that afternoon sitting in the sun, after the cache was made, and then towards sunset I started to go back through the darkling wood, with dim but welcome thoughts of bears and brigands lying in wait on each side the path. One corner, I remember, I particularly feared, for low-growing bushes bordering the path might conceal almost anything. That I had good reason to fear it I soon found out, though I had feared it for wrong reasons, for my toboggan threw me with reckless gaiety into the middle of them. In fact, for the first half-mile the track was abominable; bare stones and tree roots alternated with passages of breathless rapidity; never have I experienced a quicker succession of violence. But as the wood grew less dense the texture of the going became more uniform, and for the last mile I blazed downward with ever-increasing speed and smoothness, through the pallor of the snow-frighted dusk. Large stars beamed luminous overhead, and from scattered outcrops sprang the twinkling lights, showing that all were home from the frozen fields and safe within walls. Then, wonder of wonders, the full moon rose over the top of the Wetterhorn with a light as clear as running water and as soft as sleep, making complete with its perfection this perfect day.

The other interlude from this rage of tracing useless marks on the ice was a funeral. The funeral was that of Siam's kitten, though the kitten was not really Siam's at all. But to go back to the beginning of things, it is necessary that you should know who Siam was. Her real name was Evelyn Helen Anastasia, and goodness knows what but what matters more is that she was a child six years and one month old, freckle-faced, snub-nosed, devoted to animals and the outside edge, and by far the most popular person in the hotel. It was the outside edge originally that had brought us together, for she had told me that I didn't do it properly, and very kindly showing me how, she had fallen heavily on the ice. As I picked her up, she said:

"You see what I mean, don't you? Let me show you again!"

Under her tuition I improved, and, what

was more important, our friendship ripened. I am proud to think that I was the only person who ever knew about the kitten, which had followed Siam—I am sure I don't wonder—with pitiful sorrowing down from the Happy Valley, an ever-ready beast that would have leaped hearts more hard than Siam's. She kept it in a cupboard in her room and fed it with cake. This I learned on the second day of the kitten's imprisonment. That evening it died. I will pass over Siam's lamentations, and the wealth of falsehood by which I consoled her that the diet of cake in an airless cupboard was the only thing that could have saved it. Then, as it was dead, it had to be buried, still without the cognizance of Siam's nurse, whom I feared.

"I don't want a lot of people," said Siam. "It would be much nicer if we buried her quietly. So when nurse is at dinner I will bring her down in my hat."

Meantime I had procured a card-board box, and from Siam's hat the kitten passed into the coffin. The coffin was put on our toboggan, for Siam and I were going to lunch out, and the catastrophe left the hotel.

Siam put her hand into mine—a compliment of only children can pay—and we debated about the cemetery. I personally inclined to the river-bed at the bottom of the valley, but Siam would have none of it.

"Up above," she said, "it is cleaner," and though it was all pretty clean, I assented. "Then we can eat our lunch, and toboggan down," she added. This was common sense; to walk up after the funeral would be depressing; we might recover our brightness that spirit if we kept the tobogganing till afterwards. On the way up through the village, that is, and towards the glacier—the talk turned on serious subjects. Did I believe that animals would have a resurrection? Why did God make them if they were just to die and be finished? Again, if they were to die and have a resurrection, was it not proper to bury them properly? Siam was arrived at the cemetery. Four pine trees stood there, with snow drifted high between them; the benediction of the sun haloed the place; never had any one a more virginal tomb. We scooped out the snow down to soil level, and dropped the box into the excavation. Then with pious hands we covered it up, and on the top of the calm placid sprigs taken from the pines.

"And now I will say my prayers." She knelt down in the snow, and even with the fear of her nose before my eyes, I could say nothing to dissuade her, but hark by her and uncovered my head. And then Siam said the Lord's Prayer, and asked that she might be a good girl always, and prayed that God might bless her father and mother and nurse and me.

To you know what it is to be remembered in the prayer of a child? "And the kitten," she added. And I said, "Amen."

So there the kitten lies, between the sky and the beautiful snow-clad earth. Pious whisper about it, and the Wetterhorn and Eiger loom on its resting-place. And Siam said her prayers there.

What follows? As far as I am concerned, this. I believe that the "whole creation groweth and travaileth in pain together," and that there will be, one day, a great boiling and comforting. And when, on that day, mysteriously, unaccountably, that little body, which meantime has fed the grasses and the Alpine flowers of the place, comes to itself and is alive again, a happy little kitten will stand between those four pine-trees, lost no longer. And Siam and I will recognize it. And the kitten—who knows!—will recognize us, and Siam will say again, in the phrase that is so often on her lips,

"Oh, it is nice!"
To be Continued.

Correspondence

GERMANY AND THE UNITED STATES

December 15, 1904.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

Sir,—Some time ago there came under my observation an article—said to be from the pen of a well-known military authority—in which the possibility of a war between Germany and the United States was demonstrated.

In the editorial section of HARPER'S WEEKLY of September 27, 1902, reference is made to the unexpected progress towards the completion of the German naval programme formulated in 1898 and amended two years later. According to Lieutenant Louis M. Meadon, who was deputed by the Navy Department to study the subject, the German naval programme may be completed in 1906, if not a year or more earlier.

The editorial says that within six years Germany will have at her disposal, in home waters for a sudden aggressive operation, about ninety modern war-ships—a larger naval force than could be quickly gathered by France or Great Britain, whose navies, in consequence of their extensive coarves, are scattered over all the parts of the globe. The opinion was expressed that, *a fortiori*, the German Empire could direct against any point on the Atlantic coast of North or South America a fleet much superior to that of the United States, with our existing resources. And the pertinent query followed: "What would become of our Monroe doctrine?"

Mr. de Bloch, in his work on modern warfare, to which a reference is made, states that in the war of 1870-1, between France and Germany, the command of the sea was useless in France. I perfectly agree with him. The coast of the North Sea is not an inviting place for an attacking navy; and the Germany of those days had hardly any navy worth mentioning. But let us presume that the Germany of 1870 had been in possession of her navy of to-day. What would have been the result for France?

I knew the first ships of Germany in the days of the war of Schleswig-Holstein. I recollect the sale at auction by Fischer of the so-called German fleet. I know the gunboats *Wise* and *Salsomander* of those days. What was Germany then?

A conglomerate of principalities, with Prussia as the leading star and Austria as a dead-weight upon the German Bund. British, French, and Austrian influence and corruption did their best to keep the different parts from uniting. A German flag was hardly known on the seas in those days.

The flags of the Hanse States floated from the tops of many fine sailing-vessels—but they were the flags of the Hanse States alone. I remember the unkind remarks we made upon the "three houses" in the flag of Hamburg. To-day the ships belonging to Hamburg are the finest in the world; every sea-man stares with wonder and deep respect at those ocean greyhounds.

Everything in Germany has changed since the year of 1871—since Napoleon III. played the rôle of the delivering prince in the fabled tale of "Derentchen" in the enchanted castle. But there was the difference that it was not the Princess Derentchen he delivered.

His empire won but a thorny rose for him, his dynasty, and France. It brought back to Germany Alsacia and Lorraine; it cemented the union of the German race; and it resulted in the German Empire. With the Empire came progress. And with all the reins of government in the hands

of a powerful, self-relying, intelligent ruler, the sea qualities, the very genius, of the German nation, that had been lying dormant for so many years, broke forth and made more rapid strides than would have been taken by a race in any other country. Like a nurtured plant which availed only the beneficent rays of sunshine to open its splendid, gorgeous flowers, Germany has developed its immense capacity of intelligence, its knowledge of science, its industry, and its self-reliance.

That is what makes the foreign observer sneer, meditative, and often suspicious. The progress was, and is, too sudden.

We Americans are surely a progressive people; but we mature and develop little by little. Only during the last decade have we marched at a rapid pace. No doubt, with our natural resources and exceptional facilities, we will always be ahead of the most progressive nations in war and peace. I remember well, in 1854, when I, who had seen the finest capitals of Europe, was first at Washington with my captain, what an astonishing, bewildering, incomprehensible scene it was. To-day I consider Washington the best appointed and handsomest capital of the world. Such is American progress.

In Germany it was existent for centuries, but dormant. It is, therefore, natural that Germany, now awake and progressive in industry and commerce and well prepared for any controversy on land, must be heedful that she have a strong and efficient navy. In many respects she has advantages over France, England, and other sea powers. All the costly experimenting done in the naval departments of other nations at such enormous expense has been saved to her. She can use the costly experiments of others for her own benefit.

Mr. de Bloch holds to the opinion that a strong navy would be superfluous to Germany in the event of a war between the Triple Alliance and the French-Russian League.

In my opinion, there is very little danger from that side. France will not dare venture on attack single-handed; and there is no reason to believe that Russia will join in such undertaking. History has proved that Russia has been Germany's best, her only true, friend in the terrible struggles that endured from the last century into the beginning of this; and Russia has proved friendly up to this very day. Russia has nothing to gain, and can rest satisfied to have in Germany a trusty, peaceful neighbor on her extensive boundary, while all her energies are concentrated in the endeavor to gain a strong footing on the Pacific and to extend her influence to Asia. Russia knows well that the march to those regions is over Constantinople. The France of to-day is not the France of 1870. On friendly terms again with Italy, she wants more extensive possessions in Africa. She must have and will have them, as Italy should have Tripolia in the spread of her domain. It is but natural that the coast of Africa bordering the Mediterranean Sea should belong to those two countries. Since the time of the first Napoleon, Great Britain has dominated the Mediterranean with her powerful fleet; she has there her strongholds Malta and Gibraltar; and she has taken, without asking leave, Egypt.

There is no reason to suppose that the Triple Alliance and the Franco-Russian League will clash.

No German fleet will ever come to the shores of the great republic of North America with intent other than friendly, and to cement the feelings of mutual respect and amity between two nations that are bound together by many ties.

I am, sir,

E. H. F.

THE CANTENEN QUESTION

HARVEY SEMINAR, OREGON CO., N. Y., December 15, 1904.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

Sir,—(1) I have read your paper for a number of years, and am at a loss to understand how you can advocate the return of the cantenen. (2) Considered from a business stand-point, almost without exception the large firms not only do not provide a place for their employees to get intoxicating drinks, but, on the contrary, other things being equal, they drop the drinking man from the pay-roll. Why should we, the people, do what good business policy opposes? Considered from a practical stand-point, the average individual will buy more candy, if he sees it every day, than if he does not so; if a soldier has it under his nose constantly, he will use more liquor than if there is no liquor at the cantenen; or if the reverse is true, his commander is incompetent, and ought to be removed. It is manifest that the man who does not like or use either candy or whiskey will not be injured by the failure to have liquor in the barracks. (3) Considered from a moral stand-point, we as a nation cannot be patriotic civilians in such a business and expect to escape the consequences. The products of the traffic in liquor are visible at every drinking-place of our country. Be-bibed, dull-faced, broken-down men, old before their day, are the regular feature of every drinking-place. Of two evils, take neither. The taking of grog is an evil, whether taken in a canteen or a low-down saloon. (4) We cannot trust our safety in war or peace to drinking men. There is no certainty as to what idea may get into the head of a drinking man.

Very truly yours,

J. G. TRAYER.

(1) The WEEKLY advocates the reinstatement of the cantenen solely on the ground that there is less drunkenness with the cantenen than without. (2) There is little likeness between the relation of the government to the soldier and that of an ordinary employer to his employees; yet such a concern as the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company, employing miners and other workmen in isolated places, has found it expedient in some cases as a temperance measure to start clubs, where his men can buy drinks. (3) The government now derives a very large revenue from the liquor business. (4) If we cannot trust our safety to drinking men we are in a bad way. There are few teetotalers among the men who rule the country. We doubt if there is one in the President's cabinet or on the bench of the Supreme Court.—EDITH.]

"THE QUALITY"

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

Sir,—The ground for the personal attack upon me by the *Saturday Review*, mentioned by your correspondent last week, appears to lie in a difference of opinion between certain masters of English literature and that paper, concerning the proper application of the word "quality." Personally I prefer to accept the verdict of the masters.

If it were true that a flagrant misuse of the English language stamps my work as "Kitchen" literature, how could any discussion or review of any book of mine have a place in a gentleman's periodical?

For the doubtful honor of a review in their paper I am proportionally their debtor; the attack upon myself I can only deplore in the name of that common decency which a gentleman inactively attributes even to those with whom he differs in opinion.

I am, sir, yours,

ROBERT W. CHAMBERLAIN.

Woodrow Wilson's History of the American People

PRESIDENT WILSON has written a literary masterpiece, an artistic and enchanting story of the American people. It is marked by the qualities which have made the author one of the most attractive, as well as one of the most satisfying of our writers on American history and on government. It is, indeed, not too much to say, now that Mr. John Fiske is no more, that President Wilson stands easily first as a broad and picturesque painter of our historical, political, and social life.

In the five sumptuous and richly illustrated volumes published by Harper & Brothers, and entitled, *A History of the American People*, President Wilson has made for popular reading a complete account of the beginnings of civilization on this continent, the rise and progress of our liberty and our self-government, following the history from the earliest day to the election of 1900. It is the only complete account contained in a single work. Its scholarship is accurate. The judgment which has selected the large personalities, and the large events for illustration of the theme is sound and unerring. The literary style is charming. The work is for the pleasure of all, scholar as well as general reader. It holds one with its intense interest and its literary seductiveness. Moreover, it is a marvel of compression. It is, of course, impossible to describe epochs in epigrams, but Doctor Wilson comes very near doing so when in summing up the characteristics of the early seventeenth century when the English began to swarm hither, he writes:

"It was to be an age of profound constitutional change, deeply significant for all the English world; and the colonies in America, notwithstanding their separate life and the fatal of the sea, were to feel all the deep air of the breath of freedom. The revolution wrought at home might in crossing to them suffer a certain sea-change, but it would not lose its ore or its strong favor of principle."

"Its strong flavor of principle" is a phrase noteworthy of the men who brought the petition of rights, and the *habeas corpus* act out of the Stuart tyranny, and worthy to describe the heart and soul of the revolution for individual liberty, which ended only with the granting of our independence and the establishment of a responsible government in England.

In another chapter, that on "The War for Independence," Doctor Wilson gives in a few strong, illuminating, and brilliant touches the philosophy of the growth of the reverence of Washington's countrymen for the leader whom Congress had placed at the head of the army, and of the development of Washington's respect for the character of his countrymen.

"They had chosen better than they knew," he writes, speaking of the selection of Washington for the command, and his assumption of it at Cambridge. Then he continues:

"It was no more than a matter of hours, a noticeable man of honor and breeding at the head of an army whose members deemed it a mere present mob and rowdy assemblage of rebels. Washington himself, with his notions of authority, his pride of breeding, his schooling in conduct and privilege, was far from pleased till he began to see below the surface, with the disorderly army he found of uncouth, intractable plough-boys and farmers, one esteeming himself as good as another, with free and easy manners, and a singular, half-indifferent insolence against authority or discipline."

In half a page he sets before the reader the contemptuous expectation of Europe that

our confederation would fall to pieces; in a quarter of a page he deftly shows the reality. With which the Constitutional Convention began its task.

One of the features of the work which makes it of especial value to the general reader who is desirous of knowing the history of his country without the labor of reading a score or more of volumes is the clearness with which is described the popular movements against George III., both here and in England, and that the same immemorial principles of civil liberty were stirring men on both sides of the ocean.

Those who desire both to read a comprehensive view of the history of the American people, and who wish to experience the delight which admirable literary form can lend to such reading, will find all they are looking for in President Wilson's *History of the American People*. The spirit of the author is that of joy in his subject and in the achievements of the country. There can be no better illustration of these than in the closing words of the fifth volume, the history ending with the second election of Mr. McKinley.

"Her voice," Doctor Wilson writes, speaking of the part played by the action in the war in China—"her voice told for peace, conciliation, justice, and yet for a firm indication of sovereign rights, at every turn of the difficult business; her troops were among the first to withdraw to the Philippines when their presence became unnecessary; the world noted a calm pose of judgment, a steady confidence as if of conscious power in the utterances of the American Secretary of State; the new features of America in the East were plain enough for all to see. . . . Sections began to draw together with a new understanding of one another. Parties were turning to the new days to come and to the common efforts of peace."

An Unrecognized Genius

We have lately heard, by way of the Boston Symphony Orchestra and the Korlitz Quartet, musical evidence of a sort to confirm us in our belief that that most misunderstood and maligned of geniuses, Franz Liszt, is the true parent and fountain-head of modern music—we mean, of course, the music of today; of contemporary Russia and France and Germany. For our part, we cannot listen to so nobly revealing a performance of Liszt's "Tasso" as the Boston Symphony Orchestra gave us at its last concert, or to the "Mazeppa," or the "Dante," or the "Faust Symphony," without being strengthened in an unalterable conviction that had Liszt not lived and produced his tremendous tone-poems, Wagner, and Tchaikowsky, and Borodine, and Cesar Franck, and Richard Strauss would have been other than they were and are. Where does modern music get its peculiar chromatic poignancy, its feeling for dramatic characterization, its subtle fluidity of form—where but from Liszt, the Liszt of the symphonic poem, whom Wagner could acclaim, in a burst of pardonable hyperbole, as "the greatest musician of all times"? Such a composer as Brahms is, we concede at once, beyond the reach of such a relation; but then Brahms was not in the least involved in the on-sweeping current of musical modernity—he was merely a belated classicist,—withal a full-blooded one. It has been observed how rich in quotations "Hamlet" is. In the same sense it may be noted how full of Wagnerisms—of "Tristan"—Liszt's "Tasso" is: "Tristan" having been completed in 1858, "Tasso" in 1854. And as Wagner drew inspiration from the willing fountain of

Liszt's genius, so also did tone-poets of lesser stature, from Tchaikowsky to Richard Strauss. How remarkably Liszt-like is—for an immediate example—that violin sonata of Richard Strauss performed here recently by Mr. Kneisel and Mr. Lamond! And let it be noted as a curious fact that this sonata is an early one, composed before Strauss had come so completely under the sway of Liszt's magnetic influence as he now is; yet it is incontrovertible that Strauss would have conceived the made very differently had Franz Liszt never lived. In its idiom, in its thought, in its emotion, it is only half Strauss; and the other half is largely Liszt.

The Law of Mustachios

"Wuxx the Emppr ennems, the people requirs haardsherelets."

This axiom may seem irrelevant to the Venetian situation; it requires earnest reflection to connect the imperial mailed fist with the subjective handkerchief.

Another interesting law has recently been discovered; that no nation which curls up its mustachios can run a successful power.

That the tonsorial curling-tongs should play so material a rôle in the destiny of peoples is nothing new; a female barber curled up Samsou.

Moreover, that this law concerning crimped mustachios exists, is proven by history: frizzled France fell before champagne Mexico; curled and pomaded Austria tumbled before the rough-bearded Teuton; the waxed and needle-pointed whiskers of the Third Empire drooped and fell out at Sedan; and pallid Don Wladimirson gave one final flourish to the twisted adornments of his upper lip era the furnace-blast of Santiago de Cuba shrivelled the last hair to the follicle.

"When the Sultan itches, all Aala scratches. When the Emperor do—" But why, why continue! Alas! that to-day the Fatherland should be but a bestriding thicket of up-curled, fan-spread mustachios! *Alas aciemus aut saliam!*

Startled patriots like the *Stoats-Zeitang* may argue that it is not yet too late; that the damage is not yet irreparable; that any style of whiskers may be changed at the nearest barbers for the modest consideration of twenty pfennigs; that in the awful and lurid light which the discovery of the Law of Mustachios has shed upon the downfall of nations, the frizzled Fatherland may yet be saved through the humble effort of a pair of scissors.

Naf!
Danger lies not in the coup de fer; Demulation abhors not the whisker, *per se*; Destiny lovers act in the pomatum pot. But remorseless Truth, with inflexible fidelity, brands forever the nation capable of tonsorial toydies; and Justice snaps the padlock on its padded cell.

Shade of Barbarossa! Weirds of the shaggy border that hurled back Roxel Ghoulis of the us-shers, quaffing forever in Valkalla! Only a Belsenoo can record the tragedy of your despair; only a Frohman stage it; only a Gruu can contribute contraband for the lament; only a Sosenoo conduct the obsequies!

Finance

WITTS apprehension over serious money stringency before the end of the year allayed by the formation of the \$50,000,000 money pool, and the clearing up of the ominous Venetian clouds by the consent of the powers to submit the matters at issue to arbitration, there was a rebound in the securities-

markets which was altogether natural. Sentiment improved decidedly. Pessimism gave place to hopefulness. The recoveries in prices were rapid and in many cases substantial. Money became easier, and it seemed to be assumed by nearly everybody in Wall Street that the liquidation of highly speculative accounts had been so thorough that, with the return of currency from the interior to this centre and the probable increase in the exports of agricultural products, a January rise was certain to come. This led to a very fair volume of buying orders. On the rise that followed, those who had bought at the low prices reached during the slump promptly converted their "paper profits" into hard cash, and the rally was checked. At no time was there any foolhardy attempt to "discount" the "reinvestment demand" that, according to tradition, Wall Street looks for, after the New-Year, or the much-heralded January bull movement. It was as well, for the condition of the money-market, even if it did not have the menace of the semi-panicky days of a fortnight ago, by no means justified rash operations for the rise. They are wise pools that have profited by the increase of the December slump in prices. Whatever they may do later, their disastrous experiences are too recent to have been forgotten. After the rally, and the profit-taking, the market became dull and, in the Street phrase, inclined to sag.

That prices recently fell in some instances below the level of actual value, may be admitted, though it cannot be denied, on the other hand, that there are stocks which even at the present figures may be regarded as unduly high. The market, on the whole, is in a far stronger position than in many months. Considering the fact that the retrograde movement in trade and business generally does not seem to have set in, at any rate, not in real earnest, it is altogether reasonable to believe that the general prosperity will continue for at least another year. It is not easy to see how railroad earnings are going to decrease, certainly, not the gross earnings. The net earnings present adverse possibilities owing to the increased cost of operation, by reason of advances in wages, materials, etc., but railroad managers are counting on offsetting such items by means of advances in freight rates, which should enable net profits to keep up proportionately. Our foreign trade should presently improve, by increasing our agricultural exports at the same time that, according to current indications, imports should fall off. Our bankers have been paying off our indebtedness to Europe, and the reduction in the volume of such obligations has been considerable during the past two months. With the return of currency to New York there should be easier money, but it is not certain whether there will be enough of it to permit of active speculation in stocks if Europe demands to be paid. It simply means that we have yet to see whether the foreigners are to be paid in gold or in corn. With the collapse of the illogical and disturbing bull speculation in corn, which immediately lowered the price of the cereal, increasing exports must be expected. Cotton exports are already increasing.

It will be seen that, taking it all in all, the prospect is hopeful rather than the reverse. There are still syndicates with huge blocks of securities yet unsold, and very little demand for their goods. But there is also a very rich public, not speculating to-day, but always a great potential stock gambler. At the moment, it would seem as if after a period of hesitancy and the usual "backing and filling" of a market governed largely by the operations of professional traders, the movement of prices would be upward rather than down. The speculative community believes that conservatism is the best policy until after the turn of the year.

Important Announcement

WITH the current January Number the NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, for the first time in its history, begins the serial publication of a great work of fiction,

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The second of a series of three articles by MARK TWAIN on *Christian Science* also appears in this Number.

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ASSETS	
Loans and Discounts . . .	\$22,821,102.49
Due from Banks	1,809,133.52
Banking Houses and Lts. . .	1,524,792.96
Bonds, Stocks, etc.	1,024,125.34
Cash and c'ks on other Banks .	9,380,664.23
	\$36,565,818.54
LIABILITIES	
Capital, Surplus, and Undivided Profits	\$5,216,107.78
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Report to the Comptroller of the Currency
APRIL 30th, 1902

RESOURCES	
Loans and Discounts	\$12,745,164.54
Bonds	770,929.74
Banking House	545,776.72
Due from Banks	835,329.80
Cash and Checks on other Banks .	9,297,120.00
	\$23,193,883.62

Capital, Surplus, and Profits
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Few people in the country have yet fully realized the size and beauty of this new Public Library now in course of construction in the plot of land between Fortieth and Forty-second streets and Fifth Avenue, where the old Reference used to stand. The building alone will cost between four and five million dollars, and will contain all the valuable collections of the Astor and Lenox Libraries and the bequests left by Samuel J. Tilden. It is probable that the building will be opened and ready for use in 1902-6.



MISS FAY DAVIS

The young American actress who, after marked success in England, plays now for the first time in America with Mr. Faversham in "Imprudence." Miss Davis made a great hit in London in the title role of "Iris"

The New Niagara

See page 11

The development of electric power at Niagara Falls is already an old story, quite familiar to every intelligent American. But it is hardly realized how quickly the earlier work of the last decade is being carried to a magnitude that begins to promise rich realization of the hope that in the great cataract might be found an illimitable supply of cheap power for every industry that chooses to locate within earshot of the booming gorge. The splendid enterprise developed by such well-known leaders as E. D. Adams, D. O. Mills, J. P. Morgan, W. R. Rankine, John Jacob Astor, F. A. Wickes, and L. R. Stillwell, on liberal lines, is growing at this moment faster than ever under the sovereign compulsion of a demand for the current derived from the energy of the waterfall, whose beauty as a spectacle may sometime be of less importance to us than its ability to drive our machinery, light our lamps, and keep us warm. As far back as the first half of 1901 the power-plant of the Niagara Falls Power Company, above the upper rapids, was delivering current equal to a consumption of 800 tons of coal a day, and all the plants in the vicinity now are trying hard to double that output. Yet Niagara is still far from developing steadily 100,000 horse-power electrically, and all the

(Continued on page 12.)

ADVICE TO MARRIAGES.—Mrs. W. DUNN'S SOUTHERN HERB should always be used for children's ailments. It soothes the child, retards the growth, stops all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea.—[Advt.]

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Don't be deceived when you see a cold bottle of champagne, and let it be known as **HERMAN KAY'S**. Do.—[Advt.]

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—GREEN AND YELLOW—

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makes old burners just as good as new, and lights up in full efficiency with gas of any length from 3 to 6 inches—producing as high as 300 candle-power from a single mantle.

A Ball Check burner, complete with mantle, 10 cents; for the Ball Check and short Burner (with Ball Check power burner), 25 cents. At any good store, or, if so direct, postage prepaid.

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185% REVOLUTION OF THE STURDY REPUBLIC
(CRISIS OF HONOR WITH CASTRO &c.)

WILLIAM:— KING, DOND FORGET YOUR
ANCESTORS, OBY ALWAYS GRABBED
EVERYBING IN SIGHT. NO? YEST

WILL: SO? UNCLE SAM IS OUR SHIP.
IT WILL BE A PIECE FULL BLOCKADE.
(ASIDE) I VINA VUN OAF MY EYES.



2ND ACT
PRESIDENT CASTRO: FRIENDS? PATRIOTS? SHALL WE BE COERCED BY
THOSE WHO KNOW NOT LIBERTY? LOOK TO THE UNITED STATES,
CARRIES (ITS A FENCE) (CRISIS OF) NO! NO! VIVA CASTRO!

PRESIDENT CASTRO: CARRAHDA! HELP! (NONE ARRIVES)
THEN FOR THE LOVE AND DESIRE I HAVE FOR MY COUNTRY
I WILL CONSENT TO ARBITRATE!



KING EDWARD (HYPERLITICALLY) I SAY, HE
ROOSEVELT—NO HARM INTENDED,—FAULT
OF MY VOLATILE NEPHEW—POH HONOR

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT: SAY CASTRO,
SPOSE YOU PAY UP,— AND FULTERD
TO THE LIBERTY BUSINESS.

WILLIAM EDWARD: WE HAVE THE ARGUMENT
(CARRIES AN ASSICURED DOWN WITH
CASTRO!) VIVA THE 126% REVOLUTION!

(Continued from page 31.)

present plans in contemplation keep within range of 500,000 horse-power; but the mighty torrent, even at its great leap, is good for far more than ten times that, and on its way down the outer of the Niagara River it could repeat the performance without the tired feeling that distresses the average Yankee every time he exerts himself slightly.

The utilization of Niagara below the Falls is in reality something to be discouraged, from the æsthetic stand point, as it leads to the placing of buildings and plants at some of the most picturesque spots in the gorge. The utilization above the Falls, in a mile or two back, offends no one's eye, and cannot be detected save by the white foaming tide that shoots out from the portal of the long tunnel just under the first bridge. On both sides of the chasm this scientific development is going on, and unless the reports of the engineers are astray, it will be very long before any one will note any lessening of the green sheet of water that curves over the lip of the floor-plate, between the diversion of a portion of the falling tidal wave. Upon the American side, the first power house contains 50,000 horse-power of water wheels and electrical generators that they drive, all busy now and overloaded. Across the intake canal, upon which that handsome power-house stands, a *ris-éris* has lately gone up, and six new electrical generating units will be in operation there soon after the New-Year. The second plant is also geared for 50,000 horse-power, and the tunnel to carry off the waste water of the pair was successfully tested lately as to its ability to get rid of the volume thus represented by a stream from which a hundred thousand horse-power had been extracted by the thousand-screw methods of modern electro-mechanical ingenuity. All this current is in high demand. It is being availed of freely in Buffalo, and places thirty and forty miles away are glad to secure some of it, for the Power Company is selling current at Niagara at twenty dollars a year for twenty-four-hour power, supplied every day in the year, which is not half what the best-known company by stream can do. In New York city there is many a man whose steam-power is costing him from sixty to a hundred dollars a year per horse-power, even for ten-hour power, so that it would not be surprising if some folks moved to the Falls, as others have done from Pittsburg, the very home of cheap fuel. The alternative is to bring Niagara to the door of the manufacturers needing power; and that process is also working its way.

Over on the Canadian shore, in the vicinity of Victoria Park and the Dufferin Islands, a kindred development has begun, and there the same general principles and methods have again been adopted—an intake canal, power-houses on each side of it, a wheel-pit with water-wheels at the bottom attached to the generating dynamos at the top, and a waste-water canal emptying somewhere near the level of the river in the gorge. The machinery to be placed in the sub-cellar of the wheel-pit and on the floor at the surface will give the equivalent of 50,000 horse-power; but there is room for a total output capacity of 100,000 horse-power, which Canada will try to grow up in the way of consumption. A very interesting feature of the plant in the Dominion is that the first three dynamos to go into it will be the biggest and best that the world knows. These on the American side are equal to five or six thousand horse-power each. Those on the Canadian side will each be able to deliver 10,000 horse-power. The earlier machines, moreover, are a type of low voltage—so-called "step-up" transformers—to raise their 2250 volts to the 11,000 or 22,000 required in the transmission to Buffalo. The big latest types are to generate current at a potential right off of 12,000 volts, so that the transformers will be virtually unnecessary, except for extreme long-distance work. It is some satisfaction to know, however, that these colossal are to be built in New York State, and that while we still look quite naturally to Scotland for pointers on water-wheel work, American engineers are responsible for the design, plan, and construction of the whole

(Continued on page 33.)



A ticket to California via the
Golden State Limited

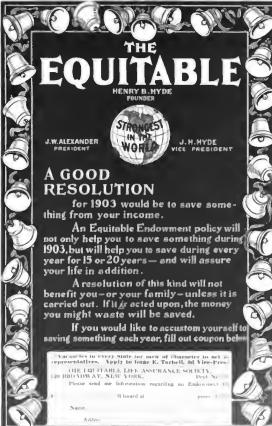
Is practically a guarantee that for a 34 days you will be supremely happy; that you will sleep soundly, fire on the best the land affords, meet pleasant people, see interesting scenery, and be transported from the center of the continent to its southwestern corner in the briefest possible space of time.

Newest of transcontinental trains—and the most comfortable.

Leaves Chicago daily via the El Paso Rock Island route. Less than three days to Los Angeles. Through cars to Santa Barbara and San Francisco. Electric lights, electric fans, bath room, bar, open smoking library. Lowest sleeping rates of any line across the continent. Selling berths and full information at this office.

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**A GOOD
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for 1903 would be to save something from your income.

An Equitable Endowment policy will not only help you to save something during 1903, but will help you to save during every year for 15 or 20 years—and will assure your life in addition.

A resolution of this kind will not benefit you—or your family—unless it is carried out. If *it* acted upon, the money you might waste will be saved.

If you would like to accustom yourself to saving something each year, fill out coupon below.

Application to every State for name of Chamber to act as representatives. Apply to James E. Tarbell, 60 Vine Street, THE EQUITABLE LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY, 120 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

Please send me information regarding an Endowment of \$1000.

I have read at page 1111

Name _____

Address _____



Type of Modern Gasoline Motor-Truck

THE substitution of mechanical traction for horse-drawn vehicles is being made gradually by many of the most prominent firms in New York. Electricity has been found to fulfill the requirements more completely than other forms of motive power on account of its noiselessness and simplicity of application. In several cases, however, the gasoline motor has been found useful to department stores which make large out-of-town deliveries. For

these conditions, the need of a quick and easily procurable means of recharging forbids the use of the electric battery, for the present, at least. By rough calculation, one of these motor-trucks will do the work of four horses and two wagons in the same period of time. During the heavy snowstorms of the winter the motors have been able to plough through deep drifts without difficulty, the only disadvantage being a slight tendency to slip.



Type of Electric Motor-Truck

Diebig
COMPANY'S
EXTRACT OF BEEF

GENUINE SIGNED:
Diebig
 IN BLUE

HELP for the
 HOUSEWIFE

(Continued from page 23.)
 plant. When they graduate from Niagara they move down to New York city, to deal with gigantic lighting and transportation problems that playing with its ceaseless "rush hours" has rendered comparatively easy of solution.

Meanwhile, on the Canadian shore, above the Falls, other plans and projects are afoot, such as that of the Ontario Power Company, which, unhappily, proposes to duplicate the American work in the gorge by setting its plant down at the river's brink, so as to secure the full drop of the water from the edge of the cliff. Still another scheme, well backed and likely to be pushed, is that which aims to develop part of Niagara's power with the object of carrying it to Toronto, some seventy-odd miles away, far beyond the Queenstown Heights, and hugging the eastern horizon across the Ontario lake. But seventy miles are nothing nowadays to the ambitious electrical engineer, who, as these pages have told, is already dealing with three times that span in his California, sending the thrilling energy of the Sierra Nevada across hill and dale to the Golden Gate itself. And what has been done on the Pacific slope is just as easy of accomplishment and far surer of reward than this, as a matter, here in the East, whether for the pushing city of Toronto or for all the wires and wheels of the Empire State.

Always Leading

Kaylor's
COCOA CHOCOLATE
 Unequalled in PURITY-FLAVOR
 ALL GROCERS

Kitchen Culture
 Only six recipes were received in an advertisement for a cook, with a miscellaneous receipt for a maximum produced 380 applications. (—Morning Paper.)

BRUSSELS. It was fine of you
 To stoop to culinary toil,
 But lettuce, I think, can do
 With less of vinegar than oil;
 And yet, although you spoil a salad,
 How sweetly you can snag a ballad!

Not even a lunatic would slag
 A paan o'er your buttered toast;
 Your "hand for poetry" is a thing
 Of which you have no right to boast;
 But my artistic soul with glee notes
 Your splendid touch upon the key-notes.

You have a somewhat ghastly knack
 Of overdoing ribs of beef;
 The way you serve up burnt black
 Is, mildly speaking, past belief.
 But while I wonder still I do know
 How capably you render Goussé!

Potatoes are a form of food
 That you can never rightly cook;
 Even when in contemplative mood.
 You've studied Mrs. Boston's book;
 They look and taste like tallow ruddle,
 Yet how you can interpret Handel!

You do not grasp the inn and outs
 Of serving the most simple sweet;
 Your sausages and Brussels sprouts
 Are quite impossible to eat.
 You can't cook even a tomato—
 But how outdone in your vibrato!

You must have answered, it appears
 To me, the wrong advertisement,
 And sent of too distinct careers.
 'Twas for the wrong one that you sent.
 Your cookery is far from smug;
 Go la for touching the plums.

MORTYLL T. PIERCE

Delicious Drinks and Dainty Dishes
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BAKER'S BREAKFAST COCOA

ABSOLUTELY PURE
 Prepared by Borden's Cocoa, Dettmer, and Flavel
 Examined by the package you receive and make sure that it bears our trademark.
 Under the direction of the U. S. Courts an order Court is entitled to be labeled or sold as "BAKER'S COCOA."
Walter Baker & Co. Ltd.
 Established 1876 DORCHESTER, MASS.

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Large, clean, crisp flakes. Malted and thoroughly cooked. Made from the finest Southern White Corn.

One taste convinces.

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES
 The best preparation for colds, coughs, and croup.
 BROWN, A. W. LINDSAY, Temperance Lecturer,
 Presenting to the best
 REV. DENNY HARRIS, D.D.

Kitchen Utensils
 MAKING THIS TRADE MARK

AGATE WARE
 THE BLUE LABEL
 PROVES IT.
 ARE SAFE.

One taste convinces
KORN-KRISP
 Best of all modern foods

Guerlain's Sicky is your favorite perfume, always nice & lasting.

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EAU DE COLOGNE MÈGÉMONIENNE Toilet Water
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 FLAVELLE and HARRIS, 110 N. 3rd St. Phila.

GUERLAIN PARIS

A Second Yosemite

From time to time during the past dozen years, more frequently within the past year or two, there have appeared in print enthusiastic assertions that the Kings River Cañon, in California, is more wonderful, more beautiful, and more various other things than the Yosemite Valley. We confess that, with the tenacity with which most of us cling to our belief in the excellence of the things whereof we know, rather than of those things whereof some other fellow knows, we have largely discounted the rating of Kings River Cañon. It seemed to us that the enthusiasm of the few who have penetrated her wilds was fired somewhat by the piteful consciousness that they were few, that they had done a big thing to get into the cañon, and that there was no harm in boasting that they had been rewarded with more than their trouble for their pains. But just now we are assailed by a dash of Yosemite's superiority in all those charms and wonders which have given it its great fame. The late Professor Joseph Le Conte, for many years of the faculty of the University of California, explored the Kings River Cañon when he made the last of his beloved mountain camping tours, and in his article, "My trip to Kings River Cañon," which we find in a recent publication of the Sierra Club, he made precisely the comparison between the cañon and the valley we have long hoped to find.

The cañon is in Fresno County, in what for many years has been only vaguely known as the "Kings River Country," and is reached by a ten hours' railroad journey from San Francisco to Sanger, a little town in the San Joaquin Valley; a day's stage-ride to Millwood, well up in the foot-hills; then a two to four days' saddle-ride—as one wishes to hurry or loiter over the rapidly ascending trail; then a foot scramble down 3500 feet to the floor of the cañon.

Professor Le Conte, who for thirty years was familiar with the Yosemite, quite naturally made a comparison in describing his first view of the cañon. "After the storm," he writes, "we walked to the verge of the cañon and took our first view—a sunset view—both of the ridge itself and of the surrounding peaks, the goal of our desires. Barring the wonderful falls, the view will compare well with that of Yosemite from Inspiration Point." His permanent camp was in a thick grove of pines, on the very banks of the river, at the foot of Grand Sentinel Peak, an almost vertical precipice rising 3500 feet above the river. "There is nothing in Yosemite finer," he writes. "The river, swift everywhere, becomes just below our camp, a roaring, foaming cascade, which by night churned so with its ever-changing form and by night lulled us into deeper and sweeter sleep."

Later he pushed on up the main cañon to the forks, then up Bubbs Creek, and still onward and upward to the crest at Kearsage Pass, 12,000 feet above sea-level. It was in visiting this portion of the cañon that the veteran mountain-climber felt and expressed the enthusiasm which, we observe, marks all who write on the subject. "On the whole way up Bubbs Creek to Kearsage Pass the trail becomes steeper and rougher, cascades and falls more frequent and more beautiful, and the scenery grander and more impressive, until finally, as we approached the summit, I could not refrain from screaming with delight. The mountain splendor reached its climax at Bullfrog Lake. . . . At this beautiful place—the most beautiful I have seen in the Sierra—we camped nearly a week. The lake, 11,000 feet above sea-level, stands in an amphitheatre completely surrounded by the highest peaks of this most Alpine portion of the Sierra. On its east, the sharp, jagged, snow-capped, pinnacled, splintered peaks of Kearsage; then, going round southward, the symmetric,

Honest Liqueur

DISPENSING, as we do, honest liquors at honest prices, we solicit an opportunity to put before you our proposition, feeling convinced that an HONEST sample once in your hands will secure for us your permanent patronage. Send postal for free book and satisfactory sample offer. 3 3 3
 A square, straightforward proposal by a house of the highest reputation which costs nothing to investigate; write now while it's on your mind. 3 3 3
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 The acme of luxury, convenience and refinement.

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A trial package of a new and wonderful remedy mailed free to convince people it actually grows hair, stops hair falling out, removes dandruff, and quickly restores luxuriant growth to thinning scalps, eyebrows, and eyelashes. Send your name and address to the Altheim Medical Dispensary, 7355 8th Avenue, Building Cincinnati, Ohio, for a free trial package, enclosing a 2-cent stamp for cover postage. Write to-day.

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Begin 1903 By Saving A Diamond

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YOUR CREDIT: You need not see a diamond to know its value. We will send you a receipt to know its value. We will send you a receipt to know its value. We will send you a receipt to know its value. We will send you a receipt to know its value.

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 Modern in every detail.
 Convenient to large Stores, Theatres, and all places of interest.
 Near Back Bay Station.
JOHN A. SHERLOCK,

ennial, towering ferns of University Peak, 14,000 feet high; then Stanford Peak, equally lofty, and Mount Keith, still loftier, 14,300 feet; then the fine outlines of the Vedettes; then, southwestward, the grand, massive form of Mount Brewer, with its great cirque filled with snow, from which emerges a fine glacier. On the southwest, Charlotte Peak, with Charlotte Lake at its foot, and all the fine peaks of the Sierras in panoramic view from its summit.

We must pause, in considering this expert's description of these mountain wonders and beauties, to record a protest against some of the nomenclature of the region. The climax of mountain splendor reached at—Bullfrog Lake! Horror! Beautiful, grand, impressive scenery in the way up—Bubbs Creek! Horror upon horror! A State with a wealth of unusual geographical names; with its San Juan River, its Las Alamos Creek, San Bernardino Mountains, San Rafael Village, its San Bernardino, Del Norte, Sonoma— to be named by Bubbs Creek and Bullfrog Lake! We will upon the Sierra Club to take the law into its own hands. Rename that creek "Le Conte," the lake "Muir." Not Bubbs. Not Bullfrog. Oh!

It is interesting and instructive that Professor Le Conte, after many specific descriptions of the cañon's features, a general comparison between them and those of Yosemite. "Doubtless," he writes, "for aggregation of striking features within a limited area, and especially for the splendor of its many waterfalls, Yosemite stands unrivalled, not only in California, but in the world. But there is a peculiar, though gentle, charm, also, in the foaming rapids so characteristic of Kings River and its branches. If Yosemite is far superior in its falls, and also in its extreme mountain and the variety of its foliage, Kings River is far superior in its surrounding mountain scenery. Kings River Cañon branches and re-branches, becoming deeper and wider and grander until it displays and loses itself among the highest peaks and grandest scenery of the Sierras."

A characteristic difference, which also explains why the cañon's "wildness" is frequently dwelt upon, is noted by the writer: the fall of the Merced River in the Yosemite is only about eight feet in as many miles, while in the same distance the Kings River falls about five hundred feet.

The sportsman, as well as the lover of nature in its beautiful and majestic aspect, is rewarded by the climb into the cañon. "Although we spent little time fishing," says the writer of this first comprehensive story of the cañon, "we had all the trout we wanted. Nor was big game wanting. Without turning at all out of our way we saw both deer and bear."

Professor Le Conte was a wide and observant traveller, an experienced mountain student, a geologist of note; his report is to be accepted without discount. California is to be congratulated on the possession of a second Yosemite.

If the poor and humble toil that we have for you, that not the high and glorious toil for him in return, that he may have light, have guidance, freedom, immortality?
—Carlyle.

It's wher bring good than bad;
It's safer bring steek than fever;
It's fitter bring sane than mad.
My own hope is a sun will pierce
The thickest cloud earth ever stretched;
That, after Last, returns the First,
Through a wide compass round be fetched;
That what begin best, can't end worst,
Nor what God blessed once, prove accurst.
—Browning.

F. P. C. Wax



A specially imported wax, chemically treated, so that when it is once rubbed over the iron the latter is cleaned as if by magic. It prevents all odor, giving the work that beautiful, silky polish sought for by the laundress.

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Why? Because each fine cut stick of F. P. C. Wax is in an automatic wooden holder, which keeps it from dripping. It never loses shape, and is good until the last particle of wax is used. The handle saves your fingers from burns.

If your grocer tries to substitute the old wax that spoils your ironing and your temper, send us cents for 100 sticks to the
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Is an emblem of purity manifested by its sparkling crystalline transparency. LONDONDERRY is enjoyed by both men and women, and because of its healthful action is as popular with one as with the other. Adopt Londonderry as your Home Table Water.

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HARPER'S MAGAZINE

For 1903

*These will Write
in 1903*

Swinburne
Mark Twain
Mary Johnston
W. D. Howells
Edith Wharton
Maurice Hewlett
Mary E. Wilkins
Booth Tarkington
Robert W. Chambers
Amelie Rives
Margaret Deland
Henry Van Dyke
Thomas A. Janvier
Woodrow Wilson
George E. Woodberry
Hamilton Mabie
Lew. Wallace
Theodore
Watts-Dunton
Alice Weynoll
Alice Brown
Alfred Ollivant
Brazier Matthews
Chester Bailey Fernald
Josephine Dodge
Dasham
E. S. Martin
I. Zangwill
Sarah Orne Jewett
Octave Thanet

IN this page are outlined some reasons for believing that HARPER'S MAGAZINE (which attracted a larger number of readers in 1902 than ever before in its fifty years of progress) will appeal to an even wider audience in 1903.

The promise for increased excellence is a certain one, though only a part of the good may be definitely foretold. In the matter of serial stories and continued series of articles, HARPER'S MAGAZINE will be different.

It will not print more than one serial story at a time.

It will not print articles of a "news" nature.

It will not print consecutive series of short stories.

It will not print connected series of articles on any except possibly historical subjects. Thus every number will come as a surprise. This was true of last year, when the most important, the most readable, the most authoritative articles were those which appeared without preliminary announcement. A few of the things which can now be announced are:

THE PICTURES OF

EDWIN A. ABBEY, R. A.

Mr. Abbey has for ten years been engaged upon the colossal work of illustrating Shakespeare's Tragedies for HARPER'S MAGAZINE. Many of his pictures will be paintings in color, others in pen and ink, handled with that delicacy and fineness which characterize all of Mr. Abbey's work. All of Mr. Abbey's illustrative work will appear in HARPER'S MAGAZINE. The text accompanying Mr. Abbey's pictures will be by the most notable living scholars and critics.

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE

No living writer on literary subjects commands the attention of the world more completely than Mr. Swinburne. During the coming year he will contribute to HARPER'S MAGAZINE a number of brilliant literary articles. Other notable writers who will write on literary subjects are Theodore Watts-Dunton, Arthur Symonds, Joseph Knight, W. J. Rolfe, etc.

A NEW ROMANCE BY

MARY JOHNSTON

AUTHOR OF "TO HAVE AND TO HOLD"

Miss Johnston's new story is entitled "Sir Mortimer." It is a psychological study deeper than her previous work, and is of a more delicate literary texture; it maintains a higher artistic level and displays a new and maturer genius. Miss Johnston ranks anew from this work. "Sir Mortimer" is a romantic love story of the Elizabethan period. The romance will be illustrated by F. C. Yohn, and will run through the summer months.

MARK TWAIN

The famous author of "Huckleberry Finn" and "Tom Sawyer" will write only for HARPER'S during 1903. Mr. Clemens will contribute frequent short stories—possibly a novelette.

WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS

Mr. Howells also will write only for HARPER'S during 1903. He will continue to conduct the "Easy Chair," and will contribute short stories, essays, and poems.

The MAGAZINE for 1903 will have articles by the greatest authorities on science, exploration and travel.

SHORT STORIES

HARPER'S MAGAZINE will print in each number more short stories than any other illustrated magazine. In this branch of fiction the MAGAZINE has always been famous. It has published the best work of noted and new writers alike, and has been perhaps the strongest factor in developing short-story writing to its present perfection. Not less than seven short stories of varied types and wide range of interest will appear in each number of the MAGAZINE for 1903. The list of authors who will contribute stories includes the names of every notable story writer in this country and England.

*A few of the
Artists for
1903*

Edwin A. Abbey, R. A.
Howard Pyle
F. C. Yohn
Elizabeth Shippen
Green
Albert Sterner
W. T. Smedley
Walter Appleton Clark
Sarah Stillwell
H. Renterdahl
E. M. Ashe
H. C. Christy
André Castaigne
Laelus Hitchcock
Peter Newell
F. Luis Mora
Jessie Willcox Smith
Fletcher Ransom

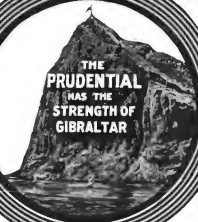


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JANUARY 10
1903

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Sydney Brooks
Henry Loomis Nelson
John H. Finley
Edward S. Martin
Charles Johnston
Franklin Matthews
John D. Adams
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*New York's Transportation
Problem*

LORD CURZON
The Man and His Work

Washington Society

*Outlook for Tariff Legislation
During the Short Session*

Recent Light on Röntgen Rays

AMERICANS OF TO-MORROW
THIS WEEK

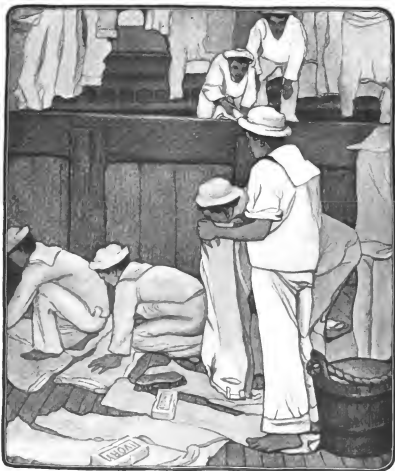
ARTHUR T. HADLEY

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IT FLOATS.

HARPER'S WEEKLY

VOL. XLVII.

New York, Saturday, January 10, 1903—Illustrated Section

NO. 2013

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AMERICANS OF TO-MORROW

XXII.—ARTHUR TWINING HADLEY, AET. 46

See page 55—Editorial Section

The Outlook for Tariff Legislation

THIS anomalous state in which proposed tariff legislation finds itself in the closing days of the Fifty-seventh Congress is that but one of the tariff bills under consideration (that providing for the reduction of the Philippine tariff) has originated in the House, where all revenue measures have their constitutional initiation, and that not even one of these is in the hands of the Senate Committee to which revenue bills in that body are normally referred. Such legislation has come in "by some other door," slunk in the language of treaties, and asking the consideration accorded to "foreign relations." The result is that Senator Callum's committee has the Cuban, Newfoundland, French, and all other reciprocal tariff treaties in its hands, while Senator Lodge's committee on the Philippines has in its keeping the remaining bill. The Finance Committee is out of tariff work. This is the present situation. No other tariff legislation has put its head above the horizon.

As to the outlook, it is possible to speak with almost as great definiteness. First, the proposed reciprocity with Newfoundland will not be approved. The interests of twenty or thirty thousand fishermen off the coast of Maine and Massachusetts protest against it, though some of the great packers of the United States are for it. Also, Senators Frye and Lodge are members of this committee. Second, the French treaty and the whole tribe of "Kasson treaties" have no chance of consideration. Senator Aldrich, chairman of the Finance Committee, is not disposed to let reciprocity rob his committee of its revenue control and legislative prerogative, and there are, moreover,

devoted interests opposed to the measures themselves. With these treaties out of the way, there are but two propositions left: the one embodied in the Cuban reciprocity treaty; the other providing for the reduction of the duties on imports from the Philippines to twenty-five per cent. of the Dingley rates (the present rates being seventy-five per cent.).

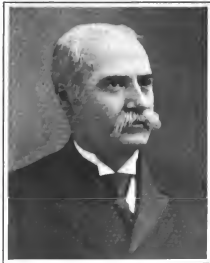
The Cuban treaty which was submitted to the Senate just before its recess has now good promise of consideration, if it can be brought to a vote. This good prospect has perhaps some relation to the hope on the part of its enemies of being able to hold it up in the House; for it is anticipated that the President, in event of the Senate's confirmation, will ask for legislation by the House in harmony with the treaty's provisions before giving it effect. Meanwhile, the beet-sugar interests, soon to hold a convention, are to deliberate as to whether they can allow the proposed reduction, and meanwhile, also, the people of the country grow impatient of the Senate's tardiness in meeting the obligations under which Cuba's rightful expectations have put it.

The Philippine bill has, it would seem, a precarious journey ahead of it, with fairly good prospects of reaching its destination. Here again the sugar interests threaten to prevent in the Senate as great a decrease as the House has voted. The fifty per cent. reduction seems to be conceded. The struggle will be over the remaining twenty-five per cent., and the issue cannot now be predicted.

This is the meagre result that may be expected in tariff legislation this session. Even the President's slight recommendations appear to be unheeded.



Senator Shelby M. Callum, of Illinois
Chairman of Committee on Foreign Relations. The Cuban Reciprocity bill has been referred to this committee.



Senator Nelson W. Aldrich, of Rhode Island
Chairman of Finance Committee. It is held that the Cuban and Philippine bills, on account of their revenue features, should be referred to this committee.



Senator Henry Cabot Lodge, of Massachusetts
Chairman of Committee on the Philippines, that has the bill for the reduction of the Philippine tariff in charge.



Major Ebstein

General Green

Mayor Low

THE MILITARY HEADS OF NEW YORK'S POLICE FORCE

The Police Commission of New York on January 1, for the first time in the history of the city, became a military organization. General Francis V. Greene, appointed by Mayor Low, is an experienced military officer. His assistants, Major Ebstein and Captain Piper, have both seen long military service, and the attempt to put the police force on a strict military basis will be watched with great interest throughout the country.

The Academy Exhibition



"The Sacred Hecatomb."—By Amanda Brewster Sewell
Thomas B. Clark Prize

THE exhibition of the National Academy, now being held in the galleries of the Fine Arts building in Fifty-seventh Street, has one interest that attaches in equal degree to no other of New York's annual picture shows. It sums up the achievements of the younger painters better than any other, for the Academy is true in its tradition of teaching and encouraging. To this end most of its prizes are awarded. The three Hallgarten prizes offered to painters under thirty-five years of age are given this year, in order of merit, to H. M. Walcott, William Fair Kime, and Miss Belle Haven. Of these, Mr. Kime is a member of the Academy. The Inness gold medal for the best landscape, never awarded twice to the same painter, goes to Leonard Octuman, A.N.A., the previous winners being, in 1906, Bruce Crane, and, in 1904, Walter Clark. To Amanda Brewster Sewell is awarded the Thomas B. Clark prize for the best figure composition. It is gratifying news that Mr. Clark has assured this prize for all time

by the gift of six thousand dollars to the Academy. Mrs. Sewell's picture, "The Sacred Hecatomb," shows a procession of Greek youths and maidens leading cattle to the sacrifice with music and the dance. These joyous figures, moving in a leafy glade into which the sunlight filters, are charming in color and rhythmic movement, and as a piece of admirably conceived and executed decorative painting it stands alone in the collection. The only painting worthy of comparison with it is Louis Louÿs' "The Joyous Life," a group of classic female figures dancing across a sloping field in the glow of late afternoon while Pan pipes beneath a tree.

Mr. Walcott's "At the Party," which received the first Hallgarten prize, shows groups of happy children seated on a lawn, and is brilliant with color and animation. In showing the advance in the productions of the younger painters the exhibition is one of the most successful ever held.



"At the Party."—By H. M. Walcott
First Hallgarten Prize



By Mrs. J. S. ...

THE FIRST DEBUTANTE'S DANCE OF THE SEASON IN WASHINGTON

The Italian Ambassador and Signora des Planches gave the first reception and dance of the season at the Italian Embassy in honor of Miss Roosevelt. Most of the debutantes of the diplomatic corps were present.

Recent Light on the Röntgen Rays

EVER since the extraordinary discovery by Professor Röntgen, seven years ago, the identity of the remarkable rays that bear his name has been a matter of scientific debate, of persistent experiment, and unshaken wonder. Their character, penetrating unchanged the most opaque substances and bringing the invisible in ready view, was certainly sensational enough to provoke unlimited discussion, but still

recently it has borne little fruit. When rays can pass squarely through the human body and record the shadows of its inner structure upon a photographic plate, it is evident enough that in some way or other energy has been transmitted through that body in amount sufficient to produce the photographic image, and the fundamental question has been the mechanism of the transmission. Now, energy can be carried in two well-known ways —

by the passage of material particles from one point to the other, as in the stream from the nozzle of a small blast, or by the simple transmission of impulses in the medium between the two points, of which the most familiar instance is in the radiation of heat and light by waves in the ether. And it is often rather difficult to tell which process is in action, so that when the Röntgen rays came up for investigation their nature was a puzzle. They did not behave like ordinary light or any other known form of radiant energy, for not only did they freely penetrate substances which by general rights should have been opaque, but they utterly refused to be reflected by a mirror, bent in passing through a prism or lens, or twisted around a corner by diffraction. On the other hand, their properties were equally irreconcilable with those of any known form of streaming particles, so that physicists had a fair field for uncontrolled liberty.

Within a few months, however, Mr. Bröndsted has performed some beautiful experiments that may be regarded as critical in discriminating between the two main suppositions just noted. By a very ingenious and refined method he has shown that the

Röntgen rays are propagated with the same velocity as light. For good dynamical reason this leads to the conclusion that they are not streams of matter, but ether impulses able to light. This being definitely shown, their differences from light admit of a fairly simple explanation following a suggestion made by Sir George Stokes. According to this view, the Röntgen rays are volleys of independent impulses in the ether.

These are irregular bits of light waves, never settling down into steady wave motion. When a ray of any kind strikes a body it tends to stir the molecules into vibration, and thereby to slow down the entering wave. But this takes time, albeit a very short time, so that while an ordinary light ray almost immediately settles into steadiness, the enormously sharp and brief impulses of the Röntgen rays, in short, do not fit the vibration time of the molecules, have come and gone, without losing much energy. Hence all bodies are transparent to such rays, at least to such a degree that the impulses either get through or get far enough within the surface to escape reflection from it. And the same almost legitimate suddenness of the impulse outside the existence of diffraction, unless in very insignificant degree. The wonder is that

the sensitive molecules of the photographic plate or the fluorescent screen are stirred into action, and they probably would not be save for the relatively large energy of such irregularly sharp impulses. Wave length, in the ordinary sense of the word, they have not, any more than a pistol shot has a musical pitch, but if they could be examined in detail, there is reason to expect that one would find the impulses of very varied length, but all so brief as to correspond to us in the form of light. Professor J. A. Thomson has shown mathematically that just such an ill-disposed impulsive must be generated under the conditions which are found to determine the generation of Röntgen rays, so that theory and experiment seem at last to unite on a reasonable explanation that accounts for the very singular facts.



The Automobile in Surgery

New York surgeons, however, in the use of the X-rays in private houses, where there is no electric power,

have recently devised the scheme of showing their power from the storage batteries of their automobiles.

The wires are carried down from the automobile in the street to the patient's room.



MISS JULIA MARLOWE IN "THE CAVALIER"

Act III.—"Don't make a move! You're outnumbered three to one!"
The 1915 production of "The Cavalier" which has been sold in the United States by
Charles Dwyer (Miss Marlowe) stands in early Victorian style.

Excavating Prehistoric Animals of North America

THE explorations of the Department of Vertebrate Paleontology of the American Museum under Professor Henry Fairfield Osborn, for the season of 1902, were among the most successful known.

One expedition went into the region north of Miles City, Montana, seeking for the remains of fossil dinosaurs (terrible lizards), under the direction chiefly of Barnum Brown, associated with Professor R. S. Lull, of Amherst College, and Mr. Hensley, a recent graduate of Amherst. They discovered a skull which lacked the upper portions of the horns only, and which had an especially complete skull. Other discoveries were portions of the skeleton of the same species and of other horned dinosaurs, the remains of a carnivorous dinosaur of gigantic size, also three crocodile skeletons, and portions of the skeletons of several beaked lizards (*Rhynchocoryphus*).

Another expedition in Montana, under the leadership of Dr. W. D. Matthew, was in quest of mammals chiefly of the Miocene period. Discoveries were made of the beds containing the remains of some of the smaller animals of the period when the *Titanotheres* flourished, especially small canines and rodents and some primitive species of horse, among them *Hesperippus arizoni*. The small fauna of the Lower Oligocene had already been made known partly through the researches of Earl Douglass, but these collections greatly add to his results. The party found the lower jaws and extensive portions of the legs and skeleton of a large rhinoceros, probably belonging to the species *R. subafricanus* Cope, a long-limbed animal which has been known hitherto from its skull and from a single foot-bone only. This find enables Professor Osborn to give almost the complete characters of this long-limbed and long-skulled type, which stands in marked contrast to the more abundant short-limbed and short-skulled rhinoceros of the same period, named *Tetaceres*.

An expedition, under the leadership of Walter Grainger, associated with Peter Kelson, returned to the vicinity of the famous Bear Cubin dinosaur quarry of central Wyoming for the fourth year of excavation. The early part of the season was devoted to a new dinosaur quarry discovered by W. H. Bred, and systematically explored by the museum for the first time in 1901. This quarry proved to be very rich, especially in remains of the



Method of Work in Raising and Boxing frail Bones and Skeletons



Section of a gigantic extinct Dinosaur encased in Plaster, and ready for Shipment to New York



Professor Osborn's Party unearthing Bones at Bone Cabin Quarry, Wyoming

giant herbivorous dinosaur named *Camarasaurus superus* by Cope and *Brontosaurus* by Marsh. After work was finished at this point, the Bone Cabin quarry was systematically explored, and yielded a rich harvest of fifty-two bones, mostly fine specimens, and several of these new to the museum collection.

The search for fossil horses was continued under the direction of J. W. Tidley, especially in the southern portion of South Dakota. A brilliant discovery was made of the remains of a small herd of fossil three-toed horses belonging apparently to the genus *Hipporion*, and parts of associated fore and hind limbs in a perfect state of preservation, and one skull and an associated skeleton so complete that it may be mounted. This discovery more than added another much-desired stage to the collection presented to the museum through the generosity of William C. Whitney, who donated \$15,000 to acquire a collection of fossil horses.

After months of most difficult and skillful work, chiefly under the direction of Adam Hermann, three specimens of rare interest have been made ready for exhibition at the museum. One of these is the complete skeleton of a small new dinosaur which is to be named "The Bird Catcher," owing to its apparent capacity for great speed and the long and slender grasping structure of the hands. A second specimen is the great bear-headed fish *Parahexodus*, secured by Charles H. Sterberg in Kansas. This magnificent specimen, sixteen feet in length, has been mounted on a very large panel, and it may be fairly claimed that it is the most striking specimen of a fossil fish in any museum in the world. The other exhibit is the superb pair of tusks and skull of the mammoth, the great *Elephas imperator*, secured from Texas. The tusks are thirteen feet six inches in length and twenty-two inches in circumference. The entire upper portion of the skull has been restored in white plaster. The specimen has been mounted with a view to showing the actual height of the skull in an animal of this size.

The fossil horses, so called, comprise the skeletons of the ancestors of the modern horse, which, when completed, will form a unique collection at the American Museum. The work of the American Museum under the direction of Professor Osborn and his associates is of the highest scientific importance.

Results of the recently returned Expedition sent out by the American Museum of Natural History under Professor Henry Fairfield Osborn



ELEONORA DUSE AND LENBACH'S CHILD

From the painting by Lenbach



THE TWENTIETH-CENTURY

New York, as the largest of American, and soon to be the largest of world cities, is at this moment in the throes of a great expansion. The first step was to carry people overhead, and the second step was to carry them underground. This drawing shows what the city will be in two years.

— Tunnels. - - - - - Tunnels proposed. ♀ Tunnel Stations. ★ Penna. Railroad Terminals. ■ N. Y. C. and H. R. Railroads.
 ↑ Elevated Railroad Stations. △ D. L. and W. Railroad Terminals. ⊞ Erie Railroad Terminals.
 1—Brooklyn Bridge. 2—Manhattan Bridge. 3—Williamsburg Bridge (building)



PROBLEM OF MUNICIPALITIES

great problem. More than a million and a half people want to get up and down town each day, and there are not enough roads built. That is now insufficient, and next comes the underground, which will be able to do in the future

N. Y., N. H., and H. Terminals. ✕ N. Y. and N. J. Tunnel Terminal. ●●● Surface Steam Roads. —●—●— Elevated Railroads.
 East Shore and N. Y., O. and W. Terminals. N N. J. Central, Phila. and Read., and B. and O. Terminals.
 — Blackwells Island Bridge (building). 5—Penna. Railroad Connecting Bridge

The Next Speaker of the House of Representatives

THE Hon. Joseph G. Cannon, who will in all human probability be elected Speaker of the House of the Fifty-eighth Congress, has the distinction of having served longer in the lower legislative chamber than any of his thirty-four predecessors. The Eighteenth Congressional District of Illinois first sent him to represent it at the national capital in the year that General Grant defeated House Greeley for the Presidency, and he has done so continuously ever since, with the one exception of the Fifty-second session, '93 to '92, when he was made to stay at home by a Democrat named House.

His election to the next highest office under the government will be the realization of a long-cherished ambition with Mr. Cannon, and an honor which has been won through exceptional services. He was born at Newgardon, near Danford Court-house, in 1838. He went to Indiana early with his parents, where he received only a common-school education. At fourteen he hired out as clerk in a country store, and five years later began the study of law. Deciding that there was not much honor for a prophet in his own country, he concluded to go to Douglas County, Illinois, to begin his practice. That first year in his profession, 1858, was pretty hard pulling for the future Speaker of the House, and there is no denying that he would have come to actual want if a friend had not stood for his board bill. It was not in the young lawyer's make-up, however, to allow difficulties to daunt him. By hard work



The Hon. Joseph G. Cannon
Who will in all probability be the Speaker of the Fifty-eighth Congress

and untiring perseverance each succeeding year saw his influence broaden and his practice enlarge. With his inherent aggressiveness he was soon identified with his party's politics, and in 1861 he was elected State's Attorney, a position he held until 1868. His experience as counsel in cases of every conceivable kind, during those fourteen years before he became a member of Congress in 1872, undoubtedly fitted him for the useful place he has filled there.

Mr. Cannon would not have been, perhaps, the President's first choice for Speaker of the House. As was shown in a recent number of the WEEKLY, their policies do not entirely harmonize, yet Mr. Cannon can safely be treated with the best interests of his party. He is one of the oldest and ablest veterans in public life—indeed, he will be the oldest man who has ever occupied the Speaker's chair. Through all of his long career his bitterest enemies have never been able to connect his name in the roughest way with any scandal. He is a rough-and-tumble fighter; in debate he is not choicer in the use of his adjectives, but he has a keen intellect, unimpeachable honesty, and a character of sterling worth. He is well known as one of the most conservative members of the House. As chairman of the Appropriations Committee he has had control of the supply bills, and with so cautious care has he watched the proposed expenditures that he has fallen heir to the late Mr. Holman's sobriquet, "The watch-dog of the Treasury."

The New Cuban Minister at Washington



The Cubans are the latest Members of the Family of Nations. Their Legation is the latest established at Washington, with Senor Gonzalez de Quesada as Minister

HARPER'S WEEKLY

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COMMENT

At the hour when we write, it is taken to be granted that the conclusion of an agreement preliminary to the submission of the Venezuela controversy to The Hague tribunal will encounter no serious obstacle nor prolonged delay. There seems to be no doubt that President Castro is willing to assent to any demand which it is within his power to grant. There is a limit to his present pecuniary resources, however. This limit ought to be considered by Great Britain and Germany when fixing the sums of money which they will require to be paid as conditions precedent to the reference of the principal matters in dispute to arbitrators. We hope that there is foundation for the report that Great Britain has offered to reduce her immediate claim from \$340,000 to \$40,000, and that Germany, while lowering her own exaction from \$340,000 to \$100,000, has signified a disposition to accept a guarantee, instead of insisting upon instantaneous payment in cash. Envoiced as Castro is by rebels, it is scarcely reasonable to ask that he shall strip himself of the sinews of war. Another question of international interest which will have to be settled in the preliminary agreement relates to the continuance of the blockade pending arbitration. It is obvious that a cessation of the blockade would remove sources of provocation and friction, and for that reason it will be earnestly recommended by our government. It is not easy to see why Germany should show itself recalcitrant to such a judicious suggestion, especially as the British nation is making no secret of its eagerness to wash its hands of the Venezuela business.

Up to the present, the only country which has distinctly gained in international credit and honor from the Venezuelan imbroglio is the United States. Through a very fortunate chain of circumstances we have been able to stand as the friend of each of the three parties to the quarrel, while greatly strengthening our own position on the Monroe doctrine, and at the same time almost miraculously avoiding, so far as can be foreseen, the dangers of future complications and financial responsibilities, which both Germany and England were extremely willing to see saddled on our shoulders. At the first outbreak of the trouble, Minister Bowen came forward as the trusted friend of both Germany and England, chosen by them

to represent and guard their national interests in Venezuela, and this extremely friendly attitude has been preserved throughout. Not less friendly in form, while far more effectively so in substance, have been our relations towards Venezuela and President Castro. It cannot be doubted that to our good offices and vigorous intervention was largely due the acceptance of the principle of arbitration by all the interested parties; nor can it be doubted that this acceptance has shielded President Castro and his country from grave dangers and almost certain invasion. Having in view the renewed activity of the insurgents under General Matos, it is easy to see to what straits President Castro would have been brought by the occupation of Caracas by the allies; it would have meant for him almost certain political annihilation. It may be noted, in passing, that there is considerable reason for believing that the renewed activity of the Matos party, and indeed the whole course of the revolutionary movement of which he is the head, is not wholly unconnected with the movements of the allies, nor wholly independent of foreign inspiration and support. The expedient of setting up a pretender favorable to our claims and designs is a very old one in the history of nations. While President Castro has acted with vigor and dignity through the present crisis, we cannot be blind to the fact that his position is in the last degree precarious, while General Matos and the revolutionists hold a large part of the country. A really decisive and complete victory for either party would be the best thing that could happen for the welfare of Venezuela.

While we have profited at every turn of the Venezuelan difficulty, gaining both lustre and power from the troubles of others, it cannot be denied that Germany has suffered severely in international credit and esteem. Many nations were conscious of a feeling of irritation at the behavior of Germany in China, from the first "muffed fist" oration to the days of the advance on Peking and the slaughter of hundreds of helpless Chinamen. There was a bumptiousness, a surly unmanliness, about the whole proceeding which was as displeasing to the world at large as it was discordant from the better traditions of German urbanity and culture. It was distressing to see the land of Kant and Goethe descend to mere bullying. But when the same truculent methods were introduced into the political disputes of the New World, into the territory of the Monroe doctrine and republican government, then the revelation of Germany's temper was painful and repellent. The serious element in the matter is that the present rebuff to the Teutonic genius is likely to cause very serious irritation, and even a mood of exasperation, in the dominant section of German political life—a mood of exasperation which is likely to work itself out in ways that may justly inspire apprehension. Our present success in Venezuela may merely open the door for a much more serious effort in the not distant future. The happiest outcome to the whole matter would be for Germany to realize that international bullying does not pay, either in cash or credit, and, recognizing this, to revert to methods more in harmony with the nobler side of the Teutonic genius. If Germany emerges from the fray with ruffled plumes, England has certainly lost very heavily in prestige and reputation for statesmanship and wisdom. Strictly regarded, the reported protests of her naval officers against further co-operation with Germany are a grave breach of discipline, a very bad sign, an indication of serious disharmony between the brains and the hands of the British nation. But this disharmony and the indecision and vacillation of the Halfour government are only too evident.

We think that the Secretary of the Navy should be satisfied with the outcome of the naval manoeuvres in the Caribbean and adjoining waters. It is true that the so-called White

Squadron, representing the enemy, succeeded in evading the war-ships which were acting on the defensive under Rear-Admiral Higginson, and in capturing the harbor of Mayaguez, Porto Rico. There was nothing remarkable in Rear-Admiral Higginson's failure to keep in touch with the White Squadron, and thus to foil the assailant's plans. In the last search problem proposed to divisions of the British fleet the opposed squadrons passed within five miles of each other, yet neither knew of the opponent's proximity. In that case, as in the Mayaguez affair, the lack of timely information was due to a deficiency of scouts. Not only scouts, but battle-ships, were wanting on the part of Rear-Admiral Higginson. Of the latter he had but four, which he felt constrained to keep together, whereas, if he could have had five, his force might have been divided, one division being stationed at each end of Porto Rico. In that event he would have had a fair chance of capturing the White Squadron. Then again, Rear-Admiral Higginson would have been in a better condition for defence if his vessels had been equipped with a wireless-telegraph apparatus, such as many European war-ships are now provided with. It is a considerable gain to have learned what we need. Aside from its usefulness from this point of view, the search problem which engaged the attention of the fleet under Admiral Dewey gave our naval officers an increased knowledge of the waters of the West Indies, and accustomed them to navigate at night without lights and to keep their vessels at proper distances from one another while cruising in the darkness. We add that the presence of Admiral Dewey's great fleet in the Caribbean had probably some moral effect on the commanders of the Anglo-German squadrons engaged in the demonstration against Venezuela. It kept them on their good behavior, and strictly within the limits prescribed by a shrewd and cautious diplomacy. It is, for instance, probable enough that but for the proximity of Dewey's fleet one of the German war-ships would have seized the coveted island of Margarita, which would make an admirable naval station, and would give a precious strategic advantage to a power desirous of controlling the northern terminus of the Panama Canal. The fact that Admiral Dewey's fleet was known to be superior to all the foreign war-ships in the Caribbean rendered any exhibition of force on our part at La Guayra or Puerto Cabello superfluous. It is the strongest of the arguments advanced by Mr. Roosevelt for a big navy that if we had such a weapon in reserve, we probably should never be called upon to use it in a defensive war, for proximity to our naval stations would give us a superiority to any assailant except Great Britain.

It looks as if the desired result would be attained by the note concerning the treatment of Jews in Roumania which was addressed, less than five months ago, by Secretary Hay, not only to the Buearest government, but also to all of the great powers that signed the Treaty of Berlin. The note, it will be remembered, provoked a good deal of captious comment in Vienna and some other Continental capitals, and it was asserted that the United States were bound by the negative or self-denying side of the Monroe doctrine not to interfere in the internal affairs of European states. As a matter of fact, our government has never deemed itself disqualified by the Monroe doctrine for protesting in the name of humanity against iniquitous and cruel deeds, and it has never abdicated the right to demand redress for damage suffered by itself or its citizens at the hands of a European power. It was pointed out by Secretary Hay, in the despatch to which we have referred, that the relief of the Roumanian Jews from grievous disabilities and shameless oppression—a relief promised by an article in the Berlin Treaty—was required not only by the dictates of humanity, but in order to relieve the United States from an inflow of indigent and undesirable immigrants. That, under the circumstances, our government, though not a signatory of that compact, had a right to request the fulfillment of it was ultimately recognized by Great Britain and Germany, which powers, accordingly, endorsed our note. Thus supported, our remonstrance could not be unheeded at Bucharest, and we observe with satisfaction that on December 27 the Roumanian Senate, at the request of the Minister of Public Instruction, agreed that Jews residing in Roumania might be naturalized, and thus acquire the rights of citizens, which hitherto have been withheld from them.

American diplomacy of the next hundred years has in the achievements of the last a good foundation upon which to build. England's foreign policy would seem to have its lines predetermined by the necessity of assimilating what it has already appropriated of the earth's peoples with their varied civilizations. France is likely to find sufficient room for all colonial ambitions it may cherish in northeast Africa and southeastern Asia. Russia's outside interests will be absorbed by the necessities of its Asiatic possessions. The predilections of the policies of Germany and Italy also lock toward South America. With this estimate of interests, we may know with what anxieties Landowne, von Bismarck, Delcassé, and Prinetti take thought for the morrow. The Venezuelan incident is informing not only in recording the attitude of Europe toward the United States to-day, but also in revealing the lines along which foreign policies are likely to travel.

A writer in the *Nineteenth Century* thinks that he has detected a weak spot in the American republic, because the native American and British elements in our population are increasing much less rapidly than is the non-native or non-British element. For the sake of argument, we will accept the definition that the native American is a citizen all of whose grandparents were born either in the United States or in the United Kingdom. Now it is probably true that the native American thus defined is increasing very slowly, if at all. There seems to be no doubt that his birth-rate is tending to decline. As long ago as 1851 Dr. Jesse Pickering, in a report made to the city government of Boston, pointed out that there was no natural increase in the strictly American population. Dr. Allen, another municipal official of the same period, demonstrated that fully one-half of the natives of Massachusetts were already foreign. According to the census of 1900 the population of Massachusetts was 2,805,246, of which no fewer than 1,745,710 were either foreign-born or of foreign parentage. So far as New England is concerned, the foreign birth-rate from 1850 onward has gained on the American birth-rate, until now it is four to one. It may be said that the smallness of the native element in the population of New England is due to the fact that this element has opened up the West. This was true during the first half of the nineteenth century, but it has not been true since. If the West had been settled by New England, the statistics of the West would be more favorable to the native American element. This is scarcely the case, however. The population of Illinois is 4,821,550; of these, 966,747 are foreign-born, and 1,498,473 of foreign parentage. Undoubtedly the native element is stronger in the Southern States, but this seems to be due to the productiveness not of the American, but of the negro.

From the facts here set forth and others by which they are corroborated, the writer in the *Nineteenth Century* draws the deduction that the native American is doomed to extinction, and that the time is not distant when his ideas will cease to dominate the United States. His ideas are embodied, however, in the American dialect of the English language and in American institutions. There is no reason to doubt that these great assimilating influences will prove as irresistible in the future as they have in the past. The fact that our Federal and State laws are printed in English, instead of being presented in a bilingual medium like those of the Dominion of Canada, would of itself suffice to assure a quick approach to homogeneity and to the domination of the political, intellectual, and moral type contributed by the native American element. The preponderance of New England ideas is not to be measured by the numerical proportions of the New England stock. The love of the Union which inspired Webster's reply to Hayne was much more widely and deeply felt in the Northern States in 1850 than it had been thirty years before when that speech was delivered; yet during those three decades the numerical importance of the native American element in that section had relatively fallen off. To-day, when comparatively few Americans can trace back their lineage to colonial times, there is far more interest taken in the pre-Revolutionary history of the British colonies than there was fifty years ago.

Very grave and menacing news comes to us from China, bearing on its face an imprint of truth by no means universal in the cables from Shanghai. It is reported from Shensi that

General Tung Fu-Siang is mobilizing ten thousand well-armed and well-drilled troops in Kan-su, with the purpose of seizing the walled city of Sian-fu, and using it as a base in a new war of extermination against the foreign devils. It is said, with great probability, that Prince Tuan is aiding and abetting this new movement, and we are told, though without much evidence being offered in confirmation, that the Dowager Empress and Yung Lu are aiding the new movement with funds and moral support. The gravity of this news arises from the character and ability of General Tung Fu-Siang, whose reputation and record are pretty well known, and whose execution was ineffectually demanded by the powers after the Peking outbreak two years ago. Tung Fu-Siang is by no means one of the ordinary type of Chinese generals; he is not a listless Oriental, full of forms and ceremonies, and still holding in his heart of hearts that the bow is more excellent than the rifle, the gong more effective than the Gatling-gun. He is, on the contrary, a warlike and stubborn Musselman, one of the type of cut-throat saints that the religion of the Prophet has produced in such abundance; a man in many qualities of character and fortune very like Abdul Rhaman Khan, the late Afghan Amir. Tung Fu-Siang is a mountaineer, one of the tribesmen of the western hills; and he certainly has energy and ambition enough to organize a formidable campaign, and military skill and daring enough to give fair hopes of success. His reappearance in Chinese politics might have been foreseen. Now that it is announced, we cannot escape the foreboding that the misfortunes and sorrows of China are likely to enter a new and acute phase, under the pressure of this violent and gifted warrior, who is so bent on closing the door of his country to the genius of the West.

Secretary Chamberlain has very adroitly escaped from the Venezuelan snaffle by his South-African expedition, and he may congratulate himself that Premier Balfour is left to face this crisis, as well as the opposition to the Education bill, alone. Yet, while public opinion will thus unconsciously dissociate Mr. Chamberlain from the Venezuelan imbroglio, and lay the whole blame of failure and national discomfiture and discredit on Mr. Balfour's and Lord Lansdowne's shoulders, there cannot be the smallest doubt that Mr. Chamberlain is equally responsible with them for the attack on Venezuela, and, indeed, the whole conduct of the affair bears the hallmark of the Colonial Secretary's mind and method. It is no secret that the man of Birmingham is a warm admirer of Kaiser Wilhelm's genius, as witness his triumphant but blundering assertion of an understanding or even an alliance with Germany, so cautiously disavowed by Count von Bismarck at the outbreak of the South-African war. We all remember Mr. Chamberlain's singularly infelicitous remark, directed at Russia's policy in the Far East, that when you snip with the Devil you should use a long snipe. This luminous remark crystallized into the much-lauded but wholly ineffectual Anglo-German alliance in the East, whose sole purpose was to checkmate the designs of Russia—a purpose that altogether failed. The Kaiser and Mr. Chamberlain are singularly alike in their methods, their entire absence of scruple, their frequent changes of base, their willingness to resort to bullying, and their deep, inherent materialism, combined with frequent allusions to their personal influence with the God of Battles. So that we may be quite certain that in England's Venezuelan policy, with its blundering indecision and opportunism, Mr. Chamberlain fully shares the responsibility of the English Premier and Foreign Secretary. Let us hope Mr. Chamberlain's visit to South Africa, and the wise and beautiful policy he marked out for himself and his country in the great Natal oration, may be marked by more wisdom, more sound sense of the rights of others, more humanity,—and more real honesty—qualities that his past acts have not always possessed.

Speaking of trusts, President Wilson of Princeton said the other day, "I believe in the utmost freedom of combination in a free country." Speaking of football, Dr. Wilson takes a different view. Since for the goose is not sauce for the goshawk. He criticizes mass plays, and in football would have freedom of combination somewhat restricted. "I think," he writes to a Western correspondent, "that just at the present time the game is clearly in the way to be discredited because the rules have been slowly altered in the direction of making all the success of the game depend upon mere weight and

mass and strength." Fighters of the trusts will say it is just so in business, but in football at least the cure is neither impracticable nor hazardous. Dr. Wilson goes on to say that these changes have made the game not only less interesting to the spectators, but more dangerous to the players, and in proportion as sheer strength has been made the basis of the play the players have been tempted to do very brutal things. "Indeed," he adds, and it is a serious comment, "I am afraid that in some instances they were instructed to do brutal things so as to put their opponents out of the game. I look upon all this as merely a phase, though a very demoralizing phase, in the development of the game." We will all agree with him. To encourage brutality in football is to encourage cheating. Dr. Wilson said the other day that character was a by-product, and came as an indirect result of work done with some other purpose. The character developed as a by-product of football will not be what it should be if the rules make it expedient to instruct players to play unethically. Besides, if success at football is all to depend on mere strength and mass and weight, it would be cheaper to have the game played by steam—a method that would also avoid all vexatious eligibility questions. Rather than do that, amend the rules. It can be done, an expert says, by a rule suggested three years ago: "There shall be seven men in the line when the ball is put in play." That looks simple, and might work until the ingenuity of the players and coaches devised new schemes to frustrate it.

Few things are of greater practical importance to this country at present than the character and reliability of the Colombian government, and, therefore, of Colombia's Chief Executive. We are about to enter into a treaty with that country, or at least we are making very strenuous endeavors to conclude a treaty, which will have immense influence on our future well-being, on the balance of power in the Caribbean Sea, the prosperity of the Central and South American republics, and, finally, the control of the Pacific Ocean—the ocean of the future, as the Atlantic is the ocean of the past. It is, therefore, of the utmost moment to us that Colombia should have a President with real and large authority and power, a man who can kind his country to an engagement in such fashion that the engagement will be inviolably kept. Without wishing to be censorious, we may say that the present official head of Colombia does not altogether fill the high ideal we have indicated; his authority, only just recognized by a large element in his country, and that chiefly owing to the armed intervention of the United States and the pervasive diplomacy of that great Celt, Rear-Admiral Coney, is still by no means firmly riveted and secured; and he has hitherto done practically nothing towards building up his country on the solid basis of material production and development. We are, therefore, interested to learn of the candidature for the Presidency of General Aristides Fernandez, the present Minister of War, who has shown vigor and ability in pushing the campaign against the insurgent generals, Uribe-Uribe and Herrera, and whose boast a year ago that he would restore peace within twelve months has been justified by the event. Even more reassuring was his practical wisdom in healing the wounds of the rebellion, holding open the doors of reconciliation, declaring a general amnesty, and using the resources of the state to re-establish the former rebels as useful citizens. He has also restored mail and telegraphic communications throughout the country, and, in general, has shown signs of possessing that mingling of warlike and peaceful qualities that make the greatness of Perfidia Diaz. It would be easy to make a canal treaty with such a President.

By opening its pages to a serial story, the *North American Review*, in the first number of the new year, makes an interesting departure from its traditions and custom. The number of pages in the *Review* have been increased for this purpose, so that the general character and policy of the periodical may not be interfered with. The story selected for the experiment is a work by Mr. Henry James, entitled "The Ambassadors." There is no doubt that lovers of fine fiction will be delighted to make the acquaintance in this way of a new book by one of the greatest, if not the greatest, of American novelists. As an introduction to the serial, Mr. W. D. Howells has written a hearty and subtle appreciation of Henry James. "The enmity to Mr. James's fiction among his readers is mostly

feminine," says Mr. Howells, "because the men who do not like him are not his readers. The men who do like him and are his readers are of a more feminine fineness, probably, in their perceptions and intuitions, than those other men who do not read him, though of quite as unquestionable a manliness, I hope."

An attempt has been made by Colonel George Earl Church, in the journal of the Royal Geographical Society in London, to show that the Panama Canal will not pay. He begins by asserting that the projected waterway could not hope to gain any of the commerce now passing between Europe, on the one hand, and Asia and Africa on the other. The figures seem conclusive on this point. The distance from the English seaport Plymouth to Yokohama in Japan is 1735 miles less by Suez than by Panama. Even by the way of the Cape of Good Hope, Plymouth is nearer to Shanghai by 745 miles than it would be by a Panama canal. As regards the trade between Europe and Australia, there is a slight difference in favor of Panama on some of the routes, but this, according to Colonel Church, would be more than counterbalanced by the canal tolls. With reference to the west coast of South America, we are reminded that the most valuable part of its freight traffic comes from the nitrate deposits of Chile. It is, in the first place, uncertain how long the nitrate traffic will last, owing to the doubt concerning the depth of the deposits; and, even as things are now, it is questionable whether the nitrate trade, more than three-fourths of which goes on sailing-vessels, would take the Panama route, owing to the fact that an extensive region of calms adjoins the western terminus. The value of the trade of our own Pacific slope is not disputed by Colonel Church, but he believes that the greater part of it will continue to be conveyed across the continent by rail. There is no doubt that our transcontinental railroads have superseded the Cape Horn route, which used to employ a huge fleet of clipper-ships, and they have practically absorbed the trade which used to cross the isthmus by the Panama Railroad. In 1869 the traffic between New York and San Francisco *via* the Panama Railway was valued at \$70,000,000, but ten years later it had shrunk to less than \$5,000,000. The Mississippi River cannot compete with the railroads running from north to south, but seems destined to degenerate into a draining-ditch. We concur with Colonel Church in thinking that the Panama Canal is unlikely to meet, in the matter of receipts from tolls, the over- sanguine estimates put forward by the Lesseps Canal Commission when the water-way was begun. It may be that even the more cautious computations of our own Canal Commission are also too optimistic. Even if it could be proved, however, that the commercial value of the canal will be inconsiderable, and that only a very small dividend, if any, can be paid upon its cost, it would still be the duty of our government to undertake the work for political and strategic reasons. The matter was settled once for all when the Oregon, which was in the Pacific, but which was needed in the Caribbean at a grave conjuncture, had to go round the Horn. The fate of our greatest Atlantic export may be one day determined by the ability of our Pacific squadron to traverse an isthmian canal.

The proofs of the extent to which American manufacturers are invading the globe continue to accumulate. It is not, indeed, particularly surprising that we should now be sending locomotives to Guatemala and Brazil, agricultural implements to Argentina and harvesting-machines to France, electrical apparatus to Japan, a shoe-manufacturing plant to Mexico, and mining-machinery to Johannesburg. We may well open our eyes, however, when we learn that engineers from Central Asia are expected soon to reach this country for the purpose of placing contracts with American firms for cotton-seed-oil mills. Strange to say, too, the German government is purchasing from the Philadelphia Pneumatic Tube Company pneumatic tubes for the Imperial Navy-yard at Kiel; American capitalists have started a factory in Glasgow, Scotland, for the manufacture of golf-balls; large engines for British blast-furnaces are about to be shipped by a foundry and machine company in Philadelphia; and King Edward VII. has requested a Pittsburgh firm to provide the charging station for his automobiles at Sandringham with the electrical portion of the apparatus. It is well known that the finer qualities of women's shoes, which used to be made

exclusively in France, are now manufactured so much more skilfully in the United States that they have driven the French products out of the fashionable shops in Paris itself. For cheap watches we used to have to go to Switzerland, but now watches can be made nowhere so cheaply as in the United States. There is scarcely any product of human industry, from a battle-ship to a gimlet-screw, as to which the American inventor does not outstrip his competitors. It is true that our war-ships cost more to build and more to run, owing to the higher wages claimed by American labor. On the other hand, there is reason to believe that the ships are better.

It is scarcely credible that a majority of the Senate will consent to admit New Mexico and Arizona to Statehood when the facts relating to the actual and comparative population of those Territories shall have been recognized and discussed. It is the duty of Senators not only to mark the disproportionate political power which a small body of voters would acquire through the entrance of either of those Territories into the Union, but also to consider the inexpediency of adding to the unreasonable weight already possessed in the Senate by the five Far Western States which may be described as rotten boroughs. Senator Quay and his Democratic coadjutors propose to give two United States Senators to New Mexico, although the population of that Territory is only 195,000, or very much less than that of the city of Buffalo; and also two United States Senators to Arizona, which has but 122,000 inhabitants, or very much fewer than the city of Rochester. That is to say, the small bodies of electors in these two mining communities of the Far West would be able, through their representatives in the Senate, to neutralize the voice of New York and Pennsylvania, which, taken together, constitute, in respect of wealth and population, one of the great powers of the earth. Such injustice to those massive commonwealths would be emphasized by the fact that they have already been subjected to grievous injuries of the kind.

The five States Idaho, Montana, Nevada, Utah, and Wyoming have between them, according to the last census, only 814,000 inhabitants, yet they counterbalance in the Senate New York, Pennsylvania, Illinois, Ohio, and Missouri. The addition of Arizona and New Mexico would raise the aggregate population of the seven small Far Western States to 1,131,000, or less than the number of inhabitants in the Borough of Brooklyn. Yet in the United States Senate the power of those seven insignificant communities would counterbalance that of New York, Pennsylvania, Illinois, Ohio, Missouri, Massachusetts, and Texas, which, in respect of combined wealth and population, may be compared with France or with Austria-Hungary. How long do the advocates of the admission of rotten boroughs into the Union imagine that the seven great States that we have named will submit to a preposterous subordination of their influence in the more important branch of the Federal legislature, the branch which unites executive with legislative functions! It is no argument for the admission of Arizona and New Mexico to Statehood that the framers of our Federal Constitution recognized that Delaware and Rhode Island would counterbalance New York and Pennsylvania in the Senate. There were in 1787 political reasons of a momentous and vital kind for persuading the smaller States to accept the Union framed at Philadelphia. Their acceptance was conditioned on the concession of complete equality in at least one branch of the Federal Legislature. There are no political reasons for making such a concession to New Mexico and Arizona; on the contrary, there is a strong political reason against it, to wit, the well-grounded apprehension that the mighty commonwealths that we have named would become profoundly dissatisfied with their representation in the Senate. It is true that the platform constructed by the last Republican national convention contained a plank favoring the admission of the two Territories named to the Union. The promise should never have been made, and the Republican party will deserve better of the country by breaking it than by keeping it.

Justice Gaynor, of the Supreme Court of New York, writes in the current number of the *North American Review* an article on the lawlessness of the police of New York which will make many good people, both officials and private citizens, open their eyes and stare,—an article which every lawyer

in the country will want to have in a convenient place among his statutes and reports. It appears that police officers "have no right or power to arrest without a warrant which every citizen has not; that an officer is given no more right by law to arrest without a warrant than that given by law to every citizen, excepting in one not very substantial particular in the case of felonies." But the contrary practice has so long been the rule, says the writer, that the residents of the city of New York "have forgotten their rights as freemen under Anglo-Saxon law." So far, indeed, has this practice gone that the New York police "may without a warrant raid, arrest, and lock up overnight several hundred people, from all parts of the United States, found in a public room or hall, against whom there is no pretence of any criminal charge whatever," or drag voters away from the polls, or suppress free speech by breaking up meetings and driving the speakers out with clubs. The eminent justice indignantly protests against this violation of private rights—a state of things, he says, which would not be tolerated in England. "Crimes and vices are evils to the community, but it becomes a free people never to forget that they have more to fear from the growth of the one vice of arbitrary power in government than from all other vices and crimes combined." The article is sure to provoke the liveliest discussion, out of which, let us hope, some substantial improvement will come in a situation which is, to put it mildly, highly unsatisfactory and uncomfortable.

The latest reports from our naval authorities in Samoa do not contain optimistic views of the immediate and permanent acceptance by the natives of conditions imposed by "civilization." When the first American governor, who was also commandant of the naval station, landed at Ututu he found a social problem of tenacious and vexatious dimensions. He was a man of spirit, originality, and vigor, and he went to work in a campaign of reform which is outlined in his historic, and now posthumous, documents in the form of so-called "general orders" and "circulars." He took a sturdy drive at everything in the shape of economic and social abnormality, and carried his remedial measures perilously near to the domain of autocracy. He never quite went over the line in what he required of the inhabitants, but it was feared even then that he might not succeed in bringing the natives to an amiable compliance with the traditions of our superior order. There was some prospect of success vouchsafed in the excitement of the reformatory moment, but now it appears the Samoans have not relinquished all that they were asked to abandon of their old—and, to us, irreconcilable—customs. For instance, it seems they cling to the ceremonial of the "malaga," which finds its expression in the habit of one community, to the extent sometimes of an entire village, descending upon a neighboring community and being entertained for weeks or even months at a time. It is a sort of warfare without the latent of antagonism, so less devastating to individual possessions and village resources because it has a friendly aspect. There can be, and generally is, a return of the overwhelming compliment, and this custom was impoverishing the involuntary hosts. The reluctance shown in giving up the practice is discouraging to the American officials, who find also similar indisposition on the part of the Samoans to abolish the marriage "Fa-Samoa," a type of alliance which allows the wedded to separate after a union of any period, without disgrace to either, and without recourse to law. Still another custom which was "abolished" by us and which is again in vogue is the practice of a husband who is childless taking a second wife, without rejection of, and without protest from, the original. These circumstances are related in somewhat discouraging vein in the annual report of the naval commandant, who says, with a note of hope in it:

It would be useless for the commandant to arbitrarily order such practices to cease. He could not enforce the order. The climate makes it an easy matter to bring up children as they rear them; food is abundant. Time, and I am afraid a very long time, will be required to get the natives to see that they are wrong in such matters. In the mean time efforts are being made to help them, and an improvement in some ways is evident.

A Berlin despatch, dated December 29, recorded that the Lutheran clergy of Saxony had issued an order striking the name of the Crown-Princess from public prayers. It may be as well, for the public prayers seem not to have been especial-

ly profitable to the Princess; but such of the Lutheran clergy of Saxony as have either piety or honor must feel in their hearts that if over the Crown-Princess needed praying for, it is now. She has quit the court and capital of Saxony, abandoning her royal parents-in-law, her equity in her husband, and, sad to say, her children, and run away to Geneva with a man to whom she is not yet married. That is a bad predicament for any woman to be in, and the Princess does not pretend that her case is evitable, but she seems to think it is better than it was. The immediate cause of her elopement was that she fell in love with M. Giren, a professor. The remote cause was that life at Dresden was very unpalatable to her. She disliked her husband, apparently with ample reason, and royalty under the conditions she experienced seemed to her altogether unprofitable. The fact that one of her brothers, the Archduke Leopold Ferdinand, accompanied her to Geneva, and has since applied to be relieved of his title and the obligations of his rank, makes her course seem less crazy, and favors the presumption that the life she left was pretty bad, whatever may be said of the life she has in prospect. Court life in Europe in these days does not seem attractive as compared with private life under advantageous circumstances. It abounds in hazards, futilities, and restrictions. Its privileges are not very satisfying; its drawbacks are substantial, and except in a few cases its opportunities are very limited. It suits people who like it, but to be born royal and not to like the job is to be in a pretty desperate position.

The decision in the Taff Vale case, in England, is of great importance, not only to trades-unions, but to employers of labor, and to communities affected, or likely to be affected, by strikes and lockouts. The union in this case undertook to intimidate the non-union employees of the Taff Vale Railway Company who worked for the road contrary to strike orders. The union sent circulars to the men in which they were informed that such action made them "blacklegs," a word equivalent to the word "scabs" applied to non-union workers in this country. It was held that the use of this word in a union circular was terrorizing. The judge who presided at the trial gave the jury his own opinion of the evidence, announcing that it must not be taken as authoritative, but the jury agreed with him. They found that the three defendants, officers of the union, conspired together to molest and injure the plaintiffs; that they unlawfully persuaded men to break their contracts; and that they authorized and assisted in carrying out the strike by unlawful means. The most interesting feature of this decision is that the officers of a voluntary society were held responsible for the consequences of the illegal acts committed under the society's orders. A like interpretation of the law by the State of Pennsylvania would make Mr. John Mitchell and the other officers of the United Mine Workers responsible for the acts of violence committed by the strikers against non-union men. The English union was not incorporated, and it is because unions both in this country and in England have desired to avoid responsibility to the law that they have objected to incorporation. But now an English court has held an unincorporated union liable for interfering with the rights of non-union men, and has declared that the injured employers, as well as the persecuted non-union men, may recover damages. Perhaps, in view of this, the unions will seek the advantages of incorporation, and secure the right to sue collectively now that their officers may be subjected to damages. At any rate, the law which holds to their responsibility the officers of combinations having the welfare and comforts of the community at their mercy will be justified in the eyes of reasonable men.

So much of the story of William Smith as came from Pottstown, Pennsylvania, on December 29, and was published in the newspapers, is disquieting. It represented him as dying at the Pottstown Hospital. He had been a deputy-sheriff during the coal strike. "Ostracized, and unable to find work, though he had travelled the length of the coal region," he had been assaulted and beaten by four men in a saloon at Cambria, and left with a fractured skull. In his ante-mortem statement he named his assailants, and warrants were issued for them. He had applied, he said, to scores of places for employment, and got work, but was always discharged when it was found out that he had been a deputy. It is a bad story if true, and we shall want to read the next chapter of it. Will

the assailants be caught and tried and punished! To serve as deputy-sheriff is to assume an honorable public duty. If the mere fact of such service blacklists a man in the coal region, masters are still in a bad way there. If union labor condemns deputy-sheriffs as it condemns members of the National Guard, it becomes a perplexing question what means of enforcing law and preserving order in times of tumult union labor will countenance.

It is an important public duty to remember the men who worked in the coal region during the coal strike. That we are getting hard coal now is partly due to the engineers and others who kept the mines from being flooded. *McClure's Magazine* prints in its January number a report of the experience and present condition of some of these men and other non-union miners. It prints only a few stories out of a great number collected,—stories of assault, murder, the persecution of women, and the destruction of dwellings. It also publishes in the same issue some chapters in the history of the Standard Oil Company, and a narrative of the recent extraordinary experiences of Minneapolis, whose city government was administered for a time by criminals. The editor, as an afterthought, suggests that these three pieces which happened to push themselves into the same number may be profitably studied for the light they throw on American disregard for law. They are all impressive stories, and treat of matters of a sort that it behooves the thoughtful voter to know about. The tale of what happened to Minneapolis because her decent men were too busy making money to look after the city government is almost incredible. We have read in the papers that there was an upset in Minneapolis, and that her Mayor ran away, but the full measure of her appalling disgrace has not been generally appreciated. There is almost as bad a story to tell of St. Louis, and of course the city of Philadelphia and the State of Pennsylvania will yield instructive tales of political infamy at all times and in any desired quantity.

Hand in hand with the menace some day—in the near future—of having no engineers for the navy is the companion calamity of having no ordnance officers for the army. In testimony given this session before the House Military Committee, General William Crozier, the army chief of ordnance, reported a serious state of affairs in his corps. There were fifteen vacancies in the corps since February 1, 1901, and only three have been filled. Few first lieutenants of the line, who are alone eligible, want to become ordnance officers for a period of four years, on the expiration of which they must go back to their regiments. Their temporary transfer means no increase in pay, and, besides, they must pass a rigid examination in technical subjects. The result is that line lieutenants find it worth while to stay with their troops, or try for a place in other staff corps where they act and are paid as captains during the four-year detail. It is General Crozier's idea that the examination be continued as a condition to detail; that second lieutenants be made eligible to transfer; and that the junior ordnance officers have but one in each four years of service with the troops. This would open the field to officers who would be benefited financially by the detail, who would come in by competitive examination, and who would be able to acquire a useful knowledge of their profession in the comparatively uninterrupted form of duty in the corps. General Crozier is anxious to retain the alternative line and staff principle in his department, as tending to enlarge the officer's scope of information and opportunity of observation, and he plainly indicates his opposition to anything which would admit to the corps men who cannot meet the professional requirements. He does not believe in a remedy which is worse than the malady, and he admits, with candor and concern, the necessity of therapeutic measures of relief.

Charges of cruelty against United States army officers serving in the Philippines have recently been revived. Not only is Major Glyn a second time the victim, but new names are introduced. These revivals and new investigations are really of no use. The country knows the main facts, for it has been admitted and defended. The administration naturally endeavored at first to prevent the country from knowing of the horrors that have been found to be necessary for

the subjugation of the Filipinos; but the secret would out, and now the country knows practically all that there is to know,—at least that part of the country which cares to be informed, whether it have any feeling about the matter or not. It cannot be said that the army has confessed; it is nearer the truth to say that it admits and justifies. It is nearly, if not quite, the unanimous opinion of the army that the water-cure, at least, has been necessary in order to carry out the orders to compel peace in the islands. It is well that the country knows this; it was a mistake on the part of those in authority to endeavor to suppress it. The country is entitled to know the whole cost of the war with Spain, the whole cost of our new possessions, pecuniary and moral. If this knowledge is only to be useful as a guide in the future, it is well worth the having; but what is to be known has been revealed, and the effort to keep the game of investigation going is mere teasing, calculated to annoy the investigated, but also to do much harm to the investigators and their cause.

Some of the neighbors begin to talk about the approach of the three-hundredth anniversary of the discovery of the Hudson River, and to wonder by what sort of high jinks it will be celebrated. It is six years off yet. Hendrick Hudson came in 1609, and rather late in the season. A world's fair is spoken of as a suitable effort to mark a date so notable, but another American world's fair is hardly likely to be planned until St. Louis has finished with hers. Ten years is not too long a time to come between fairs of the first magnitude in this country. Moreover, the Hudson celebration would doubtless come to New York, and New York is ill-off for fair-grounds, and will probably prefer something less laborious and protracted, and, if possible, more amusing. Six years will do a good deal to make New York commodious and comfortable, provided its population does not outrun its struggles to take care of it. The Holland Society has undertaken to make suggestions about the Hudson celebration, and its plans will doubtless be influenced by its forecast of the state of development that the town will have reached in the year in which the plans are to be carried out. Possibly the Erie Canal will be reconstructed and enlarged before 1909, and the Hudson joined by an adequate waterway to the Great Lakes. That would best mark the anniversary. Give us the enlarged canal as the chief monument, and we will take out the rest of the celebration in fireworks and river pageants.

To be President of Yale University is to occupy a great place. To fill such a place is a very considerable feat. When President Dwight announced in 1894 that he intended to resign and notified the Yale authorities to select his successor, there was no distinguished Yale graduate of suitable age whom they did not consider. All previous presidents of Yale had been ministers; all had been men of notable scholarship. There was a feeling that in this generation Yale needed a man of affairs—of business—rather than either a theologian or a scholar. The electors broke with the ministerial tradition. They chose Arthur Twining Hadley. He is not a clergyman, though he has come to be a preacher, but he is a scholar, and the son of a scholar, and a son of Yale, born in the blue, reared in the same, a native of New Haven, and long a Yale instructor. From his father, the famous Professor Hadley, he got brains first, and all the languages and learning a clever lad could imbibed in an atmosphere of tradition. He graduated at Yale in 1876, studied for a time in Berlin, and came back to Yale in 1879 to teach. In 1885 he was appointed Commissioner of Statistics in Connecticut. In 1886 he became Professor of Political Economy at Yale. In 1889 he was promoted to the presidency of the university. He can talk Latin off-hand, as he demonstrated at Yale's decennial celebration; but his mind, trained by classical methods, has turned to the practical concerns of the present. He is an authority on economics, the author of a book on railroad transportation, and is, or was, president of the American Economic Association. He is equipped with the learning of the ancients, but he is a modern, and constantly concerned with the newest modern questions. No college knows what kind of a president she has got until she has tried him. Yale has had a chance to try Dr. Hadley, and is sure that she has found just the man she wanted. The country thinks so too. Dr. Hadley was born April 23, 1836, and is forty-six years old.

The Solution of the Venezuela Problem

THE precise terms upon which the controversy between Venezuela and various European nations is to be submitted for arbitration to The Hague tribunal are not yet settled, but, no doubt, they will be speedily arranged at a conference of diplomats representing the parties interested. Meanwhile we have before us a fact of far-reaching influence on our international relations, the fact, namely, that an agreement to substitute arbitration for war has been reached at the instance of the United States. Let us mark some of the consequences of the precedent thus established. One of those, at least, are obvious, viz., that the Monroe doctrine has received material extension and general recognition, and, secondly, that an immense stimulus has been given to the beneficent movement for the pacific adjustment of disputes by the international court of arbitration founded at The Hague.

Why do we say that the Monroe doctrine has received material extension? Because as lately as the first week in last December, when Mr. Roosevelt's second annual message was submitted to Congress, our Federal Executive, interpreting the Monroe doctrine, conceded to European powers the right to enforce by violence their claims against Latin-American republics, provided the claimant refrained from a permanent occupation of American territory. Waiving questions in which neither honor is involved, and confining ourselves to pecuniary debts, we must regard it as at least disputable whether the maxim *coram eapote* should not be deemed applicable to European creditors of Latin-American republics, inasmuch as those creditors are well aware of the risks attending their speculation when they invest money in those countries, and are careful to insure themselves against such risk by exacting exorbitant rates of interest. That a good deal may be said for this view of the matter from an ethical point of view seems to have been conceded by Premier Ralfour and Chancellor von Bismarck, for both have publicly asserted that the Anglo-German demonstration against Venezuela was not intended solely or mainly to collect ordinary debts, but primarily to obtain redress for high-handed injuries inflicted upon the persons and property of British and German subjects. While professing, however, to have been actuated primarily by a resolve to uphold their national honor, there is no doubt that the authors of the Anglo-German demonstration would, but for the interposition of the United States, have sanctioned a continuance of hostile operations, until they should have extorted a provision acceptable to them for the payment of all ordinary debts alleged to be due in Venezuela to subjects of Great Britain and the German Empire. That is to say, under the construction of the Monroe doctrine which prevailed up to yesterday, those European powers would have arrogated the right to determine for themselves the validity and amounts of their respective claims, or, in other words, to act as plaintiffs, judges, and sheriffs in their own case. The unacceptableness of such an attitude would be patent if only private persons were concerned. This is not the only objection to the exposition of the Monroe doctrine put forth in December last. What was meant by the word "permanent," and who was to be clothed with the right of defining it? Would not an occupation of strategic points on the Venezuelan mainland, or merely of Venezuelan custom-houses for a term of twenty-five years, constitute a dangerous approach to permanence? The

military occupation of Egypt by England has not yet lasted twenty years, yet it is universally looked upon as permanent. If Great Britain and Germany had insisted upon retaining La Guayra and Puerto Cabello until the receipts from customs at those points had provided interest and a sinking-fund for all the debts alleged to be due British and German subjects, and also for the cost of the naval demonstration and for subsequent collection expenses, it is improbable that Venezuela would have recovered those assets within the present generation, if at all. For all practical purposes Great Britain and Germany would have owned those two ports, and would thus have acquired invaluable sources of vantage with reference to the Panama Canal. What, moreover, they were permitted by us to do this year in Venezuela they would have been authorized by precedent to do next year on the Atlantic or Pacific coast of Colombia and Central America, or in Brazil, or in Argentina. In a word, our Executive, by acquiescing in the collection of debts by war, and by sanctioning any occupation of American territory, although ostensibly temporary, would have provided interest and to the gradual subordination of Latin-American republics to European powers.

Our government has still to deal with the question how the judgment of The Hague tribunal, when rendered, is to be enforced, and meanwhile it is manifest that the Monroe doctrine received an *impetus* development from the moment that Great Britain and Germany, instead of persisting in the enforcement of their claims by war, consented, at Mr. Roosevelt's request, to submit them to arbitration. No longer will our Executive consider itself bound by the unfortunate Curcio precedent. No longer is a President of the United States, when defining the scope of the Monroe doctrine, likely to announce that European nations are at liberty to treat a weak American power as they would never dare to treat a strong one, to assume the validity of debts unrecognised as valid by any international tribunal, and to subject a debtor state to any amount of devastation and spoliation, so long as they shall refrain from a "permanent" occupation of its territory. All that is now obsolete, and, in the light of present events, seems as discreditable as it is antiquated. What those events mean is this, that, hereafter, when a European nation asserts that pecuniary debts, or even debts of honor, are due to it, or its subjects, on the part of a Latin-American republic, the validity and extent of those debts must be determined by an international tribunal. The establishment of such a principle is of inestimable moment, not only to South America, but to the world at large, for the minds of statesmen will be thus habituated to the substitution of peaceful internationalities for war, and to the acceptance of the supremacy of law in international as well as municipal affairs. The Hague tribunal, which, but for the agreement of the United States and Mexico to invoke its services, had remained entirely neglected and inert, now enters upon a splendid career of activity and usefulness, thanks to the self-denying and far-sighted course pursued by our Federal government with reference to the Venezuela imbroglio. Unquestionably the offer to accept Mr. Roosevelt as arbitrator conveyed a flattering compliment, and a self-reliant man who wishes to fix the attention of mankind may well have been tempted to assume the function, but, aside from the practical objections to Mr. Roosevelt's performance of the rôle, objections which we need not now repeat, he would have missed a precious opportunity of investing The Hague tribunal with a jurisdiction and an authority which it has

hitherto lacked, and of thus setting in motion machinery of incalculable value for the furtherance of universal peace.

We add that, by their original proposal to make Mr. Roosevelt arbitrator, and by their subsequent acquiescence in the preference expressed by him for The Hague tribunal, the allied European powers have recognized the moral obligation of respecting the Monroe doctrine, and have acknowledged the hegemony of the United States in the New World.

The President and Public Sentiment

No matter who may be the President, he wonderfully influences the public opinions. On a subject which affords any opportunity for the display of passion or sentiment, the President is usually able to carry the country with him. It was said at the time that the country swept Mr. McKinley into the war with Spain; it is now known that Mr. McKinley led the way, and held the country back until he had bought enough powder. Mr. Harrison stirred up an intense sentiment against Chile in 1891, and Mr. Cleveland set the country wild with his Venezuelan message in 1895. In fact, the American people like their President to appeal to them, like to think that when he calls upon them to be up and doing he is about to add to the glory of the country, or to put his foot upon evil men or evil institutions, or in some way to vindicate his office and their power. So it is pleasant, at least for the moment, to be a dramatic President, but eventually the dramatic President is not likely to be so well thought of as the useful plodder.

In view of the potency of the President's words, a cautious man will be especially cautious in his speech. Mr. Roosevelt makes many speeches, and his conversations, or their purport, are often quoted. Thus far he has been somewhat substandard in his utterances, and, in more instances than one, reflection has followed speech. Moreover, he is inclined to think aloud. Perfectly honest and frank, and possessed of a marvellously quick mind, he often announces a conclusion which he subsequently changes. He has thus obtained with some a reputation for vacillation. He is also apt in making general statements which, read with the context of speeches made by others with whom he seems to be in agreement, excite alarm. Mr. Roosevelt evidently has not learned the country, and, on the other hand, it is quite clear that the country has not learned him. He does not realize that he is stirring up the people to unwholesome excitement, while the people have not yet learned that, when it comes to action, Mr. Roosevelt rarely offends the conservative men who control his party.

The allied enemies of Venezuela had no sooner flamed their thunderbolts at their small debtor than this country began to wonder when Dewey and his fleet were to be ordered to La Guayra. In the face of the actual conditions, however, the President became steady. He had said so much, however, about the iron in his blood, and had cried so loud in praise of war; it was known that he entertained such keen suspicions of Germany's intentions in the West Indies and in North America; it was so universally admitted that he insisted that the country should possess a fleet as large and powerful as that of the German Emperor,—that the feeling of war was in the air. The blood of youth began to run hot, and other business interests began to tremble. But the President did not want war. Because of the reputation which he has

won by his warrior speeches, he is sensitively anxious to disappoint the warfare who predicted a bloody administration. If the country had understood the strong desire for peace which animates him, it might not have become excited, the newspapers would not have stimulated the excitement, Congressmen would not have endeavored to meet him half-way on the road which they falsely assumed that he was travelling. If his speech about war had been more temperate, if he had permitted the iron in his blood to rust a trifle, we should have felt that he had been working all the time to steer the dispute into The Hague tribunal, or some equally peaceful haven. Moreover, the country would have been in a more observant mood, which would have enabled it to watch the very able steering process with pride and pleasure.

In other matters, of far more intimate interest to the welfare of the country, Mr. Roosevelt's words have far exceeded all possibilities of performance. It may not be that his speeches concerning trusts and their regulation have been really temperate; but they are so regarded by sensitive business interests. He is easily excited by his own speech, but the listening country does not take account of this excitement. What the President says is to be believed. When he talked about trust evils, therefore, and, following Mr. Bryan, recommended a constitutional amendment, it was firmly believed that he meant the same kind of war that has been throbbing by the usual trust killer. He meant nothing of the kind, he afterwards explained, but financial centres are easily alarmed and slow to recover; and the President is still dreading because he has excited fear by his words.

It is just to the President, however, to judge him by his actions, rather than by his speeches and conversations. In reality, he is a conservative man, and in the presence of the leaders of his party he is often yielding. Many years ago he said that he would "die for free trade," but when he became a figure in politics his same disapproval of the limits of free-trade organizations, here and in England. At the beginning of last year's session of Congress he announced more than once that he was ready to fight his own party in behalf of reciprocity for Cuba, because the question was a moral one and the honor of the nation was involved. He used this expression in his message, but we know that in conversation he also expressed the determination more than once to fight his party, if necessary. But when the time for fighting came Mr. Roosevelt was governed by the advice of the Republican leaders, and yielded his view to theirs. In the White House, as in the Senate, the question is no longer moral; it is purely commercial. It has also been naturally supposed that he would push at once for tariff revision, at least for a law authorizing a tariff commission; but he has been dissuaded from that.

As to the war on trusts, the business world should guide itself by facts, and not by the language of outcry. It is unfortunate that the President should have made such war as he has, for it has caused much disturbance. At the slightest sign of political hostility business is terrorized, and at this time it is peculiarly sensitive. At the beginning of January the banks of New York began to pay out money for dividends and interest which will call eventually for a disbursement of \$140,000,000. Just at this time the House of Representatives, hurrying once more to prove that it shares the excitement which the President has raised throughout the land, proposes to pay \$500,000 extra money into the hands of the Attorney-General, with which to fight trusts. There is no doubt that the President is a

little more like his words on this subject than he is on others, but, with time, he will yield to the advice of the wiser heads. The eyes of the leaders who manage the party, and who control conventions. He is under conservative influences, and he often seems even timid in their presence. It is greatly to be regretted, however, that his speech sometimes runs beyond his final intent, for his words have a wonderful influence. They arouse passions that should be kept in check, and create alarm which are disastrous to prosperity. There is no doubt that his anti-trust speeches have awakened hostility which he will not share when the time for action arrives. It is terrible to let loose a spirit which cannot again be bottled, and this sort of magic Mr. Roosevelt is in the habit of practicing. In view of its effect on the public sentiment and passions, it is probably his most dangerous fault.

The Monstrous Tax on Art

THERE is hardly any law in the statute-book so inherently vulgar and so inspired by the evil spirit of selfishness as that which imposes a tariff tax on art. The other day the new entrance hall to the Metropolitan Museum of Art was opened. It is the last work of the great architect, Richard M. Hunt, who did so much to decorate the city in which he passed his active life. The idea was his, and after his death it was carried out reverently by his son and by Mr. Post. If ever there was a living evidence of the worth of cosmopolitanism in art, it was Mr. Hunt, who added to the freshness and vigor of his stalwart Americanism the inspiration caught from the glorious days of the sixteenth century, when Louis XII. and Francis I. filled Touraine with the noble châteaux to which those who love great architecture still make pilgrimages. New York owes to Mr. Hunt its finest specimens of domestic architecture. He had no rival here in his day, for the great Richardson did no work here, but in Boston, in Chicago, in Pittsburg, and in Washington. What all these cities possess of the art of the two masters is, in turn, due to their training at the Beaux Arts in Paris. Mr. Richardson built his own ideas upon the Norman cathedrals and castles, and Mr. Hunt brought back with him a recollection of the beautiful homes of kings that, built as castles for defence, were disappearing before palaces constructed for domesticity,—those charming palaces whose arches have been so picturesquely described by Henry James in a *Little Tour through France*. Later, another Beaux Arts man, Mr. Charles McKim, gave to Boston a modernized and demoralized St. Genevieve; still another, Mr. Flagg, built the new Corcoran Art Gallery in Washington; another still, Mr. Hastings, is embellishing New York with the Public Library. We might go on, for Beaux Arts architects are almost swarming in our country, and to-day the domestic architecture of no other country in the world equals that of our own.

The twin arts of architecture and sculpture, the former especially, are flourishing here because they find patrons. Some day the patrons will recognize the excellence of our painters. On some other day, the officials who order public statuary will be more intelligent enough to leave to experts the task of selecting the sculptor and of passing on the finished work. Perhaps by that time the national law-makers will have learned that art does not flourish in hidden places, nor under restraint, nor in ignorance of what talent and genius are accomplish-

To the architects we have mentioned we might add the name of one American who is the greatest sculptor of his time, and of at least two painters whose commanding positions are recognized wherever the language of art is spoken. All whom we have named, or might name, who have achieved great distinction, who have reflected honor on their country, and whose work has beautified some of the waste places of our populous cities, have made the treasures of the world their own. There is not one whose achievements have been notable, who has not sought his inspiration at the fountains of the ancient masters, and who has not often refreshed his spirit by communion with his fellow-workers throughout the world. Art is not confined by national boundaries, and those who endeavor to breed it in narrow confines bring forth, at the best, an abortion. To the American artist, the cultivation of the past is as essential as the free spirit, the democratic reverence for humanity, and the eager quest for new forms of expression, which are part of his native heritage.

The genesis of our tax on art is not difficult to trace. It is the direct result of the failure to differentiate between the achievements of the artist and the output of the manufacturer, and the rage for protecting home industries by the artist has been brought within the paternal oversight of the government. In order that the United States might make up its own cotton into its own calicoes, it was deemed necessary to shut out the calicoes of Manchester by a protective tariff; therefore, in the reasoning of the political mind, it was also thought to be a reasonable proposition that if art was to become a paying trade in the United States, the practice of buying foreign works should be discouraged by a tariff tax. Most artists in this country have always been opposed to this tax; some, however, have favored it, but when these have been pressed for a reason, they have answered that the tax prevented many ignorant Americans from buying foreign forgeries of the old masters. The absurdity which Congress put as a schoolmaster in the arts is almost as monstrous as the tax. The tax denies to all American artists who are not able to go abroad for study the full knowledge which is their right and which would be their inspiration. It prevents the formation of great private collections which would eventually go to the Metropolitan Museum of Art. It therefore limits the opportunities for the education of the public taste. Such a barbarian law can hardly be found in any other country of the civilized world. Americans with great fortunes, a keen appreciation of the beauties of the treasures of the world, and a worthy desire to benefit their country, and to provide it with what it lacks by very reason of its youth, have purchased and stored in foreign countries valuable paintings, statuary, and other forms of art, and there they remain, priceless but useless, because Congress insists upon its tax on art, its burden on enlightenment, its Chinese wall against civilization. If its tax benefits any one, it is to the advantage of the pockets of the poor in spirit, who, abroad or at home, would never contribute in the slightest degree to the glory of their country. The men who, as architects, sculptors, and painters, have established an American art have succeeded because they have violated the spirit of our narrow law, because they have gone abroad after what was denied them at home, and have thus demonstrated how great a deprivation to the country is the law which denies it. It is to the country, however, that the knowledge of which a national art would be absolutely impos-

The Latest Royal Scandal

THE escape of the Crown-Princess of Saxony is, so far as it is personal to her, of the moral measure of the flight of any other lady who fancys life with her husband impossible, and takes refuge from it with her paramour. Her behavior is no worse, as it certainly is no better, than another such woman's, but it has a peculiar interest for the whole world just now because of the false position in which she was placed. By superstition and tradition she was set over a people whose sovereignty her husband was to inherit as if it were a piece of real estate or personal property. By the make-believe of poetry will all Europe, and quite all Asia, Africa, and Oceania, she was anparhuman, and sacerely immune from censure. She had become so, as any woman might have become, by marrying the Crown-Prince; but she had contributory claims to the worship of the fazon people, because she was the daughter of a long line of worthless princes, and the niece of an Emperor who was endowrd to his subjects by dowring from a family divinely appointed to rule over them so far back in the past that the memory of man ran not to the contrary. She was confirmed in her right to be above and apart from other human beings by virtue of the principle prevalent in Europe, Asia, Africa, and Oceania, that the head of a nation ought to be born, and not chosen, and when he has once taken that trouble he holds everything belonging to him. It is only the first step that costs, in his case, as in others, and having come into the world the rest is simple for him. He finds a nation ready and eager to bow down to him, to own him lord, to make him God. If it is a free nation, that is a parliamentarion, it reserves certain rights politically, but socially its allegiance is as idolatrous as any non-free nation's, and the position of the monarch and the monarch's family is as entirely false as if he held the power of life and death over every one of his subjects, as he does in several countries of Europe, and in all the countries of Asia and Africa, and such countries of Oceania as have not foiled of the original aspiration. Compared with the lie of being a Crown-Princess the lie of living in secret adultery with the tutor of her children, was not half so monstrous in the case of the wretched woman who has fled from it to the shame, such as it is, of living in open adultery with him. As a woman, faithful to her husband, she was inevitably more corrupting than she was as a princess faithful to the tradition of royalty. Whatever mischief will come of her evil as an adulteress will have its worst poison from her evil as a princess, and her sin will have power upon the common imagination through the glamour of her royalty.

These are some of the little facts that our simple republic will do well to keep in mind while standing before royalty as a world power. Let it not forget that something of their royal splendor is the shimmer of their personal pretence, and that whatever else of majesty they put on, every king and every haier of them is in a false position, a position far false than that of the poor creature who has wrenched herself away from it, and taken her shame upon herself. It is of course not the shame of the common sinner. The spall of her origin and station follows her to Geneva from Dresden, and remains her with the halo of royalty still. But what she could do to undo that spell she has done, poor soul, and if royalty were not invulnerable, humanity might be grateful to her for leaving that a deadly wound.

But royalty, if it could be hurt, would

have perished of itself long ago, and that it has survived as an institution all that princess and princesses could do against it is one of the proofs of its divinity that really strikes one dumb. That a thing so essentially had on routine to be, and that its virtues should vaunt it as a fier and better than the thing which it is not, confounds the reason, so that it is no wonder some Americans are beginning to be shaken in their sense of the self-evident truths proclaimed in the Declaration. Some Americans scarcely appear to know that the only two powers now provided with magistrates of unimpeachable respectability are their own Republic and Swiss and French Republics. These stand amidst the environing absurdity and iniquity and depravity of the royalties as lights of hope for the peoples still stumbling in the dark ever since kings were given them for their sins. Even these poor Latin-American republics are, with all their shortcomings, logically so much in advance of the monarchies, that we may not see them incited in their little incoveniences without a pang of compassion. They may have despots, but they have not princes, and they change their tyrants with a swift vicissitude which promises something for their future. While we deplore their shortcomings, we must not forget that here and there one of them picks itself up, like Mexico, and Chile, and Argentina, and goes steadily forward on the road that at least leads somewhere. At the worst, their morality is in no danger of being lowered by the misbehavior of any lady of their presidential families. They are not socially misgoverned, as monarchies must always be, with the court forming the impostuous road of society, and filtering corruption down.

In the meantime, the escape of the Crown-Princess of Saxony, scandalous as it is, is useful in disabouring the superstition of royalty, which, of course, it cannot destroy. In spite of the example of these States, and of the Swiss Cantons, and the indivisible French Republic, the monarchical countries of Europe, Asia, Africa, and Oceania will continue monarchical. But they will not continue monarchical with quite the former effulgence. They are all rendered a little ridiculous by that ebriement from the palace at Dresden to a hotel at Geneva; they are brought into contempt, and their tradition is mocked by a woman in whom it was theoretically concentrated. She is no worse than the man she abandoned, and her infamy imparts itself not so much to her sex, which is good or bad quite independently of her conduct, but to her royalty, and to all the royalties, inextricably involved in her shame by the confession of human frailty in regions so far above humanity. This is to the gain of humanity, and it will help people to hold up their heads like men, not perhaps immediately in the monarchies, but in the republics, where there is always danger of their fancying that royalty is what it honestly believes itself, and not the conspiracy against reason which it really is.

It makes me sad to see what men shall do
And we in our graves! This world's no
blet for us,
Nor blank; it means intensely, and means
good!

To find his meaning is my meat and drink.
—Browning.

The moving Finger writes; and, having
written,
Moves on, nor all your Piety nor Wit

Shall lure it back to cheat half a Line,
Nor all your Tears wash out a Word of it.
—Fitzgerald's *Robt of Our Kappidon*.

Correspondence

REVISING THE CONSTITUTION.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

Sir,—Would it not have been a good idea if the Framers of 1787 had inserted a provision that during the first year of every new century a Constitutional Committee should sit and determine whether or not the Constitution should be revised in accordance with present needs? We are a vastly different race from our four million revolutionary ancestors, and we have a new set of problems every twenty-five years. The greatest men cannot be prophets unless they go into the wilderness and fast, and for that the great men of 1787 had no time. But could not we remedy the defect? Is it too late to agree upon such a Board, composed, it may be, of chosen members of the Supreme Court, the Senate, the House, a citizen, otherwise distinguished, of each State, and perhaps the President himself? Its decisions of course would have to be final, for the Legislatures would hicker until the dawn of another century. That our eighty millions in population—who will not be long reaching a more formidable figure still—with their millions of foreigners and negroes, their increasingly complex national character, their genius for unexpected developments, their country's enlarging bulge on the map—to mention but the first on the list of differences from the conditions of the nation's birth—will, in the course of a very few years, compel an overhauled Constitution, is as sure as that the old order of Presidents came to an end with McKinley. Why then should not the matter be taken into consideration before the strain is beyond endurance? If any one will have the patience to sit down and read the Constitution, and then reflect upon the infinite number of new forces and factors which are making history at present, he will not find Mr. Roosevelt's recent suggestion—on the Trusts—either as impulsive or radical as our trembling patriots have imagined.

As for the States—those intolentable anomalies in the history of the United States—cannot any one see that they are doomed? that the forces at work have already undermined and rotted their berms? The whole tide of the country is toward centralization, and its gathering volume is as independent of the railroads, the reformers, ambitious statesmen, as it is beyond the damping up of all the alarmists in the country.

And is there any one left so big headed as to be more proud of being a New-Yorker, a Californian, a Virginian, than of being an American? I am, sir, etc.,

OSWALD ATHLETON.

LIKE A FARM WITHOUT FENCES.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

Sir,—We shall continue to urge upon Congress, with all insistence the necessity of building and maintaining a navy equal at least in size and strength to that of the German Empire."

This paragraph from HARPER'S WEEKLY of December 20, should be copied by every newspaper in the country, for it voices the desire of every true American. The attitude of Senators Hale and Platt should be severely condemned. Let editors here the subject before their readers, and public opinion will be in favor of a navy adequate to our needs, that Congress will be compelled to provide for such. A country without a navy is like a farm without fences, or a house without walls, leaving deprecation by outsiders. I am, sir,

F. V. P.

Lord Curzon: The Man and his Work

In spite of Mr. Rudyard Kipling, India remains for most Englishmen little more than a brilliant abstraction. Few of them take the trouble to form any clear idea of the work that is being done in their name between the Himalayas and Cape Comorin. Fewer, still, inquire into the principles and actual workings of the British Raj, or are acquainted with even the alphabet of the thousand and one fascinating problems that confront the rulers of that most fascinating country. The subject is altogether too vast for the average busy citizen, who contented himself with a vague pride of ownership, and does not aspire to any intimate knowledge of the daily routine. The House of Commons is never so empty and lethargic as when Indian subjects are on the carpet, and its indifference is but the reflection of the popular attitude. Perhaps, on the whole, it is just as well that this should be so, and that India should not be a matter on which every Englishman felt bound to have an opinion, or to be reckoned as a meddling political dabbler alongside of Ireland and the Leadon water-supply. At the same time it robs England of a good deal of justifiable pride. Six months ago, for instance, the Englishmen were few and far between who could give a clear account, or, for the matter of that, any account at all of the work Lord Curzon has accomplished in India. And but for an accident that ignorance would have remained undisturbed until the end of Lord Curzon's Viceroyalty. The accident, of course, was the Grand Durbar that was held at Delhi on January 1. The crowning of King Edward as Emperor of India has touched the English imagination. Neither the King nor the Prince of Wales was there, but the Duke of Connaught was commissioned to represent his Majesty; hundreds of English noblemen, statesmen, and Anglo-Indian officials, and journalists, assembled at the ceremony; members of every royal house in India were present; Lord Kitchener held his first review as Commander-in-Chief; and a whole fortnight was given up to fêtes and pageants, balls and receptions, polo tournaments, and an immense exhibition of native Indian art. This great event has thrown a search-light of inspiring openness on Lord Curzon's Viceroyalty. Publishers and magazine editors have seized on it to bring out books and to print articles such as no Viceroy has ever yet had the fortune to inspire; and England suddenly realizes that Lord Milner and Lord Cromer are not her only procurators of the first rank, but that in Lord Curzon, too, she possesses a statesman of brilliant and distinctive character.

Five years ago Englishmen rather laughed at Curzon. He knew too much, was too eloquent, too cocksure, and altogether too young. Oxford and the Oxford manner hung heavy upon him. An old Balliol tag had dubbed him "a very superior person," and the name stuck. The hero or the victim of it was at so pains to live down his reputation. Mr. Curzon at all times, and on all occasions, was decidedly "superior." The House of Commons takes as little to this feible as to genius, and the sport of "taking Curzon down a peg" became the chief delight of more than one member,—of Mr. Labouchere in particular. But the Hon. George Nathaniel Curzon, son of Lord Scarsdale, ex-Rossia, Fellow of All Souls, Oxford, and winner of the Arnold prize with a portentious volume on Disraeli, ex-President of the Oxford Union, the indefatigable traveller; the man who knew Central Asia, Persia, Afghanistan, the Pamirs, Siam, Indo-China, and Japan as intimately as most

men know their bedroom; the man who had discovered Corea, and soared in a basket up to and into the monastery of Mount Athos; who numbered among his treasures personal gifts from the Amir of Afghanistan, the Abbot of Meteora, Li Hung-Chang, the Mikado, and statesmen and diplomatists beyond number; who wrote of all he saw and reflected and imagined, and asserted with inexhaustible dogmatism; who read blue-books while other men read novels, and borrowed in statistics while his frivolous contemporaries shot pheasants; who could overwhelm you on any matter of foreign politics with pallid facts of local color and attitudes of outlandish names, among which he moved with almost innocent familiarity; and who, finally, had learned the business of statesmanship at Lord Salisbury's knee-kick, so, as you may conceive, and so Mr. Curzon quickly let it be known, a good deal "down" such a paragon. Even while it laughed, the House could not help admiring; for not even Mr. Curzon's kindly contempt for his fellow-mortals, and particularly his fellow-members, could hide the fact that he was man of unusual parts and an indomitable egotism; that he never wasted. The matter was all right; it was only the manner that jarred at times. He was twelve years in the House, and rose to be Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs, which, as his chief seat in the Lords, meant that on Mr. Curzon fell the task of answering all questions and representing the government in all debates on matters of foreign policy in the popular assembly. People were just beginning to pierce through his little consequential airs to the man behind them,—in a word, to understand him,—when, in the fall of 1898, just before his fortieth birthday, he was appointed Viceroy of India.

The appointment was almost as great a surprise as was Disraeli's choice of Lord Lytton, twenty-two years earlier, for the same post. Nor was surprise the only emotion of the House. It was a shock, a shock of great alarm mixed up with it. However brilliant and pathtaking, Lord Curzon up till then had had little administrative office. Moreover, he was young,—not only actually young, but young in his dealings with men. Furthermore, he had come out strongly against Russia in his books, had visited India often enough to get a tourist's misleading knowledge of it, had a patronizing way about him that the Indian bureaucracy was expected to kick at, and was a zealous supporter of the aggressive and ruinous "Forward Policy." On all counts people were apprehensive, but on only one have their fears been justified. A cautious, progressive, imaginative, altogether admirable Viceroy in all other ways, Lord Curzon has not given us any cause to wince with or under. Officially, ready and unflinchingly dislikable. Neither with the army nor with the civil service nor in Simla society is he popular. But then what sort of a Viceroy is it that society and officialdom prefer? They like, for one thing, a "manageable" Viceroy, without personality or initiative, one who will contentedly remain a gold-gilt dummy and figure-head, hide himself in Simla eight months out of the twelve, and liberate in Calcutta the remaining four, and not attempt to learn anything of the people except at third or fourth hand. If to this gift for self-effacement he adds the attraction of a long lineage, charming manners, and a good figure on horseback, then he comes pretty near the social and bureaucratic ideal of what a Viceroy should be. And this, more or less, is the standard in which the best average Viceroy, like Lord Dufferin or Lord Lansdowne or Lord Elgin, conforms.

Lord Curzon had no intention of becoming a Viceroy of this stamp. He landed in Bom-

bay, said so unfriendly critic, "with the eye of a bishop and the side whiskers of an under-gardener." He landed with a good deal more than that—with a knowledge of India and its problems, laboriously acquired and unsuspectedly accurate; with an enthusiasm for his work, and an intense earnestness in doing it; above all, with the resolve not to be Viceroy in fact as well as in name. The burlesque honors were soon set rattling. The young Viceroy, instead of subscribing to a policy, came to formulate one; instead of merely following, made it clear from the start that he meant to be master. The astonishment of officialdom found vent in nickname. "Young Ma in a Hurry" was the first; "Imperial George" followed soon after; "George the Fifth" struck the longest. No doubt Mrs. Hawshoe had her official friends had a good deal to complain of. Curzon carries the Parliamentary rapier in his hand a little too often, and wields it more aptly than a starched and stiff-necked bureaucracy has any liking for. Also the social duties of his post bore him. His manners are brusque and haughty, and he has some of the small faults of the social insect that he belongs to Lord Dufferin. Nor has he the softening, lubricating quality of humor. He takes himself and his work with a seriousness that would kill a lesser man, and leaves the social side of his position to Lady Curzon, who carries it through with an American grace and brilliancy. All this, with his merciless insistence on efficiency, has made him so solitary and unpopular a sultan in the Indian bureaucracy as Lord Kitchener is in the army.

Not all of Lord Curzon's reforms are original to himself, nor does he pretend that they are. The great and characteristic merit of his Viceroyalty is that what his predecessors for thirty years merely talked of doing he has actually done. On all the matters he has taken in hand he has brought the most sagacious and energetic common-sense, heaping up for whoever may succeed him some definite foundation to build on, with a detailed plan of the superstructure to be erected, and not merely voluminous reports and sketchy outlines. He does not discuss projects; he puts them through. The projects may not be wholly novel; the fact remains that it was he who rescued them from the ocean of ink in which they were sinking, and finally set them on their feet. A mere list of what he has accomplished would perhaps mean little to those who are not students of Indian subjects, but the list may as well be given if only to show the variety of his interests. Lord Curzon, then, has created and organized a new frontier province for dealing with the tribes of the northwest; he has saved down the "Forward Policy" as a large-scale and efficient system of border policy; he has effected a stable rate of exchange in the currency system; he has appointed a commission to lay down a cohesive scheme of irrigation that will decide for the next fifty years the operations of government; he has zealously furthered meanwhile the building of canals and railroads; he has rescued the civil service from the tyranny of the pen by abolishing a large number of reports, and encouraging each member of it to govern in the old patriarchal style; he has confirmed the Punjab peasant in the possession of his land by forbidding him to offer it as security to the money-lender; he has almost halved the cost of telegraphic communication between India and England; he has fostered native industries and native arts, and shown the passion of a scholar and archaeologist for the preservation of historical remains; before his five years are out he will have revolutionized the educational system of the country.

England and American Imperialism

By Sydney Brooks

LONDON, December 27, 1902.

A SENTENCE in President Roosevelt's latest message has started a curious discussion in London. That is the sentence in which Mr. Roosevelt spoke of American policy in the Philippines. "Not only," he said, "does each Filipino enjoy such rights to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness as he has never before known during the recorded history of the islands, but the people, taken as a whole, now enjoy a measure of self-government greater than that granted to any other Orientals by any foreign power, and greater than that enjoyed by any other Orientals under their own governments, save the Japanese alone." The gist of this sentence was cables over when the message was read to Congress, but for the full text we have had to await the arrival of the American papers. They came a week ago, and at once issued into fresh life the discussion to which Mr. Roosevelt's bold pronouncement had given rise. The discussion threatens to cover not only American policy in the Philippines, but the whole business of American Imperialism, and the general aptitude of Americans for the government of subject aliens. That is a matter on which the English, as old hands at the game, feel entitled to give their opinions freely. From the first moment of America's ventures in *Weltpolitik* it has keenly interested them, and what I here offer as a précis of English views on the subject has been gathered from many sources—from newspaper debates like the one now raging, from magazine articles, from interviews with the very few prominent Englishmen who really know America, and especially from talks with men like Sir Hugh Low and Mr. Hugh Clifford, who have met and solved problems such as now confront Americans in the Philippines, and are able to bring American policy to the touchstones of a practical experience.

Let me say at once that Englishmen have no sort of doubt but that in the long-run American rule in the Philippines will be all that Americans desire. Their residence in the final capacity of any section of the race for that sort of work is not to be shaken. At the same time, to be quite candid, there is a shade of anxiety mingling with their faith. After reading and studying the reports of the various Philippine commissions, Englishmen are not yet wholly convinced that Americans are altogether on the right tack, or that their provision of what lies ahead of them in the archipelago is in all respects complete. It will perhaps surprise Americans to hear that the gravest doubts of all have been those caused by Mr. Roosevelt's own speeches. To that I will return presently. The more general aspects of the matter most first to be touched on, it is safe to say, and it can be said of no other country, that in England American Imperialism is watched with the utmost sympathy. No political danger whatever to British interests is apprehended from it. The average Englishman, who is pro-American to the core, believes, indeed, in his vague way, that at some time or other England and the United States will be fated working side by side and co-operating in the prosecution of a common foreign policy. He has a strong, firm belief that as American advance along the road of Imperialism, and begin to appreciate the nature of the howlers in their path, they will come to a better understanding of just what it is that England has done for the world, and of the obstacles she has overcome in doing it. Englishmen, in short, regard American Im-

perialism as the happiest step yet taken toward mutual comprehension and sympathy between the two countries.

As to its effect on the United States, Englishmen, of course, utterly reject Mr. Bryan's fantastic notion that it will work any change in the spirit of American institutions, or that Americans will be one whit less democratic in the future than they were when not one American in ten thousand knew within an ocean or two precisely where the Philippines lay. On the other hand, they were greatly amused a few years ago by the buoyant claims of the American Imperialists that the possession of the Philippines and Porto Rico and the rest would in some way react favorably on the tone of domestic politics, and thrill New York and Philadelphia with a sudden zeal for parity and efficiency. The idea of Mr. Croker turned reformer by studying the happiness of the Tagala under honest American rule struck them as delightful, but unlikely of fulfillment. They prophesied that when the novelty had worn off, the average American would trouble himself as much or as little about the Tagala as Englishmen do about the Hindus; that all things would go on pretty much as usual, and that the notion of reforming Tommany Hall *vis* Luzon would be quickly dropped. Whether that prophecy has yet been verified only those on the spot can say; but if English experience goes for anything, it will be verified sooner or later. The time, that is, will come when the average New-Yorker will be content with a hazy idea that the Porto-Ricans are happy or unhappy, satisfied or the reverse, prosperous or not prosperous; but of the system on which they have chosen ruled, of the local problems that are being faced, of the local questions that interest them, he will be a whole encyclopedia of ignorance or of cloudy misapprehension. Such, at any rate, is the condition of Englishmen in regard to their Empire.

Englishmen, as every one knows, find not a little difficulty in distinguishing between British practices and the universal laws of nature. When, therefore, they criticize American methods, it is always on the implied assumption that the right model in this business of empire-building is the British model. That point of view is with them instinctive and fundamental, and must always be allowed for. When this is grasped, some of their forebodings in regard to the American experiment in the Philippines will be easily understood. It is, for instance, almost as axiomatic over here that to rule wisely is to rule justly, and that, in the absence, at least, of a body of civil servants, chosen partly by competition and partly by appointment, divorced from politics, irrevocable except for proven offenses, well paid and well pensioned, is a prime essential. To Englishmen, therefore, it is a matter of surprise, almost of consternation, that though the American Empire is now four years old, no such service has been organized or apparently even thought of. They insist that the appointment of men like Governor Taft and Governor-General Wood is nothing like so important a matter as the character and capacity of their subordinates,—that, in short, it is the cask and filer, and not the chiefs, of a service that make or mar its efficiency. Long before now they expected to see the best men from Harvard, Yale, and other universities crossing the Pacific in successive batches to learn the intricacies of government at the feet of their superiors. No such sight has yet greeted them, and the absence of it puzzles and dismay them. A man who has made a brilliant name for himself as a ruler of Malaya people—Mr. Hugh Clifford, C.M.G., ex-Governor of Borneo, and at present the British Resident in charge of one of the Federated Malay States,—said to me: "The fact is, America is so

rich, so under-populated, so full of boundless opportunities, that I cannot see how a young American can be expected to accept lifelong banishment in an un congenial climate, much hardship, low pay, frequent separation from his wife and children, and but slender chances of fame or distinction, for the simple honor of serving his country and ordering the destinies of a rude people. Yet without men of the best type, men of refinement, address, extreme sympathy, tact, and firmness—in a word, men who are gentlemen in both the right and the conventional sense—you cannot hope to govern Malaya as they should be governed."

But above everything else Englishmen suspect American sentimentality and American "boasts." A rising English politician, who has recently been admitted into Mr. Balfour's cabinet, and whose name, were I permitted to give it, would be recognized as that of a second authority on foreign and imperial politics, held forth at length on this topic. "Americans," he said, "are incorrigible sentimentalists. They have even more than their fair share of that abominably defective altruism which is the bane of all our tribes; and you will find that the spirit which will enter into the machine after the civil war will prove their greatest handicap in dealing sensibly with the Filipinos. Americans have a great theory that everything can be cured by legislation. Look at their 'Prohibition' States, their curfew laws, and anti-cigarette bills. The passion for making laws is bred in their very bones, and all their remedies are heroic. Moreover, they are tremendous believers in the American case, and think that every one—white, black, brown, or yellow—can be civilized by having it brought home to him, that it suits all people alike, and can be prescribed indiscriminately. They have grown up and thrived on certain notions and certain institutions, and nothing will ever persuade them that other nations would not prosper equally well on the same regimen. The consequence is they will repeat in the Philippines the very mistakes we have made in India. They will go and dump upon the islanders all the laws and institutions they have at home—elective assemblies, a free press, trial by jury, the right of public meeting and debate, and Heaven only knows what else; not in the least because these things are wanted in the Philippines, but because Americans are used to them in the United States. To maintain a firm but kindly despotism, which is what the Filipinos need, is just as impossible for them as for us; and at bottom you will find they will try to govern the archipelago as though it were a larger Wisconsin."

This, or something like it, is a view one constantly hears expressed in England. People here seem to think that Americans are in far too great a hurry to explode "democracy" and "Jeffersonian doctrines" upon the tropics. "There are two things," says a writer who is entitled to be heard on the subject, "that you cannot do. You cannot 'boast' the East, and you cannot Westernize it. Have Americans realized this?" Some of Mr. Roosevelt's speeches incline Englishmen to believe that Americans have not realized it. For instance, last May he said: "We believe that we can rapidly teach the people of the Philippine Islands not only how to enjoy, but how to make good use of, their freedom; with their growing knowledge their growth in self-government shall keep clear pace. When they have thus shown their capacity for real freedom by their power of self-government, then, and not till then, will it be possible to decide whether they are to exist independently of us or to be knit to us by ties of common friendship and interest."

The Book of Months

By E. F. Benson

FEBRUARY

It is a very false estimate we should get of the world if we only look at other people from our own standpoint. It is useless, for instance, to imagine oneself in the position of a newsboy from whom I usually buy an evening paper at the corner just outside. He is frightfully ragged; why his coat, for instance, holds together at all is beyond my comprehension, and his boots are in a more similar state of disintegration. Certainly if it was my lot to stand at that corner earning a penny only out of every twelve papers I sold, and for the sake of earning my bread at all being compelled to stand there for hours in frost, rain, or fog, I should quite certainly be most unhappy. Yet nothing is faler than to imagine that he is unhappy. He has, on the contrary, a "frolic welcome" for everybody that comes along, and evidently circumstances which would depress what we may call the comfortable classes, have no effect whatever on his spirits. On the other hand, there are things which happen to you and me every day, which we bear without and without complaint, that would be almost insufferable to him. He would certainly revolt at a bath in the morning; and though he would very likely be pleased at the breakfast that followed it, I feel by no means certain that he would not sooner sit on a coal-sack and chaff the nearest policeman, as he does, with his mouth bulging with large crusts. Again, I doubt whether "the bloke," which is the name by which he is known in the neighborhood of his stand, could live through the sort of things we live through. He would consider it so unbearable to have to sit in a room for four hours after lunch, while the rain and the streets roared outside, and read a book—or worse, write one. For supposing we endow him for a moment with that sort of vivacity of the mind which we call culture, literary taste, artistic taste, or what not, a thing which he does not probably possess at present, even then should we set him down at "Romeo and Juliet" let us say, what will be his verdict? Why, that he can see the thing itself every evening, and perhaps has acted it too, poor little devil, and why should he spend his time in reading a pale moonlight translation when the original jostles him? At this point, of course, the *literati* will hold up hands of horror. Do I mean to say, they will ask, that the immortal tragedy I have referred to is to be brought into comparison, even for a joke, with the slyde of the street corner, with the walking out of a man with a maid, a marriage in the registry office,—or perhaps the omission of that ceremony? Yes, if they will but think, I mean all that. For why, if we consider this question more closely, does the tragedy of "Romeo and Juliet" strike us, and rightly, as a masterpiece, and why does the sordid account of a murder and suicide in the daily press strike us as a page to be turned over with a "poor thing" shudder if we are people of disrepute, but if we are only refined, to be passed over in utter unconscience? It is because Shakespeare showed us the terror and the tragedy of one, and we have not the grains to see the terror and the tragedy of the other. Had not Shakespeare been a man of humane insight he could never have written his work, but if we were, we should find in life what he found. That he gave it in the form of drama to the world is another matter; that was because Nature—or I prefer to say God—gave a man of this humanity the power of speech, this sense of drama. Hum-

drads, I solemnly believe, feel as keenly as Shakespeare felt, but are, so to speak, born dumb. Hundreds could write as Shakespeare wrote, could they but feel. It is the conjunction of the two, rare as the transit of Venus, that makes the supreme artist.

To return to "the bloke." All morning we have given him a translation instead of the original, and the morning over, we give him lunch. He will eat largely, because for all the years he has known it has been his custom to eat all three was to eat, for fear that there would soon be nothing to eat when he wanted to eat. He will drink in moderation for the same reason, and grow somnolent. But he is plucked from his slumber to call on some one who borrows him, to be polite when he doesn't want to be polite, and he will return to "drows" in a collar that hurts him, and eat a dinner which he does not want. That evening he will eat, and three days later have a bilious attack.

But look from this gloomy picture to the reality. "The bloke" as I saw him this evening had a huge crust stuffed into one cheek, in the corner of his mouth was a cigarette. There was news about a test-match in Australia, and papers were being hawked. His pockets were not to be trusted, and that mouth of his had eight coppers on one side, and the crust not yet masticated on the other. But did "the bloke" think about verdigris-poisoning and other insanities? Not a bit. If there was a moment to spare, the pennies were ejected and stowed in a pocket somewhere at the back of his trousers. If there was no moment to spare, he merely cursed, and prayed for a strapping which got rid of the wet pennies. All the time he was absent "Remerkable collapse," shading the policeman at the corner, shouting hoarse profanities to the drivers of passing buses, and ogling miles of girls of his acquaintance. Now consider, oh, my cultured friend, where would you or I have been in such a crisis, where you must remember was a feast and a high day to "the bloke." We should have retired behind a boarding to eat our crust, and sat still—God help us—for several minutes in order to digest it. Then we should have lost the cream of the sale. Then coyly re-entering Oxford Street, we should have murmured, quaveringly, "A bad score on the Colonial side"; we should have put our pennies in the untrustworthy pocket, whence they would have slipped coldly down our legs onto the pavement. Grasping the inadequacy of this, we should have held them in our other hand, and impeded the swift passage of the papers. We should have cast apprehensive glances at the policeman for fear he should tell us to move on—he tells "the bloke" to move on, and "the bloke" says "Barn"; we should have frowned at bus drivers who nearly ran over our legs, and made a point of taking their numbers. We should have had a quantity of depressing reflections about the young women in London, so bold and bad-mannered, and as an aphorism we should have said with infinite depression one-fifth of what "the bloke" sells with a gusto indescribable. And what is perhaps worst of all, we should have prayed that we might, if we were not too sleepy for all the staring homeless creatures of the street. "The bloke" does not pray—he told me so, I, God forgive me, casting apprehensive glances at the policeman—but if he did, he would say with Browning,

"God's in the heaven; all's right with the world."

"Exit" the bloke."

P. R.—No, not exit just then. Yesterday only I was coming round the corner from Davy Street, and caught sight of "the bloke" dancing excitedly in midstreet with his shaft of papers, shouting the verdict of the Sun-

bridge murder. Next moment he had been knocked down by an omnibus, and the wheels had gone over him. With many others I ran out into the roadway, and it so happened I was there first, and I picked "the bloke" up and carried him to the pavement. His head bent inward from my elbow to my chest, and two wet pennies fell into the crack of my arm from his mouth. His shaft of papers had fallen from him, and still lay by the road. Before we reached the pavement he looked up and saw me.

"I'm damned dirty, sir," he said; "take rare of your goo coat. That bloody 'barn—Gaw'd—I'll talk to Jim—running over me like that."

There was an ambulance near at hand, and I delivered up "the bloke." Some one had picked up his papers from the roadway and put them by the side of the thin little body, and the pennies which he had dropped out of his mouth I put there too.

Next day I went to the hospital where he had been taken. But "the bloke" will not stand at his corner any more.

Sad! Heaven help us all if we are going to be sad, because we are (quite assuredly) going to die; the sooner we die and get it over, the better. A disappointing advertisement is an absolute drag in the market, and is it not better to be glad because at the present moment we happen to be alive, and not sad because at some future moment we are going to die? How long would the world go on if we all sat and sighed because we were going to die?

Yes, decidedly spring has come, and it amazes me to look back on what I wrote only a week ago and find myself so obsessed by that moment of languor which announced it, and forgetting, as indeed I did, what should so shortly follow. Yet if that obsession of languor had not been so complete, I suppose this obsession of spring would not thus riot in me as it does, and it is with infinite minglings that I attempt to put into words the way of that halfling thrill, that ecstasy in the sensation of new living, which is felt, I believe, in every growing thing down to the humblest blade of grass which is trodden under foot even as the vernal of spring-time is on it, at that diriment of all moments in the year, when in man and brute and as yet leafless tree, the sap once more stirs.

This year it came upon me in its spate; that great flood of renewed vitality which follows round the earth from continent to continent as the spring returns, suddenly lifted me off my feet, dictating what I did as imperatively as an electric current dictates the involuntary twitching of the muscles it passes through. And on this last:

I had been out of town for two days last week, staying in Sussex at a house on the brow down near Ashdown Forest. As I drove from the station I was aware that some hup and subtle change was in the air, but let it down only to the contrast of country breezes with the density of London. The bleakness of winter was altogether gone, but in its place was the smell of earth and growing things, very fragrant and furiously strong, for rain, which being out all night in the air, but it good or bad, had fallen heavily that afternoon, bringing out, as I have said, the smell of growth, and leaving behind it, just as a water-curt does in streets, the smell of dust laid, or, rather, the smell which the air has when there is no longer any dust in it. Also the vividness of color surprised me, and in the yet leafless trees there was a certain vigorous look which I had missed all winter, a crispness of outline, a look of tension as in an instantaneous photograph of a man about to leap. A thrush hopped suddenly in a bush by the roadside, and, fool that I was, I did not know what was happening. I thought it

was only a thrush singing. But had I known, it was spring.

That night after dinner, instead of sitting down to bridge or some gray pursuit classified by the title of game, eight sober and mature people did the silliest things. We played blind-man's-bluff; we cock-fought on the fourth rug; we fell heavily to the ground in attempting to take out pins with our teeth, pins placed in inaccessible positions as the legs of chairs; nobody cared what anybody else was doing. Every one talked simultaneously and laughed causelessly.

Eventually we dispersed in our rooms fumbled and hot.

My window had been shut, and a blind drawn down: here were the first things to be remedied. Up went the screening blind, up went the window, and the huge exultant night poured in. That was better, but still bad, and I tore off my clothes, leaving them on the floor, and, as my mother here me, and as I shall go back to the great mother of all, leaned out into the night, full of the excitement which at last I understood. It was night, night, the time when even a stockbroker (who had made £200 on the Stock Exchange) reverts in some degree to the beast from which he has been evolved, when, unless one is fuddled with wine, or steeped with food, or addled and rotten with sensual thought, one occasionally wins back to the old primal, prowling, excited joy of being alive, to the bliss which childhood knows at nightfall, robbed of its terrors.

There it was, waiting for me, and I, as far as might be, ready for it, unburdened with an overloaded stomach, free from all desire, rural, mental, or spiritual, but caught and burning in the flame of mere life. Huge and soft the night beckoned; great gray shapes of bushes rose on the lawn outside; above them rose the still giant shapes of trees, but luminescent, like a gas-jet, with the pressure from within. Rain clouds obscured the sky, the cold infinite stars were shut out, and only by the fact that it was not very dark did I know that the moon was somewhere risen, though invisible. That was as I would have it; for the time I was just a Live Thing, conscious of life.

I wanted no distant stars to remind me how small I was, or how immense was heaven; for the time I desired only the kind warm earth, no moon to evoke, as she always does, the need of companionship. I was alone on the earth, which, like me, was bursting with the promise of spring. Mating-time was not yet, not yet was the time of fresh leaves or any outward fruit of vitality. The vitality was within; everything had drawn a long breath, and the long breath hung suspended for the moment. Soon in a shower of starlike blossoms, in a mist of green hung round the trees, in the complete song of birds, in achievement or effort on my part, the lesson would break. It was the physical moment when completion is assured, and the pause comes, delicious because all has been leading up to this, and one is content, if it is possible to be content, because fruition is sure. Exquisite pangs have gone before, the pangs of anticipation. Exquisite pangs of completion will follow, but nothing can ever approach the completeness of the assured moment.

Night, and its veiled darkness, a soft rain falling and hissing among the shrubs, the sleeping house, unless, indeed, there might be other watchers like myself unclad beside an open window, utter loneliness and the thrill of life. But it was not enough to stand there; I had to mix with the night. I had to do my utmost to take it, the hissing shrubs, the falling rain, the whole growing quivering earth, nearer to me. It was not enough to look at it. So

for convention's sake I pulled on trousers again, buttoned a coat over me, and, hatless and barefooted, opened my window farther—a ground-floor window—and stepped out into the night.

What I wanted I did not know; it was certain, at any rate, I did not want anybody else to be there. Yes, I know, I wanted only to be part of the growing sap-stirred world. No thought of either spiritual or carnal passion did I feel; no gratitude to God, who made this costate machine called me, entered into my mind, nor thought of love or lust or desire. The gray curtain of cloud was the blanket under which, like a child, I buried my head. I was too far gone, you will understand, to "talk French." Simply I was possessed by the joy of life, that life which moved my muscles, and now and then, tense and slack in turn as I walked, that held a long breath in my lungs and blew it out again, that made the soft rain drip from the clouds, that made the earth drink it in instinctively, that made the shrubs whisper to it falling, and give out the odor of dampness and growth. Step by step, as I went over the lawn, with my feet already dripping and my hair growing matted with the benediction of the falling rain, this passion grew and grew. Before I knew it, from walking I had passed to running; before I knew it my coat was lying somewhere on the grass, and the rain fell thick and cool on my back and shoulders.

Din shapes of shrubs flew by me, then in front, then sprang out of the dark like leaves of a wooden fence, bounding the lawn. This was taken in the stride almost, and the longer, coarser fibre of the meadow-grass wrapped itself round my feet. Then a sandpan—a banker guarding the eighteenth green of the golf-links, showed yellow in front—and next moment a flag waved to my right. Thereafter coarser grass again, and a hundred yards beyond the straw-bed where I have delved patiently with a sickle. Beyond, another fence, and in the field—out of bounds—large dark shapes of cows lying down. One underneath the shadow of a tree I stumbled against, leaving a saucer and a stir behind, and I remember laughing at that. Then in due time a certain failure of wind, and a halt underneath a young beech-tree with smooth rounded stem. Next moment the trunk was between my knees, the trunk also between my arms strongly wound round it, my cheek against the bark, and panting. I clung to it. It too was alive, and strong and hard, and with that, turning my head, I remember biting the bark, till strips of it came off and my lips bled. Then a bed of old brown bracken, and with my fingers I dug in the earth till I felt the buds of springing stems an inch below the ground.

There I lay, a minute it may have been, or ten years, and the climax I most suppose was reached. There was no more possible to me. The riddle was unsolved, and for the moment I knew it to be insoluble, not because it was a silly riddle, but because it was so riddle at all, but the mystery of all mysteries—Life. As far as I personally could, I had done my best to answer it, not by thought, which is futile, but by being on the earth, by making myself one with growing things at the moment of spring-time, and this, not, I do assure you, consciously, but because I had to. The current that ran through everything else ran through me also. I was a savage, as animal, what you will.

The greatest moment was over. Again I was conscious of one slack arm hanging by my side, the other braced at my elbow to support my weight as I sat up. I knew that my feet were wet, that my hair had

to be brushed from my eyes, that raindrops fell from my eyebrows onto my face, that a torn, distracted, mud-covered blackness represented dress-trousers, that my coat was lying somewhere on the lawn, and that my bed-room window was an invitation to robbers. So I rose and walked back, slowly, and dazedly slow, in order to enjoy what I had not known I had enjoyed before, but had simply taken. The cool rain was exquisite to the skin, so too the cool grass to the feet. The night above and around was huge and silent and ennobling. Then the moral consciousness, I must suppose, awoke. I was filled with edifying thoughts. They would be dull if recorded; they were dull even then, for the memory of the savage moments was still but as a dream.

Well—what then? There is no "what then." That wild running through the dark is flesh and blood of me. Perhaps you have no tests for examination. That is a very comfortable defect.

The next twenty-four hours were, it is true, full of spring, but to me, licking the chops of my dinner, they were jejune. My coat I picked up on the lawn; I entered through my window—the robber could have come in that sacred hour—gazed on the wreck of dress-trousers, and went to bed—to sleep instantly and dreamlessly, awaking to a great bold sunlight that streamed in through the window when my valet drew up the blinds. With him I held a shamefaced colloquy as he gathered together my dress-clothes.

"I'm afraid they're rather muddy," said I, along my face beneath the sheet.

"Yes, sir."

"Do they happen to be torn?"

A short pause.

"Yes, sir; torn in five places."

"Well, see what can be done. Have I any more?"

"No, sir. Cold or hot bath, sir?"

"Both! That was a sitting in a tin pan and lifting teaspoonsful of water onto one's spine. Acrobatic performance to get wet altogether. Tolerable, but not of the class."

"Oh, cold. Bring it in half an hour."

In half an hour I half dozed, half thought of the performance of the night. I carefully considered the question as to whether I had gone mad, and decided—rightly, I believe—that I had not, though other people would say so. Then after breakfast we went to play golf. Yes, I was right, the anticipation, unfulfilled, certainly was over; already small buds were red on the line and yellow on the elm. Spring had come, and we all talked about its delights. But now none of mine.

Eventually the eighteenth hole was reached, after a game that I should normally consider exciting, since my adversary and I were all square at the seventeenth hole. But this morning it struck me as colorless. Here, however, his second shot—full with the clock—was short, and he went into the sandpan guarding the green across which I had jumped in my outward journey and walked through on my return. I stepped on the edge of the barrier, for I had warned him he could not be up, having myself taken a full shot, landing just over it. Upon which the accused man took his sickle, and, amid a shower of sand, lay nearly dead.

"Curious," says he.

"Mysterious. I had been examining the bunker, and saw there the trace of a bare foot."

"There's something much more curious than any shot of yours, close by you," said I. "Look, do you see the trace of a naked foot close by you on the sand?"

He looked.

"By God!" he said. "Let me peep first." He missed it. So I had to try the hole and was.

To be Continued.

Correspondence

CHANGES IN THE MAP OF NORTH AMERICA.

December 13, 1902.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

Sir,—Just as surely as we will have, in a time not too far remote, a new political and geographical map in Europe, so the political map of North America is apt to be altered—not by force of arms, but through commercial considerations, and the need of self-preservation, and common interests.

Looking at the map of North America and following the mainland, we find, south of the United States, bounded by the Rio Grande del Norte, the republic of Mexico; then the so-called republics of Central America; and then the republic of Venezuela, bounded by the Orinoco River. Still farther south in North America, before we come to the equator, the line dividing North and South America, we find the Guianas, subdivided into three different political parts—British, Dutch, and French Guiana. Going south from Florida, we find, stretching into the southern part of the North Atlantic Ocean, a chain of islands which spread nearly to the mouth of the Orinoco. Nearest to our Florida coast we have a cluster of islands known as the Bahamas; then come Cuba, the pearl of the Antilles, and Jamaica; farther southeast are Porto Rico and Haiti, known as the Greater Antilles; and, beyond, a long necklace of islands encircling the so-called Caribbean Sea, and known under the name of Lesser Antilles, or Windward Islands, ending with Trinidad Island, which lies before the mouth of the great Orinoco River.

All these islands, with the exception of Porto Rico and Cuba, belong to European powers. England, France, Denmark, and Holland still bear their flags over colonies there.

In the last century, these island possessions were rich pearls in the crowns of European powers. Their coffee, sugar, cocoa, indigo, tobacco, spices, dyewoods, and rum were of great value, and were much sought after. Fleets of sailing vessels came to and went from the possessions, loaded with products. Rich plantation owners could afford to live in Europe in luxury, while their slave-drivers used the lash to keep filled the coffers of their seigniors.

With the abolition of slavery much has changed. It is no longer profitable to hold estates in the islands without taking personal care of them. Since Brazil, Venezuela, and other countries of the Spanish Main produce an abundance of coffee and other products, and are very well supplied with steamship communication, few of the islands can compete with foreign markets. Since beet sugar has come into the market, the island sugars may be dispensed with; and since chemistry has demonstrated that sugar can be produced without cane or beet-root, the island conditions are worse. From coal for the finest dyestuffs are distilled, and so indigo and dyewoods, in their turn, have a hard struggle for existence.

To England, France, Denmark, and Holland the Caribbean possessions for which so much blood was drawn in the last centuries—these crown pearls which in former times enriched so many governors and officials—to-day, if they seek the truth, at a nationwide drug; costly yet valueless contributions to national exchequers. None of them is self-supporting, and all need the financial help of their home governments.

The national debts of the European powers holding territorial possessions in the North Atlantic Ocean do not decrease. They augment. A general European war will add enormously to national obligations. Most of

the islands are now beyond the beaten track of commerce, and they will be more pitifully lost as soon as the isthmus canal shall have been built. It is but natural that European powers, in their own financial interest, as well as in the interests of subjects living in the islands, should find it, for the promotion of a general welfare, to ask the United States to buy those islands, and give them islands a change to better their financial and commercial conditions. It will be, too, an act of love and humanity for the United States to do so. Nobody will come forward with strategic objections, which held good in the days of the old three-deckers, but have no weight in the era of steamships.

The day of including the islands of the North Atlantic in the political-geographical map of the United States may not be far off. I should not be surprised if, in a short time, Denmark should take the decisive step in this direction. Go where you will, through the islands, and hear the public opinion. It is the wish and hope of the people; it is their only final commercial proposition; it is their only road to tolerable prosperity.

Let us return to the mainland of North America. South from Rio Grande del Norte extends the republic of Mexico, called by one of our ablest statesmen, the Hon. John W. Foster, the "New Mexico," in his highly instructive and fascinating article published in the *National Geographic Magazine*, January, 1902, where he gave to the world a description of what Mexico was in former days and what it is to-day under the government of President Porfirio Diaz. Mr. Foster was formerly Secretary of State. He is no mean authority. He has known Mexico since 1872, and nobody is better qualified to speak upon that neighboring republic. He is full of praise, and admires the great progress that that country has made in its civilizing. Should Mexico continue to advance in her civilization and commercial development, I think the day will come when mutual interest will bring her into a closer political-geographical union with her great Northern neighbor.

Farther south from Mexico we have the small Central-American republics. The iron horse dominates at last in Mexico, and with its steel rails these have come civilization, freedom of thought, enlightenment, and commercial progress. The railway will penetrate into these small countries as well, and it will bring to them what it has brought to Mexico.

The Quiroteo dream of a Central American Republic, with Colombia and Venezuela under one flag, is an impossibility. How is it possible to clamp these people together if they cannot keep peace in their own states? The Central republics will learn that it is cheaper, better, and safer to live under a strong and respected government which stands for all the word means.

Farther south, we come to the republic of Colombia. There is no doubt, when the railway passes through the Cordilleras on its way to the equator, bringing new blood, that new ideas and civilizations and commercial intercourse will be felt and will teach the people their own interest. The building of the canal will also have a wonderful civilizing influence upon Colombia, as well as upon the adjoining republic of Venezuela. Thousands of foreigners will come and spend over those immensely rich countries, and will bring industry and progress to sadly neglected lands.

The wall that, with the advent of the Anglo-Saxon race, hated foreigners will destroy the Catholic religion, is but the cant of selfish politicians. Where American progress and civilization take root there is freedom of thought and freedom of religion.

The millions of Catholics in the United States are the best proof of it. To-day the poor Catholic priest in the republic lying south of Mexico is not in an enviable position. There is hardly enough left to enable him to keep soul and body together. Surely the Catholic Church could breathe afresh if a strong government should take hold of these countries. The only nation which can do so, and should do so, is the United States. Colombia and Venezuela are to-day but large slaughter-benches where fratricidal bloodshed reeks to heaven. They have become a sad spectacle to the civilized world. But their day will dawn. Common-sense and the instinct of self-preservation will teach them what is their best, their true, their interest. In the century of trusts and commercial combinations they cannot escape the coils of the great empires of trade. These countries need not be taken by force; they will, of necessity, submit to a peaceful combination, which I will not explain in this article.

When the Panama canal is constructed, the commercial interests of the European powers will be more and more thrown to the immense field upon the Pacific coast. British, French, and Dutch Guianas, which not even yet paying colonies, will be even further removed from the commercial spheres of their mother-countries. The connection between them and the mother-countries has not taken deep root. Nor are they the custodians of national prizes. When that general war for which the Germans prepare their powerful navy—when the remodeling of the political map of Europe commences—England and France, as well as Holland, will need money—a great deal of it. France, as in the days of Napoleon I, may sell to us her out-of-the-way colony for money. Holland and Great Britain also might need cash, or some diplomatic favors might make them think it worth while to give us their part of Guiana.

That it will come is sure; time will prove it. Then we can begin our civilizing work from the south as well as from the north.

I am, sir,

E. H. FULMACHER,

United States Consul at Maracibo.

"THE YOUNG MARRIED OFFICER."

New York, December 16, 1902.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—In your editorial of December 13, page 1396, about the "young married officer who had been ordered to the Philippines," you remark, "In days past an officer who was a major at forty-five was lucky." He certainly was, and it is doubtful if the records will show a case in which any officer who entered the service as a second lieutenant (the lowest grade) had been advanced by regular promotion to a majority at the age you give. The man who "in days past . . . was a major at forty-five" became so by what is called "selection." The increase in the army consequent upon the Spanish war brought promotion to lots of old captains, many of whom had served as company officers for more than thirty years; and these gentlemen regarded themselves as extremely lucky in getting the advancement, as, but for this increase, they would have gone on the retired list at sixty-four years of age without any promotion.

It is difficult to imagine why any officer, young or old, married or single, should seek to avoid going wherever he may be ordered to go. Such a person must have a strange notion of the obligation imposed by the oath he took when he accepted his commission. Can such a man be of the "sons of men who had iron in their blood"? I.

Finance

This year closed with greater activity and strength in the securities-market than the most optimistic observers of the financial situation would have believed possible early in December. The recovery from the low level reached during the late "slump" was very rapid indeed, in view of the fact that many of the uncertainties which helped to cause the decline remained unaltered. To be sure, even at the higher figures of the "reilly" which is under way at this writing stock prices are still considerably lower than they were during the ill-advised bull campaign of last fall. But it was not the latter fact which was responsible for the present upward movement; it was rather the realization on the part of the professional speculators that the technical condition of the stock-market rendered a rise in quoted values an easier task than a fall. Their efforts were therefore bent in the upward direction, the pools and speculative cliques helping.

During the week of the Christmas holidays the market, though not very active, was much less dull than on the previous week, and the undeniable improvement in sentiment was reflected in advancing prices. There came a brief period of hesitancy, and the upward tendency was checked. The rank and file of the minor professionals deemed the rally over-rapid and, as was natural in a market of so markedly professional a character, believed a moderate reaction not only logical, but "healthy." Their attempts to bring about a lower range of values succeeded in disclosing a remarkable scarcity of offerings. Call money at 15 per cent., disquieting reports of a general strike on the Union Pacific and Southern Pacific systems, higher sterling rates, and under the lead of some rather obviously manipulated specialties, the entire market resumed its upward course. Sentiment, depressed when prices were low, was cheerful when prices had risen. But it must be admitted that the public at large did not evince more disposition to buy stocks than it did in August or September when the bull fever raged in the Chicago camp. At the same time, if there was no "real" buying, neither was there real selling, and it was evident that when stocks passed from weak hands into strong, they were not likely to "come out" on the market on a six or eight point rise.

There was really no special development to which the rise could be attributed, other than the belief on the part of astute large operators for the rise that bull manipulation was justified. To be sure, while there are many uncertainties to be removed before the public can see its way clear to buy, there is nothing to show that it is wise or prudent to sell. The high rates for money were regarded as transient, as no doubt they were. In December, 1901, money touched a still higher level. This week, moreover, the speculative community remembered that the famous \$30,000,000 money pool was still in existence, ready to help should a crisis be reached. At the same time it was and is not altogether clear that the return of currency to this centre will take place as soon after January 1 as the more optimistic appeared to believe. And granted more and easier money, there remains the obvious opportunity for Europe to send in her bill to American borrowers of foreign capital, so that the question of increasing exports of agricultural products comes in the front as offering the solution of a vexatious problem. This problem is neither more nor less than, is there to be enough money with which to carry on active speculation in stocks!

Much has been said of the absence of the

usual New-Year's "reinvestment" demand. The January 1 disbursements are probably the largest in the history of this country, and slier it is undeniable that the country at large is highly prosperous. It is strange that there should be so very little investment-buying. It is a matter of much significance that several of the latest bond underwritings have proven failures, so far as concerned the profits of the underwriters. In years gone by, prominent banking-houses "brought out" bond issues for various railroads, and found their wares quickly absorbed by the public, which apparently was satisfied, from the identity and good repute of the bankers, that the bonds were safe or desirable investments. Today, this does not happen. Either the public scrutinizes more closely the securities offered, reads more carefully the terms of the mortgage, studies more intelligently the earnings of the issuing company,—in short, takes more pains to inform itself regarding the value of the security offered for sale; or else the public is overloaded and satisfied with new securities, owing to the

enormous flotations of the past three or four years. In either case, it is clear that the future attitude of the public is not altogether easy to determine by the syndicates and pools, who, in engineering advances in stock prices, have no other object than to shift the load from their shoulders to the public's. The question of actual values is also to be studied—that is, the present and the probable future course of earnings and the extent to which net profits will be affected by increased cost of operation.

While all these considerations may deter the ultra-conservative from plunging into stock speculation at the moment, there is hopefulness in the air. Strong interests appear confident that before the tide turns a bull campaign can be successfully carried on. The ability of the American people to outguess any other nation cannot be questioned. And the great powers of the world of finance are familiar with the psychology of their countrymen no less than with commercial, industrial, and financial conditions in the United States.

NEXT WEEK'S

Harper's Weekly

WILL CONTAIN DISCUSSIONS

On WASHINGTON

*The Outlook for Navy Legislation
in the Senate*

On NEW YORK

The New Tunnel Under the Hudson River

On EUROPE

Yerkes, the American Invader of London

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WALTER E. FREW, F. T. MARTIN, Cashier
WM. E. WILLIAMS, Assistant Cashier

CONDENSED STATEMENT

DECEMBER 1, 1909

ASSETS

Loans and Discounts . . .	\$22,821,102.49
Due from Banks	1,809,133.53
Banking Houses and Lots . .	1,524,792.96
Bonds, Stocks, etc.	1,024,125.34
Cash and c'ks on other Banks	9,386,664.33
	<u>\$36,565,818.54</u>

LIABILITIES

Capital, Surplus, and Undivid- ed Profits	\$5,216,107.78
Deposits subject to Check . .	31,349,710.76
	<u>\$36,565,818.54</u>

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of the City of New York

(INCORPORATED 1819)

33 WALL STREET

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ANDREW A. JENKINS, CASHIER.
ROBERT U. GRAFF, ASSISTANT CASHIER.

STATEMENT OF CONDITION

(CONDENSED)

Report to the Comptroller of the Currency
APRIL 30th, 1910

RESOURCES

Loans and Discounts . . .	\$12,745,166.56
Bonds	170,029.74
Banking House	\$45,796.92
Due from Banks	835,829.80
Cash and Checks on other Banks	8,297,120.00
	<u>\$23,193,883.02</u>

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

ACCOUNTS INVITED

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New York's Great Transportation Problem

See double-page illustration

THE hardest transportation problem to solve in the world undoubtedly exists on Manhattan Island, New York City. Plans are under way to speed about \$200,000,000 within the next few years, so that those who do business in Manhattan may get to their work in the morning and to their homes at night in comfort and with reasonable speed. This enormous sum is to be expended upon tunnels, bridges, and upon improvements in surface and elevated railroads.

Just as we see the undertakings to solve this problem, the outlook is to be only a lagging, and at the end of a few years the congestion in travel will be as acute as it is now, and that more millions by the hundred will have to be spent. No one can predict when the time will come that the streets of Manhattan will not be "all torn up" to solve its problem of the transportation of human freight.

The fact is, that no one could even guess that the greatest "lemon town" in the world, such as New York is to-day, would (Continued on page 11.)

ANIMAL MATRONS—Mrs. William's **SOCIETY STREETS** should always be used for children's parties. It makes the child, when the party, allows all men, even when cold, and is the best remedy for diphtheria. (A. 1.)

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(Continued from page 71.)
require such a tremendous expenditure of money to simply carry the people who have to travel up and down and across its narrow streets. No one was prepared for this wonderful increase in travel. Transportation officials, city authorities, and the people generally have just begun to realize what the growth of New York means, and a clamor for immediate relief in travelling facilities has arisen that will not be stilled. The railroad officials are just as anxious as the city authorities and the masses to improve the transportation problem, for it means more money in dividends.

There never was a better illustration of the truth that an increase in traffic facilities in a growing country or city makes increased traffic, than is displayed in New York City. Look at these figures: In 1880 the number of persons transported on street cars and elevated railroads in Manhattan was 60,851,257. Ten years later it had grown to 110,024,848. In 1901 this sum had grown to 250,610,435. The figures for 1902 are not in yet, but will probably approximate 270,000,000. Was there ever such a stupendous growth of travel seen before in all the world?

Here are some more facts that illustrate this increase in travel in New York's streets: In 1899 they in 1899 the elevated railroads carried 836,000 passengers. Such traffic was unheard of. No one thought it would be reached again, perhaps in a decade. Yet on Monday before Christmas, 1902, these same railroads carried 231,000 passengers. At one junction on the lines of this company no less than eighty-one trains an hour pass in the busiest hours. It is impossible to stop more than forty trains an hour at stations when locomotives are used. When electricity is used, the limit of stops at stations is sixty trains an hour.

The electrical trains can carry one more car than the steam trains. By April 1 next all the trains will be electric, but that this will afford only partial relief is shown by the fact that about 700,000 passengers of the 1,800,000 carried every day on the various lines in Manhattan use the elevated railroad, and the cars are crowded to a capacity of 140 persons when there are seats in each for only 48. The elevated railroad uses about 5300 cars, and the six-car trains mean an addition of 500 or more cars, but that will only "kiss up" the number of passengers slightly. On the surface lines the managers assert that it is a physical impossibility to run many more cars than at present. They hope to be able to divert some of the traffic to side streets, but the crowded conditions will continue.

All this simply indicates the extent of the great problem involved. New-Yorkers, however, are impatient people. They not only want relief, but they want it right-way, to-morrow morning, if you please. Most of them cannot understand, or do not take the trouble to understand, that to make permanent railroad betterments takes a long time. You can no more improve transit facilities on a large scale in a week or two than you can build a battleship in the same time. Tell this to those who have to assemble, jostle, push, and almost fight day after day to get a mere foothold on the way to business and back, and they will tell you that the railroad managers might have foreseen all this great rush in travel, and that it was parsimony and the feeling that "a great big D" should always be applied to the public, that inspired their attitude of serving indifference to the needs of the people. That might be true, if the managers and owners of the railroad properties were so lacking in ordinary perception as not to see that, if their traveling facilities were adequate to the demand they would be making more money than they are now.

This transportation problem has always confronted New York. Time and again it has seemed to have been solved, but the last stage is always worse than the first. It is the topography of the place that has caused the difficulty. Manhattan is long and narrow. It extends gear east or west. Its increasing population is thus first impetus to the north or across the river in Brooklyn, New Jersey, or Staten Island. Thirty years ago the town got along fairly well

(Continued on page 75.)



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Of all countries which have entered competitors in the international race for the Gordon-Bennett trophy, France has the odds decidedly in her favor. Her machines are the result of a long experience in successful motor-car building, and the attention which is paid to the smallest details has developed cars which stand the test of the most arduous conditions of races and rough-country touring, while as to tires, it is extremely doubtful whether those of other than French make can stand the tremendous strain of a long-distance race. Besides all this, the French drivers are incomparably equal, if not superior, to those of other nations, chiefly on account of their great experience in racing. Still another point in their favor may be the course, the selection of which has to be made before the 1st of February; and as, on account of the strict police regulations, it cannot be held in England, and as the Irish roads seem unsuitable, the choice will doubtless favor France, and the Paris-Bordeaux road will be used. The French drivers will probably be Fournier, René de Knyff, and Charron, the first on a Mors motor, the other two on Panhards. Fournier came in first in the Paris-Berlin, as well as the Paris-Bordeaux race, so the course will be very familiar to him; de Knyff and Charron have also had much racing experience.

It seems unfortunate that a Serpollet machine is not to be entered in the race, as the latest model is said to be capable of developing a speed of more than ninety miles an hour. This model is in the form of an inverted canoe, and, like all the racers of this make, has the fine lines which are associated with types of racing yachts.

The French method of securing drivers for the race is the oppo-

site of the English; the Automobile Club of France chooses the cars which are to compete, then consults with the manufacturers of these cars as to the preferable men to manage them. In England, N. F. Edge, as the present holder of the Bennett cup, and



M. Serpollet in his famous Racer "The Whale"

Charles Jarrott were selected; both these men will drive Napiers. The third driver and car are to be found by means of the contest held at Welbeck, at which eight or ten machines are expected to start.

The American entries are in a more indefinite state. Alexander Winton is at present the only driver actually selected, and the car which he is building for the contest is carefully shrouded in a veil of impenetrable mystery; it should prove to be an important antagonist even against such well-tried veterans as the Panhard and Mors racers. At all events, it will be an interesting experiment, for it is remarkable that, after several years of popularity for the automobile, no American machine has yet been made which at all approaches the perfection of mechanism exhibited by the French and German cars; yet if such a car is to be built in this country, it will undoubtedly be Alexander Winton who will be responsible for it.

Germany, or rather Prussia, will be well represented by three of the well-known Mercedes machines, and without much hesitation it may be said that one of them will "lift" the cup, provided only that the driver be of sufficient skill and experience. It will doubtless be a hard struggle, as France has been quite disgruntled at having had an Englishman win last time, and will make every effort to keep an American or German from victory on this occasion. It is not probable that the English "Napier" will win this race, as it did last year.



M. Fournier in his 70-horse-power Mors Racing-motor

(Continued from page 7.)

with street cars and a mere suggestion of an elevated railroad. There was talk of a tunnel under Broadway and under the river, but with the exception of partly building the Hudson River tunnel nothing was done about it. It is only now that engineering has made tunneling for city transportation feasible.

Soon the elevated railroads were improved and consolidated, and it seemed as if New York might get along in a satisfied condition for some time. The horse-cars grew larger and better rails came, and then it looked as if there might be peace for a time. After a while the stages were eliminated from Broadway, and street cars appeared there. All went smoothly for a little time after that. Then came the era of cable railroads and still bigger cars and better rails. These lasted only a few years.

The underground-trolley caused the cables to be thrust aside long before they had become antiquated, and at a heavy loss to the companies. Cars began to follow one another on the streets so closely that there was scarcely room for wagon traffic and nothing of pedestrians, to cross the highways. New streets for wagon traffic were opened, but that made little difference. The trolleys from Brooklyn were allowed to cross the bridge, and the railroads facilities for the Bridge cars were more than doubled. All this simply brought more traffic.

One of the sights of New York is to witness the writhing motion on a doorway night on the Manhattan end of the Brooklyn Bridge trying to get home. The same condition obtains on all the elevated and surface lines. Wrath and denunciation are in the air. The newspapers of the town fill their columns, setting forth not only the misery and lack of decency of the situation, but the so-called incompetence of the railroad managers, until it becomes an old story. A certain grade of provokers thunder about it in their pulpits, and a din is raised about the cars of the railroad men until they throw up their hands and, although they know the futility of it all, they cry out: "Come and tell us how to run our railroads and we'll try to do it."

Lately the women, in organized effort, have taken up the cry against the crowded condition of the cars, and the State Railroad Commissioners have come down to investigate. Little improvements, some of them highly desirable, have followed, but there can be no permanent help until cars, built to carry fifty persons, cease to carry 140 on the average. That condition can only come when there are more cars and more trains. But the railroad men say the limit is the number of trains on the elevated is nearly reached, and on the surface lines has already been reached. The introduction of the third-rail system on the elevated will make it possible to run six-car trains on all lines by April 1 next, and to run under shorter headway, but that will help only a little.

Meantime, New York will fume and fret. The Subway will open for traffic in a few months. A new bridge to Brooklyn will be ready for traffic, but the indications are that the relief will be only temporary. The Subway Company has under this plan its purchase of the elevated railroad lines and the guarantee of seven-per-cent dividends to its stockholders as against four per-cent now. Every time there has been an improvement in transit facilities in New York by any company, rival companies have been benefited instead of being hurt, and that will probably continue to be the case. Instead of one or two tunnels, running the length of Manhattan Island, in twenty-five years there will probably have to be half a dozen, for New York, by that time, will be the largest city in the world, and when it reaches that distinction there'll be no catching it for decades to come.

What has caused all this marvelous increase in travel in the city? It isn't hard to discover. The great prosperity of the United States has caused largely in New York City. The most direct reason, however, has been the erection of the so-called skyscraper buildings. Manhattan Island grew more only in one direction, and that is up in the air. These enormous buildings have gone up by the hundreds. Some of



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them house thousands engaged in vast business transactions. The real effect of this has been to narrow the streets upon which the buildings are situated. In a mad swirl the people sweep through these highways night and morning. The buildings are getting taller and the streets more crowded, and there seems to be no limit in sight. The steel-skeleton-framed buildings have crowded New York's ears beyond endurance.

Again New York is taking on its permanent aspect. From the battery to Canal Street is the financial district. That region must always be crowded. Where the money is the crowd always will be thickest. From Canal Street to Twenty-third is the dry-goods district and always will be. There is a great amount of room for it to expand east and west, but not north. From Twenty-third Street to Fifty-sixth is the retail hotel, great railroad terminal and theatre district. It is bound to remain so. From Fifty-sixth Street up to the end of Manhattan Island there is the extensive apartment-house district. And all these districts are bound to grow in one direction—up in the air. The rats are bound to be crowded in carrying the people to these districts, and the end will come when there is no more room for skyscrapers, and the streets have no more room for transit facilities.

But what is being done at present to improve the roadways? In the first place, there is the great Subway involving the expenditure of \$13,000,000. It is to be a great tunnel running to the upper end of the island, where it will send out two branches, one to the east and one to the far north. From the Battery end of the Subway a tunnel is to run to the heart of Brooklyn. This, with the lowering of the tracks on Atlantic Avenue in Brooklyn, means an expenditure of \$20,000,000 more. Then, the Pennsylvania Railroad is to tunnel across the Hudson and East rivers and is to bridge Hell Gate, giving direct connection with New England from the South. All this is to cost \$30,000,000. Then the New York Central is to spend \$20,000,000 in improving its terminal facilities from Forty-second Street north.

In addition, the old tunnel, two-thirds finished, under the Hudson River is being finished so as to bring trolley-cars from New Jersey and the terminals of the Erie and Lackawanna railroads direct to Manhattan. This will cost at least \$10,000,000. Three enormous new bridges from Brooklyn to New York are being constructed. The Williamsburgh Bridge will probably be opened within a year. One between the present Brooklyn Bridge and the Williamsburgh Bridge has been started, and the new work on the one across Hellgate-Island is far advanced. These bridges will cost from \$15,000,000 to \$20,000,000. All this costs up to nearly \$200,000,000.

Then there is the constant improvement of the trolley systems, involving many millions more. It will probably be five years before all the improvements now under way will be finished. No one who understands the traffic problem of New York doubts that all this increased facility for traffic will bring more traffic in return, and that once again the crowded-condition problem will have to be worked out over again. It will simply mean more tunnels until Manhattan Island gets so crowded that it cannot grow any higher.

Meanwhile, it will be some comfort to know that partial relief will come within a year, and that in five years it may be possible for the majority of the tired workers going home at night to get a chance to sit down. But in a few years after that who can tell what the conditions will be?

I say: Fear not! Life still leaves hours left to see. But, since life terms with ill, Nurse an extravagant hope: Because thou art a dream, then need'st not then despair.—Matthew Arnold.

In science, you must not talk before you know. In art, you must not talk before you do. In literature, you must not talk before you think.—Ruskin.

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Presence of Mind

Two writers and speakers who "improved" the accident which befell the President in the autumn did not generally observe that it showed very plainly the difference between the latitudinal and the social virtues. This suggestion was subtly conveyed by the Westminster Gazette, in the following instructive, if tardy, comment: "But what should command the most unqualified admiration was surely the conduct of the motorman, who, having run down the Presidential carriage, injured the President, and killed two of his companions, proceeded to round on the President for obstructing the line with his coach. Here, if you like, was presence of mind."

If any man is tempted in dilemmas this as a mere specimen of journalistic sarcasm, let him grope towards the truth as he reflects upon the story of a certain Oxford don who, early in the last century, was known as Presence-of-Mind Smith. Going down to Nonesuch with a friend in his undergraduate days, he returned alone. "Where is T—?" he was asked. "Well, we had an accident," was the reply: "the boat leaked, and while we were bailing it T— fell over into the river. He caught hold of the skiff and pulled it down to the water's edge. Neither of us could swim; and if I had not, with great presence of mind, hit him on the head with the boat hook both would have been drowned." Never, perhaps, was an honorable profit so easily earned. In civil life, at least, it is seldom possible to gain a lasting reputation by one thoughtful and courageous act.

The duty of presence of mind has so often been emphasized that it has come to be regarded as part of the ethical code. It will, therefore, be with a certain shock that some of our readers will recognize this quality to be compatible, as at Pittsford, with absence of manners and, as at Oxford, with absence of morals. But there is no acceptable definition of the term which will exclude its attribution to both the motorman and the undergraduate. Each of them came up to the dictionary standard of "coolness, alertness, and readiness of resource in a situation of sudden danger, embarrassment, or difficulty." The motorman, it is true, would have exhibited this virtue in a more desirable form, if he had checked his car before it ran down the Presidential party; but, the mischief once done, there was no possible escape from personal embarrassment equal to an outspoken claim of right of way.

A weaker man would have allowed his thinking to be marred by intrusive considerations of regret and sympathy. The motorman had his wife about him, and was satisfied with their company. So, too, Presence-of-Mind Smith, instead of suffering himself to be distracted by various emotions, analyzed the situation with an unbiased reason as if he had been solving a problem in Euclid, attained his Q. E. F. without mental disturbance, and resolved calmly for the boat hook.

But while it has thus been shown that the gift of presence of mind does not exalt the character, far be it from us to suggest that it exerts a debasing influence. In situations where no concentration of mental resources was necessary, the motorman would probably have shown himself as rude, and the undergraduate as selfish. The fact is that, like any sort of smartness, it neither promotes nor hinders the spiritual process, but is simply distinct from them and independent of them. We need some of us, therefore, be deterred by these two discouraging examples from aspiring to perfection in the quality which they illustrate but do not adorn. Once in a century it may knock a crowning man on the head, but those who profit by it are manifold more numerous than its victims.

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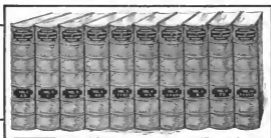
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HARPER'S WEEKLY

VOL. XLV.

New York, Saturday, January 17, 1903—Illustrated Section

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AMERICANS OF TO-MORROW

XXIII.—ALBERT J. BEVERIDGE, AET. 40

See page 60—Editorial Section

The Outlook for Navy Legislation

THE necessity of a navy as large as that of the navy projected by the German Emperor is settled. It does not follow, however, that the determination of such a necessity signifies immediate action by Congress for the purpose of meeting it. Congress has enormous confidence in the safety of delay. At the same time, it is easier to secure legislation for the increase of the navy than for any other general purpose, because it may be provided for in the general appropriation bill, which is bound to have a hearing.

ready to follow the administration, and the House will follow the committee, and will support any provisions and which may be proposed, in the way of preparing for the defence of the doctrine to which we are fully and unhesitatingly committed. We have nine first-class battle-ships completed and five authorized, or fourteen in all. We have one second-class battle-ship. We have two armored cruisers built and six authorized. These may be classed as our first line of fighting-ships. All the others are auxiliary, for scouting duty



Senator Eugene Hale
Of Maine

The army cannot be increased in size in the army appropriation bill, because, under existing conditions, enlargement of the army is not a simple proceeding; it involves changes in the character of organization, and the settlement of differences between the different arms of the service, besides other things. With the navy it is merely a question of appropriating for the ships, making provision for obtaining more men, and the settlement of other things. With the navy it is merely a question of appropriating for the ships, making provision for obtaining more men, and the settlement of other things. With the navy it is merely a question of appropriating for the ships, making provision for obtaining more men, and the settlement of other things.

The German Emperor has rendered the country excellent service in giving us an object-lesson as to what may happen to us and to our Monroe doctrine if we do not provide for the defence of our position. The lesson seems to have sunk into the mind of the country and to have awakened the popular branch of Congress to a comprehension of what will be expected of it. There is every reason why we should make the effort to prove that when we warn Europe away from that part of America which it does not already possess, we are sincerely in earnest. There is only one way to do this, and that is by laying plans for the construction of as great a fleet as the German Emperor expects will make his empire the second largest naval power in the world.

The present outlook at Washington is that the necessity will be met by Congress, and that a much larger appropriation will be made for new ships than was anticipated when Secretary Moody wrote his strong report. Events have worked for the President and the Secretary, and have proved that their recommendations were based on a thorough knowledge of the situation and a wise appreciation of their own duties, and of the duty which the country owes to itself.

It is expected, with reason, that the House committee will authorize two new battle-ships and two new large cruisers. The Naval Committee of the House of Representatives appears to be



Admiral H. C. Taylor



Representative G. E. Foss
Of Illinois

lets. Against our fourteen battle-ships, nine only in commission, the German Emperor has ten in commission and seven building. Besides his seventeen first-class battle-ships, he has four second-class battle-ships, reconstructed in 1902, and will soon have three armored cruisers.

Against our twenty-three, therefore, he will possess twenty-four; but by 1914 he will have thirty-eight battle-ships and fourteen large cruisers. In order to meet him, at the end of twelve years, this country will be obliged to build at the rate of two battle-ships each year. As for cruisers, we need only three more than those already authorized to bring our force up to the standard. We have also to bear in mind that the German Emperor contemplates the transmuting, or modernizing, of seventeen old battle-ships, and these, when the design is carried out, will give him fifty-five battle-ships.

The true policy of the country demands that the work of increasing our navy should be done, and the House seems ready to respond, moved thereby by recent proof of the necessity of a larger number of ships, and, consequently, of a greatly increased complement of men.

Senator Hale, the Senate's authority on naval affairs, alone apparently stands in the way. He holds that a large navy is a temptation to war. Without disputing the contention that this may be true of a needless large navy, it may be said that it has been proved that our own navy is insufficient, and no matter what temptation to aggression may be involved in a sufficient navy, a sufficient navy is absolutely necessary.

It is probable that Senator Hale's objection may be overcome, but meanwhile he is the only formidable obstacle in the way of the increase of our sea power.



W. L. Moody
Secretary of the Navy

for coast defence. In the end, therefore, when all the ships now in process of constructing are completed, we shall have twenty-three first-class war-ships, three of which at least are rapidly growing obsolete. Against our fourteen battle-ships, nine only in commission, the German Emperor has ten in commission and seven building. Besides his seventeen first-class battle-ships, he has four second-class battle-ships, reconstructed in 1902, and will soon have three armored cruisers.

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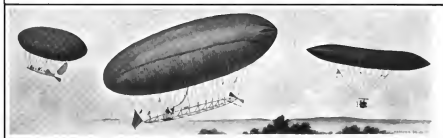
It is probable that Senator Hale's objection may be overcome, but meanwhile he is the only formidable obstacle in the way of the increase of our sea power.



A CHARGE OF THE MOORS ON FEZ

The rebellion against the Sultan of Morocco, now apparently smothered for the time, came to a climax when Bakhara, the Pretender, stormed the city of Fez. During these fights the frenzied followers of Bakhara drove the Sultan's force before them into the city.

Progress Through the Sky



Types of Present-day Flying-machines
Showing the models as perfected by Santos-Dumont, Spencer, and others

THE interest in so-called "flying machines," which became general when Santos-Dumont nearly two years ago sailed around the Eiffel Tower from St.-Cloud, five miles away, was increased a few days ago when it was announced that Alexander Graham Bell, known as the inventor of the telephone, had hit upon what he considered to be the correct theory, or what approaches the correct theory, upon which to build them. The basis of Professor Bell's experiments, he announced, was the tethered kite. It was the extension of what is known as the aeroplan system.

The Santos-Dumont air-ships have not been regarded by scientific men as strictly flying-machines. The reason is that they use gas to make them lighter than the air. They are really dirigible balloons, and they represent no new principle, but rather a perfection of details in the management of balloon navigation in the air. The flying-machine seems to have passed that stage. As long ago as 1883, two French army officers on a perfectly still day made a journey of nearly ten miles at Meudon. Santos-Dumont's machine sails in a moderate breeze. The gas raises it, and a small propeller pushes it on. The up or down direction is obtained through a sliding adjustment of weights.

What is needed is a machine that is heavier than air, and that will fly by means of an engine which it carries. Any machine raised by gas, it is declared, never can be satisfactory. The man regarded generally as foremost in trying to solve aerial navigation is Professor Samuel P. Langley, secretary of the Smithsonian Institution. In 1890 he built an aeroplane that flew half a mile upward over the Potomac River. He had no means of controlling the

steam in his little engine, and when the power gave out it slowly settled to the ground, showing its practical safety. It was 1000 times heavier than the atmosphere. It had a speed of twenty miles an hour.

Professor Bell at that time pronounced it the most satisfactory of all the attempts to fly in the air. Professor Langley took the common turkey-buzzard as a model for his experiments. That bird is much heavier than the air, and it soars and sails and tares with scarcely a motion of its wings when once it gets going.

Professor Bell's new experiments, which he made for several months last year at his summer home on Cape Hatteras Island, were based on the kite theory. He held that a kite is simply a flying machine tethered to the ground.

His theory was that "a properly constructed flying-machine should be capable of being flown as a kite, if anchored to the ground; and that, conversely, a properly constructed kite should be capable of use as a flying-machine if provided with suitable means of propulsion."

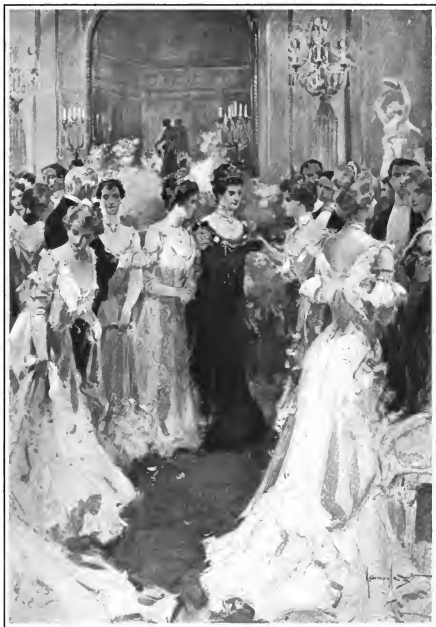
Professor Bell has as yet built no such machine. His theory means that when his machine appears, if it does appear, it will be a kite with a machine on it that will be able to raise it and to keep it poised in the air. The problem of making it go forward or back or to turn has already been solved by Professor Langley and by the larger numbers of those who have propelled balloons successfully through the air. All this would seem to signify that the balloon stage of flying-machines has been, or soon will be, passed, and that its place will be filled by aeroplane machines.



Mr. Spencer at Work on his new Flying-machine
Mr. Spencer recently made the tour of London in his kite, starting from the Crystal Palace



Types of the new Aeroplane Machines designed by Langley and Maxim
According to the best scientific opinion, the future progress in machine-flying will be made along these lines



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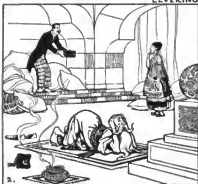
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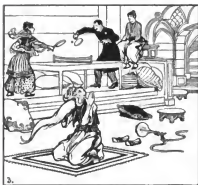
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1. *O Muley Hassan, that our Sultan is truly thy brother, now I doubt it! Observe him now in the checkered pants of the unbeliever!*



2. *And even see, O son of the true prophet, he snaphooteth all things—against the commandment of graven images.*



3. *O Agerb! Ben Ali! In the mosque of our fore-fathers! Ping-Pong!*



4. *Do my lovely orbs see aright? Are those the accursed wheels of progress?*



5. *Lost! Lost! At last, by the beard of Akbar, doeth he tribute to but one wife!*



6. *If this be a dream, let me slumber—For thou art the true son, and the other the pretender.*



Colonel Jefferson Budd, U. S. V.

The Sultan

Henry Taming

GEORGE ADE'S "THE SULTAN OF SULU," AT WALLACK'S

Act II.—"Ki-Ram & Co., L'd, Matrimonial Agents. Husbands and Wives supplied while You Wait"

The Sultan (Frank Moulton), imprisoned for non-payment of alimony, tries to marry his favorite wife, Chicago (Miss Quinlan), to Colonel Jefferson Budd, U. S. V. (Mr. Mandelville)

An American Invader of London

UP to two years and a half ago the so-called American invasion of London was largely social in character. English lion-hunters had made much of our eminent men and our attractive women. There was nothing too good, to use a forceful expression, for our statesmen, our men of finance, our painters, our authors; and as for the American girl—well, she seemed to sweep everything before her. Americans were so bright, the English said. Great Britain had discovered an enemy.

Then came the business invasion. We sold millions of dollars' worth of steel in the English markets in competition with their own manufacturers. We worked a mighty change in the money-market of London, buying back our own securities, and even going so far as to float an English loan in the New York market. Then

sistently usually displayed in carrying on large railroad operations at home, but has stirred up a strife characteristic of similar enterprises in this country. Mr. Yerkes and his associates have not only had to overcome English conservatism in the matter of improvements, but have had to fight another American company striving for the same ends. The contest is not yet ended, but will be fought out this winter in Parliament. The Yerkes company is known as the Underground Electric Railways Company. It has this advantage in the controversy in the development of underground railways of London, that it is already engaged in the work. The rival company is fighting for its existence before Parliament.

Mr. Yerkes first got control, for about \$500,000, of an English



Charles T. Yerkes

Who has organized a company to control an important part of London's transportation

another important factor appeared in London's business life. We undertook to improve the transit facilities of the town, which for years had been in a most crude and inadequate condition, by building underground electric railroads for them.

The leader and pioneer in this great enterprise was Charles Tyson Yerkes, formerly of Philadelphia and Chicago, but later of New York, a typical American in those business qualities which the English had come to admire. He is now engaged in building four underground railroads for London, with a combined trackage of fifty miles, and is also equipping with electricity the well-known Metropolitan District Railway, known popularly as the London Underground, with a trackage of forty-eight miles. This involves a capital of more than \$125,000,000.

All this has not only required the elements of courage and per-

franchise for the Charing Cross, Euston, and Hampstead Underground Railway, a franchise that had gone begging, because the English severely knew what to do with it. Then he had to convince the English shareholders that his electric system was better than the Hungarian system toward which they were prejudiced. A board of arbitration settled it, and the English sense of fair play yielded to Mr. Yerkes. After that he got franchises for three other systems—franchises that cost nothing, because the English thought it would be a benefit to London, and were glad to give it to him. These franchises were for the Baker Street and Waterloo, Brompton and Piccadilly, and the Great Northern and Strand railways. Then he and his friends got control of the London Underground system. They formed them into one company, and arranged to make these parts of one great system.



Diagram of New York and New Jersey Trolley Tunnel



Working on the Tunnel in the Compressed-air Shaft



Entrance to One of the Air-locks

NEW YORK'S FIRST UNDER-RIVER TUNNEL

These pictures show the actual progress that is being made in the new tunnel. For an interesting article on the subject the reader is referred to page 111

A Painter of Famous People

MR. RICHARD HALL, whose exhibition of twenty portraits at the Knickerbocker Galleries is just now the most interesting small-picture show in New York, has been aptly termed a painter of famous men and women. Mr. Hall is a good draughtsman. His range is wide.

Of the women's portraits there is none without distinction. An air of good breeding surrounds them all, from the full-length por-

trait of the Duchesse d'Uzes, in coronet, sables and cloth-of-gold brocade, to the heads of young women known in New York society. The portrait of Mrs. Oliver Harriman, Jr., reproduced in this issue of the WEEKLY, is typical of the collection.

A full-length portrait of Mrs. R. S. Guggenheim is among the latest of the paintings shown, and is one of the most successful. The graceful pose, with one hand extended along the back of a chair on the arm of which a little girl is seated with her head

against her mother's breast; the study in texture of the lace dress; the background of tapestry in dull greens are all satisfying and all contributory to the charm of the well-poised head and gentle intellectual face.

Mr. Hall is nothing if not cosmopolitan. Born at Bjorneborg, in Finland, of a Russian mother and an English father, he spent his first years in London and his youth in Stockholm, where, as a



Duchesse de la Barbehouzelle

Mrs. Guggenheim and her Daughter

Mr. Richard Hall in his Studio

trait of the Duchesse d'Uzes, in coronet, sables and cloth-of-gold brocade, to the heads of young women known in New York society. The portrait of Mrs. Oliver Harriman, Jr., reproduced in this issue of the WEEKLY, is typical of the collection.

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student in the Beaux Arts, he won the Prix de Paris, which gave him three years of study under the best masters. An early salon picture, "La Classe Manuelle," showing an interior with a group of Berlin peasant girls knitting, was purchased by the government for the museum of Berlin, and was the beginning of the popularity which he has won to an unusual degree. In 1861 he filled a Paris gallery with portraits that have given him great vogue among persons able to command his work.

HARPER'S WEEKLY

JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

Editorial section for the week ending January 17, 1903

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COMMENT

At the hour when we write, the arrangements for the submission of the Venezuela dispute to The Hague tribunal have not been completed, although there seems to be no doubt that the controversy will be ultimately disposed of in this way. Some delay has been caused by President Castro's reply to our proposal that the international court at The Hague shall be substituted for the President of the United States in the rôle of arbitrator, a proposal to which the European powers concerned have assented. It turns out that, in his reply, President Castro suggested that, if Mr. Roosevelt should be unwilling to act, Venezuela would prefer to entrust some South-American state with the arbitrating function. As all the Latin-American states are indebted more or less heavily to the subjects of European powers, and may find themselves at any time in the position now occupied by Venezuela, they are obviously disqualified for rendering a disinterested judgment in the case. Moreover, in almost all of the Latin-American states—Mexico is an exception—the so-called Calvo doctrine is generally accepted. We need not say that the Calvo doctrine goes much farther than the Monroe doctrine has ever yet been carried by any of its exponents. Señor Calvo pointed out that the alleged right of European powers to enforce by arms the payment of debts claimed to be due to their subjects was exercised against weak states, but not against strong ones. He recalled the fact that when Pennsylvania, and subsequently Mississippi, repudiated bonds which had become the property of British subjects, Great Britain never dreamed of compelling the payment of those bonds by military and naval measures aimed at the United States. Their subjects were relegated to such remedies as should be attainable through the United States courts.

Now why, asks Señor Calvo, should not the same rule of conduct be applied to the Latin-American republics? Foreign creditors have invested money in those commonwealths with their eyes wide open to the risks incurred, and they have insured themselves against such risks by high rates of interest. Why should they not be bound by the maxim *causam empor,*

and, for the recovery of alleged debts, be limited to such remedies as they can obtain from the courts of the country in which their debtors reside? There is manifestly something to be said in the forum of ethics for the Calvo doctrine, which simply asserts that European powers have no more moral right to coerce a weak South-American commonwealth than they have to attempt a coercion of the United States. A European publicist would answer that England did have a moral right to attempt the coercion of the United States when Pennsylvania and Mississippi defaulted on their bonds, but that she deemed the exercise of the right inexpedient. Russia has a moral right to compel Turkey to pay the arrears of the indemnity imposed upon the latter power by the Berlin Treaty; Russia, however, deems it inexpedient to exercise the right. The situation, then, is this, that while the principle embodied in the Calvo doctrine is regarded as just by almost all South-American states, it has never been recognized by any European power. It was therefore not to be expected that other Great Britain, Germany, or Italy would consent to refer their claims against Venezuela to the arbitration of a South-American republic which is itself indebted to European creditors, and which, by its adoption of the Calvo doctrine, would be disposed to hold that the three powers named should be sought remedies in the Venezuelan courts. Under the circumstances, we opine that President Castro's proposal was put forward not with any hope that it would be accepted, but in order to "save his face" in the eyes of his fellow-countrymen. We have no doubt that, having made this purely perfunctory move, he will acquiesce in our suggestion that the claims of the allied powers shall be referred to The Hague tribunal. We believe, also, that an agreement concerning certain preliminary points will be promptly reached. Germany has withdrawn her demand for an apology, which would simply have humiliated Castro, and it looks as if American bankers would furnish the relatively small sums of money an immediate payment of which in cash is required.

General Matos and the revolutionary leaders are profiting immensely by the Venezuelan blockade; indeed, a situation is rapidly developing there which the allies do not seem in the smallest degree to have foreseen, and which is likely to upset all their plans and calculations. What will it profit England and Germany to have incurred the expenses and evils of war with Venezuela, to have aroused hostility at home and abroad, to have awakened grave apprehensions in the United States—in a word, to have disturbed the whole balance of international life—if at last they are to find the Venezuelan government, in the person of President Castro, slipping like water through their fingers? What will it profit to have brought Venezuela to bay, and driven a hard bargain with the vanquished, if the vanquished is likely to go out of existence before the bargain can be carried out? Germany's move had a certain superficial smartness about it, but, viewed in the cold light of fact, it seems rather futile. What is the use of a mortgage on Venezuela's resources if Venezuela has no resources? What is the use of binding a government when that government is certain to melt out of existence? President Castro's position, between the rebels and the deep sea, is rapidly becoming impossible. The armistice between the government and revolutionist armies has been well and wisely used by the latter, and they have already gained three important victories over President Castro's forces. The defeat of General Modesta by the insurgent commander General Antonio Fernandez, at Guatire, was a particularly crushing blow; and the position of General Acosta, whose small hand of troops represents the government's last card, is more than

hazardous. Further, to add to the misfortune of these definite defeats, we must remember that President Castro's troops have for a long time been without pay, and are now even without rations; and, finally, we are assured that they are almost without ammunition,—a state of things which the blockade renders hopeless and irremediable. All this might and should have been foreseen by the allies; they should have foreseen that their victory over Castro would certainly defeat itself. Are we, then, left to the conclusion that if they had any luminous and resolute purpose at all, that purpose was to bring General Matos into power, hoping to make favorable terms with him, or, perhaps, having made a bargain with him beforehand?

The moment seems opportune for writing a kind of obituary notice for Cipriano Castro; his extinction as a political force, and perhaps as a personality, seems only a question of days. Looked at in the large, there is as much or as little tragedy in his rise and fall as in the soaring ambition and ruin of Macbeth. Castro is, indeed, tied to the stake, and must stand the course. For him, Birnam wood has come to Dunsinane, and life may well look to him an idiot's tale, full of sound and fury, signifying nothing. It is exactly the same story of great personal courage, a certain gift for large affairs, and a wholly unscrupulous and essentially immoral nature—a nature, that is, which quite fails to realize the rights and lives of others, and, therefore, incessantly violates those rights and sacrifices those lives. From a purely military point of view there was something to admire in the way he conducted his great attack on General Andrade three years ago. In this he shone far more brightly than Macbeth, though Macbeth was as good a soldier and as full of personal valor. At the head of nearly fifteen thousand troops, Castro swept down on Andrade at Caracas, having previously captured the city of Valencia, a strategic success of the first importance. Castro had a scouting party of three hundred Colombian cowboys in his army, playing much the same part that the Cossack irregulars play for the Russian forces. He had also, it is said, three hundred Amazons—in the Grecian, not the South-American, sense of the word—and he met Andrade in person, at the head of his army. Andrade's defeat was final and overwhelming, and no alternative was left to instant flight. Seiling away to Barbados, Andrade left a stinging message behind him, like a Parthian arrow: "I return you the navy; you may need it yourself before long." That was the navy so ignominiously sunk by Germany, just as she had previously sunk Haiti's *Cribs-à-Pierrot*. In spite of this fine and martial beginning, Castro made no worthy use of his three years of power. He built nothing, constructed nothing, created nothing but international quarrels, enriched no one but himself and his ballet-dancers. And now the wheel has turned, and ruin stares him in the face.

Has Venezuela anything better to hope, should the revolution, moving quicker than the allies, put a sudden end to Castro, and lift General Matos to power? This is something which, so far, we cannot tell. The gifts of the successful soldier, especially those needed in the half-guerrilla warfare that makes up so much of Latin America's fighting, are so widely different from those of the sound and successful administrator, and so rarely united with them in the same person. President Porfirio Diaz of Mexico is the one conspicuous example in Spanish America, and the type is so rare that we have to go to Napoleon and Julius Caesar for conspicuous instances. The successful soldier must dominate others, subordinating their genius to his own; the successful builder of states must, on the contrary, renounce the desire to dominate, and devote himself to drawing out the powers and divining the genius of others, who must, each in his own department, be trusted with individual and independent building. All we know of General Matos promises well; and we may at least hope that he has something of the two-sided genius that the nascent Latin-American states so urgently need. He at least is a man of great individual power and influence; one whose own fortune, the largest in Venezuela, was, before the war, estimated at six million dollars. Of this he has spent a third, perhaps a half, in organizing the campaign against Castro, who is, in his eyes, a mere adventurer and usurper, using power to the country's unmeasured detriment, and for sordid and corrupt personal ends. Though Gen-

eral Matos is now prominent as a soldier, he really gained renown and power in the victories of civil life, not only as a cabinet minister, but even more as a great merchant prince and man of affairs. He is said, like St. George of Cappadocia, England's patron saint, to have grown wealthy by army contracts; he was the head of a large commission-house in Caracas, with branches in the United States and Europe, and has thus gained the sense of international credit and international responsibility. He had also large interests in the two chief Venezuelan banks, and owned great coffee and cocoa plantations. All these great interests he has endangered in his campaign against Castro, in which his avowed motives were pure, honorable, and patriotic. General Matos at least deserves success.

To obtain an adequate idea of the impelling motives of Germany in the Venezuelan affair, it is profitable to study the official German diplomatic reports. It is, for instance, found that on August 17, 1900, the then German minister resident at Caracas, Dr. Schmidt-Leds, expressed himself to the Foreign Office in Berlin as follows:

Force is the only thing that will bring Venezuela to terms. . . . To seize and hold for a sufficient time to obtain desired results one or more of the principal harbors, and to make, under our administration, custom receipts pay delinquencies, would be eminently feasible (in hohen Grade durchführbar).

This report was endorsed and fully supported by the German consuls in Ciudad Bolivar (L. Brockmann), in La Guayra (Albert Lentz), in Maracaibo (F. E. von Jess), in San Cristobal (Paul Gersticker), and in Valencia (Theodor Goswisch). As late as October 2 last, Herr von Pilgrim-Baltazzi, the German chargé d'affaires at Caracas, reported to his government:

President Castro will not be open to conviction except by forcible measures. . . . A joint action with Great Britain would, of course, in a certain sense and to a certain extent, be preferable to isolated action. . . . But equivalents and compensations would have to be insisted upon most rigidly, despite the probable protests of United States Minister Bowen and his government at Washington. . . . The blockade, to insure effect, must be of sufficient duration. Whatever ports or inland towns the German government, or the allied British, or both jointly, would have to hold, must be held long enough to make a deep and lasting impression on the Venezuelan government and public opinion alike.

Evidently the programme as outlined by the German representative in Caracas at that time was somewhat modified later on, owing to British influences. It would be a task repaying the trouble to search the official German diplomatic records coming from the other South and Central American countries. There might very likely be similar surprises in store, showing the real animus of the Berlin government in its dealings with these countries.

By official promulgation the German new tariff has now become law, although the date of taking effect is not yet fixed. Its inception was chiefly due to peculiar internal conditions. The bill as framed by the imperial government answered in a measure the enormous demands for higher protection made by the Agrarian party in Germany, and in a smaller degree similar demands put forth by German industry, stampeded by the panic which seized upon them on the dangerous invasion of American manufactures in their home market. The bill has been greatly altered in the Reichstag, the Agrarian majority increasing duties, especially those on American products, until on many American articles they may fairly be termed prohibitive. The duty on maize, for example, has been raised from sixteen to fifty marks (four to twelve dollars) per ton, meaning an extra impost of about \$12,000,000 per annum on this one item of American import. And other articles in proportion: American bicycles, shoes, tools, sewing-machines, etc., would be virtually barred hereafter. American cereals, meats, lard, bacon, petroleum, though the German consumer and German industry cannot get along without them, will now be much higher in the empire, due to excessive duties. All this is a suicidal policy, to which Count von Billow, if he were a real statesman, ought never to have acceded, for, with the necessities of life heightened in price, and with the rawstuffs for German industry rendered dearer, competition with this country will simply become harder. But the Agrarians in Germany have their hour of triumph, and the Kaiser, his chancellor, and the al-

lied sovereigns as represented in the Bundesrath have submitted to Agrarian domination for reasons of internal political expediency. There is, however, a new general election approaching, and five months hence the electors may declare their disapproval of imperial methods which sacrifice prime needs of the masses for the sake of retaining the political abhorrence of the influential land-holding aristocracy. The manner in which this amended tariff bill was passed proved the temporary or permanent collapse of German parliamentarism. The constitutional rights of the Liberal minority were overridden roughshod, and a bill comprising 946 paragraphs was passed as a whole and without any debate whatever—an unprecedented thing in the parliamentary history of any nation. The new tariff law, however, while largely due to exceptional internal conditions, cannot fail to produce far-reaching alterations in the foreign relations of the young empire. The signs in that respect are portentous.

Our commercial relations with Germany have been growingly important and profitable. All the more reason why we cannot afford to remain idle and indifferent spectators in the case of a tariff law whose effects will gravely disturb these conditions. In 1886 this country sent but \$25,500,000 worth of goods to Germany. In 1900 we sent an even \$250,000,000 worth to the empire, or seventeen per cent. of our total exports, while we bought but nine per cent. of Germany's exports. Within fourteen years the volume of our exports to Germany had increased tenfold—a far larger ratio of increase than was scored by us with any other important country. And in the column of these American commodities sent to Germany industrial products of every kind have taken a more and more conspicuous place. Under the old tariff conditions we could confidently count on holding and even increasing this supremacy in exports. The new law was avowedly framed with special reference to trade conditions with the United States. It hits us far harder than any other single customer of Germany. Now the German government, in reply to remonstrances from this side, makes answer that a new commercial treaty between the two countries would remove these objections, wholly or in part. At present the old commercial treaty of 1828, concluded between the United States and Prussia, is still in force. Negotiations for a new treaty, more in accord with actual conditions, have been going on, at both Washington and Berlin, for about five years, but in a desultory and rather feeble way. Germany was the party most anxious to conclude a new treaty, and this for obvious reasons. For the old treaty is, under prevailing conditions, more favorable to American than to German trade. The new German tariff, virtually—though not formally—discriminating seriously against this country, furnishes the German government with an apparently formidable weapon wherewith to force our hand and urge us into a new commercial treaty. But the weapon is only in appearance formidable. For Germany cannot do without those American products which form the staples of our exports to her shores, viz., cotton, meat, preserves, cereals, petroleum, copper, which altogether form about seventy per cent. of what Germany buys of us. At least she cannot exclude them without inflicting serious injury to herself. But the German exports to this country, of which the principal ones are beet sugar, textiles, chemicals, chinaware, toys, could be spared without great harm. Certainly, none of her exports are indispensable in the sense in which American exports to Germany are. Hence, too, the chief weakness in Germany's tariff attitude toward us. And a tariff war would have to be fought out by Germany on precisely the same footing of inequality. It would be fraught with immeasurably greater injury to her than to us. Nevertheless, it remains true that the new German tariff will greatly disturb our commercial relations with Germany.

Events seem likely to offer President Roosevelt a second opportunity of promoting the peace of the world. With the exception of the United States, all of the powers interested in the indemnity to be paid by China for the Honer outrages have refused to accept the payment of the second instalment of the indemnity in silver, and have notified the Peking government that a failure to pay in gold will have grave consequences. Now the indemnity imposed was notoriously exorbitant, and, since the signing of the protocol by which it was fixed, it would if payable in gold be swollen by nearly twenty per cent.,

owing to the continued fall in the value of silver. Our State Department did what it could to curtail the indemnity in the first instance, and has now consented to accept the second instalment in silver, being unwilling to play the part of a harsh and inexorable creditor toward a weak and impoverished country. It seems to be a suitable question for submission to the Hague tribunal, whether, at the time when the protocol was signed, it was not understood by all the parties that, while the indemnity should be nominally payable in gold, yet, as China has no gold, the Haikwan taol should be accepted as of the value which it possessed at that date. The value of the Haikwan taol, as we have said, is now lower by nearly a fifth than it was then. It seems unreasonable to insist that China shall bear the whole burden of the recent and unexpected depreciation in the value of the white metal. We incline to think that, if Mr. Roosevelt should propose a reference of the matter to the Hague tribunal, the proposal would be accepted by those signatory powers which really desired to avert a further dismemberment of China's territory, to wit, Great Britain and Japan. If the assent of the two powers named could be procured, the other signatories would have to follow suit, for they would perceive that China could no longer be treated in a high-handed way. An invitation to arbitrate presented under such circumstances would be equivalent to a command. Unmistakable would be the presence of an iron hand behind the velvet glove, for the combined naval forces of Russia, France, and Germany would be powerless to cope in the Far East with those of Great Britain, Japan, and the United States. If the present Anglo-Japanese alliance had existed eight years ago, Japan could never have been coerced by Russia, France, and Germany into a retrocession of the Liaoning peninsula.

The second instalment (\$406,002) of the Chinese indemnity fund has been paid to our government. The first instalment, paid July 1, 1902, was nearly all used in settlement of missionary claims for damages done by the Boxers. The State Department paid twenty-five per cent. of each large claim. A Washington correspondent of the New York Times is authority for the report that the State Department's commission which deals with these claims considers that many of them are excessive, and has cut them down. In one case a claim of \$250,000 for mission property destroyed was cut down to \$100,000, on the strength of reliable affidavits that that was a liberal estimate of the property's value. Claims of missionaries for personal losses seem to have been liberally allowed, but the Department is said to consider that the commission's estimate of the value of lives taken by the Boxers is too low. The commission seems to have assumed that a murdered missionary, fifty years old, would be capable of ten years' work at \$400 a year, and should be valued at \$4000, which is very much less than an American railroad would have to pay for killing him. The report of the proceedings of the commission, which has the settlement of all these claims in hand, is likely to make interesting reading.

An article in the December *American*, by Mr. Francis H. Nichols, dealt with what seems to be unusual intelligence with certain defects in the methods used by American and British missionaries to Christianize the Chinese. Mr. Nichols holds that the rigidity of the great system of ethics which Confucius devised for China is the chief cause of Chinese unprogressiveness. Confucius tried to provide for everything. Mr. Nichols finds his chart more nearly perfect than any that modern altruism has ever devised, but it has limited the very civilization which it has preserved. Chinese civilization, in Mr. Nichols's opinion, "cannot and will not go forward until it recognizes a soul, until it has ideals that are not eternal made, until it seeks a country that is not like Shensi, eternal on earth, but 'eternal in the heavens.'" Accordingly, Mr. Nichols considers that China needs Christianity far more than she needs anything else. She is not getting it nearly fast enough to suit him, and he puts the blame for this defect upon the methods of the missionaries, and their attitude towards everything Chinese.

Of the missionaries as individuals he speaks most handsomely, scoffing at the charges that they looted, denying that they are inferior men who live in luxury. They are brave, honorable and devoted, he says. Their faults are all of the

head, not of the heart. Their mistake, as he sees it, is that they have made the Chinese hate Christianity, and with good reason. They regard the Chinese as heathen through and through. They abominate all Chinese sentiments and customs, whether necessarily incompatible with Christian beliefs or not. They teach their converts to despise their own country, so that a Christianized Chinaman is necessarily denationalized. The Chinese are not liberal in religious matters. Mohammedans and Buddhists live peaceably among them, and worship and make converts without molestation. They hate the Christians because the Christians make themselves hateful. The missionary exports to be hated and doesn't mind it. He considers it part of his day's work. Mr. Nichols thinks he is too comprehensive in his hostilities and condemnations, too inconsiderate, too little appreciative of the strength and wisdom of the civilization that confronts him. Critics are very like these were made some years ago by Mr. E. H. House, as the result of extended observation of missionary methods in Japan, but Mr. Nichols is a more friendly critic than Mr. House was. The American Board could not ask for conviction more positive than his that China, which needs so much, needs Christianity more than anything else. Americans, who are on the whole her best friends among the nations, cannot but hope that it may be more wisely and successfully commended to her acceptance in the future than in the past.

The Panama Canal treaty is passing through the stage which Adam Smith used to call "the haggling of the market." There seems to be no formidable obstacle in the way of the early conclusion of the treaty, but the question of price, and while Colombia is asking a pretty high figure, the administration recognizes the fact that Colombia has a pretty good article to sell, and is willing to trade on a basis of "reasonable liberality." Colombia says her lowest price is an annuity of \$650,000, equivalent to several billions of Colombian money at the present rate of exchange. She makes up this somewhat formidable total in the following way: The canal, she says, will put the Panama Railroad out of business, and the Panama Railroad brings in \$240,000 a year. Then there are the harbor dues at the two terminal ports of Colon and Panama, and these must be relinquished to the United States, if we build the canal, and collect all tolls, lightship dues, and so forth. Now the harbor dues of Panama and Colon amount, says Sister Colombia, to \$400,000 a year, and apparently \$10,000 more is thrown in for luck. To this plea the administration has returned a soft answer, qualified by a secret determination to look up the accounts of these harbor dues and of that trans-isthmian railroad, to see if they were really in such a condition of blooming prosperity, and to ascertain how far Sister Colombia is stretching it. We may reasonably infer that the Colombians are tumbling over themselves with eagerness to get their hands on any such sum, which, in their present financial straits, represents the wealth of Aladdin's cave; but they recognize that they will only have one chance to trade in isthmian canals, and they are determined to make the most of it. But time presses, and they cannot linger much longer.

The President wishes the canal question to be decided during the present session, and is not disposed to give Colombia more than two or three weeks more to waver. Failing a decision, he is authorized to turn to Nicaragua, which fair land will then be in a position to hold out for even higher terms, knowing that her only competitor has already been dished.

That distinguished Englishman, Mr. Sidney Lee, has just been at our pains to explain to what degree his Most Gracious Majesty, King Edward VII, is a necessity in affairs of state. His sensible object is to divert from his Majesty some of the odium of England's alliance "with Goth and with Hun," as Mr. Kipling expresses it in his picturesque inaccurate way,—saying that the Goths are Swedes, the Huns, Hungarians, and the Germans neither her one nor the other. But for causing purposes that is all the same. Mr. Sidney Lee tells us that his Majesty's well-known love for Nephew Willy had nothing to do with the appearance of the English and German allied fleets off the coasts of Venezuela; that that love is merely a beautiful idyllic fact, but cuts no ice in practical politics. His reason is a poor one. He says Uncle Edward did not interfere, because Uncle Edward would not be allowed to interfere; because the divinity that doth hedge

a prime minister is a far more formidable thing than the divinity that doth hedge a king. He tells us that it would be Mr. Balfour's business to snub Uncle Edward if Uncle Edward got gay with the ministerial prerogative; Uncle Edward would promptly be asked to go "way back and sit down." Of course we do not attribute these flowers of rhetorical beauty to Mr. Lee. They are our own. His style is altogether different. The way he phrases it is this: "In accordance with admitted custom, the minister invariably treats the criticisms of the sovereign as unauthoritative suggestions, and is entitled to ignore them altogether, without in any way prejudicing his relations with the sovereign, who is debarred from offering formal advice on any political question." The sovereign, when he expresses his views even informally, must put them in a tentative, interrogative form, "which barely raises them above the level of an irresponsible suggestion." We wonder, after reading this, what Uncle Edward has done to Mr. Sidney Lee. We hope his Majesty will take warning, and not do it again. For Mr. Lee will surely confiscate the crown and crystal ball at the second offence, and at the third execute his Majesty on Tower Hill. Our private opinion is that Mr. Lee is stretching it. We ourselves always value Uncle Edward's criticisms.

Premier Balfour's holidays were somewhat marred, and the ministerial nervous system was somewhat jarred, by the announcement of yet another Liberal victory. This time the winner is Mr. Charles Rose, and the seat is Newmarket, which generally suggests winners with more legs than the present one. Mr. Rose will be remembered in this country as the successor of Lord Danraven, and the predecessor of Sir Tommy Lipton, a challenger for the America's cup. He backed out of the contest of 1896, however, alleging as his reason that his action was taken as a criticism of the ill-starred nobleman who had let his temper so badly in the preceding year. Mr. Rose is, in other regions, an all-round sport, and has for eleven years been a member of the Jockey Club, so that his representing Newmarket in Parliament is obviously appropriate. All of which will bring small harm to the feelings of our Premier Balfour, or Secretary Chamberlain, who is now waving his palm branch over Pretoria, and secretly berating the Lord Commissioner.

The situation in Morocco is growing painfully like that in Venezuela, and a change of dynasty there is impending, unless it has already taken place. We advise the pretender and the Sultan—who by this time may have changed hats—to kiss and make friends at the earliest opportunity, as the battleships of the great powers are pointing their prows towards Morocco in a way which has only one meaning and one outcome to turbulent minor powers. There is no Monroe doctrine in Africa, and the Grand Turk, who is nominal suzerain, has troubles of his own, and is in no position to interfere. Mulei Abdul Aziz, the young Sultan, who by this time may be writing his name Abdul Acwas, seems quite a nice boy, with a Georgian moustache, and a taste for bicycles, autos, kodaks, and health foods, just like any other properly-minded and alert young person. But he seems to be a poor hand with machine-guns and insurance-suppressing machinery generally, and if we ever made a bet we should back the pretender.

It now looks as if an opposition to the Cuba reciprocity treaty would be offered by Senators from the beet-sugar States. If the treaty fails to receive the necessary two-thirds vote—which seems improbable—it will be because extreme protectionists are unwilling to sanction any change in the Dingley tariff. Mr. Underwood, a Democratic Representative from Alabama, is an advocate of reciprocity with Cuba, but thinks that the President should have continued it as he began, and tried to secure it, not by treaty, but by legislation. He asserts that, because the proposed treaty will reduce customs duties, and, therefore, affect revenue, the assent of the House of Representatives is required, for the reason that, under the Federal Constitution, all revenue bills must originate in that Chamber. He admits that, by the McKinley law and the Dingley law, the House of Representatives conceded to the treaty-making power the right to reduce customs duties, but he points out that the McKinley law was repealed years ago, and that the Dingley law limited the number of years during which this power could be exercised and that those

years have now expired. Mr. Underwood's mistake lies in his assumption that the power of the Executive, supported by two-thirds of the Senate, to make commercial treaties modifying duties, and therefore affecting revenues, is derived exclusively from the reciprocity clauses of the McKinley and Dingley acts, which, as he says, are no longer operative. Whether the power to make treaties which is vested by the Constitution in the Executive and two-thirds of the Senate includes the power to make commercial treaties is a question that was raised more than a hundred years ago, in Washington's second administration, when the Jay treaty with Great Britain was submitted to the Upper House of the Federal Legislature. The Senate then answered, and has since repeatedly answered, the question in the affirmative, and the correctness of its position has been repeatedly confirmed by the United States Supreme Court. The constitutionality, therefore, of such a reciprocity treaty as the President has signed with Cuba must be regarded as *res adjudicata*.

The intention of Senator Hoar's anti-trust bill is drastic and oppressive, but it really means nothing more than the President's message meant. If it were enacted into law, and could be enforced, it would practically put an end to inter-State commerce by corporations. It is, in purpose at least, a vicious measure, and it would be so in reality if it were enforceable, as it probably is not. It begins by making the Attorney-General the absolute master of inter-State and foreign commerce, including in its field of jurisdiction manufacturing corporations as well as inter-State railroads. This feature of the measure is an attempt to put into effect the suggestion of Attorney-General Knox's Pittsburg speech, and is clearly open to constitutional objection and to moral criticism. So far as the publicity provided for is concerned, it is an extension to the general public of the knowledge to which shareholders now have a right. Besides this, the Attorney-General is to be given the power to compel any company carrying on inter-State commerce to exhibit at any time its contracts and transactions for twelve months past, wherein it has carried articles for less than the ordinary rates or sold articles for less than the market price. No one objects, so far as we are aware, to the compulsion of quasi-public corporations, like railroads, to render services to all on the same terms; but if producers and manufacturers are to be held to market prices, trade will languish and will be restricted infinitely more than it has ever been by combinations. Sales for the purpose of killing competition are to be misdemeanors, and corporations violating, within the States of their creation, acts prohibited by this new bill, are to be forbidden from engaging in inter-State or foreign commerce. The officers and directors of such corporations are to be liable to fine and imprisonment for the part taken by them in authorizing the illegal acts of their several corporations. The main objection to the bill is that it provides for the unconstitutional invasion of the States by the Federal government. It is also a bill in restraint of trade by government. Furthermore, if enacted, it would be another unenforceable law on the statute-books. It is a bill to destroy a natural industrial and commercial development. If it were passed and enforced it would ruin every corporation engaged in inter-State and foreign trade, and would transform our present prosperity into ruin and bitter misery.

It was a difficult problem which was presented to President Roosevelt by the resignation of Mrs. Cox, a respectable colored woman, who for some six years has performed the duties of postmistress at Indianola, Mississippi, to the satisfaction of the Post-office Department. We call the problem a difficult one because the citizens of Indianola have as much right to enjoy postal facilities without interruption as have the citizens of any other town in the United States. On the other hand, under the Federal Constitution, as amended, Mrs. Cox has as much right as any other citizen to hold a Federal office, provided she does the official work honestly and efficiently. It is admitted that no complaints of malfeasance or incompetence have ever been made against her; it is also admitted that she has been driven to resign by threats and intimidation. Mr. Roosevelt has decided not to accept Mrs. Cox's resignation, and he apparently intends to go on paying her a salary, although she will have no work to do, since he has ordered that the post-office at Indianola shall be closed until a better feeling among the townspeople shall prevail.

Was there no other way of dealing with the matter? Might not the United States marshal of the district in which Indianola is situated have been instructed to protect Mrs. Cox in the discharge of her official functions? Was not the intimidation to which she was subjected an interference with the United States mail? If Mrs. Cox refused such protection, would not our Federal Executive have exhausted his duty in the premises? Then, again, by suppressing the post-office at Indianola, is not Mr. Roosevelt punishing innocent as well as guilty persons? Is it likely that any of the colored residents in that town took part in the intimidation of Mrs. Cox? Is it even likely that all of the white residents, male and female, were engaged in the discreditable business? Both these questions must be answered in the negative. It appears, then, that Mr. Roosevelt, by an order which has been too hastily applauded in certain quarters, has withheld postal facilities, to which they are legally entitled, from a considerable number of persons who are guiltless of any wrong. We apprehend that, on reflection, he will recall the order.

Owing to the strike in the anthracite-coal region and the consequent impossibility of accumulating the normal stock in advance during the last summer and autumn, the present supply of the combustible falls very much short of the demand. Under the circumstances, the retail dealers in many Eastern cities have felt themselves justified in discriminating in favor of their regular customers. That is to say, in the case of applicants who have not been regular customers, the dealers either refuse to sell any coal at all or exact higher prices. The victims of such discrimination consider themselves wronged, and some of them are going to find out whether the law provides no remedy. Certain residents of Washington have determined to raise the question in the courts. If the retail coal-dealer were a common carrier or an innkeeper, there would be no doubt about his duty at common law to serve all customers indiscriminately. But he is not a common carrier, because all the coal he carries is his own. He is not an innkeeper, because he does not offer food or shelter to man or beast. He is simply the vendor of a kind of fuel for which in former days, when the common law of England was evolved, there was no demand, and which only in recent times has come to be looked upon as necessary in parts of several countries. It is not absolutely necessary anywhere, since there are several substitutes for it. Apparently, at common law, a vendor of coal has as much right to sell to whom he pleases, and at what prices he chooses to designate, as has a vendor of bread or cloth. No-body doubts that the retail price of coal could be fixed in a given State by statute, as the price of food and clothing has been fixed at divers times in England. We shall await with lively curiosity the attempt to be made in the District of Columbia to compel all retail dealers to sell coal to all applicants at the same price. Suppose a dealer should see fit to go out of business sooner than submit to the dictation of courts in the two particulars named! Could he be constrained by a mandamus to continue his business? We apprehend that the coal-consumers at Washington will get no relief from the courts.

A Western newspaper summing up the year 1902 reaches the conclusion that in politics there are more problems than there has been achievement. This may do to go with the list of fifty unanswered but pressing questions in the domain of politics and social economies propounded by the Unitarian journal, the *Christian Register*, of Boston, with the declaration that it could easily ask fifty more. When one regards the subject intently he is apt to be staggered by the apparently endless supply of problems, and no less with the paucity of solutions. Occasionally it happens that a problem looks as if it were answered, when a nearer view discloses that what at first sight seemed an answer was only the proposal of a dozen new problems. Our fathers solved the problem of dependence upon Great Britain by setting up for themselves, but the problems they set a-going by that operation continue to this day, and they dance in perplexing mazes as far along the vista of the future as it is given to us to see. Watt solved the problem of transforming steam into power, and consider what he bequeathed to the world—railways with smash-ups and consolidations and differential tariffs and the inter-State Commerce Commission; factories with strikes and lockouts; and trusts and the protective tariff, and Congressmen who wish they could

tinker it, but who don't dare to. Gutenberg solved the problem of printing, and we have the problem of more new novels in a day than we can read in a year, not to speak of newspapers with six-o'clock editions issued at 11 A.M. New York solved the problem of Tammany—or thought it solved the problem—by resorting to fusion; and now it has the problems of both Tammany and Fusion. There is no such thing as getting ahead of the problems. The best we can do is to adopt the wise attitude of that philosopher who says that if it were not for the problems life would not be worth living.

It isn't the man who sells rum who makes trouble, but the man who drinks it. Provided the rum-seller sells the right kind of rum to the right kind of people, his business need not excite much complaint. It is with the man who drinks—drinks to his own detriment and the public inconvenience—that the public has a bone to pick. Heretofore, laws for the diminution of drunkenness have been concerned chiefly with the sellers of liquor. American liquor laws either prohibit or restrict rum-selling. Few of them aim at preventing or diminishing drunkenness by punishing the drunkard and depriving him of liquor. Few of them discriminate between qualified drinkers, and drinkers who are not qualified. The new British licensing act which went into operation on January 1 aims to make just that discrimination. Drunkenness heretofore has been comparatively pleasant for the drunkard, and very disagreeable for sober people. This new licensing act is designed to make drunkenness disagreeable to the drunkard. Heretofore it has been the glad and lawful privilege of a British subject to get drunk at any time and anywhere. The police could not touch him unless he was also disorderly. The new act regards drunkenness as itself a form of disorder, and provides that any one found drunk in a public place may be arrested, prosecuted, and punished. Three convictions within twelve months entitle the offender to be rated as an habitual drunkard. The prescribed treatment is to send him to prison for a month, photograph him while there, and to send a copy of his photograph to all the licensed liquor-sellers in his district, with a notice not to give or sell him any liquor for three years. That is called blacklisting the drunkard. If a publican is caught serving liquor to a black-listed man, it may cost him ten pounds for the first offence and twenty pounds for the next. That tends to make the rum-sellers careful whom they sell liquor to.

The new law has other important provisions. It provides that any one found drunk while in charge of a child shall be liable to a fine of two pounds or a month's imprisonment. It constitutes habitual drunkenness due cause for legal separation of husband from wife or wife from husband. Separations have already been granted under its provisions. It seems a drastic and effectual law, and the news despatches say that it has made a decided stir in London. If it can be enforced and its enforcement gives good results, it may become the pattern for new liquor legislation in this country. What is known of drunkenness in Great Britain suggests that its enforcement will be an enormous labor, but it is worth a vast deal of trouble to make drunkenness a dangerous pastime for the drunkard, and to make the sale of liquor to drunkards unprofitable to saloon-keepers. The post-exchange canteen system in our army, which was probably the least objectionable system for the sale of intoxicants ever employed in this country, embodied on a small scale the restrictions which this British law hopes to introduce on a large scale. It provided for the sale of beer in limited quantities to sober men only.

The understanding about army chaplains in our service has always been that if they earned a special reward, nothing should be done to impair their claim to collect the whole of it in the world to come. All army chaplains are and have been heretofore of the same rank, and neither faithful service nor any disclosure of heroism, devotion, or proficiency could win them the invitation to go up higher. There is now a bill before Congress to institute one higher grade, with rank corresponding to the rank of major, to which twelve or fifteen chaplains (one-fourth of the whole number) may be promoted. It seems a bill that ought to be passed. Clergymen in civil life win promotion, and get it. There is no good reason why army chaplains should be without the hope of a like reward. Many of them have admirable records. A reasonable promo-

tion when earned by efficient service is not only their due, but would help to keep in the service good and valuable men who are needed there, and to whom superior inducements are offered to resign and take positions in civil life.

Arguing that Latin is not yet played out, but still affords an unrivalled mental training, Mr. Andrew Lang cites America and Austria to testify on his side. The Americans, he says, are a practical people, devoid of a traditional prepossession in favor of the Roman language and literature, yet he finds that Latin is being more and more studied in the American secondary schools. In 1880 about 100,000 American school-boys were studying it. In 1900 more than 300,000 of them—one-half the whole number of scholars in our secondary schools—"are learning Latin in continuous courses of four or five years." He borrows these figures from an address of Professor Ramsay of Glasgow before the Scottish Classical Association. They mean, says Mr. Ramsay, "that the middle classes in America are finding out that the most fruitful, useful instrument for training the mind for ordinary commercial life is to be found in the Latin language." The testimony from Austria, also borrowed by Mr. Lang from Mr. Ramsay, is that of Dr. Bauer, the head of the chemical department of the Technical High School of Vienna, who maintained that his best students of chemistry come not from the "practical" but from the classical schools. Possibly the cleverer boys are sent to the classical schools, but certainly the boys from the classical schools (Gymnasien) beat the other (Realschulen) boys hands down at chemistry, cricket, or anything. So it was in Germany, where the superior merit of the classical schools is so well appreciated that they get three-fourths of the pupils. Out of 152,000 scholars in the secondary schools of Prussia in 1899, 119,700 took the classical courses. To learn Latin, says Mr. Lang, is to learn concentration of the mind. It is hard work, and progress in it can be tested almost as certainly and definitely as in mathematics.

The statistics of crime as set forth in a report made to Congress by Dr. Arthur MacDonald indicate that for thirty years past crime has been increasing in the world. In spite of the progress of education and the labors of philanthropy, mental and nervous diseases, suicide, insanity, juvenile crime, and pauperism are at present increasing faster than the population. This increase, due apparently to concentration of population and increased strain on the mental apparatus of mankind, does not necessarily imply that the world is growing worse, but merely that it is changing. An increase of crime may be an incident of a development that in the long-run will be salutary. Dr. MacDonald's report accompanies a bill to provide a laboratory for the study of the criminal, pauper, and defective classes, in the hope of discovering the microbe of crime and eliminating it. If Congress won't establish such a bureau, the Carnegie institution might consider it. Colonel Henry Watterson can probably be induced to give his valuable support to the bill for the proposed laboratory if it will specifically include the smart set among the defective classes to be studied.

Representative Fitzgerald of New York has introduced into Congress a bill making it illegal for any person engaged in trade to use, for advertising purposes, the name or picture of any living person without having first obtained the victim's consent in writing. The aim of the bill is righteous. It seems astonishing that there should be need of such a law, but there is. If the constitutional power of Congress to regulate commerce warrants such a law, let us have it. Living persons should certainly have the privilege of deciding whether their names and likenesses shall be used for advertising purposes or not. The law might even go farther and afford some protection to the recently dead.

If it is true, as a London despatch reports, that the Marconi Wireless Telegraph Company has concluded contracts for a daily service of news telegrams to a British steamer sailing between New York and Liverpool, then are the possibilities of rest on this earth prejudiced in an important detail. Heretofore it has been possible for persons who had worried or worked themselves to the verge of nervous prostration to go aboard a steamer in New York and be quit of all knowledge of current events for nearly a week. One of the chief blessings

of steamer life has been held to be that it was untried by newspapers. Stocks could go up or down, fire could consume or death invade, banks break, kings take sick, maidens elope, but the steamer passenger has been safe from all news of it until he got ashore. For a week he had enforced peace so far as the world ashore was concerned. But daily news despatches aboard a big steamer mean a daily newspaper, and a daily newspaper on one big steamer means daily newspapers on all big steamers, and that involves a serious impairment of the repose of steamer life. It seems a pity, but if the Marconi Company can carry out its contract there is no help for it. Where newspapers are obtainable people have to have them. They will be even more in demand aboard ship than ashore.

There are signs of an existing propensity to constrain the partial withdrawal of the word "sick" from the American language in favor of the word "ill." Newspapers in their headlines and elsewhere speak nowadays of "a very ill man." It used to be "a very sick man." Why the change? "An ill wind" is a satisfactory use of language, but "an ill man" grates on the ear, and sounds like an attempt to improve on a usage that had no perceptible defect. They say this new whim is a euphemism imported from England. A correspondent of a Boston paper disposes and disapproves it, protesting not only against the use of the unwarrantable adverb "illy," but against "the growing use of the word 'ill' in place of the homely word 'sick.'" This Boston protestant, quoting Webster, finds that Shakespeare with hardly an exception uses "ill" to mean mental, moral, or impersonal disorders. "Ill at ease," "ill-advised," "ill-bred," "ill fares," are all fit and familiar uses of a good and industrious little word that has plenty of legitimate work of its own to do, without being constrained to figure as a feeble substitute for "sick."

A dozen years ago Mr. Howells wrote, "There seems to be some solvent in New York life that reduces all men to a common level." The author of *A Hazard of New Fortunes* must have been vividly impressed by a social tendency, rather than an existing condition, for when he noted the operation of the solvent "that touches everybody with its potent magic," its process, as we recall, was not yet complete. It is now. But even a dozen years ago there were observable characters in New York. Now, not one; the identification of the different, as the chemists say, is now complete; each social plane is a plane, indeed, where no pleasing, or absurd, or fantastic differentiation exists to relieve the smug, dreary level. The tendency was manifest, as Mr. Howells pointed out for us, twelve or fifteen years ago, but there were then a number of well-known characters in several planes of society, who added to the gaiety of Manhattan life, or at least to the interest of the looker-on. One made us merry by solemn assurance that there were exactly so many—no more, no less—men and women whose names could (or was it "should") be found on an approved invitation list. Another undertook with notable success to determine for us all what was proper and appropriate each hour of the day for man to wear, and was delightfully naive in conferring that boon. A third taught the rising generation, by precept and example, vegetarianism and gentle manners. A fourth bode us to be bold, and hold and practise with him the truth that happiness depended on a nice judgment in the preparation of terrapin. A fifth—rest his soul!—proved that neither the art nor the charm of Munchausen had departed. And there were others.

But they are gone, all; some from this life, some merely resolved to that common level that the Marches—was it Basil, or Isabel—gently deplored. The kindly shade of Madison Square, the Bowers, the corridors of the fashionable hotel, the bow-window of the clubs, the Patriarchs' Ball, no place that knew them knows them, nor any successor, now. Why? Would we withhold appreciation, even attention, from any man so bold as to arise from the "common level" and display an eccentricity of manner, dress, speech, view, taste, judgment, pastime; or who should invite his soul otherwise than the common level invites its soul; or who should comport himself with less—or even more—conventionality than the common level? It is sad.

Medical legislation has recently made great progress, not only so far as it pertains to questions of public health, properly, but also as it concerns the control of those studying medicine and entering upon the practice of medicine. With the establishment of medical State boards, a great step in advance has been made. It is only natural that in the course of time acts to regulate the medical practice became more stringent, and that this tendency will continue. Lately a movement has been revived which is well apt to further the cause of higher medical education, perhaps more than any other measure which has yet been undertaken, namely, the movement toward inter-State reciprocity for the license to practise medicine. This will lead in the course of time to uniform medical legislation. National legislation in the matter is out of the question at present. The necessity for such a movement can be understood when we consider that at present a physician who is allowed to practise in one State is not admitted to practise in another unless he has passed a new examination. In many instances this discrimination is eminently just, on account of the fact that the newcomer does not reach the medical standard of the State of his new choice. On the other hand, some medically weak States do not allow licensees of medically strong States to practise within their jurisdiction without a new examination, because the medically stronger States discriminate against them. The very simple question which every citizen can ask himself, "Why are physicians to whom our State gives the license to treat me, my wife, and my children not allowed to practise in the neighboring State?" should convince anybody of the importance of the movement which tries to establish sound conditions. In a homogeneous country the same medical laws should prevail everywhere, and the same high standard of medical education should exist in every political division.

Lucky Nantucket!—but, as to that, Nantucket always was lucky! Read this business announcement:

CHARLES HENRY WEBB,

Dealer in

Soft and Hituminous Verses

and

Hard and Humorous Coal.

Nantucket.

Swin's Wharf.

The literature of the enterprise also includes a bill-head carrying the information that the Amateur Coal Company, with an office at the head of Swin's Wharf, is prepared to furnish coal for "cash or approved verses." Of this company Charles Henry Webb is President and Literary Adviser, and Frederick Coffin Ayers is Secretary and Showeller, while trade in anthracite and anaerotics is reputed as flourishing. Reduced to plain facts, the case is that Mr. Webb, finding Nantucket on the verge of a coal famine, with no prospect of relief, interceded—whether in prose or in verse is not recorded—with a person of influence in the trade, and to such good purpose that the islanders are far from being reduced to the necessity of picking up driftwood on the South Side. Now all the rest of the New England coast is searching for poets who have palls with the coal potestates, while the Nantucketers are more than ever in the frame of mind of Good Skipper Obel, celebrated in verse by Mr. Webb himself as one "whose heaven's Sonnet was, and Shod but a shod."

In the good old days when Presidents were elected by New York, New Jersey, Connecticut, and Indiana, the Western member of the group, for reasons of political geography, received much more than its fair share of recognition, and big men of the Headricks type logically grew up to fill the big places awaiting them. Of these the latest and greatest was Mr. Harrison. Since his day the remainder of the country has taken a hand in making Presidents, and Indiana has been less conspicuous. She is now, however, producing an exceptionally fine new crop of smart fellows like Terkington and Aho in literature, and Beveridge, whose portrait we print herewith, in politics. It is a fine thing to represent a great State in the Federal Senate at thirty-seven, but Mr. Beveridge has done that, and better yet, has done it well. He is a zealous statesman, originative, forceful, and, in a way, picturesque. That the wide mark he has already made will be broadened materially as he gets older and learns more is a foregone conclusion. He is now forty.

The President's Happy Escape

It is commonly said that Mr. Roosevelt was born under a lucky star, and the saying is as true as any other superstition. It nearly always seems true of the adventurous and daring, who take enormous chances, and whose escapes from disaster are apparently miraculous. In fact, however, these escapes are almost invariably in accordance with the law which governs chance, or are due as much to rapidity and character as to sheer good fortune. Every man who tempts fate and lives to tempt her again must be considered fortunate, especially if he escapes the apparently logical consequences of his conduct; but before we can properly attribute the escape to luck we should endeavor to ascertain the extent to which he is indebted to his own thoughtfulness or to his own character.

Those who suppose that the President acts without intention are mistaken in him. It is true that he can not reflect deeply, or think his problems out to their most remote conclusions or in all their bearings. His mind is quick, and his speech is quite as quick as his thought. In a word, he is impulsive. He sometimes misstates a thought which he is obliged to revise and recall. Notable illustrations of this idiosyncrasy were afforded by the declarations of his purpose to retire General Miles. He spoke only after he supposed that he had reached his final conclusion, but he was in error, and withdrew from his purpose after the immense party and personal consequences of such an act had been pointed out to him. Quick as he is, and prone as he is to overlook some of the consequences of his words and deeds, he invariably has a purpose which is intelligent and which is frequently characterized by neuterism. Sometimes he displays wonderful cleverness in presenting two alternatives for choice, one being that which he desires to be selected, while to take the other would be a mistake on the part of the person with whom he is dealing.

The outcome of the present difficulty has materially decreased, probably ended, the chance of war between this country and Germany over the Monroe doctrine; it has improved the position which the doctrine holds in international law; it has taught the German Emperor that he cannot break up the friendship between England and the United States, and that he cannot hope to extend his colonizing schemes to this hemisphere. Another consequence of the affair has been to make the Hague tribunal seem real, "to save its life," as a European diplomat is reported to have said. All this is a great accomplishment, but no one who knows the attendant circumstances has failed to see that the President barely escaped a capital blunder, and that, instead of this great success, he might have brought upon us a war in which the odds would have been against us, or he might have discredited himself and the nation in becoming a judge in a controversy to which he was a possible party.

The President and his administration, in the first place, had not kept their suspicions of Germany to themselves. They doubted Germany's good intentions towards this country and towards England, and the country knew that Washington believed that the Emperor had his eye on the South American and on the Caribbean Sea. It was therefore possessed of the notion that Devey's first had not happened there for nothing, and war was expected by a few and dreaded by many. Suspicion creates delicate situations which a democracy does not deal with skillfully. Congress began to betray symptoms of jealousy, and the President found himself in a dilemma. He did not want war. He has said more than once that a war would be especially unfortunate for him

and for his administration, because it would tend to convince the country of the justice of the chief criticism made by his enemies—that is, that he could not refrain from war. Congress began to talk in a way which could not please the German Emperor, and the President was obliged to silence it. He did silence it effectively. The substance and the presidential character of this silence may seem a bit of good luck, but, in fact, it was brought about by tact and frankness. The President was able to convince the law-makers that he could be trusted to enforce the Monroe doctrine, and that he was in the way of procuring better terms for all America, including the United States and Venezuela, by peaceful methods. If, however, he had not previously betrayed so general a fondness for war, and especially, he had not permitted the escape of the knowledge of his suspicions of Germany, there would probably have been no thought of war.

His great escape, however, was from the position of arbitrator. If he had accepted the shrewd request of the Emperor, a mistake might have been committed which would have given Germany an advantage over us, and might have closely connected the strong alliance between the Emperor and his uncle of England. It was quite in the cards, that both the allies would have acquired a grievance from the President's finding, while now neither can complain of anything that the United States government has done. It was the President's impulse to accept the invitation, and to be guilty of the impropriety of sitting as judge in the case. He was saved from this by the sound advice of Mr. Hay, and by the frankness with which he dealt with the allies. The ordinary man, seeking to escape from the position in which the President found himself, would have been looked upon as consciously coy when he had said that he would take the arbitration himself, but that he preferred the Hague tribunal. The ordinary man, in order to be believed implicitly, would have been forced to say emphatically that he would not be judge, and that resort must be had to the established tribunal.

Just as the President was obliged to silence Congress, and to undo the consequences of his own teachings and of his own suspicions of Germany, so he was forced to withdraw his evident readiness to be arbitrator without seeming to have been driven off, and without changing the cordial and friendly tone with which, from the first, he had dealt with all the countries involved in the dispute. Here again his absolute frankness and obvious sincerity came to his assistance. He had been led to see that to act as arbitrator would be improper, and the existence of the Hague tribunal had been called to his attention. After all, the end that he had in mind was the settlement of the controversy by arbitration, suggested by the United States and agreed to by all the powers. Such a conclusion would necessarily form a precedent which thereafter might be appealed to as constituting a recognition, by England and Germany, of the validity of the contention that the Monroe doctrine is part of international law. He had impulsively betrayed his willingness to act as arbitrator; he soon saw that this would not do with great neuterism; he saw that nothing which he could possibly do would inure more to his reputation than his procurement of the reference of the quarrel to the Hague tribunal. Such a reference would be hailed with delight by the peace-loving world; would be one more deed by this country for the promotion of international arbitration, and would reconcile every one to the declaration of the United States that it will save South-American states from at-

tacks by European powers. Having reached his conclusion, he had no difficulty in persuading the powers involved of his sincerity. England, of course, was ready to do whatever he asked; but even if its government had held off, Mr. Balfour and the German Emperor could not have afforded to turn their backs on the Hague tribunal which they had helped to create, and which was so greatly fostered by Lord Palmerston. The saw that to insist upon the President's acceptance of the arbitration, on his presentation of this alternative, would have been a blunder. There could have been no misunderstanding of their motives for such a choice, and thus they would have been put at a disadvantage. In his ingeniousness, and mainly way he accomplished what diplomatic methods could not have brought about. Out of apparent indiscretions he had snatched a victory, and had shown once more that frank dealing is as masterful in international as it is in personal affairs, and that, with a fair case, it will always accomplish more than trained diplomacy proceeding according to its traditions.

The Hoar Anti-Trust Bill

Whether or not the anti-trust measure introduced by Senator Hoar represents the aspirations of the administration, it is a matter of moment to mark precisely what Senator Hoar proposes to do.

The Hoar bill provides that no corporation in the United States shall engage in commerce with foreign nations or among the several States unless it shall annually file in the office of the Inter-State Commission a statement setting forth the names of all officers, directors, and general managers; the amount and market value of its capital stock; the proportion thereof which has been paid in cash and the nature and value of any consideration received in lieu of cash; the amount paid in dividends; the rate of percentage of such dividends, and the time of paying the same. Every corporation must also file a statement of all the stock owned by it in every other corporation, and the number and value of the shares so held; it must specify the amount and value of its own stock held by other corporations; and it must further designate the amount of stock in other corporations held in trust for it, or in which it has any interest, absolute or conditional, legal or equitable. It must also furnish at any time any other statement that the Attorney-General may choose to call for. So much for the precautions taken by the bill to assure publicity. The penalty for non-compliance is, as we have seen, the annihilation of the foreign and inter-State business carried on by the delinquent corporation.

It is not difficult to contest himself, however, with these provisions assuring publicity. He proceeds to devise safeguards against monopoly. He would enact that any corporation that shall authorize or enter into any contract or combination for the purpose of driving out of business any other person engaged therein, or that, for such purpose, shall sell any article or product at a less price than it is accustomed to demand or receive therefor in any other place under like conditions, shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and, on conviction, its officers shall be punished by a fine, or imprisonment, or both. The penalty for a violation of this part of the statute does not stop here by any means. If a corporation be twice convicted of committing any of the acts just named, it shall no longer be permitted to manage or conduct any foreign nations or among the several States. The Attorney-General is charged with the en-

forement of this prohibition, but it is made optional with him to suspend his tremendous power, if, in his judgment, the interruption of the business of a given corporation will cause serious public loss or serious distress.

Inasmuch as by far the greater part of all the trade of the United States, whether transacted with foreign nations or between the States, is transacted by and through corporations, it is obvious that the Hoar bill, if it became a law, would invest the Attorney-General, who is an appointee of the President, dismissable at will, with an amount of autocratic power possessed by no other human being, with the exception of the Czar of Russia. Such being the inevitable outcome of the bill, it behoves every American citizen to inquire whether the enactment of it would be constitutional, and, secondly, if the constitutionality be admitted, whether it would be expedient. Does the power which the Federal Constitution gives Congress to regulate foreign and inter-State commerce give the power to prohibit such commerce altogether? That the power to regulate foreign commerce includes the power to prohibit it altogether seems to have been settled by the fact that the Embargo and Non-Intercourse acts of Jefferson's administration were not pronounced unconstitutional by the United States Supreme Court. Whether the power to regulate carries the power to prohibit in the case of inter-State commerce also is the very question which has been thrice argued before the United States Supreme Court, and the decision of which may be soon expected from that tribunal. Should the Court hold that the power to regulate inter-State commerce includes the power to prohibit it altogether, then, of course, the constitutionality of the Hoar bill would be undeniable, provided the Court has no right in the exercise of the purposes for which Congress may see fit to exercise an expressed power.

Admitting, for the sake of argument, the constitutionality of the measure proposed by Mr. Hoar, we are confronted by the question whether all the evils, actual or prospective, that have been imputed to the trusts, are for a moment possible in respect of mischievous metalities with the astounding engine of interference and centralization which Mr. Hoar would fashion and place in the hands of an official not even elected by the people, but the mere agent of the President, to whom his appointment would be due. There has never been a human being to whom such extraordinary powers could be safely entrusted, and ever in the history of mankind no any federation of States or any nation of freemen has invited voluntarily to make so unreserved and total an abdication of self-governing functions. From the moment that such a bill became a law, the Federal Attorney-General, or, either, the President, who would hold him in the collar of his hand, would exercise an authority over the property of citizens and over their most vital business affairs such as was never challenged by a Czar in the darkest days of the Roman Empire.

We do not believe that the Hoar bill can become a law in its present form. We do not believe that it will be reported without trenchant alterations by the Committee on the Judiciary, of which Senator Hoar is the chairman. In whatever form reported, it will have to run the gauntlet of the Senate, and is likely to undergo material changes before it reaches the House of Representatives. It is to the last degree improbable that both Houses will agree upon any modification of the original measure before the 4th of March, when the present Congress will expire. The utmost that Mr. Hoar can reasonably hope to accomplish is the enact-

ment of a remnant of his bill, containing a perfunctory provision for publicity. We doubt whether we shall witness even that lame and impotent conclusion of a veritigous scheme the fulfillment of which would shake the fabric of American industries in its foundations, and the mere proposal of which may disturb the national prosperity.

A Democratic Combination

At the first of the year the United States Steel Corporation announced a plan by which all its employees may become interested in the business as proprietors. The plan is in keeping with the general policy of this combination. The corporation seeks to be a representative industrial democracy, with a strong executive government drawn from the workers, and it is in this feature which helps to make it one of the most interesting of the great industrial experiments of our time. The stock is already distributed among 35,000 stockholders, but the company's management seeks to have it understood that new investors, and even a large number of shareholders, are desired. From the very first, a dominating single ownership has been frowned upon; and Mr. Carnegie himself, who desired to be paid in preferred and common stock for his own share in the Carnegie Company, was induced to receive bonds on the theory that voluntarily to admit a single large holder, such as he would be, would be contrary to the company's policy.

The United States Steel Corporation possesses the chief virtue of a co-operative concern, for its working-men also become members very cheaply, being offered preferred stock for even less than the usual investor is willing to pay for it; and it is practically assured of continued expert management, which, as experience has shown, is not always or generally the case in co-operative societies of wage-earners alone, or in firms or corporations which are owned principally, or controlled, by a few capitalists. Certain working-men of the United States Steel Corporation have had a share in its profits and a share in administration since the organization of the company. The Carnegie works were on a qualified profit-sharing basis, the additions to wages going to superintendents and bosses regularly, and to workmen who, in the course of the year, had rendered services of special value, or had suggested important labor-saving devices. The corporation itself, which is purely advisory, the subsidiary companies operating the various mines, furnace, mills, and transportation plants, employs its skilled workmen as inspectors and counselors.

The wage-earners of the corporation, therefore, have already more of interest and responsibility than usually fall to the share of the working-men. It is now proposed to push still further the democratic theory which dominates the company, and to buy more closely its capital and labor. The purpose of the new plan is to interest as many as possible of its employees in its business, and to tempt, through proprietorship and through extra dividends, all of them, from the president and other high executive officers to the men who work with picks and shovels, not only to regard the interests of the corporation as their own, but to remain permanently in its service. It has been the aim of the corporation to devise some plan which will maintain the incentive formerly felt by the large individual proprietors of the subsidiary companies, "but," to quote from the circular issued to the stockholders, "is a place of having it centre in comparatively few men, so to distribute its effect throughout the corporation that ev-

ery man, in his place, would feel that he had become a partner in the business, and would work from that point of view." The plan is confessedly an experiment. It may be shown by experience to require important changes and modifications, but it is the result of long and careful study and thought on the part of the finance committee, who have consulted the presidents of the subsidiary companies. These and the directors of the corporation have given the scheme their unanimous assent.

The plan has two objects. First, it is hoped to interest a large number of employees in becoming permanent stockholders. With this end in view, there are set aside from the earnings of 1902 the sum of \$2,000,000 and as much more as may be necessary for the purchase of at least 25,000 shares of the corporation's preferred stock, and the 100,000 employees of the company are given an option on this stock at \$62 50 a share. The employees are divided into six classes, as follows:

- Those who receive salaries of \$20,000 a year or more.
- Those who receive salaries of from \$10,000 to \$20,000.
- Those who receive salaries of from \$5,000 to \$10,000.
- Those who receive salaries of from \$2,500 to \$5,000.
- Those who receive salaries of from \$800 to \$2,500.
- Those who receive salaries of \$800 or less.

By a recent adjustment of salaries there are not more than twelve men in the first class. Among these is the president of the corporation, whose salary is fixed at \$100,000 a year. In the second class, not more than fifty men; in the third class there are about 200 men; and something more than 1500 in the fourth class. There are therefore about 150,000 men in the fifth and sixth classes, who receive from less than \$500 to \$2,500 a year. As salaries diminish, the percentage of them that may be subscribed for the stock increases. Thus, men of Class A may not subscribe a sum to exceed five per cent. of their salaries, while Class B may subscribe eight per cent.; Class C, ten per cent.; Class D, twelve per cent.; Class E, fifteen per cent.; and Class F, twenty per cent. The payment for the stock may be made in monthly instalments, the amounts to be such as the subscribers desire. A purchaser may take as long as three years in paying for his stock, but he receives the seven-per-cent. dividends from the date on which he begins to make payments. He pays five per cent. interest on the deferred payments, but if he defaults he forfeits nothing that he has paid, being permitted to withdraw all that he has paid on account and to retain the difference between the five-per-cent. interest and the seven-per-cent. dividends. In other words, his effort to buy the stock earns him two per cent. on his advances, and he gains notwithstanding his failure to fulfil his contract.

This, in brief, is the manner in which the employees may become owners of preferred stock at low prices and on remarkably easy terms. An inducement is also offered to them to retain the stock thus purchased. If a man keeps his stock five years, and at the end of each year exhibits his certificate at the office of the treasurer of his company, together with a letter from a proper official to the effect that he has been continuously in the employ of the corporation, or of one of its subsidiary companies, during the preceding year, and has shown a proper interest in its welfare and progress, he will receive each year 85 in addition to the seven-per-cent. dividend. This continuous service with the corporation makes this stock, when we take its price into account, a

over that twelve-per-cent. investment, which is not affected by the death of the owner or by disability incurred in the service of the company before the expiration of the five years. At the end of the five years there is to be still another dividend to be paid to those investors who have remained in the service of the corporation. Those who drop out before the five years are added forfeit their right to the extra 45 divided for the remaining years of the term. These extra dividends, however, are to be paid into a fund, and this accumulation, with five per cent. interest added, is to be divided among those who remain in the corporation's employment for the full term of five years.

The second object of the plan is to interest the "large number of young and able employees in the work of more closely organizing and systematizing the business in all its branches and ramifications," to interest them also in reducing expenses and cost of production, and to offer inducements to them to remain permanently with the company. Profits are therefore to be divided among the presidents, officers, managers, superintendents, and all other men charged with responsibility in managing the affairs of the corporation. The profit to be shared is to be about \$80,000,000, and the amount to be set aside each year for division is to range from one per cent. of the smallest sum to two and a half per cent. of the largest—that is, it is to be one per cent. whenever the earnings are \$50,000,000 and less than \$50,000,000, and two and a half per cent. when they are \$150,000,000 and less than \$160,000,000. One-half the sum set aside is to be divided quarterly and paid in cash. One-half is to be invested in stock, half of which is to be distributed at the end of the year, while the other half is to be retained in the treasury for five years. If the person in whose name this stock is held is then in the employ of the company he receives the stock. If he has died meantime, or become permanently disabled in the company's service, the stock goes to his estate or to him. While this stock is held the person is to be entitled to it eventually is to draw the dividends earned by it so long as he remains with the company. If he voluntarily and without previous consent withdraws from the company he forfeits his right to the stock, and it then goes into a common fund to be divided at the end of the five years among those profit-sharers who remain in the company's service.

The plan is so interesting and so important that we have thought it well to describe it fully. Its working will be watched with interest by all who are studying modern industrial problems, and especially the development of relations between labor and capital. Certainly if this hoped-for industrial democracy realizes the expectation of its founders a long step will have been taken and pointed out towards the abolition of those warring and destructive wars known as strikes and lockouts.

The Passing of the Beard

None is presently plainer in a world that loves its little mysteries, and likes to keep the observer in a state of tremendous suspense about a good many things, than the fact that it is beginning to shave again. It has always shaved, more or less, ever since beards came in some fifty years ago, after a banishment of nearly two centuries, from at least the Anglo-Saxon face. During all the time since the early eighteenth century the full beard has been the exception rather than the rule. The razor has not been suf-

ficed to rust in disuse, but has been employed in disfiguring most physiognomies in obedience to the prevalent fashion, or the personal caprice of the wearers of hair upon the face, where nature has put it, for reasons still of her own. For one man who set nature her own way unquestioned by the steel, there have been ninety-nine men who have modified her design. Some have shaved all but a little spot on the under lip; others have continued the imperial grown there into the pointed goatee; others have worn the chin-beard, square cut from the corners of the lips, which has become in the alien imagination distinctively the American beard; others have shaved the chin, and let the mustache branch across the cheeks to meet the flowing fringe of the side-whiskers; others have shaved all but the whiskers shaped to the likeness of a mutton-chop; the most of all have shaved the whole face except the upper lip, and worn the moustache alone. All these fragmentary forms of beard caricatured the human countenance, and reduced it more or less to a ridiculous burlesque of the honest visages of various sorts of animals. They robbed it of the dignity which is the redeeming virtue of the clean-shaven face, and of the dignity which the full beard imparted no less to middle-life than to age.

The clean-shaven face and the full-bearded face were alone logical, and though the full beard was cut to many shapes, square, and forked and pointed, it never was grotesque, so that it is to be hoped that if any form of beard survives the all-threatening razor, it will be the full beard. That is honest, and it hides more of the face than any other, which seems in most cases to be desired. It is, to be sure, very dirty, and that is the best reason for reforming the beard altogether. To be perfectly frank, at the risk of being somewhat disgusting, we must own that the full beard collects dandruff, which plentifully bestrews the neckcloth and the waistcoat; but it is not fiftier in other respects than the moustache, which sops itself full of soap, and gravy, and coffee, and all the other fluids which pass the lips, and is absurd besides. In the young, it is grown purely for vanity, with the hope of adding a certain fierceness to the innate sheepishness of the wearer's expression; in age, it forms the penalty of this vanity, for though the wearer would thus gladly cut it off, he cannot do so without seeming to remove, in the consciousness of his friends, one of his features. It would be as if he cut off his nose, or the like. The moustache will probably survive every other form of the beard, because it is the most flattering to the vanity of the young.

It is on the upper lip that the down of adolescence, fair or dark, first appears, and gives the world assurance of maturity. The boy with a moustache feels himself a man, and many of the few who do not wish to wear moustaches themselves, not are sometimes obliged to do so, except him at his own estimate. It helps him to look old, and the look of age is useful in business, and inspires confidence. The youth of twenty-one looks thirty with a moustache, and without it he would look sixteen. This is a real reason, and about the only one for wearing it. In age, the razor is keenly alive to the fact that if he cut it off at sixty he might appear a blooming youth of fifty, but he is helpless for the cause already given, and run only slightly, and advise his posterity never to grow a moustache. For himself, he can indeed reduce it to the smallest size, as is now much the fashion. The foolish moustache, the up-and-out-branching, the deeply drooping, and-of these is now any more the mode than the moustache which used to meet the fringing whiskers; and the barber has even got a name for the close-cropped

moustache which remains. They ask you if you want it stubbed.

The flowing whiskers have long vanished; the beard that once streamed meter-like upon the wind now streams only from the cheeks and chin of rustic sages; the imperial and the goatee are rarer than the mutton-chop whiskers; the square-cut chin beard has ceased to be significant of our nationality. It is so inadequate to our numbers; all other data and data of hair upon the human countenance have been gathered offensively into the full beard, or have perished before the remorseless sweep of the razor. The gain of manly beauty through the fashion of clean-shaving, has not as yet, it must be confessed, been very great. Those who had not grown beards of course remain as they were, in their native plumpness; but it is in the case of those who had worn beards, that the revolutions are sometimes frightful: retreating chins, flabby lips, silly mouths, hunched jaws, fat and flabby necks, which had lurked unsuspected in their hairy coverings now appear, and shake the beholder with surprise and consternation. "Good heaven!" he asks himself, "is that the way Jones always looked?" Jones, it may be, is not seriously troubled. He is pleased with the novelty of his aspect; he thinks upon the whole that it was a pity to have kept so much loveliness out of sight so long. As he passes his hand over the shapeless expanse, with the satisfaction which nothing but the smoothness of a freshly shaven face can give, he cannot resist the belief that people are admiring him. At any rate he has that air.

Perhaps they are; and yet to our own taste, we think he mostly looked better in his beard. Of course it was foul; a beard cannot really be kept clean; but it was natural, and it was dignified. It hid certain things, certain features, expressions, that were best hidden up. That smirk, that sensual pout, that bull-dog grin, they were all profitably hidden; or they were at least so much palliated that they remained a dash suspicion, and not this dreadful conviction with which they now afflict the spectator. It can be said that there is a gain for honesty, if not beauty in the new fashion of shaving, and this cannot well be denied. But it appears that the Creator could not trust the human countenance to itself, at least as it was given to men, and found it best to bush it up in a jungle of hair. Women were fashioned so fair that they could be allowed to look what they really were, but with men it was another story.

Besides, when the beard began to be worn, half a century ago, many of its champions maintained that it was not only given to man as a mask for his evils and deformities, but that it was very good for his health. They held that the beard which covered the chin and throat was meant to keep them from the cold, and that the beard which covered the lips purified the air that entered the respiratory tracts, and preserved the wearer from consumption. Now that consumption is no longer consumption, but tuberculosis, and is not hereditary but infectious, we believe that the theory of science is that the beard is infected with the germs of tuberculosis, and is one of the deadliest agents for transmitting the disease to the lungs. This is perhaps the best reason for shaving it, and giving the errature a chance to repair the Creator's mistake. But nothing shall persuade us, who grew up in the opposite theory, that thousands of human beings were not saved from consumption before it was tuberculosis, by the straining properties of the beard which now transmits the ultimate poison to the system it was given to protect.

English Trade-Unionism

By Sydney Brooks

LONDON, January 2, 1908.

Is there to be an end of trade-unionism in England? The question is not quite so obvious as it sounds. Recent events have made it exceedingly apposite. Put in this abrupt form, almost surely, no doubt, would answer it with a decided negative; though there are not a few leading economists who confess themselves unable to frame any definite reply. The fact is, a surcession of legal decisions, the latest of which was delivered only three days ago, has so completely turned upside down the position of trade unions in this country that no one can say with any confidence by what means or in what shape they will emerge. If they do emerge, from their present perplexities. What, at any rate, is evident amid all the confusion of the moment, is that a crisis has arisen in trade unions as severe as it is startling; that privileges and powers which for thirty years have been assumed to be their- without dispute have now been suddenly taken from them; and that they face a future loaded with unexcused restrictions and disabilities, possibly with ruin. English capitalists and employers, in consequence, are for once in their lives in high feather, and chuckling openly. Trade-unionists are proportionately dismayed and cast down, while public opinion is an interested in the situation, that even "the Venezuelan mess" has to take second place. I happen to know that in Italy, where labor organizations are soon to be made a subject of legislation, developments are being watched with the closest interest. Indeed, no country that counts the problems of industrialism among its troubles can afford to be indifferent to what is now taking place in England. The reflex action of the situation here must ultimately be world-wide, affecting Moscow equally with Chicago, and leaving its mark on every form of organized labor.

Trade-unionism in England has gone farther and developed more power than in America or anywhere else. There are at this moment some 1500 unions of workmen with a membership of about 2,000,000. In the United States, with double the population, there is less than half that number of unions. Nor do numbers make up the only difference. In England the system of collective bargaining, especially in the coal and cotton trades, is carried much farther and on more methodical lines than in America.

Whether that fact points to a greater superiority in the mechanism of English over American industrialism, is a much-argued question. It points, at any rate, to a greater power in English trade unions. That power is further shown in the amount of control trade unions here have contrived to gain over the management of business. It is a control that stretches beyond such questions as hours and wages, and embraces the fundamental points of methods, internal discipline, the maximum output, the number of apprentices, the use of unskilled labor on work hitherto done by skilled labor, the introduction of a new machine, the employment of men not recognized by the unions, and so on. Broadly speaking, these demands have been resisted by American and yielded by English employers. Americans have stood firm on the vital matter of "control" in a way that Englishmen are never tired of praising. Most employers here let the point go by default against them through lack either of prevision or of courage to face a decisive issue at the outset. The consequence is that the industry in England in England is geared to a much lower efficiency than in America; the slowest workmen sets

the pace; "going easy" is the rule of labor; and work is distributed over the largest possible number of men. Of course it is absurd to ascribe, as many employers do, all the decline in British commerce to "the tyranny of trade-unionism." The employers themselves have much to answer for with their fatal complacency and conservatism, their hardly unaccommodating ways of doing business, their scruple that will never unreservedly admit that British methods are not the best, and their short-sightedness in not risking a dollar to-day to earn five next week. In speculative pluck and energy they are to the American what the Italian is to the Englishman. But granting all this, it is still the fact that trade-unionism has done more in England than in any other country to limit production, curb initiative, and control output by the uniform, dominating rule of averages. There is something in the atmosphere of England that allows trade unions to thrive as they thrive nowhere else. Englishmen are nothing like so instinctively free defenders of property and capital as are Americans. They are naturally less conservative, less quick to resent any attack on law and authority. I have often heard Englishmen say, "Ah, there's no Tory nowadays like your American." The way in which public opinion in the United States threw its moral weight against the steel strike and on the side of the "trust" made an immense impression over here. In England a strike, merely because it is a strike, commands an amount of sympathetic support that is difficult to exaggerate. Class spirit, no doubt, has a good deal to do with it; sentiment has more; the prevailing sense of the smallness of an Englishman's "change in life" has more still. The fact, anyhow, is palpable, and its result may be seen not only in the extreme tenderness with which the government treats strikers, but in the subscriptions and gifts of food and clothing contributed by the public to the union resources. Measures that are taken as a matter of course in America for the protection of "scabs" and non-unionist laborers would never be tolerated here. Injunctions are difficult to obtain and harder to enforce; violence is readily condoned and excused; and a government would do almost anything sooner than call out the military to keep strikers within bounds.

English employers, therefore, when they inveigh against trade unions, are complaining of something far more formidable and pervasive than Americans as yet have had any experience of. Their relief is consequently all the greater when they unexpectedly find, as they do now, the powers of these organizations decisively checked. Thirty years ago trade unions were illegal in England. They were "a combination in restraint of trade," and as such under the rigorous ban of the law. They could not even defend themselves against plunder by a dishonest member. As late as 1870 a secretary who was proved to have embezzled the funds of the trade union that employed him, escaped scot-free on the ground that the union was itself established for illegal purposes, and was not, therefore, entitled to the protection of the law. Public opinion condemned trade unions root and branch; the law, which had been but slightly changed since Queen Elizabeth's day, pressed upon them with feudal severity; and workmen on strike were inevitably driven to maintain their position by murder, arson, and every kind of outrage. In the late sixties there was a veritable reign of terror throughout the northern manufacturing districts. A royal commission went thoroughly into the matter, with the result that by 1876 masters and workmen were placed on an absolute equality in the matter of contract

and trade unions were fully legalized. These remedial measures together made up the magna charta of trade-unionism, and in a country so lawyer-ridden and so litigious as England one would have thought the scope even of their least important clause had by now been completely ascertained. Yet the House of Lords, sitting as final court of appeal, whose decrees can only be set aside by fresh legislation, delivered only last year a judgment that fairly contradicted all that the Acts of the seventies had been understood to mean. It is on those Acts that the trade unions have built up their overwhelming influence, only to learn from the highest tribunal in the land that the foundation is of sand. Small wonder that employers are set a-apeering.

Let me try and explain how it has come about. The sole point which the law lords had to determine was this: Was there anything in the Acts of 1871 to 1876 that made a trade union, as such, incapable of suing and of being sued? I have talked with some of the men who framed those Acts and passed them through Parliament, and I find them unanimous in asserting that the intention of the legislature was to withhold from trade unions the power to sue and be sued. This for thirty years has been the law has been tacitly understood. It has been everywhere assumed that trade unions were purely voluntary associations, with no more legal personality than a football or West End club. After the Lords' decision that assumption can no longer be held. Their judgment amounted in effect to a statement that a trade union registered under the Acts is a legal entity, capable of being sued for the wrongful acts of its officers if committed within the scope of their authority. That is to say, trade unions are henceforward pecuniarily liable for the illegal actions of their executive officers. The immense range of this decision can best be seen by glancing at the case that called it forth. In the summer of 1906 there was a strike on the Taff Vale Railway. The Amalgamated Society of Railway Servants, perhaps the wealthiest trade union in England, came forward to direct and control it. The railway depot, the works, and other places were picketed; "scabs" and non-unionists were set upon; and there was the usual amount of violence. The company at once applied for an injunction not only against the officials of the society who were superintending the strike, but against the union itself. Damages were claimed to the amount of \$150,000. The society asked to have its name struck out of the case on the ground that it was "neither a corporation nor an individual," and could not be sued in a quasi-corporate or any other capacity. This was the point which, after two mutually contradictory decisions in the lower courts, was finally taken up and argued in the House of Lords. The Lords decided that the society enjoyed no immunity from being sued, and its name was accordingly restored in the case. Feeling now sure of its ground, the railroad company at once went on with its action for damages. The case came up before Mr. Justice Wills and a special jury nearly three weeks ago. It lasted twelve days and ended in a verdict on all counts for the plaintiff, and against the Amalgamated Society of Railway Servants, its general secretary and its organizing secretary in the South Wales district. The amount of the damages to be awarded has not yet been settled, nor is it yet decided whether, in ordering the strike and directing it, the officers of the society went beyond their authority. The vital fact is that a trade union for the first time is responsible for the deeds of its officers. That is a decision which revolutionizes the status of English trade unions.

The Book of Months

By E. F. Benson

MARCH

I WISH I knew if any of those who perchance read this book of my formula, Christian papers, even *Christian Scientist*, which ensure, or has any chance of ensuring, decent habit of body or mind during an attack of lamboago? I have been trying my best in all three—that is to say, as a Christian I have tried to be cheerful, to wear a helpful sort of smile, and have said to myself, "Think of the early Christian martyrs, the boiling oil, and the cross, and those horrors." But myself has said to me: "That was for a good cause; besides, they soon died. Now lamboago does not kill anybody, and, as far as I am aware, it is an invention of the devil." Thus Christianity failed to help me.

Then I tried paganism. In other words, I swore. It did not do the slightest good.

Then I tried Christian Science. I said: "There is no such thing as pain—only—moral sin refuses to recognize the existence of mortal mind. There is nothing material: all material is mortal mind, and there isn't any. Therefore I have no back, and, consequently, no small of it. It is all a false idea. Thus as there isn't any, it is perfectly ridiculous to think I have a shooting pain there, for there is no such thing as either (1) the small of my back, or (2) pain, either there or anywhere else. I will therefore smile, and get up with a brisk movement." I did. Oh, Mrs. Eddy! The false claim was more than usually clever.

In fact, for two days I have felt myself such a martyr that I am now, happily, beginning to feel that I cannot possibly be a martyr at all. Nobody can conceivably have suffered such agonies as I have been thinking I suffered and survived. All the same. . .

I was riding down Davies Street on my bicycle one morning ago, in the very best of health and spirits. Where Grosvenor Street crosses it, a fool of a cabman (though I had rung my bell) drove slowly across my path, and I had to dismount. I exchanged a pleasant or two with him of a hittingly high-spirited nature, and essayed to get on again. At that moment, so it seemed, I was stabbed in the back, and I heard the cabman say, "Cousin! over me like that, and drunk at the hour of the morning!" Continuing, you will have seen our previous conversation. Red, naive, and kind as it was, it was the last word, and so is entitled to a certain respect. But next time I see No. 24,204 I will see if I cannot give him lamboago. (This, evidently, is the pagan mood returning.)

Since that moment the joy of life has vanished. It I cannot write the word again, and I will only remark that it sounds like a second-rate Spanish watering-place—has known my down-sittings and mind-apprisings, and has smirched my days. I have eaten no meat, I have drunk no wine, I have been incapable of taking part in all social and pleasant affairs. I was told that exercise was good, and I went to skate at a Niagara, and retired after one stroke with a cold-dew brow. I was told a Turkish bath was good, and caught a cold in the morning on the top of it. I was told not to think about it—this was the Christian Science treatment, more or less—and the effect was that the Spanish watering-place thought the more of me. Only two hours ago, dressing for dinner—I dined alone in my horrid room—I dropped a sovereign on the floor, seriously considered whether it was worth picking up, and decided it was not. At that moment my tremor came here and bid it. Then by pure chance my servant came in, and I

regained it. I was told to take Litchi varietals! the only effect, so far as I am aware, is that I am lovelier for life. I even went so far as to see a doctor, who asked me whether I had done anything which might have produced a chill. Thank goodness, I had the face to say "No." In consequence he talked of the functions of certain external organs: into those regions I did not attempt to follow him.

Now all that I have written with regard to the second-rate watering-place is literally true. All the things which I am conscious of enjoying every day, such as reading, good meat, silly conversation, proper wine, violent physical exercise, cold baths, grew pale or impossible. But looking back even from the middle of it all—for to-night it is, if anything, a little more acute, I begin to see that nothing, on the whole, matters less than physical pain. Once before in my life, when I was eight years old, I had had carache, so my family assure me. Of that I re-remember nothing whatever, except that in consequence I went to stay near Dartmouth for change of air. But of Dartmouth I remember much. There was an abbe in the garden and one of its great thorns leaves projected across the path, and was cut off. This had to be done by a strong gardener with a saw. A leaf cut by a saw! There were also rock pools in the cotary, with strawberry anemones—so we relished them—waving in the water; steamers passed, visible with a telescope, that would go straight on, self-coastined, unarrested, till they reached America. Rufous-berled, a small mouse fern (I cannot even remember hearing its name except then), grew in crevices on the garden wall, and it was rare; it began and ended my collection of ferns. That is what remains to me of the carache. Once again I had a tooth out. That was half a crown.

And now I have lamboago, and from analogy I see that a fortnight hence, and a week hence (I hope), and a year hence, I shall remember nothing of it, except that for a few days I stopped in-doors, mostly, wrote notes of regret, and read a variety of delightful books: *Jekyll and Hyde* I have read; I have quaked with Hyde and shuddered with Jekyll; I have been down the "Sambas canalized"; I have been sukked under the fallen tree on the Oise; I have understood why Mr. Crumple deluded himself into thinking the Phenomenon was a phenomenon; I have admired the moral valor of Mrs. Nickelly when she convinced herself about the previous sanity of the gentleman in small-clothes and gray stockings; I have killed the Red Dhole from the Decan, and have sat (a remarkable feat) with Princess Napraxiat in a temperature of over 130 degrees Fahrenheit. But for the lamboago, I should probably have done some of these delightful things. Also I have learned (I shall have to learn it again again) that the moment is always tolerable, even this tiny pinprick of a pain can teach one that "Circumscribe the moment," as Marcus Aurelius said. You can get along all right for the moment; why think of the moments to come? When they come, deal with them. And I hope that if I die of cancerous-cerebro-spinal-neuritis, I may think of that.

Besides—I must justify my conscience with respect to the doctor—I do not think it proved that my night adventure had anything to do with the lamboago. This it would have been unfair to cast it, like bread on the waters, to a suspicious physician. And even if it had, it was well worth it. I would do it again to-morrow night, if the mood only could come again.

I wonder how the writing and the subsequent publication of any book, the meanest, affect the average author? No doubt

the great powers in authorship, as to speak, care as little when another volume is launched as does the emperer at large when another battle-ship leaves the slip to join its mighty brothers. But for the majority, those of us, in fact, who hope some day (however vainly) to produce a book which may rouse laughter or tears or interest twenty years hence, I imagine that there is scarcely any excitement, depression, exaltation, or misgiving that we have ever felt, which is comparable to those attendant on the writing and launching of our little paper flets. And as I have just launched another little paper boat to go and look after its drowned brethren, and the memory of all the emotions attendant on it is consequently keen, it may be of interest, in however small a degree, to others to read what even so uneminent an author as myself experiences in those days.

Birds, perhaps, give one the only simile possible for the first period. For the idea of the book—is a scope, its aim, its plot, and to a certain degree its characters—exists, in my case, before I put a word down on paper. When these features are complete, we may say that the egg is laid, and the writing to, to my mind, is equivalent to the hatching only, but the definite production of the egg, of that which contains potential vitality, is over—complete—at the moment the writing begins. If there is no potential vitality there then there never will be. When I begin to write, I am sitting on my egg. Now this first period—here we dismiss the simile of the egg, and take that of disease—lasts for a very ill-defined period. During it the patient is continuously conscious of an abnormality of condition. His spirits are very variable; sometimes for days together the appetite will be good (mine always is), and the only symptoms of the malady is a slightly increased vividness. Speech is coherent, but rather more fluent than usual; he tends to talk nonsense (this must not be confused with the subsequent wandering); there, without apparent cause, stages of depression, irritability, and general peevishness ensue; he will derry his favorite pursuits, and particularly authorship, and express ardently a desire for a large and settled income in consols. Shortly before the crisis approaches—(i.e., the first dip of the pen in the ink)—a period of feverish excitement ensues; he will put sudden problems to his auras as to how A would set given B, C, and D did so and so, and whatever the answers given him he will certainly take exception to them. This is the period of wandering alluded to above. Both the period of excitement previous to this and the period of depression are marked by a certain listlessness with regard to other pursuits; the patient takes nothing except his melody quite seriously; and though he performs the ordinary routine of life with correctness, he performs it somehow unconsciously. Indeed, he is never quite himself from the time the seeds of the malady first attack him. All these symptoms are temporarily ameliorated when, to go back to our first simile, the egg is laid. For a time the auras are encouraged to hope that the worst is over. Large quantities of what is known as "sermon-paper" should be given without stint, and special care taken that there should be in every room where the patient can possibly desire to sit plenty of blank ink and suitable pens. For a day or two he may refuse to go out altogether, or play any game, and here it is a mistake on the part of the auras to urge him to do so. He may, in fact, be entirely left to himself. Probably these favorable symptoms will last for a week or two (during which the supply of sermon-paper should be renewed), and then a change for the worse comes over the patient. The irritability returns, and the

It an attack, more or less severe, of complete idleness and indescribable misgivings. He again expresses a wish for a settled income in console, and often goes suddenly to stay with his friends, or, if the attack is not so acute, merely lunches and dines out every day, and seems to fear being left alone. Then the malady becomes spasmodic, the periods of inaction alternate with periods of frenzied industry to which succeeds an attack of apparent coma with regard to everything except the disease itself, which is now confluent, and completely encompasses him. A series of absolutely happy days ensue, accompanied by great mental activity, and enormous consumption of newspaper. As soon as this definitely sets in the disease may make themselves quite happy for the time being. All fears of suicide may be considered over, and there is no illusion to console. And then the egg is hatched in a blaze of hypertrophied glory.

It is hatched—that is to say, the manuscript—such as it is—is complete, and, personally, he is completely happy for about a week. This ensures a very tedious period, which is at times brightened by finding that something is better than one thought, but oftener darkened by finding that something is worse than one thought. In other words, after a week of idleness I sit laboriously down and copy out the whole thing from beginning to end. Other patients at this point, I believe, use a typewriter, but, personally, on the one occasion when I did so I found that the corrections were not compassable even in triple-spaced type. So, now, when the first manuscript is complete I beguile all over again, and write the whole story out again. Chapters are often excised and chapters (more rarely) inserted, since in my first manuscript I find that I much more commonly say too much than too little. (Here is an opening for critics to point out how extraordinarily superfluous the first manuscript must have been.) This is the time for the tireless part of hatching of the egg. The writing of the first manuscript, astounding though it may appear, was attended by a certain excitement; whereas the writing of the second is due to the desire, shall we call it, to catch oneself tripping, to detect, by the painful process of copying, one perhaps of the hundred absurdities that one has committed. Yet there is a certain delight even in this, for since one would not set pen to paper at all unless one thought that one had an idea of some kind, it is mildly pleasant, even now when the first excitement is over, to see in cold blood what the idea was, to emphasize what appears to be its divergent points, to suppress its bad ones. After that the second manuscript goes to the typewriter, and peace again reigns.

Now, during the first writing of the manuscript, a curious thing has more than once happened to me—that is to say, a character, or a situation, or even the story itself, takes the bit between its teeth, and, as far as I know, bolts. One had meant to do and say something different, but whether it is that even in the meapest imagined characters one, so to speak, raises the devil, and cannot be held responsible for his subsequent actions, or whatever the cause, this phenomenon occurs. In the terms of our first sparrow, this is the cuckoo's egg in the hedge-sparrow's nest. One sits on the thing—writes it, that is—but it is not going to be a hedge-sparrow at all, but something quite different. This has happened to me more than once in — and — (my egotism does not go quite so far as to write the names of these obscure tales). The phenomenon meant to give a different outcome. I had meant a character to be different in character, and thus to play another part. But writing, I found it was not so. That char-

acter would go another way. And did. I followed faint, but pursuing.

To resume: the manuscript comes back from the typewriter, and the sickening part of the work begins. In print somehow the degrading stuff looks even more degraded, for print, as Hazlitt said, in more senses than one, had been known it, "print settles it." What one composed was rather sketchedy and amateur because indubitably so. What one thought was somewhat workmanlike appeared merely slipshod carpentering, unplanned, out of line, with screws and nails not driven home. One taps here, one checks there, one planes down, and finds one has planned too much; one planes down, and finds one has to plane more. One thinks—and this is perhaps the worst of all,—that a rather resembles one's dear friend John Smith, and ruthlessly takes all the stuff out of him, leaving an embossed marmoset. Then, like a peasick to a man on fire, come the inevitable typewritten errors, necessitating reference to the manuscript. Some typewriter-otter whole sentences, because they are not certain (no wonder); others rush in where angels fear to tread, with brilliant regardless of a sort unrestrained; others spell a name wrong throughout; others, and they are worse, spell it wrong occasionally. When I have time I will write an article on typewriters. They will not, after that, hold their heads so high.

Then comes the last step. When the typewriter (an awful word) has been corrected, and, if necessary, another made, and also corrected, the whole thing goes to the publisher, and in the course of time come proofs. Proofs are of two kinds, galley proofs and page proofs. Galley proofs are interminable strips of paper which slide off one's desk, and get mixed, and are altogether impossible. Page proofs, though depressing, are manageable, because they come in folded sheets of sixteen pages. Then come again are all weak points glaringly emphasized, the indescribable misgivings return with redoubled vigor, and inevitably I long to live the last year, or whatever it may be, over again, in order to have profited by my previous experience and do better. Usually at this stage, perhaps because I am used to it, the "idea" does not seem to me so bad. It is only everything else that is wrong. Yet even then come anguine moments. Quite suddenly I find myself thinking it is extremely good. How delicate, for instance, in the way in which —, how uncompro-mising is —. Each swings the pendulum; over go these unstable ninetails.

There is probably a revise—there may be two—and the bread is cast upon the water. As the date for publication approaches I feel ill. If I could, I would recall it all. One has felt a certain situation, or a certain character, or a scene, or a passage, or a line, to have felt it without throwing it, like the early Christians, to the public? They will tear it into shreds, and probably refuse to swallow it.

But just then, when, in my experience, the darkest hour is on one, when one distrusts utterly all one has done, when one is afraid that that which is to oneself a chiefest joy of life is to every eye else just a mad pie made by a child in a populous roadway; to be carefully stepped round by three-quarters of the passers-by, to be stepped into by the remaining quarter, who, with a careless cuff to the maker of it, will pass on, remembering it only as they would remember some tiny antwordardness in the menu at dinner, then comes quite suddenly the remembrance of an exceeding unexpected joy. A man or a woman, observing one as they meant to one, has, on the last occasion of this kind, thought it worth while to send a line, it may be a post-card only, to say "thank you." Once this "thank you" ar-

rived to me from New Zealand, and was accompanied by two frozen sheep head on the reader's farm. The letter said, "Please do not answer this, as you will think I am wanting an autograph." Or, again, it may be just a press-cutting from a provincial paper, that shows me that some one whom I have never seen, and probably will never see, has undertaken something that I shall be so happy when I thought of it. And that, unreasonably perhaps, more than counterbalances the vituperation or the scorn of those who either do not or will not see. For a friend converses me very much, and as enemy; or if that is too big a word, an acquaintance to whom I am antipathetic, concerns me not at all. He is a negative quantity, and in this life of ours the negative quantities do not matter, for the man who has one friend is infinitely better off than the man who has no enemies and a million acquaintances.

Acquaintance? Those are the base and the absurdity of life, and especially of ordinary London life. How often has one heard it said, and, indeed, said oneself: "Such a bore! I've got to go and call on So-and-so." Now if one finds it a hassle to go and talk to anybody, for social reasons, it shows a very unbecoming conceit if one imagines that one's hostess will fall to find it a bore too. The custom, for instance, of calling after one has dined at a house is a very unwell- and pleasant one, but it presumes that you have been dining with a friend. In this case the call will not bore you. But if the call boro you, it is probable that the dinner bored you too, in which case, unless you dined them for the sake of being fed gratis, why did you dine there at all? Again, a step further, how often have you exclaimed: "What a bore! I've got to dine with — to-night!" And if you say that, you have no business to eat —'s cutlet.

Of course there is another side to the question,—for questions with only one side to them mean to be questions at all. That is, that for any such house you may meet a friend, or you may meet some one who will eventually become a friend. Then, I grant, it were worth while trudging there a hundred miles on foot, for from pole to pole, if you search the earth, you will find nothing better than a friend. How many have you? I have nine, and consider myself most fortunate. Or, again, you may find the very fact of meeting a certain number of people, though they are the barest acquaintances, stimulating, just as there are certain plants which thrive better with other of their species than alone. That again is a good reason; only, when social etiquette demands a call of you, do not say, "What a bore!" You have received a benefit; pay the current coin for it, and don't grumble.

Now this heralding together of human beings with wealth and leisure into London for several months every year, there to meet their friends, of course, but also a whole host of people who will never and can never be more than acquaintances, is a very curious phenomenon. London—in this sense of the word—was born not so many decades ago, and since then has grown and is growing in a manner perfectly amazing. There was a time, say eighty years ago, when London in this sense practically did not exist; the "reason" was enjoyed by those who now go to London, in a dozen country towns, to which the wealth and fashion of the country flocked, and there made gay on their native pavements. And by all accounts they did make gay. Then by degrees this remarkable monster of London began growing. Flocks of leisure—men I take it began to weary of that pitiless benefit, and, in a couple of generations, have turned themselves into perfect galley-slaves.

To be Continued.

Books and Bookmen

WHETHER or not it is universally true that the Oriental mind matures early and blossoms into rare and beautiful exotic flower while the children of the West are still at play, it is a matter of fact that Onoto Watana had begun to write her exquisitely perfumed stories and sketches of Japan almost before she had entered her teens. She is now in her twentieth year, yet she has been writing almost she was fourteen. Her first book, which, for artistic reasons, she is now saluted to recall, was published in Chicago when she was only nineteen. Previous to that she had written a number of Japanese stories and articles, some of which the present writer was fortunate among Eastern readers to peruse, for they were confined to the magazines and periodicals of the West. Miss Watana, it ought to be noted in justice to her, was the first to introduce the delicious broken English dialect which invests the speech of her characters with a naïf humor, and which Mr. John Luther Long adopted or bit upon later in his stories of Japanese life. Many of these early stories by Miss Watana are of the most fragile and delicate poem quality—as perfect and original as anything from her more recent pen—but they lie buried for the most part in oblivious journalism.

It was with the appearance of *A Japanese Nightingale* in the winter of 1901 that Miss Watana aroused general interest and took readers captive throughout the country. The publishers recognized the original quality and inviting grace of her work, and took pains to give it a wide publicity. The book won its way by sheer virtue of the inimitable art of its charm and humor. Here was one who not only reproduced the familiar figures of vase and fan of Oriental fancy, but who put soul into them, and gave us the revelation of the most exquisite and playful humor, and all the gamut of emotions lying between the reaches of tragedy and comedy in the Japanese nature. As *Onoto Watana* has revealed the sisters of her race (for it is her feminine creations that attract us most), no words could better epitomize them than Thomas Hardy's, "A child is pleasure; a woman is pain." And, be it noted, Miss Watana's power to make us feel the reality of her country and her people, as no one has ever done, resides in the fact that she is half-Japanese and half-English. "She can write of Japanese home life," as one has said, "from the inside, and at the same time in terms easily comprehended by minds Occidental. That is a unique gift. . . . Watarai, at her resentment in the dew of morning—she lives and breathes." Her English, too, is clear and lucid; frequently aglow with unexpected touches of Oriental splendor and imagery.

A Japanese Nightingale, it has been announced for some time will be seen on the stage this spring in London and New York. If Mr. Belasco's gorgeous production of "The Darling of the Gods" is but a "Japanized Du Barry-La Tosca-Faust melodrama," grossly misrepresenting Japanese life and history, as a Japanese critic has stated, then we may hope for a dramatic representation nearer the truth when Onoto Watana guides the stage direction of her story. *Muslinette* has moved. The *Wooing of Watarai*, already widely known, is enjoying the benefit of the renewed popularity of "The Darling of the Gods." Certain coincidences in the play and the book have incited the author to avert plagiarism in the Belasco drama, and *The Wooing of Watarai* is in the singular position of being unwittingly advertised by a popular

play that is not a dramatization, but which it is claimed by the author, suggests it in certain scenes. These scenes pertain to the tender, passionate love-story which has led discerning critics, not given to extravagance, to single out the *Shining Prince* and *Watarai* as the Japanese Romeo and Juliet. Certainly, if theatre-goers are enamored of Japanese romance in the tragic loves of *Yosano* and her prizes, they will find unalloyed pleasure in the wooing of *Watarai*—wood and won and lost to be won again at last.

Among our illustrations last week there was a reproduction of the famous artist Lebar's picture of "Eleonora Duse and Lebar's child." The pose is eloquent of that maternal brooding which impregnates the subtle feminine quality of Signora Duse's impressions. Nature, in a scientific, as well as a poetic sense, is potential motherhood, and, as Mrs. Meynell has observed, "the Italian woman is very near to Nature." In one of her prose gems, *Alice Meynell* flashes more insight into the nature and temperament of Eleonora Duse than will be found in all the columns of criticism that have been elicited by the presence of the celebrated actress on our American stage during her visit which is now being brought to a close at the Metropolitan Opera House in this city. What we dimly dreamy and dully feel, Mrs. Meynell perceives clearly, and gives cogent voice to it. For this reason we trust that not a few of our readers will be grateful for the following selected passages from this rare little volume:

The Italian woman is very near to Nature; so is true drama. . . . Italians are expressive. They are so possessed by the one thing at a time as never to be habitually any lifeless sense. They have no habits to overcome by something arbitrary and intentional. Accordingly, you will find in the open-air theatre of many an Italian province, from the high noon of the Italian drama that our capital (London) cannot show, so high is it, so fine, so simple, so complete, so direct, so momentary and impetuous, so full of singleness and of multitudinous impulses of passion.

Signora Duse is not different in kind from these unrenowned. What they are, she is in a greater degree. She goes yet further, and yet closer. She has an exceptionally large and liberal intelligence. If lesser actors give themselves entirely to their part, and to the large moment of the part, she, giving herself, has more to give.

Add to this nature of hers that she stages herself and her acting with singular knowledge and ease, and has her technique so thoroughly so to be able to forget it—for this is the one only thing that is the better for habit, and ought to be habitual. . . . Nature at all does the habit of acting exist with her.

I have spoken of this actress's nationality and of her womanhood together. They are inseparable. Nature is the only advantage of the stage, and the Italian woman is natural; none other so natural and so justified by her nature as Eleonora Duse; but all, as far as their nature goes, natural. Moreover, they are women free than other Europeans from the minor vanities. Has any one yet fully understood how her liberty in this respect gives to the art of Signora Duse room and action? Her countrywomen have no anxious vanities, because, for one reason, they are generally "souple-troque," and are very little altered by mere accidents of dress or arrangement. Such as they are, they are so sure for all; whereas, the means of soul makes all the difference with women of less grave physique. Italians are not uneasy.

Signora Duse has this immunity, but she has a far nobler deliverance from vanities, in her own peculiar distance and aloofness. She lets her beautiful voice speak, unwatched and unchecked, from the very life of the moment. It runs up into the high notes of indifference, or, higher still, into those of

zest, as in the earlier scenes of "Di-voerga," or it grows sweet as summer with joy, or cracks and breaks outright, out of all music, and out of all control. Passion breaks it so for her.

As for her instrumental sounds, which are the more intimate and the truer words of her meaning, they, too, are Italian and natural. English women, for instance, do not make them. They are sounds a *bonche femme* at once private and irrepressible. They are not demonstrations intended for the ears of others; they are her own. Other actresses, even English, and even American, know how to make inarticulate cries, with open mouth; Signora Duse's noise is not a cry; it is her very thought audible—the thought of the woman she is playing, who does not at every moment give exact words to her thought, but does give it significant sound.

If Parisians say, as they do, that she makes a too nearly a woman unaimed. . . . It seems possible that the French actress does not yet feel, and has no fine perception of that affinity with the present which remains with the great ladies of the old civilization of Italy, and has so long disappeared from those of the younger civilizations of France and America. The present's gravity, directness, and reasonness—a kind of unemotional which is neither goddess nor, in any intolerable English sense, vulgar—are to be found in the unceremonious modesty of every true English woman, however alert her birth and select her conditions. In Italy the lady is not a creature described by negatives, as an actress who is always right has defined the lady to be in England. Even in France she is not that, and between the French woman and the Italian there are the Alps. In a word, the repeated Italian womanhood is, in the sense (also understandable) of singular, Italian, and absolutely British usage, a Native. None the less would she be surprised to find herself accused of a lack of dignity.

An unadmirable little intelligence is sufficiently dramatic, if it is single. A child does one thing at a time and does it completely, prodigious to the eye a better impression of mental life than one receives from—well, from a lecture.

TO ANTIPOPE.

(By a Susceptible Reviewer.)

GOOD ANTIPOPE! I need not say
We always pardon your "intrusions";
I've read your book, and wish to lay
Before you some of my conclusions.
Where other loquines are concerned
I pay my homage quite directly;
But charming Peggy Ryle has turned
My head, and captured me completely.

Of her attentions to indite
Is not the purpose of these stanzas;
Enough that, if her purse was light,
Her face and heart were both Bonanzas.
Enough to hazard the surmise—
Most cheering in this vale of trouble—
That somewhere under English skies
Peggy must have a living double.

She had her failings, I admit,
Professed a creed remote from TRUTH,
And oft unheeded would sit
At very late Bohemian suppers.
But she was innocent of guile,
She softened hearts, however stony;
She helped the lame dog stir the stable,
And shared a windfall with a crow.

Imagine, then, my state of mind,
My curiosity unquenched,
When reaching the last page I find
Peggy remains unmatched, unstedfast
O tantalizing Mr. How,
Your endings only are beginnings;
Give your invention further scope,
Give Peggy Ryle another innings.

—Punch.

Finance

The new year seemed to bring buoyancy to the securities markets; it was natural enough, since the course of stock prices reflected the very decided improvement in sentiment among insiders and outsiders alike. Wall Street concerns itself with the future rather than with history, since the "discounting" process is indissolubly associated with speculation in stocks. But there can be no question that the perusal of the various trade reviews and retrospects of the year 1902 must have caused more than one thrill of national pride, as well as of gratitude and admiration. It was truly a year of remarkable prosperity, and no suspicion of rashness need attach to the man who declares that never in the world's history did a nation enjoy greater material well-being than blessed this country during the year just ended. Statistics make dry reading, but not when they concern ourselves. Nobody ever jawed over the figures which told of his own growing bank account, and the army of members all telling of the increasing wealth of our country cannot be uninteresting. However, it was an old story to Wall Street, which found even greater comfort in the opinions of the leading experts regarding the probable continuance of the prosperous movement during 1903. Almost without exception do the present indications point to undiminished well-being in the year just begun.

To be sure, prophecy is a more risky business than history, but when the odds are in favor of the forecast being accurate it is enough for speculators. The iron and steel plants, for example, have enough orders actually booked to keep them busy during the next eight or nine months. It cannot be denied that, should there be a retrograde movement in general trade, many orders already placed would be cancelled, but it is also well to remember that the bulk of the future business now on the books of the iron and steel companies are for material imperatively needed, which will be used whether general business falls off or not. Much depends upon the crops, and there can be no estimating how much the earth will yield in 1903. But as a "betting proposition" the safest thing to do is to expect normal harvests. In the mean time such exhibits as, for example, the net earnings of the United States Steel Corporation during 1902 must appeal to all students of our industrial affairs. The iron Colossus earned net, after deducting expenditures for maintenance, etc., \$132,662,617 last year! These figures are stupendous, and quite beyond the comprehension of the average man. But they are more than interesting also for another reason, namely, in connection with the profit-sharing plan announced by the management. When the annual profits are as great as they were in 1902, not less than \$2,000,000, or two per cent., will be set aside. Should the annual profits reach \$150,000,000, not less than two and a half per cent. will be distributed. It is small wonder that the announcement of such a policy indicating confidence in future earnings should have been followed by advancing prices for the securities of the company.

The record of the railroads also was remarkable. The gross earnings were stupendous. But toward the end of the year there was a significant decrease in the net earnings, compared with the previous year. The heavy spike at the close of the session. Obviously, it was due to the increased cost of operation, resulting from the higher price of material and from the higher wages paid. To offset this the railroads propose to advance rates. There appear to be some misgivings in Wall Street as to the feasibility of such advances, but there is none on the part of the railway managers, who point

out, first, that railroad rates have not kept up with the advances in other products of our industries, and, secondly, that it is not proposed to advance rates to such figures as will either check the movement of traffic or tempt rivals to "cut." To be sure, there are certain railway shares which are high enough—good dividend-paying stocks of a recognized investment character. These are selling for all they are worth; but that others have decided speculative possibilities is also true. It is probable in these latter that we shall see the greatest activity, despite the shaking of heads of people who would surround all goods with the same yardstick. For example, there are the Rock Island securities. A few months ago the Street closed the moving spirits of the road among the "Western plangiers,"—men who, drunken with success in industrial promotions, saw in the Stock Exchange a second Monte Carlo. To-day, quite a different opinion is held of the character and abilities of Messrs. Reid, Leeds, & Moore, who have developed the Rock Island system from a struggling line of 2000 miles into a well-rounded

system of 8000 miles, of a strategic importance and possibilities of further development second to none. In the railway history of this country there are few chapters more interesting than that of the Rock Island and in 1902, and the faith of the financial community in the road merely means faith of very shrewd judges of men in the very remarkable abilities of Messrs. Reid, Leeds, & Moore. There are other stocks having "possibilities," and these the speculative community will probably discover.

There has been much criticism of the very rapid and substantial rise of prices during the past fortnight, but it is well to remember that the first recovery after the early December slump represented the readjustment of actual values, since prices had gone lower than was really warranted. After, came the speculative rally, as it were, resulting from the improved monetary condition. Money is returning to this center, and easier rates have followed. That, in spite of the lower cash rate here, sterling should have fallen is due to the increasing exports of corn and cotton.

Harper's Weekly

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CONDENSED STATEMENT

DECEMBER 1, 1902

ASSETS

Loans and Discounts . . .	\$22,821,102.40
Due from Banks	1,809,133.51
Banking Houses and Lots . .	1,524,792.96
Bonds, Stocks, etc.	1,024,125.34
Cash and c'ks on other Banks .	9,386,664.23
	\$26,565,818.54

LIABILITIES

Capital, Surplus, and Undivided Profits	\$5,216,107.78
Deposits subject to Check . .	21,349,710.76
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STATEMENT OF CONDITION

(CONDENSED)

Report to the Comptroller of the Currency
April 30th, 1902

RESOURCES

Loans and Discounts	\$12,745,106.54
Bonds	776,629.74
Banking House	545,796.92
Due from Banks	835,829.80
Cash and Checks on other Banks .	8,297,120.00
	\$23,193,583.02

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

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Surplus and Undivided Profits - - - - - \$5,815,982

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The New York and New Jersey Tunnel

See page 91

WITHIN fifteen miles of New York's City Hall, on the Jersey side of the North River, there are to-day nearly 800,000 people—a population half again that of St. Louis, fourth-largest city in the United States. And the broad-major portion of this vast total, or the major part of it, moves back and forth across Hendrick Hudson's big stream twice a business day.

The average New Yorker who lives on the eastern side of the stream does not appreciate the fact at all, and laments crowded elevated and jammed surface cars with impatience and cordial enthusiasm, unimpaired of other troubles. But the third, package-laden men and women who throng the ferryboats, which illuminate the busy river with their hundred thousand lights each evening, have a hale idea of it, nor is their foiling breast when fog or fog or blocked ferry-slips hold back the big, ably managed vessels, with resultant late dinners, missed engagements, and short evenings.

The North River ferry service is to-day the finest in the world—swift, wisely inadequate. Although the boats are as large as practicable, and, in general, are powerful, splendidly built craft, they do not suffice.

(Continued on page 112.)

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WE can best understand the part played in the history of his country by the late Don Praxedes Mateo Sagasta if we compare him with the great Englishman who was his contemporary, William Ewart Gladstone. In both the principles of extreme democracy were blended with a love of the focus and evenness of reality; and each waged against the extreme radical and revolutionary forces a fight quite as bitter as that which they carried on against the ultra-conservatives and reactionaries. Like Mr. Gladstone, there was something in Sagasta of the doctrinaire and the student, and while the English statesman would have made an admirable archbishop or even cardinal had the Dominions so decreed, Señor Sagasta might, under more peaceful conditions, have followed into a great old college professor, beloved and admired, the prototype of the head of one of our great colleges. Yet, while both were essentially characters of order and tradition, Gladstone and Sagasta alike were driven by fate to the work of destruction and demolition, Gladstone, the most religious of moderns, carried out the disestablishment of the English Church in Ireland; while Sagasta, in every instance of his career more royalist than the King, became, against every moral and emotional probability, a leader of revolutions. Again, the names of these two great men are united in history to the names of queens who ruled over England and Spain through the most eventful years of the last three generations; and while the title of the first English queen, the ill-fated Isabella, is a total contrast to the pastoral docility of Victoria, Señor Sagasta had, in Christina of Austria, a queen as remarkable in virtue and wisdom as the great lady who ruled over England. Finally, to complete the parallel, both Gladstone and Sagasta were identified with periods of national disaster and withdrawal; Gladstone's peace with the Boers after Majuba Hill, and his desertion of Gordon at Khartoum, being as passionately resented by his countrymen as were the dread of Manila Bay and the loss of Cuba by Spain. The two great ministers, leaving the cares of state, embled their lives in quiet seclusion, the world forgetting, and, so far as practical weight in the conduct of affairs went, in the world forgot. To record, even in outline,

the life of Sagasta, would be to write the history of Spain throughout the nineteenth century; the country's long struggle for better government against the old, bad despotism of the Bourbons, linked with aristocratic abuses and ecclesiastical tyranny on the one hand, and the explosive fires of anarchy on the other. Let the Essential stand for the one danger, and Barreiros, with its red propaganda, for the other. Between these two fiercely contending extremes stood Sagasta, temporizing, building, modifying; ever holding firmly his principles of mildness and moderation, even though forced to play a part in revolutions and wars. How much the present King of Spain owes to Sagasta for his advice and energetic leadership through the trying period of the war with the United States, and to his judgment in directing the contending factions of his own country after the war, can hardly be calculated. He was in all probability the only man in Spain at that time who could have saved Alfonso's dynasty. That he did succeed in quieting the frolics that threatened to reduce Spanish rule in Spain to the rule of the mob is the only one of the enormous debts owed to him by the present King. As the leader of the liberals in the Spanish Cortes he was not only charged at the outset by the people with criticizing unjustly the government of Cánovas and the Conservative cabinet; but was held by many as an enemy of the state. The concessions he won little by little from the Queen Regent and from the Conservatives had their climax in the events that followed Weyler's false announcement that his reforms in Cuba were successful, and that the entire western part of the island was "completely pacified." His programme for the autonomy of Cuba was one of his diplomatic failures. The refusal of the Cubans to accept the propositions of his ministry after the return of Weyler and the amnesty proclamation of Blanco will be recalled. In the few months preceding the actual declaration of the Spanish war, the Carlists and Republicans seized every opportunity to urge on the government to hostile action. Sagasta held for an amicable settlement. He made every possible effort to learn the actual desires of the government at Washington and to carry them out. But the trouble lay beyond his hand.



Praxedes Mateo Sagasta

(Continued from page 111.)

The growth of the city and its gigantic suburban population demand something more, and as if responding to the call, a great steel shield, with cutting edges and jaws which cut through silt and sand and solid rock down under the bed of the river, is carrying on the march of progress and relief.

For a quarter century the work has gone on, with occasional lapses, but the time is now near, not indefinite, when the New York and New Jersey Tunnel—the "Iron Key Tunnel," as engineers call it—will be a finished link in the stupendous chain of achievement which is making New York city the world's metropolis.

It is characteristic of the city that this work, or what might be called its maintenance, has not been noticed until the last few weeks. In the rush of \$250,000,000 improvements in the greater city and amid the clamor incident to the vast enterprise of the Pennsylvania Railroad, a little thing like the approaching completion of the great-tunnel yet built was overlooked.

Mr. Cassatt was voted his franchise for the Pennsylvania Tunnel, and the work is now after a further 4,000,000 New Yorkers and Jerseyites awake to the fact that still another big Christmas gift was on the way, which promised quieter and well-nigh a rich blessing to them. Chicago River and Thames tunnels are small affairs besides the New Jersey enterprise which approached its accomplishment so quietly.

A wretched accident, now less possible because of progress in construction, interrupted the work some twenty odd years ago. Funds gave out, the boring halted, and interest, one world-wide, waned. Then English capital tried it, to fail likewise.

But not many months ago the work started again. Far-seeing men took up the task. The long tube, which had been bored over half-way under the river, was pumped out, the immense boring shield made ready again, the machinery renewed. Presently the hydraulic jacks which force the shield forward felt pressure—5000 pounds to the square inch, a total outward thrust of 2000 tons. The silt came in through the doors in the shield-head, and workers standing amid an air pressure of over thirty pounds to the square inch—made necessary to keep the water out and prevent the rise from drowning if water should be encountered, for the rush of the tide is only a few feet above them—attacked the oozy substance, and sent it back on cabs to the tunnel's mouth in Jersey City.

The work now goes on with the brain and brawn and backing which promise through cars by next year's Independence Day. The sturdy shield has advanced until it has encountered the solid rock ledge near the New York shore, only a ship's-length from the great pieces of red-stacked Atlantic liners.

The shield halted when it hit the ledge, but this time the hold will be brief, the Rock of Ages does not lie on Manhattan Island. The city's progress is not now deterred by water, rock, or earth. A week or so should result in the straightening of the shield's bent cutting edges, and then the rocky ledge, which is not of serene hardness, will be attacked with dynamite, down there under the twin-sew merchantmen, and while the people on the surface of the city swelter in next summer's heat, the tunnel workers beneath the decks will, in all human probability, be joining the Jersey late with the old, short, completed section under West Street. The remainder of the undertaking—connection with the terminals, building of the stations, and all that—is a stupid, every-day affair. The tunnel is the thing.

Passengers on the bound boats look up at the men working on the lofty steel towers of the new East River bridge and say that bridge-builders do brave deeds. None will gainsay that, but the strong, grimy, piked fellows who are digging down there in the shield, in a pressure which would set an ordinary man's ears roaring like tin snare and guns, deserve also their full need of honor. Not many men can stand it, and those who, after rigid examination, are allowed to go in through the air locks, by which the sharp change from surface pressure to that in the shield is graded, have the

(Continued on page 116.)



The first-class, round-trip rate, Chicago to California, is \$110. Tickets are good to return any time within nine months. Stop-overs are allowed. One stop-over, that is distinctly worth while, is at El Paso—to get a glimpse of Old Mexico.

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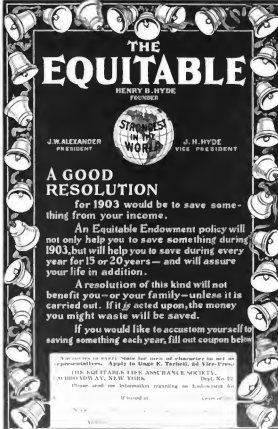
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Please send me information regarding an Endowment Policy.

If signed in _____

Name _____



AT this writing no further progress has been made in the selection of American competitors in the Gordon-Bennett race. Alexander Winton is the only one so far chosen by the Automobile Club of America, and he is constructing a machine for the coming race. This motor will be interesting, as it will show the latest developments in American motor construction, and there is considerable curiosity as to the tires which will be used, as they are of vital importance in the race. Mr. Winton expects to sail for Europe on May 1, in order that he may have time to get used to the course. The other two competitors and their machines are to be chosen by the Automobile Club by means of some contest not yet determined. The present candidates for these positions are Percy Owen, who would use a Winton motor, H. S. Harkness, and C. W. Matheuse, who is building a car in Grand Rapids, Michigan.

American motor-cars have been greatly improved during the past year; the engines have been constructed with special attention to simplicity of operation and control and quietness in

system of lubrication, the clutch is done away with, changes of speed are made smoothly with imperceptible variations, a brake acting through the motor is the most powerful and certain in its action, while the possibilities of luxurious fittings in the way of electric lights, heaters, etc., are almost limitless. It is not stated whether this machine is to use storage batteries in connection with the dynamo, nor what device is to be used when a stop is to be made. In the case of the ordinary gasoline motor-car it suffices to pull out the clutch when a temporary stop is to be made, thus allowing the engine to run free. Probably it could be arranged to throw the surplus energy into a set of storage batteries by a method which would be regulated automatically, or it might be possible to use some arrangement like a clutch, by which the commutator brushes could be thrown in and out of contact at will. The appearance of this machine is to be but slightly different from that of a gasoline car; the main difference will be the heavy motors on the four wheels and the absence of chains.

The present speed limit in relation to automobiles are likely to



Percy Owen in the Winton "Pup"



Alexander Winton doing mile in 1 min. 2 2-5 sec.

running; comfort for the occupants has been the requirement of purchasers, and this demand has been more effectively satisfied than heretofore; the foreign "tourism" has been extensively copied, although this is being gradually superseded abroad by the more comfortable "limousine" and similar types, which give shelter from bad weather and allow room for luggage. Perhaps in two years from now American manufacturers will begin to copy this style of body, as it is a curious fact that in this industry alone we seem content to remain well in the rear while Europe leads.

Alfred Harmsworth, the well-known English editor, has ordered a car from Panhard and Levassor which is the most radical development in motor-car construction. The car has a gasoline engine of the regular type, but, instead of being used for propulsion, the engine drives a dynamo, which in turn supplies current to a motor coupled directly to the driving axle. If the experiment succeeds, the advantages are obvious: no more gears with their complicated

be changed in some measure, and in such a way as to favor the sensible driving of the machines. It seems rather unjust to regulate the speed on such open roads as those near Bronx Park by the restrictions which necessarily apply to the crowded streets in lower New York city. The Automobile Club, represented by Mr. Santuck, and, in fact, all owners of motor-cars, have no objection to limiting the speed to eight miles an hour in places of crowded traffic, but effort is being made to change the law so as to allow a speed of fifteen miles an hour in all parts of the State where homes are more than 100 feet apart. This clause will make the regulations broad enough to allow a reasonable speed in unfrequented parts of the State, and yet will plainly include the eight-mile-an-hour limits irrespective of the growth of the city. It is also proposed that Lafayette Boulevard, and St. Nicholas Avenue, in the Borough of Manhattan, be under the fifteen-mile limit clause. This law, however, will not apply to incorporated villages and towns which have their own regulations.



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New Type of Electric Truck for Heavy Carrying

FIFTY-EIGHTH ANNUAL STATEMENT

OF THE

New-York Life Insurance Co.

JOHN A. McCALL, President

346 & 348 BROADWAY, NEW YORK CITY

JANUARY 1, 1903

ASSETS.

(Company does not invest in or loan upon stocks of any kind.)

United States, State, City, County, and other Bonds (cost value, \$218,423,051), market value, December 31, 1902	\$225,039,295
Bonds and Mortgages (905 first liens)	26,125,318
Deposits in Trust Companies and Banks, at interest	22,622,058
Loans to Policy-holders on their Policies as security (legal value thereof, \$35,000,000)	22,093,674
Real Estate (26 pieces, including 12 office buildings, valued at \$10,990,000)	12,880,000
Loans on Bonds (market value, \$5,949,420)	4,104,000
Quarterly and Semi-Annual Premiums not yet due, reserve charged in Liabilities	3,147,027
Premium Notes on Policies in force (Legal Reserve to secure same, \$4,300,000)	2,664,476
Premiums in transit, reserve charged in Liabilities	2,294,277
Interest and Rents accrued	1,870,775
Total Assets (per Certificate of New York Ins. Dept.)	\$322,840,900

LIABILITIES.

Policy Reserve per certificate of New York Insurance Department (see below), December 31, 1902	\$268,344,420
All other Liabilities Policy Claims, Annuities, Endowments, &c., awaiting presentment for payment	4,462,361
Additional Reserve on Policies which the Company values on a 3% or a 3 1/2% basis, over the 4% valuation by the Insurance Department.	\$5,397,325
Reserve to provide dividends payable to policy-holders during 1903, and in subsequent years, per policy contracts—	
To holders of 20-Year Period Policies and longer	23,877,326
To holders of 15-Year Period Policies	8,270,742
To holders of 10-Year Period Policies	588,663
To holders of 5-Year Period Policies	587,401
To holders of Annual Dividend Policies	800,947
Reserves to provide for all other contingencies	10,511,715
Total	50,034,119
Total Liabilities (per Certificate of New York Ins. Dept.)	\$322,840,900

INCOME, 1902.

New Premiums (Annuities, \$1,712,429)	\$15,588,022
Renewal Premiums	49,461,923
Interest, etc. (Trust Fund, \$463,831)	14,058,456
Total Income	\$79,108,401

DISBURSEMENTS, 1902.

Death-Claims paid	\$15,932,507
Endowments paid	4,045,102
Annuities, Dividends, Surrender Values, etc.	10,618,229
Total paid policy-holders	\$30,595,838
Commissions, Brokerages, and all other payments to Agents	8,369,787
Home Office and Branch Office Salaries and Physicians' Fees	4,829,896
Taxes, Advertising, and all other expenses	3,130,070
Total Disbursements	\$46,925,591

INSURANCE ACCOUNT.

	Number.	Amount.
Paid for Insurances in Force, December 31, 1901	599,818	\$1,265,369,299
New Paid for Insurances, 1902	155,440	302,798,229
Old Insurances Revived, etc.	1,444	2,897,000
Totals	756,702	\$1,671,064,528
Total Terminated in 1902	82,135	117,436,502
Paid for Insurances in Force, Dec. 31, 1902.	704,567	\$1,553,628,026
Gain in 1902	104,749	\$188,258,727

CERTIFICATE OF SUPERINTENDENT

OF STATE OF NEW YORK

INSURANCE DEPARTMENT

Albany, January 3, 1903.

I, FRANCIS HENDRICKS, Superintendent of Insurance of the State of New York, do hereby certify that the NEW-YORK LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY, of the City of New York, in the State of New York, a Mutual Life Insurance Company, having no capital stock, is duly authorized to transact the business of Life Insurance in this State.

I FURTHER CERTIFY that, in accordance with the provisions of Section eighty-four of the insurance law of the State of New York, I have caused the Policy obligations of the said Company, outstanding and paid for on the 31st day of December, 1902, to be valued on the following basis: Policies known as the Company's three per cent. Policies, and all Policies issued since December 31, 1900, being valued as per the American Experience Table of Mortality with three per cent. interest, and all other Policies being valued as per the Combined Experience Table of Mortality with four per cent. interest; and I hereby certify the result to be as follows:

Net Reserve Value of Policies	\$290,008,234.00
" " " " " Additions	3,332,529.00
" " " " " Annuities	15,248,311.00
Total	\$268,589,074.00
Less Net Reserve Value of Policies re-insured	244,654.00
Total Net Reserve Values	\$268,344,420.00

I FURTHER CERTIFY, from the sworn Report of the Company on file in this Department, that the Admitted Assets are—

Assets are	\$322,840,900.03
Reserve Values of Policies as calculated by this Department	\$268,344,420.00
General Liabilities	4,462,361.17
Additional Reserve on Policies which the Company values on a higher basis than that used by the Department, as above stated	\$5,397,325.00
Reserve to provide dividends payable to policy-holders in 1903 and in subsequent years	34,125,078.86
Reserves to provide for all other contingencies	10,511,715.00
Total Additional Reserves	50,034,118.86
Total	\$322,840,900.03

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, I have hereunto subscribed my name and caused my official seal to be affixed at the City of Albany, the day and year first above written.

FRANCIS HENDRICKS, Superintendent of Insurance.

Before you do another thing James, bring me a **CLUB COCKTAIL** I'm so tired shopping make it a MARTINI. I need a little Tonic and it's so much better than a drug of any kind

FOR SALE BY ALL DEALERS.
G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO.
HARTFORD, NEW YORK, LONDON



(Continued from page 118.)
watchful eye of a physician constantly over them, and oftentimes the doctor is a sadly busy man. Too sudden a change from one pressure to the other brings the "beards," and great care is needed in such cases to prevent fatality.

Whether trunk lines or trolleys use this long tube under the river is a matter of minor importance. More tunnels will inevitably come soon, anyway. The main interest lies in the bigness of the undertaking—a thing which always appeals to an American, the saving of time and greater convenience in getting to the town over the river, the new development which must inevitably follow in the neighboring State, and some lively changes in values in old Greenwich and Chelsea villages. The New York and New Jersey tunnel marks a long step forward.

The New Congressional Office Building

See page 110

Persons at all familiar with the domestic affairs of the United States Capitol at Washington have long appreciated that the members of the House of Representatives have been forced to content themselves with sorely inadequate accommodations in the matter of rooms. At the present time every available room in the House portion of the great structure is utilized by a committee, and members who are act chairmen of committees, but who must have some place to attend to their correspondence and other Congressional duties, are forced to either rent an office or take advantage of the courtesy of the chairmen of some committee who has a small amount of surplus table space at his disposal. The latter plan is, as may be imagined, far from satisfactory, owing to the fact that a public committee room is scarcely an agreeable place to conduct private business, while the alternative of renting an office presents a serious objection aside from the expense, in that few offices are procurable in Washington within any reasonable distance of the Capitol.

How serious the situation really is may be appreciated when it is explained that out of a membership of three hundred and sixty-one in the House of Representatives only fifty-two of the legislators are, by virtue of being chairmen of committees, provided with offices, and even these rooms must be shared for committee work, or, as has been explained, with committee colleagues. Naturally, the situation will be made proportionately more serious with the increased membership of the next Congress, due to the reapportionment based on the new census.

A project for the erection of an office building to serve as an annex to the Capitol has long been under consideration in Congressional circles, and lately the Superintendent of the United Building and Grounds, acting under authorization from Congress, has had plans prepared for such a structure. This action has been taken at a juncture when the need for such an edifice has been shown to be imperative for several reasons. A problem long recognized as second only in importance to that of providing additional office rooms is found in the necessity of providing for the rapidly increasing heating, lighting, and power-plans of the great white-domed building, and now that a vast addition to the main building has been determined upon by means of the extension of the east front, it is evident that the present engineering will not accommodate the additional machinery, and that an annex must be provided that will embrace an extensive power-plant as well as extensive office facilities.

The new office building will be connected with the Capitol by means of a subway, through which will be carried the electric-lighting, power, steam, and hot-water systems for heating and illuminating the main building. The subway will connect with such section of the Capitol. It will be sufficiently comfortable for use as a public passageway, and will be provided with means of transportation for both material and persons. The importance of such a passageway between the two buildings will be especially apparent in bad weather, and it will

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TRAINS TO CATCH. STORES TO OPEN.
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render it possible at all times for members occupying rooms in the new structure to reach the hall of the House almost as promptly as they do now from the present committee-rooms.

In view of the proximity of the new structure to the Capitol, it is proposed that construction shall be carried on exclusively in complete harmony with the Capitol building. The exterior walls of the new building will be of either marble or granite, probably the former, and the interior will be constructed largely of steel and terra-cotta, together with other fire-proof materials. The court walls will be faced with enamel brick, which has been selected as conducive to cleanliness and good lighting for the interior rooms.

Four different plans have been prepared for the new office building, each being designed with reference to the limitations of a particular site,—all the proposed sites being almost equally convenient to the Capitol. That considerable latitude is allowed by these different plans, among which Congress is to make a choice, may be appreciated from the fact that, whereas two of the plans make provision for 324 and 381 rooms, respectively, the other plans contemplate the subordination of 536 and 569 rooms, respectively. There is, of course, considerable latitude in the estimates of cost based upon the various plans, but if one or the other of the more extensive plans is decided upon, as seems probable, the expenditure necessitated will be considerably in excess of four million dollars.

Each of the rooms on the steel section of the new building will be about sixteen by twenty-five feet in size, while those in the terra-cotta section will average about seventeen by eighteen feet in size. Every room will have a window opening outward, and therefore will be well lighted. Even the rooms facing the courts will suffer little in this respect, inasmuch as the courts will be large and will admit much light. Every room and corridor will be heated and ventilated by a forced supply of fresh air at a constant temperature (during the cold months), and by the use of supplemental radiators, enabling the occupant to control the temperature above that supplied by the fresh air. Each room will be supplied with a lavatory with hot and cold water, and the rooms will be arranged with communicating doors, so that, if desired, suites may be arranged. The wood-work will be limited to the doors and sash, all the floors being of concrete, tile, or marble. That the building shall be most brilliantly illuminated, provision has been made for supplying ten thousand electric lights in the office building alone.

A full equipment of freight and passenger elevators will afford speedy communication between the three floors and the basement of the building, and a restaurant and kitchen will be located on the third floor. It is anticipated that the new heating, lighting, and power plant which will be installed to supply the new building as well as the Capitol will entail an expenditure of \$175,000 in addition to the cost of the new building, and the subway which will extend from the office building to the several terminals in the Capitol building will cost at least \$115,000 more.

The world is too much with us; late and soon,
Getting and spending we lay waste our
noons;

Little we see in nature that is ours;
We have given our hearts away, a sordid
loom!

This sun that leaves her beams to the moon:
The winds that will be howling at our doors,
And are up-gathered now like sleeping ferns:

For this, for everything, we are out of
time!

It moves as not — Great God! I'd rather be
A pagan suckled in a creed outworn,
So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
Have glimpses that would make me less
forlorn!

Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea,
Or hear old Triton blow his wreathful horn.

—Wardsworth.

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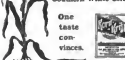
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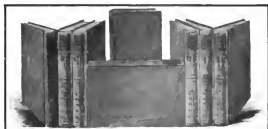
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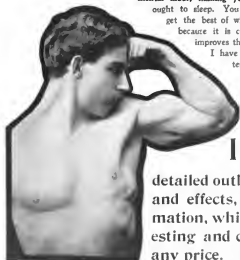
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What is so strong as the testimony of others?

Mr. J. Logan Jones, Vice-Pres. and Secy. of Jones Dry Goods Co., of Kansas City, Mo., after years of gradual but certain decline, physically and mentally, had a complete collapse. It was impossible for him to sleep without medicine, and he went without natural sleep for the period of about ten months. He tried the best physicians to be had, traveled almost constantly, being unable to remain long in one place; took hunting trips in Colorado and a sea-coast trip to Northern Maine, with no appreciable results. He had been constipated for sixteen or seventeen years, and had to take physic constantly, never having a natural action. The following is an extract from a recent letter to me: "A little over ten months ago I took my first exercise from you, and under the circumstances consider the transformation a positive miracle. Will say that I am getting to be quite a giant. I weigh more than I have ever weighed in my life, and my muscular development is something wonderful. I sleep soundly, my digestion is good, constipation a matter of ancient history, and do more work than I ever did in my life and enjoy it all the time." What could be more convincing? And do you wonder that he is enthusiastic? I could name hundreds of others who have received similar results, but it would not make the system any better. But if you will follow my instructions for a few weeks I promise you such a superb muscular development and such a degree of vigorous health as to forever convince you that intelligent direction of muscular effort is just as essential to success in life as intelligent mental effort. No pupil of mine will need to digest his food with pepsin nor assist nature with a dose of physic. I will give you an appetite and a strong stomach to take care of it; a digestive system that will fill your veins with rich blood; a strong heart that will regulate circulation and improve assimilation; a pair of lungs that will purify your blood; a liver that will work as nature designed it should; a set of nerves that will keep you up to the standard of physical and mental energy. I will increase your nervous force and capacity for mental labor, making your daily work a pleasure. You will sleep as a man ought to sleep. You will start the day as a mental worker must who would get the best of which his brain is capable. I can promise you all of this because it is common-sense, rational, and just as logical as that study improves the intellect.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY



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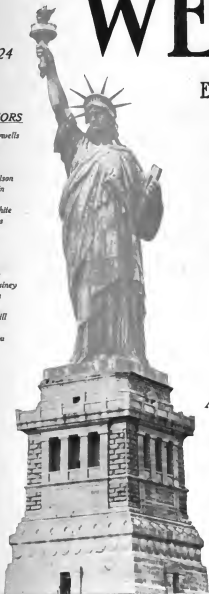
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The White House Diplomatic
Reception, by T. de Thulstrup

Outlook for Currency Legislation

AMERICANS OF TO-MORROW
THIS WEEK

WILLIAM B. LEEDS

NEXT WEEK

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AMERICANS OF TO-MORROW

XXIV—WILLIAM B. LEEDS, A.E.T. 41

See page 130—Editorial Section

The Outlook for Currency Legislation

IN the process of time all questions that have long been pressing for settlement, all defects or evils that experience has discovered in our statutes, receive the attention of Congress. That busy body some day passes in the engrossing tasks that are deemed to it, because its attention has been called to the fact that the country is clamoring for something, or that an important interest, which it will not pay to neglect, has asked for a word with the legislative mind.

The banking and commercial interests for thirty years have been asking for some attention to the currency situation. But the question is difficult, and, to most minds, it is dry, and, therefore, uninteresting. Since the panic of 1893 there has been a growing consciousness, among all sections and interests of the community, that something is wrong with our currency system. In that year, greenbacks and all other forms of gold and its representatives were hoarded, for much profit was made by shipping gold abroad, and greenbacks were held out of circulation because inevitably they drew from the Treasury the profitable metal. The national bank-note circulation broke down. It was unable to respond to the demands of business for the payment of ordinary current expenses. Cities and private citizens issued a token currency; manufacturers paid their hands in orders; The Clearing House of New York invented clearing-house certificates which were used in lieu of actual currency for the maintenance of reserves, and, by various makeshifts, the difficult times were endured, and the country emerged from the shadow into an era of prosperity. Still the evil stalk in our currency and banking systems, and at least once a year the enterprising men of the East are obliged to pay their demand notes at the banks, in order that the letter may send out money to the West for the mooring of the crops. This makes money high, and times hard in the East, especially in New York, and it has caused many an unenterprising to be abandoned or to halt.

In the mean time bankers, in their conventions, writers of books, pamphlets, and of editorials have urged Congress to act. A few years ago the legislative body took a step which seems to insure

the permanency of the gold standard, and which brought some relief by slightly increasing bank-note circulation. Nevertheless, this form of currency continues to lack elasticity, and, after a good deal of pushing and exhortation, interest was excited by

some members of the House of Representatives, notably Mr. Fowler of New Jersey, Mr. Lovering of Massachusetts, and Mr. Overstreet of Indiana. The Fowler bill is the outcome of the agitation which was thus aroused. It is not a bill which wholly satisfies any one; even its author would probably prefer some changes, while a great many men, of the kind known as sound, are opposed to the theory of a set banking. Although the members named have for some years been eager to secure the passage of some legislation which will give us an elastic currency, and although the desire for such a reform has been growing stronger and stronger, and although its expression has become louder and louder throughout the country, the public men generally have not been deeply moved. So far, no Senator has betrayed the slightest interest in the question, so far as the public know. The question, however, will be intelligently dealt with in the Senate, when it comes up for discussion by Senator Allison,—who is the authority in the chamber on questions of finance,—by Senators Aldrich, Fairbanks, Hanna, and by a few others. The difference of opinion as to the proper remedy to apply to existing evils are so many and so great that a long time must elapse before agreement can be reached on any measure that is in any degree, thorough or radical. A good many factors must be reckoned with. The Middle West, for example, is easily alarmed by any proposition to have bank currency on anything but the national debt. There are also the enemies of all banks, who still number a considerable number, and who prefer greenbacks to bank notes. Then we have those who think that a set currency is not safe; and, again, those who have confidence in a set currency and in branch banks. The question is full of practical difficulties; the session is short. There is, therefore, no likelihood of legislation this year.



L. M. Shaw
Secretary of the Treasury



William E. Allison
Of Iowa



Charles N. Fowler
Of New Jersey



Kenneth Corbin Duffin Anderson Charles H. Johnson William H. Johnson

THE GREAT SOCIAL EVENT OF THE SEASON AT THE WHITE HOUSE

Reception to the Diplomatic Corps at the White House

This drawing shows the scene as the first diplomatic reception given in the new east wing of the White House
Drawn by T. de Thulstrup



THE SECRET THOUGHTS OF THEIR HEARTS



Buckingham Palace. His Britannic Majesty's boudoir, done in pink and gold. The crown on a bustard near the door. On a gilded console, the scepter and ermine ball, with several brocade-backed seats. His Britannic Majesty, in a cashmere dressing-gown, seated with horrible roars, in a huge arm-chair, with his feet on a foot-stool. Premier Balfour is an ottomaner, outwardly bating, but inwardly ill at ease.
Premier Balfour. Well, really, your Majesty—ah! If your Majesty would only—ah! let me speak—ah! . . .
The King (testily). Damm, sir, damn!



Castro, the former President, opens a sardine-can with a button-hook

Balfour (austerely). I trust your Majesty—ah! . . .
The King (snorting). Yes, sir! but how am I to trust you? And weren't you both cocksure, you and Willy? And didn't you know it all, and didn't you pooh-pooh my apprehensions? You're a nice pair, sir! Oh yes! you're a nice pair!
Balfour (struggling his shoulders). Your Majesty—ah! must—ah! pardon me, but no one, not even England's Premier—ah! has the gift of prophecy, or can see ahead with infallible eyes—
The King. See ahead, you, sir! Why, you couldn't see a haystack! What did I tell you would happen? What did I tell you? and before the Boer war, too! Oh, you were so sure about it! By heavens, sir! do you know what will happen? You will get whipped in Parliament, sir, and I shall have one of those damned filibusters for Prime Minister. . . . Oh, yes, you and Willy have done it! You hear me, sir? Done it! Done it! Done it! . . .
Balfour. Really—ah! Your Majesty—ah! . . .

The Palace, Berlin. Smoking-room, in old Prussian oak, upholstered in artillery pattern, and adorned with portraits of the Kaiser as Adam, the Kaiser as Noah, the Kaiser as Methuselah, the Kaiser as Alexander the Great, as Homer, and so forth. His Imperial Majesty, in the austere uniform of a field-marshal, putting up and down, leaving his mustache.
Kaiser Wilhelm. Well, Herr Graf, we are getting on, eh! The great dream realizes itself! The great drama unfolds! . . .
Von Balfour, Ja, Majestät!
Kaiser. Yes, Herr Graf! Yes! We are making history! We are forming events! We are smothering circumstances! We are outmaneuvering Fate! What a privilege you must feel it, to play a part, however small, in all this! to work with the master-mind!

Von Balfour, Ja, Majestät!
The Kaiser. I see before me (pointing to the picture of Adam) my genius fore-shouldered in the first man! Here (pointing to Methuselah) is a type of my endurance! And here (striking his mustache towards Noah) is a type of my power to ride on the wave of circumstance! Yes, Herr Graf! Yes! It is all very wonderful, very wonderful and beautiful. . . .
Von Balfour, Ja, Majestät!
Kaiser. With what cosmamate shall I hoodwink the

Russian! And how adroitly, how perfectly adroitly, I would the Sultan send my Gager! And what a lesson it was for all time to see me fascinate the Persian Shah! Was it not delicious—ack, delicious—to see me entangling Chamberlains in my schemes (chuckles sardoniously), so clever, so alert himself! Was it not delicious?
Von Balfour, Ja, Majestät!
The Kaiser. And my poor old uncle! and now those Americans! Why, they think they have out-generalled me!—me! me! Out-generalled me! Confound it, is it not, Herr Graf!
Von Balfour, Ja, Majestät!
The Kaiser. Ah yes! let them laugh! let them laugh! let them! But he laughs well who latest laughs! . . . That is wrong, Herr Graf—did you notice! . . .
Von Balfour, Ja, Majestät!
The Kaiser. Well, dear boy, leave me now! I feel the divine affluens coming. . . .
Von Balfour (aside). The deuce you do! (Exit.)

Among the hills, south of Caracas. President Cipriano Castro and Signora Castro. The President is trying to open a sardine can with a button-hook, while the Signora looks her eyes with a yellow boudaine handkerchief.
Cipriano (looking under his eyebrows at the Signora). Oh, come, Maria! What is the use of making a fuss about it? We'll lose our job, that's all!
Many a good man has done so before. . . .
Signora Castro. Good man! (sobs). Good man! And so you call yourself a good man! (sobs again).
Cipriano. Oh, well, not exactly a saint, you know, but among men of the world—oh, hang it, Maria, do stop sniffling! It's bad enough without your rubbing it in!
Confound it all about up!
Signora (still sobbing excitedly). No, I won't shut up! I won't! I won't! No, sir, your lawful wife will not shut up! I have suffered everything at your hand, but I will not suffer that! You may strike me, but you must listen! Yes! yes! yes! Kill me, if you want to, kill me like me! You would like to, wouldn't you! Why don't you kill me!

Cipriano (aside). Quite an idea! (Looks at her meditatively, and is doing so, job his thumb with the button-hook, boances to his feet, getting.) Car-r-r-nan!
Signora (scraming). Oh! oh! he's going to kill me! (Has a prolonged fit of hysterics).
Cipriano (trying another trick). Well, now did-n't she! Poor Signora (snatching softly). And she afraid her, putting his arm around her waist! What is it, then! I don't wonder she is tired and done up! It has been a hard time, all these days, with those nasty insurgents pecking at me, and the beastly foreigners covoring along the coast! Bah! how I hate foreigners! (The Signora begins to weep again.) Oh, hang it all, Maria, turn off the water-works! What is the land in the matter now! With Cipi! It's the ingratitide! the base ingratitide, of our country, dearest Cipi! To have a great man like you, and to—ah! oh! Cipriano (trembling). With I'm blessed! You're a good faithful sort, anyway—a sort of consolation in distress! Why (snags her again), do you know (snags)—ah! if I tell her, Yes! (Aloud.) Do you know. . . . If we can get away, I've got quite a nice little pile hid in a safe corner. . . . If we can only get away! . . .



The Kaiser. "I feel the divine affluens coming." Von Balfour (aside). "The deuce you do!"



The King (to Balfour). "Oh yes, you and Willy have done it! You hear me, sir? Done it! Done it! Done it!"



MR. SOTHERN'S PRESENTATION OF "HAMLET" IN NEW YORK
AT THE GARDEN THEATRE

In this drawing Mr. Henry McCarter represents the two most graphic and effective scenes in Mr. Sothern's production—the ghost scene, where Hamlet learns the perfidy of his step-father, and his subsequent denunciation of the King

The Culture of Unknown American Tribes



Totem pole in the village of a Kwakiut tribe at River Inlet, north of Vancouver

rious tribes of North America, are in their religious beliefs Shamanists. It is only in their forms of worship that they differ. Whether sun or fire worshippers, their belief in spirits still holds. Those American tribes who believed in the Great Spirit were not so far from the universal brotherhood of man which expresses its similar belief in forms of Christianity, Mohammedanism, or Confucianism. The Shaman priests, wherever found on either side of the Pacific, wear robes distinctive of their rank. Such robes are often highly decorated with symbolical figures, but they are seldom found except among the natives of the far north of America or of Siberia. The Shamanists do not pray to their spirits like the Christians. They portray their prayers on birch bark, paddles, or otherwise, and hang these up in the tent where the spirits may see them. This Shaman prayer never takes the form of thanks for benefits received, but of requests for benefits desired. The spirits speak to the Shaman worshippers and give them guidance in visions and dreams.

While tree burial has been long known to scientists, the explorers found examples of it among the Kwakiut tribes around Port Rupert on Vancouver Island that are unusual. Instead of placing the bodies of their

SIX separate expeditions of discovery in unknown northern countries have recently been undertaken through the generosity of Mr. Morris K. Jessup, president of the New York Chamber of Commerce. The expense has been in the neighborhood of \$50,000, and the results, now valued at twenty times that sum, have been presented to the American Museum of Natural History.

The expeditions which explored the American side of the North Pacific Ocean, under Professor Franz Boas, Curator of Ethnology of the American Museum of Natural History, and Harlan I. Smith, Assistant Curator of Archaeology, found forms of culture of special interest. Indians the world over, Chukches of North America, Chukchese of Siberia, Eskimos of the farthest north, Aztecs or Mayas of Mexico, and the natives of the Arctic Sea, to be buried under the ice. It was found that most of the Siberian tribes took their dead to the tundras and buried them.

dead on low logs just above the reach of animals, these tribes buried them a hundred feet high in the highest spruces. Other methods, too, of disposing of the dead were found which are remarkable when one remembers the narrowness of the tribes to each other in boundaries and in commerce. Like the burial places of the Dravidic were the massive rock cairns of Vancouver Island people. Some tribes placed their dead at the bases of mountains, where slides rolled down over them. Some built mounds surrounded by stones like the mound-builders. Some threw their dead in heaps on the plains. Some Eskimos were found who placed their dead on the shores of the Arctic Sea, to be buried under the ice. It was found that most of the Siberian tribes took their dead to the tundras and buried them.

With regard to the way the ancient Indians made their chert arrow points, knives, axes, spear-points, and other implements, the



Human faces in tribal emblems. Here and an carved totem-pole by Bella Bella tribe, north of Vancouver



Two Shaman Priests of the Kwakiut Tribe



A Kwakiut Indian sharpening Stone Celt on Rock to make Arrow-heads. This clears up a little-known process of the very prehistoric tribes made their weapons



Lord Knollys

John Hervey

Baroness de Saxe

THE NEW BRITISH AMBASSADOR'S FIRST ENTERTAINMENT

Sir Michael and Lady Herbert gave their first afternoon reception recently in Washington to all the official and diplomatic personages in the capital. The English embassy, which has just been redecorated, was filled with the leaders of Washington society.

Drawn by E. M. Asha



Drawn by Frank O. Spauld

THE ARTISTS' FESTIVAL

The artists' festival, given this week in Boston, is one of the most interesting functions in the art world of America. It is given once in three years, and each year a different costume period is chosen. This year the scene is a "Twelfth Night Revel," and the picture here represents a fanciful tableau of St. George and the Dragon.



A TWENTIETH-CENTURY CREATION

The new Belmont Hotel, now building at Forty-second Street and Fourth Avenue, New York, is distinctly one of the new-century wonders. It not only has twenty-two stories aboveground, but there are five stories underground, as well as underground connections with the new subway and the Grand Central road. One can go from this hotel to San Francisco without leaving the cover of a roof. Interesting new appliances in hotels are told about on page 156



MISS ELIZABETH TYREE

Miss Tyree is now making her first appearance as a star at the Madison Square Theatre, New York, in the new play, "Gretna Green," by Grace Livingston Furniss. Miss Tyree has already scored successes at the Lyceum, Daly's, and the Empire theatres

HARPER'S WEEKLY

JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

Editorial section for the week ending January 24, 1903

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can well believe that it is invisible to the hundred inhabitants of Venezuela whose dinners have so painfully vanished into the void.

News from China continues uniformly bad. We recently chronicled the alleged advance of the fighting general Tung Fu-Siang towards the capital, and pointed out how formidable a danger to the throne this advance must prove. We now learn of another Mohammedan rising in Chang-chia-anna, a strategic point of great importance, where the Chinese emperors until lately kept a strong force of troops. We are also told that Kan Hofs, who is leader of the insurrection in Shing-kiang, has a force of not less than a hundred thousand men at his disposition, and holds all the important points in the neighborhood of Monkdi. He has proclaimed himself king, but what limits he sets to his territory we do not yet know. Meanwhile the rebellion in Kwang-si grows, and at least half of that province is now in the hands of the rebels. General Ma has fallen, and the capital of the state is in the hands of the insurgents. General Ma, it will be remembered, won fame during the Boxer rising by quelling the rebellion of Jehol. From Shanghai it is reported that the rebels in the neighborhood are concentrated at Shichen, Nanning, and Taiping—a uomo of ill omen; on the left bank of the river at Nanning there are said to be four large bodies of rebels, in all numbering twelve thousand men. Before the close of the year the imperial forces under General Tong were defeated with heavy loss by the rebels in the Locheu-yuen district, the imperial troops being completely scattered. The rebels have erected forts at different points along the river between Kai-yuan and Nanning, and are plundering the trading junks that pass up and down the river. An insurrection has also broken out in the Shan-tung province, at a place called Choo-on, as a result of the prevailing famine conditions. Altogether, a more gloomy outlook it would be impossible to imagine. The question of silver against gold for the payment of China's indemnities to the powers adds to the evils which are hanging over the Peking court. China asserts that she promised to pay in silver. The powers demand payment in gold. China points out that silver has greatly depreciated since the protocol was signed, so that, if she accedes to the claim of the powers, she must pay a fifth more than she bargained for. The powers are obstinate. There is some talk of referring the matter to The Hague court, but the matter is a perpetual threat to the integrity of China, a continual menace of new danger in the Far East.

COMMENT

ALL is quiet along the Orinoco. At least, at the moment of writing. At the moment of reading, it may be quite another story. We may have two or three more revolutions, an invasion or two, several dozen ultimatum, and a score or more of international complications while these pages are passing through the press. Venezuelans are an essentially speculative stock. The cause of the present lull is a slump in insurrections, accompanied by a rumored disagreement among the great powers, especially France and Italy, as to which is to be paid first. We regret now that our own claims against Venezuela have not been sent in,—our personal claims, we mean. We believe we would stand about as good a chance of collecting as any of the rest of the high contracting parties. Indeed, there seems something ludicrous to us in thus dividing the skin of the bear and fighting over the choice of pieces for fur collars while the bear is still growling among the mountains; or, to drop the language of poetry, it is rather silly of the powers to fight about who will be paid first, when it is very likely that none of them will get paid at all. That President Castro could not even pay for cigarettes for the powers is pretty evident, for he cannot feed, much less pay, his army of triumphant cowboys and Amazons. We learn that the merchants of the capital are supplying the troops with dinner, until something turns up. But nothing seems at all likely to turn up, unless it be the mistake of the head of the Hohenzollerns, and that is not likely to help President Castro. Nor are the Andine cowboys and Amazons the only suppers folk in Caracas. There are others, as we learn from Minister Bowen, who, having stood it as long as he could, has wisely decided to come home. He tells us that he has been feeding a hundred Venezuelans daily at the American Legation, but does not say what is to become of them after his departure. Meanwhile the fleets of the allies continue to prow! up and down the coast with damnable bravery, daring any rash Venezuelan to tread on the tail of their coats. This bristling ferocity has its funny side, though we

Shrewd folk the people of Chile and Argentina. Observing that the Kaiser, Uncle Edward, and Company are on the prowl in South-American waters, that the fashion of sinking the alleged battle-ships of diminutive powers is growing on the Germans, and that the said Germans, considerably nettled at the delay in annexing Venezuela, are spoiling for a fight with some one else,—these shrewd folk, we say, have decided to sell off their fleets before the rush comes. If we owned a small and inoffensive fleet, and saw the Kaiser looming big on our horizon, we should do exactly the same thing. And they have put considerable style into the manner of doing it, too. Señor Drago, the Minister of Foreign Affairs of the republic of Argentina, and Señor Concha Suber Cascaño, the Chilean minister, have not merely hatched a scheme; they have signed a protocol. We always feel envious when other people sign protocols. We feel sure the sen version must be fine. And there is some humor in the wording of the said protocol, too. The distinguished sub-

scribers agree to "limit the naval armaments of the two countries," before the Kaiser gets a chance to limit them for good and all. They are to sell off the ships they now have under construction in Europe, and—the funniest point of the whole thing—if they are not successful, "the ships are to remain under the control of the King of England." If Uncle Edward has them in his keeping, Nephew William will have to leave them severely alone. At least, unless he decides to go to war with Uncle Edward, which would certainly stir things up.

Meanwhile, Argentina's neighbor, Uruguay, has been getting into trouble with Italy, which, considering that Italy is an ally of Nephew William's, seems to us a singularly rash thing to do. Indeed, Uruguay probably realizes that by this time, for three Italian cruisers are already under full steam, headed for the river Plate. The trouble arose thus: An Italian bark had a cargo of hides to carry for some Germans. The captain got interested in a game of old-maid and forgot to sail. The authorities came down on him. He spread the Italian flag on his decks and dared them to come on. This is the naval equivalent for treading on the tails of his coat. The authorities came on. They were careful not to walk on the flag, but they jugged the captain, just the same. Hence, as we recorded, three battle-ships are under way for the river Plate. If Uruguay owns anything in the nature of a battle-ship, cruiser, gunboat, destroyer, torpedo-boat, or even a rowboat with a punt-gun, we advise her to follow the wise example of her neighbors and sell it without delay. We wish to draw the attention of Mr. Mooly to the fact that something in his line may be picked up very reasonably just now down near Cape Horn.

It is believed by well-informed persons in Washington that Dr. von Holleben, the German ambassador to the United States, has been recalled. Just how he has incurred the displeasure of the Emperor William II., or of Chancellor von Bismarck, is unknown. It is absurd to suppose that he gave offence by the note in which he drew attention to the fact that Lord Panmure supported the Austrian minister in an attempt to bring about a joint protest of the representatives of the European powers against our war with Spain. Dr. von Holleben's note regarding that incident was published by the Berlin Foreign Office, and corroborated with additional evidence. It would also be unreasonable to blame Dr. von Holleben for President Roosevelt's ultimate refusal to act as arbitrator in the Venezuela dispute. When Dr. von Holleben suggested that Mr. Roosevelt should be invited to set in that capacity, he had good ground for assuming that the invitation would be accepted. There can be, indeed, no doubt in the mind of any careful observer that his country's interests have been more effectively served by Dr. von Holleben than by any other German minister since the formation of the German Empire in 1871. We deem it probable that his recall is the outcome of an old quarrel between him and Baron Speck von Sternberg, who was formerly First Secretary of the German embassy in Washington, and who, in 1900, was sent as German commissioner to Samoa. Baron Speck's avowal to refer Germany's bombardment claims against the United States to the arbitration of King Oscar of Sweden was viewed with disapproval by Dr. von Holleben, because an adverse decision was expected. It is thought to have been due to the ambassador's influence that Baron Speck was transferred to a place of lower rank in the diplomatic service, namely, the post of consul-general at Calcutta. As it turned out, however, that King Oscar rendered a decision sustaining Germany's claims, Baron Speck was restored to Emperor William's favor, and seems to have convinced his imperial master that he (Speck) had been treated harshly by Dr. von Holleben. One effect of Dr. von Holleben's recall and the substitution of a new ambassador will be that Germany's representative will forfeit the coveted position of dean of the diplomatic corps, a post that is held by the ambassador who has been longest in residence.

There seems to be some ground for the belief that in the Fifty-eighth Congress Mr. Richardson of Tennessee will not figure as the leader of the Democratic minority in the House of Representatives. We have no desire to speak harshly of Mr. Richardson, neither do we expect impossibilities from any minority leader. It is nevertheless true that the Demo-

crats have never played so insignificant a part in the popular branch of the Federal legislature as they have played under the leadership of the Tennessean. It is also certain that they must wake up and do something to challenge the respect and confidence of the country if they are to further the success of their candidate for the Presidency in 1904. It now seems probable that Representative John Sharpe Williams, of Mississippi, will be Mr. Richardson's successor in the leadership of the Democratic minority in the House. That the leader should be chosen from the representatives of Southern States is but equitable, since those States contribute 123 of the 178 members of the Lower House elected in 1902. Events are causing the Gulf States to regain the ascendancy which they possessed in Democratic councils before the civil war, and they should make ready to assume the responsibility that goes with power.

Some Republican newspapers seem to have entered into a conspiracy of silence for the purpose of hiding from thoughtful persons the ominous significance of the returns exhibiting the growth of Socialism during the last two years. It is no sincere or far-sighted upholder of individualism who acts upon the theory that anything is to be gained by a suppression of unwelcome facts. If, on the face of official statistics, there is spread proof of the fact that Socialism is likely two years hence to become as formidable a political power in this country as Populism was ten years ago, the sooner the fact is recognized the better. Eternal vigilance is the price of economical salvation. Individualists cannot conjure the spectre of Socialism by shutting their eyes and pretending that they see no signs of it. The startling truth is that, while Eugene V. Debs, the Socialist candidate for President in 1900, received but 86,000 votes, over 400,000 votes were polled for Socialist candidates for Congress at the recent general election. If the voting strength of Socialists should increase at the same rate during the next two years—that is to say, at the rate of 500 per cent.—they would be able to cast almost two million votes in November, 1904. In other words, they would be twice as strong as the Populists were in 1892, might carry a few States, and would hold the balance of power in others. What is much more serious, they might tempt one of the great political parties in 1908 to a species of fusion such as Mr. Bryan brought about between the Democratic and Populist parties in 1896. It is not by blinking and pretending to ignore it that the best means of coping with so grave a danger can be devised.

There is a curious report that the great and influential State of Texas intends, even at this early day, to commit itself to the selection of Chief-Judge Parker as the candidate of the Democratic party for the Presidency in 1904. Evidently the Texas Democrats assume that Judge Parker could carry the State of New York next year. The grounds for the assumption are hypothetical. Unquestionably, Mr. Parker was elected to his present office in 1897, the year after McKinley carried New York by an immense majority, and the year before Mr. Roosevelt carried it by less than 18,000 plurality. But, if the returns for 1897 be closely examined, it will be found that very many thousands of electors in New York city, who voted for Mr. Low for Mayor, omitted to support the Republican candidate for Chief Judge of the Court of Appeals; or, in other words, threw away their votes, so far as that office was concerned. Chief-Judge Parker has never carried the State of New York in a sharply contested election turning on his candidacy. Much less is there any reason to assume that a man so little known outside of a small circle of lawyers and litigants could carry Connecticut and New Jersey, even if he could manage to obtain a small plurality in the State of New York. We repeat what we have formerly said, that if the Democracy are to win in 1904, they must have a candidate who there is good reason to believe will carry not only New York, but Connecticut, New Jersey, Indiana, and at least one other Northern State. There is really no basis for the supposition that such wide-reaching success could be achieved either by Judge Parker or by Mr. Olney. The latter would inevitably fail to carry his native State. There is but one Democrat alive who swept four Northern States in 1884 and more than five Northern States in 1892. We do not need to name the only Democrat who has occupied the White House since the civil war. If our friends

in Texas will take our advice, they will wait until the spring of 1904 before putting forward a candidate for the Democratic nomination for the Presidency. Before that date the whole political situation may have been changed, and new men may have come to the front.

A great deal of fun used to be made of Mr. Thompson, when he became Secretary of the Navy, on the assumption that citizens of inland States could know nothing of maritime affairs. The assumption is certainly unfounded, so far as the States bordering, like Indiana, on the Great Lakes are concerned. The day is gone by when anybody could be pardoned for overlooking the enormous proportions of our inter-lake commerce. It is now well known that the tonnage passing through the Sault Ste. Marie Canal is far greater than the tonnage passing through the Suez waterway. There is, obviously, no reason in the nature of things why men who have served on sailing-vessels or steamships engaged in our lake commerce should not quickly adapt themselves to the conditions of service in the Atlantic or Pacific as employees either of our national navy or of our mercantile marine. This is one of those cases where he laughs longest who laughs last. The British press-gangs that were so active in the wars against Napoleon were quite too shrewd to confine their operations to seaport towns. The recruiting officers of our navy have long since extended their field of search from seaports to lakeports, and of late they have found excellent material in inland districts. What is wanted now is just what was wanted by the British press-gangs a hundred years ago, to wit, young, healthy, and vigorous men. It is of no importance that they may never have smelled salt water; they will get their sea-legs in good time. Lieutenant J. P. Morton, U. S. N., has just completed the most fruitful recruiting trip known in many years. He has traversed Montana, Utah, Colorado, Texas, Arizona, and New Mexico—a section of the interior never before canvassed for navy recruits—and he has enlisted no fewer than 1200 men and boys. In Texas alone Lieutenant Morton got upwards of 400 men. If we may judge by this record-breaking expedition, we should find it easy to secure in parts of the country hitherto neglected the complement of enlisted men which our large navy requires.

Again we express regret that a man like Senator Forsaker, justly and widely held in high esteem, a man to whom the advocates of the war for the liberation of Cuba are under profound obligations, should lend his weight and influence to the Omnibus Statehood bill—that is to say, the bill which proposes to admit to the Union not only Oklahoma, but also New Mexico and Arizona as States. Even if New Mexico and Arizona were joined together and admitted as a single State, they would have, collectively, a population of less than 350,000, an aggregate too small when, as the census has shown, the process of growth is slow. The growth of Oklahoma, on the other hand, has been phenomenally rapid, and that Territory is already more populous than Arizona and New Mexico combined. The right solution of the Statehood problem is to bar out Arizona and New Mexico for an indefinite period, and to admit Oklahoma and Indian Territory as a single State, due precautions being taken to safeguard the treaty rights of the Indians. Those Democrats who advocate this method of disposing of the question argue against their party interests, for no well-informed person doubts that, whatever political combinations may be temporarily made, both Arizona and New Mexico six years hence will be represented by Democrats in the Senate. What is party interest, however, compared with the welfare of the country as a whole and the perpetuation of the Union? What is more certain to aggravate the dissatisfaction of populous and wealthy States with our existing Federal Constitution than the neutralization, not to say drowning, of their voice in the Federal Senate by the purchasable pipings and whinnings of rotten boroughs?

Plain Mr. Greenless has made a bid for fame as the John Hampden of South Africa. At the recent official dinner at Pretoria, at which his Sublime Highness Mr. Secretary Chamberlain was present, plain Mr. Greenless was invited to make a speech, proposing the health of his Transparency Lord Milner. He made a speech. He proposed the health of his Transparency. He did more; he committed an epigram. Alluding to the fact that the Transvaal is a crown colony,

he said the Pretorians wanted "less crown and more colony." That phrase is likely to become the rallying-cry of a campaign which can have only one end: the transformation of the Transvaal into a self-governing state, which will in due time become one of the Federation of South Africa, a practically independent nation, just as Canada and Australia already are. We congratulate plain Mr. Greenless. We also congratulate the Transvaal; for it is becoming apparent that Lord Milner has had that wigging from his chief which we took some pleasure in predicting. Indeed, the reply of Lord Milner to plain Mr. Greenless looks to us like a preparation for climbing down. In that light and airy way of his, which always reminds us of a rhinoceros dancing, Lord Milner spoke of a rapidly approaching time when he would lay aside the cares of the Transvaal, putting the burden of responsibility on the shoulders of the Lieutenant-Governor, Sir Arthur Lawley. As Sir Arthur Lawley has had his training in Australia, a country where "more colony and less crown" has been sedulously practiced, the change is likely to work well; we suggest that Lord Milner should offer his services to the Sublime Porte, especially in the work of "pacifying" Macedonia, which will begin a few weeks hence, when the snows retreat up the rugged flanks of Mount Olympus. Lord Milner would find a congenial spirit in Abdul Hamid; but we console ourselves with the thought that they are destined to meet later on.

That gorgeous and perfectly useless celebration, the Delhi Durbar, has come to an end. And the bill has come in. It is said to be over ten million dollars, or, roughly, thirty million rupees. As Rudyard Kipling remarked on a similar occasion, the one person conspicuous by his absence was the starving ryot, who pays the bill. Let us, for a moment, look at the matter from his point of view. He is, as Kipling says, starving. Not merely at the present juncture, during the Durbar, but chronically, as a steady thing. And there are three hundred million of him, with incomes of a few cents a day, to feed a whole family. Or rather, not to feed them,—to leave them unfed. It is useless to say that, of the ten millions felled away at Delhi, only about four millions came out of the coffers of the British Indian government, while the rest was paid by native princes. The starving ryot paid that, too. These native princes are merely ornamental drones, who do whatever they are told, and spend their money giving champagne dinners to British Indian officials, for which they get decorations and stars. Said decorations and stars also paid for by the starving ryot. There is no very marked condition of famine in any part of India at this moment, so far as we know; only several hundred millions of wretches half starved, with their women and children also half starved. But they are used to that. With their limited wants, or rather limited chances of supplying their wants, the sum squandered in glorifying the Curzon and their guests, and, in a minor degree, the new Emperor of India, would have fed the whole population of India for a day, at the rate of the last famine relief. Or, to put the thing in another way, it would have fed a million for about eight months,—quite a help in the next famine. But Lord Curzon had to be glorified, and so there it is. It is of interest to learn that, with all this, Lord Curzon has not succeeded in making himself popular. As a despatch says: Visitors accustomed to King Edward's court declare that there was more bowing and scraping in a week at Delhi than in a lifetime at Buckingham Palace. The affability and graciousness of the Duke and Duchess of Connaught afforded the pleasantest contrast to the manner of the Viceroy, who seems to have behaved like a reincarnation of the Grand Mogul. Evidently Lord Milner and Lord Curzon would trot well in double harness.

Mr. William Dugby, British merchant, editor, writer, and close student these many years of Indian concerns, published a book last year whereof the conclusions indicate that, if all we are told of Lord Curzon is true, he is a man sorely needed in the land he rules. Mr. Dugby considers that India is on the verge of collapse. He finds it very, very poor, and poor because its British rulers have continued for many decades to drain it of its wealth. He considers that British rule, as exemplified in India, is one of the least, if not absolutely the least, beneficent government ever known to mankind. He credits the British with important social reforms

in India, and with building valuable irrigation-works and railroads, but he says India's railroads, worth \$1,500,000,000, are owned almost wholly in Europe, and that she owes England \$175,000,000 for her irrigation-works. England, he insists, has throttled her national industries, and denied to her able men of native birth the opportunity to develop their administrative abilities. Her government is very expensive. She pays more than fifty-two million dollars a year in salaries to civil officers, of which more than half goes to 8000 Europeans, while the rest is divided among 130,600 Indians and 6000 Eurasians. Famines, he declares, are far more frequent than they were a century ago, and though in the worst years enough food is grown to feed the people, they are too poor to buy it. Estimating the total wealth annually produced in British India and deducting the sum paid to officials, he finds that the unofficial population has an average income of about one pound a year. Accepting a generous estimate of Indian hoards, he finds they amount to about \$1 50 per head of population, whereas the wealth of Great Britain is about \$1500 for each individual. So he thinks India extremely poor, and calls upon his fellow-countrymen to do better by her. No doubt he is an enthusiast riding his hobby, but his opinions have at least enough statistical basis to be worth the consideration of persons who see in British rule in India a model for Americans to follow in the Philippines. They are adapted also to stiffen the backs of supporters of the Monroe doctrine, which seeks to secure to all American states a chance to work out their own salvation, and, finally, to secure government for the benefit of the governed, rather than for the profit of the governors.

Our newspapers have given a good deal of attention to the suggestion that the salary of the President of the United States should be made more commensurate with the dignity and importance of the office. As we formerly pointed out, the President's salary is no larger than that allotted to the Governor-General of Canada, and is only one-fifth as large as the salary received by the President of the French Republic. As everybody knows, the Constitution (Art. II, Sec. 1) provides that the President's compensation shall neither be increased nor diminished during the period for which he may have been elected. If, therefore, the salary of our Chief Magistrate should now be increased by law, Mr. Roosevelt would not benefit by the increase during his present term; but the benefit of the new statute would accrue to him on and after March 4, 1905, provided he should be elected President in November, 1904. We have expressed the opinion that the President's salary should be at least double. Such a change would be desirable, not only in itself, but because it would raise the standard of remuneration for the occupants of many high executive and judicial offices authorized by the Federal Constitution. We send six ambassadors to foreign powers, but none of them receives more than \$17,500 a year. The British ambassador to the United States receives more than double that amount, and is provided with a commodious house.

It ill accords with the spirit of our institutions that the United States should be represented at the chief European capitals mainly or exclusively by rich men; yet, as things are now, only a rich man can afford to accept an embassy. Even more egregiously underpaid are the Justices of the United States Supreme Court, who receive but ten thousand dollars apiece, except in the case of the Chief Justice, to whom an additional five hundred dollars is given. Unquestionably the honor attached to this judicial office is a superlative one; but he who faithfully discharges an exalted and momentous function is worthy, not only of honor, but of adequate remuneration. There are scores of lawyers practicing at the American bar who earn four or five times as much as the sum annually allotted to a Justice of the United States Supreme Court. In England, the Lord High Chancellor receives fifty thousand dollars a year during his tenure of office, and twenty-five thousand dollars a year when he retires from office. The Lord Chief Justice receives forty thousand dollars a year. Yet the duties of our Federal Justices are incomparably more important, since they can declare an Act of Congress unconstitutional, whereas no English judge can pronounce an Act of Parliament invalid. It might be well to begin by increasing the salaries of the Federal Supreme Court Justices and Cir-

cuit and District Judges, because the Constitution permits this to be done during their term of office. Such a step should be promptly followed, however, by an increase of the President's compensation, and a proportionate increase of the salaries received by the Vice-President, the members of the cabinet, and ambassadors. We do not believe that a move in this direction would encounter any strenuous opposition, and we hope to see the change made, by either the Fifty-seventh Congress during the short remnant of its life, or by the Fifty-eighth Congress, so that the enlarged salaries would be payable after March 4, 1905.

When we go into the king business we shall hire an enthusiast to shoot at our royal carriage about once in three months. Nothing booms a tottering dynasty like an attempted assassination. We should, of course, show our royal clemency in dealing with the suborned delinquent; first, because clemency is a great and kindly virtue, such as we should naturally possess; and, secondly, because the delinquent might otherwise be tempted to houn on us, which would be bad for business. We should confine him in one of our monarchical fortresses, and supply him with free smokes and libations, and such other rational amusements as might appeal to him, and ask him to the palace on off days. And our loyal subjects—we feel that this is exactly in the style of King Edward—our loyal subjects would line up along the streets and cheer us as we went past in solemn but cheerful state. This vein of reflection is, as our readers have divined, suggested by the recent desperate shooting at the King of Spain, who has lost no time in conforming to what is now a part of royal etiquette. No monarch is complete without it. We have two different sets of names applied to the would-be regicide, or chamberlainicide, as he prefers to be called, and we do not know which to choose; therefore we shall speak of him as the bloodthirsty villain.

The bloodthirsty villain seems to have been a particularly mild person, who had been promised a post as assistant bottle-washer, or something, at the palace, and went grumbling for the Duke of Sotomayor, when that fine old grandee of Spain failed to make good. In a democratic country like our own we can smile at the naivety of the bloodthirsty villain; fancy any one thinking that he was going to get an office merely because somebody in politics promised it to him. Incidentally, we are informed that the bloodthirsty villain had in his pockets unmailed letters addressed to our Mr. Roosevelt, King Edward, the Only Supreme Head of the Hohenzollerns, and, as an anti-climax, the Chief Justice of Mexico. We are told that the bloodthirsty villain explains that these persons are on his wife's visiting list; that she had given them to him to post, that he had promised faithfully so to do, put them in his pocket, and forgotten all about them. We understand that Mrs. Bloodthirsty Villain has previously threatened or even attempted to have him shut up in a lunatic asylum. We suppose he went about for a month with letters of hers to the Tsar of All the Russias, the Mikado of Japan, our Mr. Morgan, and other awesome persons. We can sympathize with her perfectly. The bloodthirsty villain seems to belong to that weary and wind-blown class whose motto is: Wherever you see a crowned head, strike it.

There is danger that, in Utah at least, Apostle Smoot is going to be loved for the enemies he has made. The President openly opposes his candidacy for the Senate, and when a President meddles in State concerns, and takes sides against a candidate for an elective office, he usually makes votes for the man he opposes. States are jealous of interference from Washington, and properly so, and though there is no politics in the President's objection to Smoot, and though most of us heartily sympathize with it, it seems more likely to help the apostle than to hurt him. The Woman's Christian Temperance Union is also down on Smoot. It objects to him as a Mormon leader. It objects to all Mormons who are, were, or hope to be, polygamists. We all do. We object heartily to polygamy, and like it no better for being allied with Mormonism. We had rather that if a man is to have an assortment of wives, he shall have them in spite of his religion, than in accordance with it. They say Smoot is not a practicing polygamist, but merely a high ruler of the Church that has disgraced the country as far as is it could with its degraded

habits, and which still has polyanmy up its sleeves and plays it when it dares. If Utah sends him to the Senate, no reason appears as yet why he should not take his seat. To be sure, he represents Mormonism, impure and dubious, but that does not effect his right to sit in Congress if he is chosen. We have to tolerate Mormonism while it lasts, though there is nothing in the Constitution to hinder our holding our noses while we do it. Perhaps it may be for the best, in the long-run, that the Mormons should send an apostle to Washington. It calls attention to them and stimulates public disgust with their institutions. They have thriven on ignorance, obscurity, and sensuality. Attention—the irritated attention—of decent and enlightened people is the last thing that will profit them.

That was an interesting decision rendered the other day by the United States Supreme Court, and read by the new member of that tribunal, Mr. Justice O. W. Holmes. The decision upheld the law of California which declares void all contracts for the purchase or sale on margin of the shares of the capital stock of any corporation, or for the purchase or sale of shares to be delivered at any future time, and which authorizes the recovery of money paid on such contracts. In the case of Otis against Parker, the plaintiff sued to recover money paid the defendant as broker in a margined transaction, and now the United States Supreme Court says that the State law authorizing the suit is valid. It remains to be seen what effect this decision will have on stock speculation in San Francisco. It is not unreasonable to suppose that if the States of Illinois and New York were to pass similar laws, the effect on the stock exchanges and produce exchanges of Chicago and New York city would be catastrophic. Judge Holmes announced that, in the opinion of the Court, the treating of stocks of combinations as a class subject to special restrictions could not be looked upon as unjust discrimination, or as a denial of the equal protection of the laws. It was perhaps suggestive of the pressure exercised by sectional sentiment that Justices Brewer and Peckham dissented from the opinion of the majority of the Court.

By another opinion of the United States Supreme Court, read by Chief-Justice Fuller, it was decided that, so far as this tribunal is concerned, there is no presumption in favor of the survival of the male or the younger of two persons who perish simultaneously, so far as all the evidence obtainable goes. This was the case of a mother and son who had drowned at sea in the wreck of the steamer *Ethe* in 1895. Many courts would have held, in such a case, that the son survived his mother, both because he was a male and because he was younger, and presumably, therefore, possessed a greater capacity of resisting death. This was, in fact, the decision reached by the Washington Court of Appeals, from which an appeal was taken to the United States Supreme Court. According to the decision read by Chief-Justice Fuller, the presumption is, in the absence of evidence tending to show the order of dissolution, that the two persons perished simultaneously. The effect of such a decision on the testamentary distribution of estates is obvious.

A deep impression is likely to be made upon public opinion by the contrast in the conduct of the large coal companies on the one hand and of individual operators on the other, as regards the prices charged for anthracite coal. The coal companies, desirous of giving the consumers of the combustible all the relief possible under the abnormal conditions caused by the protracted strike, have faithfully carried out their promise to charge only five dollars a ton wholesale for coal, in order that the retail price of the commodity might not exceed six dollars and seventy-five cents. They have contented themselves, and will continue to content themselves, with five dollars a ton, when they might have obtained ten dollars had they chosen to profit by the operation of the iron law of supply and demand. It is not the coal "trusts," but the individual operators in whose interests the coal trusts are to be "husted," that have shown themselves determined to wring the uttermost penny out of the people's necessities. The individual operator, at the prospect of whose extinction Senator Hoar drops a sympathetic tear, is resolved this year, as he always has been, to take advantage of the cold weather to force the consumer to pay him an exorbitant price. Meanwhile the so-called "trusts" will go straight on

accommodating the public with anthracite to the extent of their ability, at the price of \$6 75 a ton. No doubt the income of the coal trusts during the winter months will fall materially short of the figures to which it would have attained had they taken advantage of the people's necessities. They have preferred to give the trust-busters an object-lesson that is worth many times more than it will cost.

Lamentations come from Niagara Falls over the intrusion of power-houses and industrial innovations upon the scenery. The American side has not been helped aesthetically by the various means devised to make the river run in harness, but the reservation of the State of New York seems to have been reasonably well guarded. Victoria Park, on the Canadian side, has not fared so well. Vociferous complaints are made about the alarming concessions of the Canadian commissioners to tunnel-builders and power companies on that side of the river. Several power-houses are being built in Victoria Park itself, and, worst of all, another is building in the gorge at the foot of the Horseshoe Fall. The Canadian commission has shown itself so indulgent to industrial companies that confidence in it is violently shaken. The New York commissioners have made a protest against its concessions, and the feeling is that, bad as it is what has been done, there is only too much reason to fear that worse remains behind. Another ominous enterprise is going on at Niagara. An American company is using electricity to extract nitrogen products from air. Mr. Wells wrote a prophetic story that turned on the discovery of a process for getting nitrogen out of the air and turning it into food. The upshot of the tale was that the atmosphere was deprived of so much nitrogen that the resulting excess of hydrogen made every one tipsy, and things went from bad to worse, until finally the atmosphere took fire. If any such process as that has begun at Niagara the police should be notified. Whatever needs to be done to restrain the liberality of the Victoria Park commission must be done by the people or government of Canada. All we can do is to spread the tale of vandalism and stir remonstrance.

If the State of New York determines to spend between fifty and a hundred millions in reconstructing the Erie Canal, it will, of course, be vitally important to provide that the money shall be well spent. The State put nine millions into the canal some years ago, and the general sentiment is that most of it was wasted. The *Engineering News* has been discussing who should have charge of the work now proposed. Under the State Constitution, the State Engineer and the Commissioner of Public Works have charge of work on the canals. But so great a work as that now projected would call for a special arrangement. The *News* advocates an amendment to the Constitution which will put the work in charge of a non-partisan commission of engineers. Major Synmonds of the United States Engineer Corps, who is called the originator of the 1000-ton barge canal project, suggests an advisory and supervisory commission of engineers, who should have the real charge of the work, though nominally subject to the State Engineer. It is still very doubtful whether the work will be undertaken at all, and unless it is going to be done it is not necessary to settle who shall do it. But there is no doubt about the importance of determining who shall build the canal before the money is voted to build it.

The United States Circuit Court of Appeals has confirmed the decision of Judge Lacombe in the lower court that Rudyard Kipling is not entitled to damages from the Messrs. Putnam. It will be recalled that the Messrs. Putnam bought unbound sheets of Mr. Kipling's works from his American publishers and bound them up in sets. Two hundred sets were issued, of which fifteen were ornamented by an elephant's head. Mr. Kipling held that the elephant's head was his trade-mark. He sued for infringement of it, and of his copyright, and charged unfair competition. He asked for \$25,000 damages. Judge Lacombe decided that he had failed to make out a case, and the higher court has confirmed that decision. The court deprecated the idea that an author should protect his writings by a trade-mark, as though they were pills or soap, and it found that, anyhow, Mr. Kipling's claim to a trade-mark was not good against the Putnams. It acquitted the Messrs. Putnam of violating the copyright law and of unfair competition, though it suggested that their

of the elephant's head was "an impropriety." Mr. Kipling's suit has enabled him to record formally and impressively his opinion that he was ill-used, and possibly that result is all that he hoped for. At any rate, it is all that, to the mind of dispassionate observers, he ever seemed likely to attain.

The Filipinos seem to know a good thing when they see it. Their earnest desire to have Governor Taft continue in office is as creditable to their sagacity as the Governor's consent is to his sense of duty. By foregoing for the present the satisfaction of his wish to go on the bench of the United States Supreme Court, he has made us all his debtors. He represents ably and adequately the best intentions of the Americans towards the Filipinos. He is obstinately solicitous that the Philippines shall be as good a country for the Filipinos as they can make it, with the Americans to help them. He is fighting off just now the proposition to introduce Chinese labor. It would undoubtedly hasten the development of the islands, but the resulting riches would not go to the Filipinos. The Filipinos do well to trust him, for he is their friend. He is our friend too, for every day's work done for good government in the Philippines is a day's work done for American honor.

Congress has been invited to put its mind on music and art, and provide for such instruction in them in this country as shall make it unnecessary for aspiring young Americans to go abroad for training, which at present they cannot get at home. To this end, last May, Congressman Metcalf, of Oakland, California, introduced in the House "a bill to establish a national conservatory of music and art for the education of advanced pupils in music, . . . as well as in painting, drawing, and etching." The bill proposes a national conservatory, with four branches of equal standard, to be located in Washington, New York, Chicago, and San Francisco. Its control is to be entrusted to a general board of regents, consisting of the President of the United States, the President of the Senate, the Speaker of the House, the chairmen of the committees on education in the Senate and the House, and seven other citizens, to be appointed by the President. This board is to choose a general director, manage the conservatory in Washington, and help manage those in the other cities, which shall have their own regents, appointed by the President. The course of instruction is to be four years, or possibly five. The standard of admission is to be fixed by the regents, and pupils are to pay an entrance-fee of fifty dollars, but no other fees whatever. In support of this bill it is urged that there are now about 40,000 American students abroad studying art and music, at a cost of \$25,000,000 a year; that many of them are exposed to hardships and unedifying associations in Europe, and get no good there; that our government, by having art and music properly taught at home, can keep most of these students at home, keeping their money in the country, and saving them from grave moral risks, and at the same time can put American art and American music in such a case that they can stand on their own legs and compete successfully with Europe. These arguments seem to be reasonably well founded. No one can doubt that among the American students of art and music abroad, a good many are getting no good, and might better be at home. Neither will it be questioned that it is desirable that music and art should be as well taught in various parts of this country as anywhere else in the world. But whether Congress should undertake the work, and, if it did undertake it, could prosecute it successfully, is another question. There is little by which the Congressional disposition towards music can be estimated, but judging from the tariff on works of art, its sentiment towards art is not very cordial. There are, of course, art schools and conservatories of music in our large cities already, but we have nothing to compare with the *Béaux-Arts* in Paris, and the Germans beat us in music. The plan which Mr. Metcalf's bill proposes would cost, to carry it out, perhaps a million dollars a year. Congress will undoubtedly invest many millions every year to much worse purpose.

The deserving effort to raise a fund of \$100,000 with which to erect a memorial building to Henry Ward Beecher next

to Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, and the discussion of the genius of Phillips Brooks, which has been revived by commemoration of the approaching tenth anniversary of his death—January 25—both have served to make thoughtful men consider the present status of the American pulpit. Great figures such as Beecher and Brooks were not loon against the horizon. It is claimed that never was the average of attainment and character among the clergy so high as it now is, and the claim probably is valid. United States Senator Platt, of Connecticut, has recently argued in the Senate that the reason why there are not more giants there is because the average Senator is so large a person that to be a giant nowadays calls for the impossible. This claim also is urged with respect to the pulpit and its occupants. There are not a few men among the clergy who have what might be called a national reputation, and who, if they visit a large centre of population and their presence is duly advertised, may count on a crowded church. But Boston has no preacher to-day comparable to Brooks, nor Brooklyn one that equals Beecher or Storms. With the death of Hugh Price Hughes and Joseph Parker, British Nonconformity is much bereft, but it still has Alexander Whyte, of Edinburgh, Alexander MacLaren, of Manchester, and R. J. Campbell, of Brighton, as stars of the first magnitude. But even so, Mr. Campbell himself is preaching mournfully on "The Poverty of Ability" in the English pulpit.

Three appropriations already made by the Carnegie Institution indicate what may be expected from that valuable addition to the educational and scientific apparatus of the country. Funds have been placed in the hands of Professor William O. Atwater, of Wesleyan, with which he is to continue the investigation of the conversion of food by the human body; Professor Chickering of the Astronomical Department of Harvard University has had \$2500 set apart for use by his assistants in comparative investigation of the large accumulation of stellar photographs which are at Cambridge, having come in from the outlying stations of the observatory in South America and our own Southwest, as well as being nightly recorded in Cambridge; and now there comes word that \$8000 has been set apart for use by experts of the Department of Agriculture for setting up a desert laboratory where the vegetable growths of the arid regions of our country can be studied in their native soil and normal environment.

Colonel T. W. Higginson has begun a course of lectures on American Literature, before Bostonians, under the auspices of that admirable institute named after Lowell—not the poet and essayist. As was becoming, he defined literature before proceeding to talk about it, as revealed in the writings of Americans. Literature, in his opinion, dates not from thought or feeling alone, and language is but its material. "Literature," he says, "goes beyond the word, and begins with 'the perfection and precision of the instantaneous line.' Its foundation is thought, but it demands the further impulse or instinct which leads men to give to thought continuity of form. You must get beyond the vivid phrase to the vivid line. When we reach this, literature is born." Virile and prolific Colonel Higginson shames many a younger man by his activity and productivity in these golden days of his life. To have brought forth biographies of Longfellow and Whittier during the past year and to have kept pace with his other customary literary output is a record which justifies his boasts that he never was busier or happier.

William B. Leeds, whose portrait appears in our series to-day, typifies the West. Beginning work as a railroad man, he first learned his business thoroughly, then associated himself with other young, aggressive men from his own section in manufacturing pursuits, and finally, like the shoemaker, returned to his last, as the president and directing force of the Great Rock Island system of eight thousand miles. Incidentally, while doing all this—and it is a fact significantly illustrative of present possibilities—he acquired, within a space of ten years, a fortune supposed to be greater than that left to his children by Jay Gould. The difficulty of guessing at his future achievements is indicated by the fact that he is only forty-one years old.

The Official Anti-Trust Bills

The communication addressed by Attorney-General Knox to the Judiciary Committee of the Senate and House of Representatives was supposed to indicate that the drastic method of dealing with the trusts proposed by Senator Hoar did not meet with the unqualified approval of the Administration. What we may reasonably regard as the official measures are the bills subsequently introduced in the House of Representatives by Mr. Jenkins, Chairman of the Judiciary Committee of that body, who avowed that the bills had been prepared by the Attorney-General. It is still uncertain whether these bills represent the minimum of anti-trust legislation which the Administration will accept. That the President has a definite minimum in mind may be inferred from his declaration that, unless effective steps toward the regulating and controlling of the trusts are taken by the Fifty-seventh Congress he will convene the Fifty-eighth Congress in extra session soon after the 4th of March.

It behooves us to look somewhat carefully at the details of measures which purport to represent the purpose of the President and the professional opinion of Attorney-General Knox. One of these bills proposes to amend the Sherman law of 1890; the other, to create an anti-trust commission. The former would make it unlawful for any person to offer, grant, solicit, or accept any rebate, concession, or service in respect of the transportation of any property in inter-State or foreign commerce by any common carrier, by virtue of which concession such property should be transported at a less rate than that named in the tariffs published and filed by such carrier. A violation of this provision is to be punished by a fine not less than five thousand dollars. Any joint stock company, corporation, or combination, however, which shall be convicted of violating this provision shall not only be subject to the fine mentioned, but shall be prohibited from transporting any article owned or produced by such company from the State within which the article is produced or manufactured. Cut off, also, from inter-State or foreign commerce will be any joint stock company, corporation, or combination which shall offer or give any special price, inducement, or advantages for the sale of articles owned, produced, or controlled by it to purchasers in any particular locality in order to restrict or destroy competition in the sale of any such articles within that locality. The enforcement of the proposed law is intrusted to the Circuit Courts of the United States and to the United States District Attorneys, who will act under the direction of the Attorney-General. We observe, lastly, that any person who shall be injured in his business or property by any other person or persons, by reason of anything forbidden or declared unlawful by the proposed law, may sue therefor in any United States Circuit Court in the district wherein the defendant or defendants reside or are found, without respect to the amount in controversy, and shall recover threefold the damages by him sustained, together with the costs of suit and an attorney's fee.

Now this measure drawn by Attorney-General Knox differs from the bill introduced in the Senate by Senator Hoar in that a violation of its provisions is punishable by a fine, instead of by a fine or imprisonment or both. A fine of five thousand dollars would scarcely act as a deterrent upon powerful corporations engaged in inter-State or foreign commerce. The lenity of the Attorney-General, however, is more apparent than real. A fine is not the only remedy which he provides for a violation of the proposed law. The third section of his bill

gives the United States Circuit Courts the power to issue, upon petition, and at any time before final decree, a restraining order or prohibition, and the failure to obey such order on the part of officers of a defendant corporation would be punishable by imprisonment for contempt of court. That is to say, if for any purpose any corporation give a preference or discrimination, its whole inter-State or foreign commerce may be arrested in a summary proceeding.

We pass to the Attorney-General's bill creating a commission to aid in carrying out the provisions of the Sherman Act, as amended by the measure just mentioned. It would be the duty of this commission, to be appointed by the President, and to be made up of representatives of both political parties, to investigate the organization and conduct of all stock companies, corporations, and combinations engaged in inter-State or foreign commerce, and to lay the information thus obtained before the President on the first day of October in each year, or oftener, if he shall require it. It shall also be the duty of the commission, whenever requested by the Attorney-General of the United States, to investigate the acts and methods of any particular corporation or combination, and to report to him the result. The commission may invoke the aid of any United States court for the purpose of compelling witnesses and testifies, and the production of all books, papers, contracts, agreements, and documents relating to any matter under investigation. No person shall be excused from giving testimony on the plea that such testimony may tend to incriminate him, or subject him to a penalty or forfeiture, but no person shall be prosecuted or subjected to any penalty on account of any transaction concerning which he may testify or produce evidence. Any person, however, who shall make a false or fraudulent statement shall be deemed guilty of perjury, and subject to the penalties provided for that crime by the revised statutes of the United States. Moreover, any person who shall neglect to attend and testify, or to produce books and documents that are in his custody or control, shall upon conviction be punished by a fine of not less than five hundred, nor more than five thousand, dollars, and by imprisonment for not more than one year.

It is obvious that this second measure, which is ostensibly intended to secure publicity, would dole the commission with tolerable powers of harassment and oppression, powers which easily might be so used as to drive out of business any corporation which happened to be obnoxious to a majority of the commissioners. As for the measure first described above, which, by way of punishment for a single violation of its provision concerning rebates or preferences, would annihilate the inter-State and foreign commerce of a corporation, we submit that the punishment would be not of all proportion to the offense, and, therefore, would fall under the prohibition set forth in the Eighth Amendment of the Federal Constitution, which enacts that "excessive fines shall be imposed, nor shall cruel and unusual punishments be inflicted." It is also questionable whether the second bill, requiring corporations to produce all contracts and documents relating to their private business, does not violate the Fourth Amendment of the Federal Constitution, which declares the right of the people to be secure in their persons, houses, and effects against unreasonable searches and seizures.

We say of these bills, as we said of the Hoar bill, that they ought not to be passed, and we do not believe that they have any chance of becoming laws in their present form. The utmost that the Fifty-seventh Congress, or, for that matter, the Fifty-

eight Congress, is likely to do is to pass some measure which shall be calculated to assure the reasonable amount of publicity for the proceedings of corporations, but which shall stop short of the vexatious, injurious, and business-destroying processes advocated by the Attorney-General.

England's Interest in the Monroe Doctrine

ADMIRAL LORD CHAMBERLAIN has been credited with expressing an opinion which, we think, will be ultimately shared by all of his countrymen who are possessed of common sense and foresight. He avers that it would be to England's advantage to come right out and say not only, "We support the Monroe doctrine," but also, "We are willing to fight for it." It will be easy to show that such a position would be identical with that assumed by England thirty years ago; that it would greatly strengthen her hold upon her dominions in the New World; and that it would permanently assure to her an open market in Latin America. We have formerly pointed out that, if the originator of a thing is entitled to give his name to it, the Monroe doctrine might, with a fair show of justice, be called the Canning doctrine. It was George Canning who, in August, 1823, proposed in Richard Rush, the American minister in London, concerted action for the purpose of establishing the principle that Spain's former colonies in the Western Hemisphere should not be exposed to conquest at the hands of any European power. It was not until the 3d of December in the same year that President Monroe accepted and formulated the same principle in his annual message. We add that a declaration emanating from a country relatively so weak as was our republic at that time would have exerted but little restraining influence on the great powers represented in the Congress of Verona, had not a similar prohibition gone forth from the British Foreign Office. Beyond a doubt the Spanish-American commonwealths are at least as much indebted to the United Kingdom as they are to the United States for the abandonment of the projected attempt to deprive them of their liberties.

The course pursued by Canning when, as he said, he called a New World into existence to balance the Old, has long and justly been regarded as one of the most splendid triumphs of British statesmanship. Why, then, should not Great Britain announce to-day her adhesion to a doctrine in the original propounding of which she bears a conspicuous, if not a leading, part. Earth-hunger and commercial greed now constitute dangers no less formidable to the independence of weak states than those which were threatened by the absolutist programs in the first quarter of the last century. We have seen a temporary coalition of Germany, Russia, and France oust Japan from the Peking peninsula, and proceed to reward themselves by mutilations of China. Who can say that a like combination may not undertake a partition of South and Central America when the completion of an isthmian canal shall once more fix the eyes of commercial nations on the Caribbean Sea? In the twentieth century we have as much cause to fear a league for territorial acquisition and for spheres of influence as in the nineteenth century there was reason to dread the Holy Alliance.

Now let us see what Great Britain has to gain by a formal adhesion to the Monroe doctrine; that is to say, by asserting that existing American commonwealths must not be regarded as subjects of conquest or

colonization on the part of any European power, and that, while the existing possessions of European powers in the New World ought not to be disturbed, these possessions should not be extended. From the moment of the adoption of such a position, the United Kingdom and the United States would be inseparably bound together by a community of interests and by a common policy, so far as the Western Hemisphere should be concerned; no definite alliance would be needed to insure their co-operation. From that moment British North America, the prospective value of which is incalculable, would be secured against aggression on the part of the only power that could conquer it, to wit, the United States. The British West Indies and the British colonies of vantage in Central and South America would be protected not only by British, but also by American, war-ships, since it would be to the obvious interest of the twin guarantors of the Monroe doctrine to defend each other. Again, no far-sighted British statesman can desire to see either Germany or Russia acquire points of strategic value in or near the Caribbean. The future, however, may hold contingencies with which Great Britain, single-handed, might hesitate to grapple. Suppose that Bismarck had looked forward in 1871 to the colonial expansion of Germany, and had demanded, as one of the conditions of the Peace of Frankfurt, the cession of the French West Indies and of French Guiana. Would Great Britain have deemed it expedient to prohibit such a cession? We think not. Neither would the United States have been likely to prohibit it, because at that time the commercial and naval power of Germany was very much less redoubtable than that of France. Thus we see that, but for Bismarck's lack of prevision, his country might have acquired several footholds in the New World.

Now suppose that Germany, by conquest or by voluntary fission, should acquire Holland, and would in fact be prejudicial to British and to American interests that the Dutch island of Curaçao should pass into her possession? Suppose that Germany should conquer Denmark; could we or Englishmen survey with equanimity her acquisition of the Danish West Indies? Suppose that Russia should conquer Sweden; how should we like to see her assume control of the Swedish island of St. Bartholomew? It is evident that the intrusion of either Russia or Germany into the New World would seem to England, as well as to the United States, to be pregnant with unwelcome complications. No such intrusion would be even contemplated if it were known that Great Britain and the United States had agreed that the French, Danish, Dutch, and Swedish possessions in the New World should suffer no change of hands, and that they passed under the sovereignty of the United States.

The formal adoption of the Monroe doctrine by England would mean precisely what George Canning intended it to mean, namely, that all the commercial advantages derivable by foreign purveyors and consumers from trade with Latin-American republics would accrue to the guarantors of their liberties. It was not expected by Canning, and it would not be expected now, that those republics should give any tariff preference to their protectors; but gratitude and sympathy might be counted on to prevent any discrimination against them. All that Englishmen and Americans desire is a fair field for commercial intercourse in Latin America. Such a field neither we nor Englishmen would ever have in any part of the New World which had been transformed into a German or Russian colony. What England has at stake, therefore, in the New World is precisely what she has at stake

in China, to wit, the maintenance of an open door. The door may be kept open forever if, by proclaiming her adhesion to the Monroe doctrine, England shall become a joint guarantor with the United States of the immunity of the New World from foreign aggression. Nor is it only freedom of access to Latin-American markets that Great Britain would secure by the assumption of such a position. She is almost as deeply interested as is our own country in the constructing and safeguarding of an isthmian canal. It is, therefore, a matter of nearly as much concern to Englishmen as it is to ourselves that neither Germany nor Russia shall acquire a coaling station near either of the termini of the projected waterway. We have indicated the plausible ways in which coaling stations might be acquired, and we have shown that no attempt would be made to acquire them if England should signify her acceptance of the Monroe doctrine.

The President and Federal Appointments in the South

In every section of the republic sensible persons will regard with disgust and abhorrence the declaration made by the *New Orleans States* that Mr. Roosevelt's negro appointees in the South will be killed or run out of the country. If this newspaper could be looked upon as representative of Democratic opinion in the Southern States, we might as well abandon the notion that Southern Democrats can resume the leadership of their party. We are unwilling to believe that the *New Orleans States* represents anybody except the editor. Northern Democrats will never countenance the violent expulsion of Federal appointees from office, whether their color be white or black. The sooner that fact is understood the better. For a Southern newspaper to preach such unscrupulous doctrines at this at a time when upright and thoughtful men are seriously thinking of committing the guidance of the nation to the Democracy is at once a crime and a blunder. Mr. Roosevelt may make mistakes in his appointments to Federal offices in the South; but for the correction of those mistakes we look exclusively to the pressure of enlightened public opinion. The last thing that a sane and intelligent man like Mr. Roosevelt can desire is a revival of race conflict in the South. It will be no fault of his, but the fault of rancorous and reckless men like the editor of the *New Orleans States*, if we are once more contented with such an atrocious state of things.

The leaders of the Democratic party in the Southern States now have an opportunity—the first since the close of the civil war—of convincing their Democratic brethren at the North that they deserve to be entrusted with the function of shaping platforms and designating candidates in a Presidential year. If those who wish them ill had intended to entrap them they could not have given them worse counsel than that which is offered by the *New Orleans States*. If astute Republicans desired to disqualify Southern Democrats for a reassertion of their former influence in national affairs, they could hit upon no better plan than to provoke them to acts of violence against negro appointees to office. Do our Southern brethren forget that they profess not to discriminate against the negro as such in those new State Constitutions upon the validity of which the United States Supreme Court has yet to pass? And will they now give the lie to those professions by virtually asserting that negroes have no right to hold office even under the Federal

government? Having undertaken to debar them from office in many a State, will they now presume to debar them from Federal office also? Addressed to sane and far-sighted Southerners, such a question should answer itself.

We feel the more strongly on the subject of this ill-aimed appeal to violence, because we believe that public opinion would have convicted Mr. Roosevelt that he has been ill-advised in one or two of his recent acts connected with the tenure of office by negroes in the Southern States. So far as the case of Mrs. Cox, the colored postmistress at Indianola, Mississippi, is concerned, we have already pointed out that, inasmuch as she has resigned, and has refused, under any circumstances, to recall her resignation, the President seems to have no status for interference in the premises, beyond instructing the United States District Attorney to inquire whether Mrs. Cox believes herself to have suffered any wrong remediable by a Federal statute. The President has no right, in our opinion, to suspend the service of the United States mails to Indianola, both because we know of no statute that invests him with such discriminating power, and because he would obviously be assuming the innocent as well as the guilty. It is a barbarous jurisprudence that makes a whole village answerable for the crime of one of its inhabitants. We add, with regard to the designation of Mr. Cram for the post of Collector of the Port at Charleston, that the appointment seems to us unreasonable. We think that Mr. Roosevelt would find it difficult to show that there are any colored men among the importers of foreign products into Charleston, or among the wholesale dealers in such products at that place. If colored men have anything to do with such products, it must be as retailers in a very small way of business. Under the circumstances, it would seem expedient to choose for collector some one who would be acceptable to those members of the community with whom, primarily or solely, he would be brought in contact. It is inexpedient to select for the post a man known to be obnoxious to all of the business men, but for whose capital and industry there would be nothing for a collector to do. We do not understand Mr. Roosevelt to assert that there are no white men in Charleston qualified, in respect of experience and character, to discharge the duties of Collector of the Port. He simply asserts that Mr. Cram is equally qualified from those points of view, and should not be the victim of discrimination on the score of color. It may be true that Mr. Booker Washington is as well qualified, on the score of ability and character, as are most white citizens to represent the United States at the Court of St. James. Would Mr. Roosevelt feel himself justified in appointing Mr. Booker Washington to that post? Would he not hold that the susceptibilities and prejudices, whether well or ill founded, of the British court and of the British nation ought to be considered? But are not the susceptibilities of the importers of Charleston deserving of as much consideration as are those of foreigners?

It takes two to make a quarrel. If the leading Democrats of the South keep their tempers and evince the wisdom for which their forefathers were distinguished, they will silence the editor of the *New Orleans States* and other ridiculous persons who talk about killing negro appointees to Federal office or running them out of town. That sort of talk is only fit for idiots. Meanwhile the outcome of a good-tempered and judicious attitude on their part will probably be the recognition by Mr. Roosevelt that he and his advisers are not infallible, but in the selection of appointees to Federal offices in the South may have made one or two mistakes which ought to be corrected.

The Russians in Manchuria

Then affairs of state rarely have a genuinely famous success; why do we habitually turn to world-politics for amusement and entertainment. Yet we may find abundance of both in the story of the recent "evacuation" of Manchuria by the Russian armies, and the manner in which that evacuation has really been carried out. That solemn withdrawal, so often foretold, so often denied, has at last, we are told, been consummated; and we may add that the manner of this consummation is a lesson in statescraft for all time. It will be remembered that the Russian convention with China set dates, many months ago, for the withdrawal of the Tsar's troops successively from the three Manchurian provinces; the first date has just passed, and the second and third follow it at intervals of six and twelve months. After those dates were announced, the world was suddenly informed of the signature of the Anglo-Japanese treaty, avowedly directed against Russia's growing influence in China generally, and more particularly in Manchuria. Immediately on the heels of the treaty came a Japanese arrangement with Korea, and a resurgence of Japanese influence in the Hermit Kingdom. Japan's advance in Korea was not only a menace to Russia, but also a strategic advantage; for the campaign of 1905 had made Korea and the Chinese contiguous territory thoroughly familiar to Japan's generals; and a rapid advance from the Korean frontier on Mukden might easily cut Russia's line of communication, and isolate Dairen, Port Arthur, and the Russian fleet from their bases of supplies in Siberia and Vladivostok. We expressed at the time the opinion that Russia could not afford to overlook this aggressive step by Japan, and that the evacuation of Manchuria would most likely be deferred indefinitely as a result. When, notwithstanding, it was announced a few weeks later that Russia was preparing to carry out the original plan of evacuation on the day fixed, and, finally, when the evacuation itself was announced, we very decidedly expressed the view that more was afoot than met the ear; that Russia had in all probability gained so firm a hold, secured so strong a position, that she had nothing to fear from Japan, and was, consequently, able to carry out her policy without endangering her influence in Manchuria and her hold on the railroad to Port Arthur. Facts are now to hand from the Far East which show that we were perfectly right; that Russia, while carrying out her treaty engagements with formal and scrupulous exactness, has really been laughing in her sleep at the Anglo-Japanese treaty, and to speak idiomatically, has simply walked all around British, Japanese, and Teutonic diplomacy. The ascendant genius of the Slav was never better shown than in this latest Russian achievement.

To begin with, it is quite certain that Russia, during her five years of occupancy, has done wonders for the commercial and civil development of Manchuria. We are accustomed to speak as if the Anglo-Saxon alone had the gift of successfully colonizing and assimilating new territories, but we have only to become more closely acquainted with the work of Russia in Merv, or Samarkand, or Tashkent, or in Eastern or Western Siberia, to see that the Slav has been everywhere extremely successful, and has everywhere been able to assimilate the moral life and feeling of the earlier races with her own in a way the Anglo-Saxon has so far never mastered. In Manchuria, the constructive genius of Russia is apparent on all hands. She has obtained from the suzerain government of China, for what consideration or by what inducements we are not

told, a whole series of "conceded areas" along the line of the railroad, averaging several square miles in extent, and on these are rapidly growing Russian colonies, with houses, factories, fields, with thousands of Russian men, women, and children growing every day more at home on what is technically, as well as really, Russian soil.

This matter of the "conceded areas" is really the key to the political and military situation. As soon as we grasp its significance, we see how the "evacuation of Manchuria" was not only possible, but easy—and we begin to smile at the grave simplicity of the thing. The string of concessions along the railroad line—the chain of colonial areas, each several square miles in extent—having become Russian territory, are no longer a part of Manchuria in the strict sense of the term. Therefore such Russian troops as hitherto occupied Manchurian territory have simply to walk over the line into the nearest conceded area, and let the "evacuation" be complete. As Carly says, there is march, may, everything, in nature. To illustrate the value of names: since the evacuation of the southern province was completed, and the railroad was turned over to China, there are no longer any "railroad guards" in Manchuria. But there are 30,000 or more "frontier guards"—the same men with a new title. Theoretically, all the "railroad guards" have been withdrawn. So with the rest of the "evacuation." The Russian troops in the country west of the Liau River have literally fulfilled the terms of the convention—by moving one march eastward to the Russian "conceded area" at Mukden, where they remain as a permanent garrison. The Russian troops at Niu-chwang had only to make one hour's march up stream to the Russian "conceded area" at Tashichiao in their strongly built stone barracks, and their part of the "evacuation of Manchuria" was ended. The Russian troops within the walled city of Mukden—the ancient and sacred city of the Manchus—had only to march through the gate to "Russian territory," an hour's walk distant, to their permanent quarters. The evacuation of Liao-yang meant the removal of Russian troops within the wall to the railway concession outside the wall, with its forts, barracks, nearly two hundred brick houses, engine-sheds, and hospital. The last two posts will each have a garrison of about five thousand men. So much for the southern province of Manchuria.

The "evacuation" of the central province, for which April is the date fixed, will be carried out in exactly the same way—with the most scrupulous adherence to the letter of the convention. Thus in Kirin, the capital of the province, with nearly half a million inhabitants, the "evacuation" will consist in the removal of the Russian troops one hour's march to a "railway concession" on the branch line to Kwang-cheng-tze. In like manner, the Russian troops in Tielitshai, the capital of the third and most northerly province, will do their part of the good work by moving to a "conceded area" only sixteen miles away. The frontier city of Ninguta is in much the same position; the troops will have to withdraw as much as a dozen miles.

It must be understood that all those "conceded areas," with their permanent barracks and forts and strong Russian garrisons, are joined to one another, to Asia Russia, and to the open sea by the railroad; so that Russia's hold on Manchuria is about as perfect as anything can be in this vale of tears. It is admitted by English critics, who cannot be suspected of undue partiality, that the whole country is growing rich under Russian tutelage; that the Russian troops are now treating the natives with marked humanity; and that there is a growing spirit

of friendliness between the Russian officers and the Chinese officials and merchants, in strong contrast to the thinly masked hostility and mutual suspicion at Hongkong and Singapore. The Chinese are said, by a recent English visitor, to be experiencing a degree of material prosperity the like of which they have never known.

Finally, the end of this chain of Russian conceded areas is guarded by the almost impregnable fortress of Port Arthur, with its heavy guns, its quick-firing batteries, its fleet of six battle-ships, four armored cruisers, a dozen gunboats, and a number of torpedo-boats. Taking into consideration that the Russians are only Slavs, and not highly gifted Anglo-Saxons, they seem to have managed the "evacuation" of Manchuria fairly well.

The Real Wagner

It is doubtful if any figure in the history of musical art has so continually dwelt in the shadow of misconception and misrepresentation as the post-composer who imagined a "Ring des Nibelungen," a "Tristan und Isolde," and a "Parsifal." Partly through an unaccountable popular obtuseness, and largely through his own theoretical professions, he has been blindly accepted at his own fantastic valuation—a dramatist who was only incidentally a musician, as an admirable poet, as a master of subtle and profound philosophies,—as anything, in short, save that which he pre-eminently and personably was: a transcendent musician, an incomparable musical humanist, an authentic and inspired, but unconscious, mystic.

We are moved to these meditations by the recent notable performances at the Metropolitan Opera House of *Der Ring des Nibelungen*, and of that work of Wagner's which, one would imagine, should most unmistakably reveal his essential greatness—that consummate and splendid flower of his genius, "Tristan und Isolde." We cannot easily conceive it possible to yield oneself to the sway of this magnificent teamwork—this music which is truly, like the poetry of Shelley, "a singing and soaring flame"—and not realize, with the utmost conviction, that here is no mere drama *per se*, music, no stage play with an accessory musical accompaniment, but rather a lyric shapely with a wholly incidental text—a tone-poetry so idealizable in its beauty, so exhaustive in its emotional range, so uncharged with spiritual ecstasy, that one knows not where to find its parallel. If ever music achieved supreme magic of atmosphere, an ultimate eloquence and sublimation, it is in this immortal and most marvellous song of songs. And yet there are those who would have us believe, as Wagner himself believed, that his music is to be rightly regarded only as the handmaid of his dramatic invention—a kind of modern variant, as we have been so elaborately instructed, of the original scheme of the Greek plays. To a certain superficial extent it is, of course, that; but its ultimate excellence, its ultimate and insatiable value inheres, not—as Wagner fancied, as so many of his disciples have fancied—in its dramatic appositeness, but in its marvellous range and eloquence as an instrument of abstract emotional utterance. For, in his endeavor evidently to lighten and intensify every moment of his dramatic psychodrama, he varied (almost, one is tempted to say, accidentally), with incredible beauty and poignancy, every elemental mood of the human soul,—every note of passion, of desire, of grief, of terror, of pity, of delight, of aspiration. His range is universal; his lyric has all the chords."

An English Election

By Sydney Brooks

LONDON, January 3, 1902.

There is an election going on in East Cambridgeshire, and I would give a good deal to know Mr. Croker's private opinion of the way it is being run. Happily, one need not travel down to Wantage to find out. No one who turns an American eye on an English election can wonder that from time to time Mr. Croker finds England intolerable. Imagine Paderewski living within earshot of the music-room in a "young ladies' seminary," and you may faintly conceive Mr. Croker's emotions when from the security of his country seat in Berkshire he watches Englishmen bungling along the road he himself has learned to tread with such colossal assurance. New-Yorkers are quite wrong in thinking that it is a mere tender regard for their interests that compels Mr. Croker every odd year or so through the Narrows. The truth is, he is driven from England by the respect he owes to himself and his art. All his sensibilities rise in revolt when he sees what it is that Englishmen conceive by an electoral campaign. The contempt of the professional for the raw bungling of amateurs sends him hurrying from the spectacle in disgust. To a man who can carry conventions, and debate platforms, and coolly command that all checks shall be made payable to his order, and direct voters and heebers, not in twos or threes, but in little battalions, what final pleasure can there be in a country where canvassing is done by volunteers, most of them women, where primaries and machines are not, and where each candidate makes his own little platform and runs on it to suit himself? How can a man of Mr. Croker's opportunities be really at ease in a land where say ten voters in a constituency can nominate any candidate they please, where money spent "on account of a parade of music, torches, flags, banners, cockades, ribbons, or other marks of distinction" (46 and 47 Vic. c. 51, s. 16) makes an election void, and where the electorate has a thoroughly impertinent habit of taking matters into his own hands, and even insists on knowing in detail just what measures are favored and what opposed by the man who is seeking its suffrages? Even with his fat sailing posture and farm hands, his quiet country mansion, his stables, and his racing, Mr. Croker is far more miserable than one would think. A single bye-election is enough to upset him; two in quick succession utterly prostrate him; and a general election sends him flying to New York to recover his self-respect. Mr. Croker's health is always in inverse proportion to the amount of political activity that is going on around his English estate.

This bye-election in East Cambridgeshire was brought about by the sudden death three weeks ago of Colonel Harry McAlmont, the sitting member. Mr. McAlmont inherited an enormous fortune from his uncle, who built it up partly in the West-Indian trade and partly by shrewd dealings in American railroads. He was a first-class sportsman, won the Derby in 1893, owned one of the most game preserves in the country, was a member of both the Jockey Club and the Royal Yacht Squadron, a close friend of the King, who frequently shot over his rovers, served eight years in the Guards, and captained a C. B. from the Boer war. Americans may remember that just before the Spanish war he sold his yacht, the *Giroflex*, to the Spanish government. It was intended to use her as a cruiser, but for some reason or other she never left home waters. He came in for some severe criticisms from the press for running so publicly counter to

the general feeling of the country, but nothing could do much damage to his popularity in the East Cambridgeshire division. He was a prince of good fellows, lived in the constituency, was generous to a fault with his money, and had, besides, the imperishable title of a Derby-winner. The chief town in the constituency is Newmarket, and Newmarket, as every one knows, is the head racing centre of all England. No one who is not a sportsman need trouble himself with East Cambridgeshire. It is a turf constituency through and through, and would never dream of intrusting its political fortunes to a man who was not a member of the Jockey Club. Colonel McAlmont filled the bill exactly. At the election of 1900 he was opposed, nominated, and returned at the head of the poll during his absence at the front and without holding a single communication with his constituents except to ruble his acceptance of the nomination from Pretoria. It was at that election that Leates, the well-known jockey, spilt his ballot paper by writing across it, "I vote for Mr. McAlmont, and no mistake." For the rest, the constituency covers a wide area, like the last member, is a Conservative. It is dotted with small villages and market towns, and makes up on the turf what it loses on agriculture, and altogether is a very charming specimen of rural England. About 5000 voters are on the register.

The candidates this time are Mr. C. D. Rose, who is standing as a Liberal-Imperialist—a "Rosebery man," as he would be called in America; and Mr. Leonard Brassey, who, like the last member, is a Conservative. Both are wealthy men, both have country places in the neighborhood of Newmarket, both are members of the Jockey Club, both ride to hounds, patronize coursing, and know more than a little of farming. Mr. Rose is a well known and popular figure on the turf, and races horses of his own breeding. Four of his sons went through the war in South Africa, and two of them fell there. Moreover, he is a really keen Liberal and an effective speaker. In this he has the advantage of his opponent, Mr. Brassey, who is barely thirty-two, knows an little of politics as it is possible for any intelligent man to do who goes through the world with his ears open and catches something of what is being said all round him. He received the invitation to contest the seat, as he indignantly admitted, while smoking a cigar after a day with the hounds. He thought it a nice safe Tory seat that could be won and kept without much trouble. Instead, he finds himself expected to hold forth on the Education Bill, the alliance with Germany, the Sugar Convention, and all sorts of absurd and bothersome topics. Frankly, his handling of these questions has proved a disappointment, and I notice the local papers that support him are now saying stress on his handsomeness and most English-looking face," and proving that a man who stands six feet two in his socks and is as straight as an arrow can well dispense with such a vulgar and entirely commonplace attribute as knowledge of the issues that are before the country. Mr. Brassey may not be a great politician, but he is masterly on horseback and on the box of his four-in-hand; and the sight of him at the covert-side, or judging a coursing-match over Newmarket Heath, or galloping his four-in-hand down the village street with horse-trotting and banners flying, is a powerful electioneering argument. Mr. Rose does most of his canvassing on a motor-car, and should by rights have been had up for furious driving at least twice a day for the past fortnight. I spent a day with each candidate, and found the constituency with the exception of a pretty much the same on both sides. Each has his country house stocked full of friend-

ly M. P.'s who have come down to help; each visits from ten to fifteen villages a day and addresses as many meetings; each has a paid agent, one or two paid sub-agents, and a whole army of voluntary workers, men and women, boys and girls, who cover every inch of the ground on foot or wheel, in carriages or traps, with canvassing cards, leaflets, photographs, and such native powers of persuasion as Providence has given them; and each has still an hour or so to spare for receiving deputations, consulting prominent supporters, and entertaining his guests. Mr. Rose has one of the few covered tennis-courts in the kingdom—not lawn-tennis, but the real thing—and finds time for a daily game; and if there is a meet of fox-hounds or harrises anywhere in the neighborhood, Mr. Brassey will somehow contrive to make it fit in with his day's programme. It is all very pleasant and good-humored. There are no parades, nor torch-light processions, nor fireworks, nor bands, nor campaign ditties, nor street-corner meetings, nor "wash" bets, nor "straw" votes, nor the maledictions of rival bosses, nor hourly newspaper interviews. The two candidates are on their neighbors and old friends, and whenever they meet in a country lane or village street each descends from his motor or four-in-hand for a five minutes' laughing chat. Their wives invariably accompany them, and Mrs. Brassey, who is a daughter of the Earl of March, is a past mistress of the arts whereby the wives of rural butchers and farm hands are won over to guide their lords to the true political faith. For one dazzling fortnight the East Cambridgeshire laborer finds the Squire and the Squirearchy and all its women folk the humblest of applicants for his favors; and the way he is wooed and coaxed and harangued and argued with and deluged with leaflets by his fair inquisitors would make an American woman gasp and stare. And I am not sure that even Mr. Croker might not learn something from it.

But beneath all this seeming easy-goingness there is real hard work and keen rivalry. You would not doubt it after a day with either candidate. Mr. Rose thinks nothing of taking in six villages and addressing a meeting in each as an after-dinner pastime. The meetings are not large, but they are full of incident. Their size is limited to the capacity of the local school-house or the upper room of the village inn, and an audience of two or three hundred is thought a good one. But the speaker does not have things all his own way. It is an unwritten law in England that he is liable to contradiction. Any man in the audience may get up and dispute any statement he pleases, and the orator is not allowed to disregard the interruption, but has to stop and argue the matter out with his adversary. The first meeting that I attended, and all Englishmen are heeklers. There is nothing they like more than badgering a speaker. Not infrequently paper and pencils are handed round at the end of the candidate's speech, and the voters present are invited to write down any further points on which they would like to hear his opinion. The invitation is very freely accepted, and while I was in East Cambridgeshire I attended three meetings that wound up in a series of joint debates between the candidate and some pertinacious heeklers. These contests are followed by the audience with supreme zest and good-humor, but a man needs all his wits to emerge from them with credit. There is another custom which makes for liveliness. An English audience will not tolerate a bore. Directly a speaker grows tiresome they come down on him. "Told!" "Told!" If a man can't hit the nail on the head at once he is not given a second chance.

The Book of Months

By E. F. Benson

APRIL

I HAVE been here nearly a month without spending a single night away. That in itself is a sign of improvement, for I suppose—to say shame I own it!—that it must be years since I have spent thirty consecutive nights in the same lodgings. And what, I believe, is a greater sign of improvement is that I have not wanted to go away, and I do not want to go away. I like these level, uneventful days, these meanings of work followed by a few hours of out-of-doors, and in the evening, "the fans of a friend," in this house or another. How dull I should have thought it, not long ago!—how antipodal to dull I find it!

I said uneventful just now—that was a mistake. I have been through ferns trials, in the shape of a cook who could not only not cook decently, but could not cook at all. In any case, she didn't, and I have eaten raw flesh on the altar of rusticity. Then there was a personage who represented herself as a charwoman. Though I cannot say she was a house-breaker, she was certainly nearer that than anything else; though she did not actually break the house, she broke everything inside of it. She began "cleaning," so she called it, before it was yet day, and till midnight the house was resonant with fractures. When there was nothing left to break she spent her wash-pail over anything that came handy—hoop-stands, for chairs. She upset also permanganate of potash, with which I was staining a floor, over a green carpet, and one evening I found her eating asparagus (my asparagus, too) in the scullery. Thereupon I said "hoard wages," and it is my belief that she sleepily added board wages to her ordinary diet, which she ate at my expense. Otherwise there is no possible way of accounting for the fact that a sirloin of beef which had come in in the morning—Enough. She is gone.

Stevenson recommends weeding and coarsened-planting as a suitable pursuit for any one who thinks he can make his living out of writing "measly yarns." But now I have one advantage over that divine author: I know a far better employment. It is to paint floors with permanganate of potash (otherwise known as Comby's fluid), but you can get much more of it for your money, though it is cheap, anyhow, if you lay it in the raw. For a shilling you get enough to stain all the floors in your house (unless you live in an exceptionally large one) the most beautiful brown. The very process reminds one of the scene of the powdering in *Jequid and Hyde*. It is laid on dark purple; before you know it changes to a vivid angry green, and while yet it is wet it becomes a dark brown. You lay it on with a large pastebrush, and find you are saving money. Incidentally, you get a quantity onto your hands, and it is apparently indelible. Then you rub it with beeswax, and your deal floor becomes primitively ancestral. A few Persian rugs then follow you back from a villa to the Conqueror. But even before I stained the floors I bought seeds and planted sweet-peas and nasturtiums broadcast, also (these in seedlings) Jackmann and tropaeolum and tobacco-plant, and two crimson rambles. Then, as a day to be marked with red in the annals of scarification, I took a trowel and a pocket-knife and went into the high-ways and hedges to cut standards for rose-hips. But I took no gloves. *Rise the lacrimae*. Anyhow, I cut seven standards.

This is the way not to do it. I started cheerfully along as an unfringed lark. Larks hovered trilling, spring was burst-

ing in numberless buds, and the green mist of leaves hung round the hedge-ways. Before long I saw in the hedge by which I went a suitable standard. It was rather unattractive, but the lust of the gardener burned in me, and I took a sort of leader into the hedge. A short spray of the coveted standard retained my cap, another took one arm in krasp, a third gently fixed itself to my left hand. That had to be very carefully disengaged, since the thorns were encompassing it, and in disengaging it I dropped the trowel. An incursions recovery of this trowel drew the first blood. That I began.

It is necessary in cutting a standard to get a piece of real root. This particular standard, however, seemed to have no particular root. It went on and on below ground without object, as far as I could judge; in fact of purpose it could not begin. When it did begin it was already mixed up with a bramble, the thorns of which were set on the parent stem as a totally different principle, and I did not want the bramble. But with a totally unendowed popularity on my part, the bramble wanted me. It got me, in pieces which I hope were of no use to it, and I began to see that under certain circumstances, and to a certain extent, as Mr. Gladstone might have said, gloves were, if not necessary to human life, at any rate a protective agent against possibly fatal hemorrhages. Just then the root began.

I destroyed the bramble, root and branch. I destroyed a haul (branch), and I destroyed the standard (root). That was all at present.

Clearly this would not do. I was as far from standards as ever, but I was bleeding like a pig. So I went home, got some gloves, and became successful. But to be successful in a soul of adventure is to become dull, and with a view to avoiding this as much as is possible, I cut of writing at all, I will merely say that I cut seven standards on that divine afternoon, and—but that I cannot sing—went home singing.

The cat next door, so it appeared, had observed the planting of the Jackmann with a disapproving eye, and even as I went into the garden with my seven standards (like a Roman emperor) I saw a stately form moving slowly away from the corner (imagine it at the window) where I had put one of them. Now I know something about rats, though nothing. It appears, about standards, and without the least hurry I walked into the garden and said, "Poor puss," and saw out of the corner of my eye (I dare not look honestly now for fear poor puss should see) that my Jackmann was entirely disinterested, and a flurry of pebbly dirt carried near it. There were therefore two courses open to me—either the direct, which lay in taking the cat, which (with the shallow diplomacy of its species) had advanced towards me, straight to the disinterested Jackmann, and then slapping it, or the subtle course. I chose the subtle. The cat was a knave; I knew that perfectly well. I chose to be the knave set to catch it. So I said "Poor puss" again, and went to the appointed Jackmann, and planted it again in the sight of poor puss. Then I went slowly in-doors, a very Niemann. Once arrived inside I led to the lumber-room, and with feverish hands unscrewed a large garden squirt, and filling it with cold water (I wish it had been iced), led to what we long called the wing of the house (it consists merely of a back room) which commands, strategically speaking, the Jackmann. The window was open, and with great caution I advanced to it and looked out. Already once more that very stupid knave of a cat was busy in the bed. I took careful aim, and the cold water described the

knave, I will teach it, at least I think I have taught it, that I do not plant Jackmann merely to give it a few moments' senseless amusement. Besides, to-morrow I shall have the cat-terrier. No the garden squirt was the kindest sort of cruelty.

I am afraid that in talking thus vaguely of "the house" and "the garden," the reader may have formed a totally erroneous impression of scale, and I must inform him at once that "the house" is the kind of house which is called "The Cedars," because apparently it has one withered furs-bush in the garden. It is semi-detached, and stands on the outskirts of the town, and is of an extraordinary proportions which is better forgotten. Inside, however, the rooms are good, high, and airy, and, anyhow, it suits me. There is a small strip of garden in front, in which at present I take no interest, and a space of garden behind measuring some sixty or seventy feet by thirty, encompassed by a walk of old and very large bricks. A strip of border sown from seed to end with sweet-peas runs up one side. At the far end is a small patch of grass, on which grow an apple-tree, and a plum-tree by which I have planted the crimson rambles. The seven standards to be bedded next month stand in a formal row below the terrace, and parallel to the border of sweet-peas stand half a dozen tubs in which are sown nasturtiums of the large climbing kind. This leaves a space of grass twenty feet by forty, and on this is being now erected "the shelter," a wooden house with trellis on two sides, match boarding on one, and entirely open on the other. Felt will be laid down over the grass, and over the felt, rips. There will be a couple of basket chairs there, an old French mattress covered with rugs, a writing table, and a small dining table with four chairs. There I propose to live as soon as the summer comes. Over one side the nasturtiums in the tubs will trail their green and ruddy arms, and I shall look towards the seven standards and the scarlet rambles. In the evening an Arab lamp with electric light, brought on a long cord from the house, will illuminate it. The very planning of the shelter was an absorbing joy; absorbing, too, is it to see it rise, smiling ekan of freshly chiselled wood. Then it will be painted green and ready for habitation. In front of it, towards the terrace, will stand a sundial which will not get, as far as I can see, any sun at all, since the stately shelter will entirely shade it. However, I dare say, it will do better in the shade, like lilies of the valley. Besides, one never sees a sundial in order to tell the time.

I often wonder how large an area of house and garden it is possible to get really fond of. The fact of broad acres and limitless corridors may and may not be delightful to the possessor, especially if he has to be a permanent possessor, but to be fond of a place in the way that I mean implies to be intimate with every separate inch of it. Your own niche, your own particular anaphora server, must, I think, be small: the great reception-rooms, the huge lawns, are delightful to have, but you will often find the owner of such choosing a small room for himself to work in and live in, and making perfect according to his own taste some sequestered angle of his garden, shut out from rustness, and brought within the scope of his invention. The great lawn and shrubberies he may plan and take pleasure in, but he will not be fond of them with the personal affection he feels for his own room, his own garden corner. And it is the personal arena, the definite impress of an individual taste on room and grounds the makes them alive with their own individual entity; they are parasitic, like mistletoe, drawing their life from a parent stem. The large rooms, the rooms of marble, the acres of signed con-

was are beautiful and wonderful things, but no one man can appropriate them and fasten them to himself, or himself to them, for they are too large, and are the setting not for one person, but for the brilliant crowd. But his own "den," where he has the books he wants, the chair he likes, the few pictures he loves, it is there that he is at his best,—at home. That is the good part: to have the other is enviable, no doubt; but one does not envy it with the sense of need. Of course no two people may have the same idea of a *chez lui*; and it is always with a certain anxiety that one awaits the arrival of a friend who has not seen one's own. He may surely not like it at all (as I have said, the appearance of the home outside is among the things to be forgotten), and if he does not, it is part of me he does not like. But it takes all sorts to make a world. If it were not so the world would be infinitely less entertaining than it is, and infinitely less lovable.

Almost exactly opposite my window is an old graveyard, the stones in which are for the most part mossed and gray. A gravel-path winds in and out of the sleeping places of men long dead, and round it stands a half-dozen of fine elms. It borders on the road, and is separated from it by only a low paling. And looking out of my window this morning I saw three one of those very simple little common things that give the lie to cynics. It was a fine sunny morning, and the road was populous, and among others there came down a two big strapping citizens out of the regiment that is stationed here, all trappings and scarlet, while between them, with a hand in the arm of each, walked a little old lady dressed in black. Each of the two men carried a cross of white flowers, and they walked very slowly, hanging on their steps, and suiting their pace to the woman. All three passed in at the cemetery gate, and went across the grass to a tomb which by underneath the elm, and had an old weather worn stone to mark it. On it the two soldiers had done their crosses, took off their forage-caps, and all three knelt side by side for a couple of minutes, it may be, at the foot of the grave, close by the road. Then they rose, and the old lady kissed both her sons very tenderly, and stood with them there a minute more, a hand clasped by each, while they talked together. I suppose, of the dead. Then they passed out of the cemetery gate again, and, for aught I know, out of my life. But a little later I went across the road, and to the grave where the crosses of Illia lay. The stone, as I had said, was of old standing, and I read that it was in memory of a man who had died in the year 1880, on April 17, so that to-day was the twenty-second anniversary of his death. Two days afterwards I happened to ask the colonel of that regiment whether there were the graves of a certain name among the men.

"Yes," said he, "excellent steady fellows; they look after their old mother who lives here."

So the reconstruction was simple enough. The father must have died while the two sons were still boys of five or six; yet on the anniversary of his death, so it seems, they still go to the grave with their mother, quite simply and naturally, and say a prayer there with her. The grass, too, on the grave itself was, I noticed, kept short and carefully tended, so I suppose that you live there infrequently. I think the man who lies there must have been a good husband. God keep all our memories as green in loving hearts!

Meantime, April is here, and it is good to be in England, for in no other country that I have ever seen is the rash of color more jubilant. Flowers too may get in plenty on the Grecian hills when blossom by blossom, the spring began, but nowhere

do you get such green as that in which here April hangs the trees and hedges. Star-like the pink-petalled daisies shine in the grass of the water-meadows, and soon the yellow showers of buttercups will make sunshine on the earth. In lonely places the daffodils dance together for the joy of their renewed life, and the warm wind shakes the snow of almond and apple blossoms onto the thick-bladed turf. Mowing by mowing fresh spears of living stuff have pierced the earth, rising upwards in obedience to the great law that moves all life,—to look on the kingdom of the sun,—and every day the sap and growth bum and tingle to the end of twig and tree, bursting forth through pink-sheathed buds into stars and crescents of leaf and blossom. On the great down the grass of last year already shows gray and withered by the newness of the excellent emerald, soon to be wrought with tapestries of thyme, where the bee scambles heavy-legged with the pollen of its fragrant labor, and the chalices of the fairy-bells, to which, so the legend of the country-side has it, the fairies dance, leaving a deeper green where their feet have trod. Brimful from bank to grassy bank the chalk streams, drawn from their cool deep brain of the downs, hurries steadfastly through the meadows, setting the weeds quivering and jerking. Here its course lies over beds of white chalk and gravel, each pebble shining lucently, jewel-like; here the water-weeds, growing thickly from bank to bank, are combed and waved by the passage of the water; here the stream is set on a more sober and earnest purpose, as it coils itself together in the bridled and narrowed passage that leads to the melodious thunder of a mill, from which, having accomplished its work without any loss or fatigue, it emerges in a soda-water of bubble from the dripping sides of the sluice and the mist of its own outpouring. There in the pool below lie its great mysterious citizens, the aldermen of the river, for whom on many days I shall, with my heart in my mouth, cast flies upon the water. Think if I should catch him, Lord Mayor himself, an eight-pounder at least, so the miller tells me, who has broken as many lines, it appears, as there are pebbles in the stream, or heads of racing thistle-down in a windy meadow! And if, as is likely probable, the lord of the stream defends his own, and will put such slight wisdom into the brain of his fish that not even the least cautious strippling among them is lured by me, yet he cannot cast one from me that had found hope in that cast or this will meet its reward; or when evening comes, and the creek is still unattended, take away from me the benefit of those water-side hours, the combing of the water-weeds, the translucency of sunlit ripples, the infinite refreshment of companionship.

To be Continued.

The Golden Time of Good Queen Anne

It seems a little strange that the three evings of the greatest fame in English history, and destined to remain the dearest to the fancy, should be the reigns of the three queens who at wide intervals have broken the long line of her inadequate and uninteresting kings. It is as if the order of events had put itself gallantly out, and hurried or stayed to accumulate in the times of those ladies the greatest riches of incident and of character, the highest achievements in literature, science, and art; but very likely something of this sort could be proved, and we must remain with the riddle of their unproven unroad. It is simply here has happened that the ages which we call after them are the most splendid in English annals. They were not ladies of the greatest authority naturally in the regions where their celebrity resides. Elizabeth was rather a horrid old harridan, vain, wilful, cruel; Victoria was a good mother of a family, kind, just, and true, but not, one would say, very luminous; Anne was, of course, in her seventeenth century, very, but somewhat of a rather childlike fancy, and perhaps somewhat stupid. Neither was of strong appeal to the hearts or heads of men, and we shall never know by what occult means the heavenly powers were conjured to make their times among the greatest in the human story. One does not get nearer the answer to the conundrum by recognizing that these queens had themselves, of course, little or nothing to do with illustrating their epochs. They might each have been altogether different from what she was, and still her reign would have been illustrious.

Of the three reigns that of Anne must longest remain the playground of the imagination. We are too far from Elizabeth's to be at home in it; too near to Victoria's to see it in "the light that never was." But we have about the reign of Queen Anne, and the more clearly it is ascertained, the more charming is the glamour in which it is wrapped. It may be that we find there the beginning of the modern spirit, the same, poor spirit that reasons and proves, and accepts nothing that is not reasonable and probable, and that this is why we like so much to read about it. If we are more for poetry we must go back to the Elizabethan days, or pause in the Victorian. Of the highest and deepest poetry it has long been known that Anne has little or none to give us; but as the human spirit is more comfortable in prose, or in the verse that has its clearness and ease, it is probable that it will continue to seek that middle distance, at least in its modern moods, and take its pleasure there. In the spacious vacancy of the background, one is rather lost, and in the crowded foreground one is jostled and poked about too much. But there in good Queen Anne's time one is just enough related to the motives and meanings through one's own to have the sense of an agreeable hospitality from the polite and charming presences of the past who really understand one. There are enough people, and as yet there is no crowding of distinctions upon the imagination. Marlborough, Pope, Goldsmith, Addison, Arbuthnot, Harley, Swift, Newton, Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, Steele, are of the company one meets; Blenheim, Ramilles, Malplaquet, the Fall of a Tub, "The Rape of the Lock," the "Essay on Criticism," Inoculation, Gravitation, Cato, the *Spectator*, are the events which engage men's minds and form the topics of conversation.

It is in the beginning of English literary criticism, and the beginning of English prose, which is a sort of criticism of the anti-

Smoot

WHAT'S the matter with Smoot?
Isn't he smooth? Isn't he cute?

What will he represent?
Last and best and women's tears,
Darkness, greed and craft and fears.
Let like by like be sent!
Evel branch of evil root,
Why won't he suit?

Send him, Mormons, if you will,
Nor jostle.

Senators,
Utah's apostle!
Make room for Smoot;
Smooth, cute Smoot!
In falls the bill!
Evel branch of evil root,
Why won't he suit?

verse; of English satire, which is the criticism of society. It is the beginning of English journalism, and almost of English fiction; quite that indeed. If we consider the *Spectator* a sort of imaginative work in the whole, as it is a journalistic work in the parts. It is the beginning of the English ethicism from which nothing wrong in art or science or politics has since escaped without self-reproach, without being finally brought to book. The poet, when first he stooped to truth and moralized his song, confessed the advent of a new influence which was to fix in the soul that sense of responsibility which Puritanism had vainly endeavored to implant, and which Agnosticism has never dreamt of disallowing.

All this and more is what Mr. Justin McCarthy makes clear in his delightful history of *The Reign of Queen Anne*, which we have been reading with more pleasure and instruction than we should be able to make evident. It is all very familiar ground, in a way, that the book covers, but the familiarity is of the sort through which one feels the charm of novelty. One has the dreamlike perception of having been there before, in *Henry Esmond*, in the *Spectator*, in *Meansday's* essays and history, in the tales of Swift and the verses of Pope, and the letters of lots of brilliant people; but this does not weaken or obscure the effect of Mr. McCarthy's view of the events and characters of that interesting and important reign. He no more sees them newly than you do; he could not without putting them in a false light; there they are in the plain day where they have always been. They have no secrets darker than Swift's loves for Stella and Vanessa; and they are immensely simple in every aspect; and this is the surprise, the ever-new charm which the latest view of them imparts.

It is a very literary view, and the book is all the better for having the character of a succession of clever and agreeable papers on several topics suggested by the events of Queen Anne's reign. The fact does not accuse them of superficiality; superficiality and lightness are very different, and superficiality may be heavy, and lightness deep. Apparently the "original sources" have not been troubled by Mr. McCarthy's studies, but we know them too little to be sure that they have not been profoundly roiled. What we are sure of is that no turbidity has got into the results distilled from them, which are beautifully clear, and through which the past shows itself as through a window of advantageous outlook.

The various papers are all literary, but the reader who has not yet come to them need not fear from this praise anything of that pseudo-pictoriality which once attempted the rehabilitation of this or that period, and gave to history the gaudy anarchy of historic fiction. That danger to the past is over, and it was never to be feared from an artist of Mr. McCarthy's make. An artist we must own he is, first of all, but we do not see why in the abstract that should disable him from seeing clearly and judging fairly. In the concrete he always does that, we think, and the entire amiability of his book is consistent with its impartiality and its manly and generous conclusions.

The object of sarcasm is chiefly to give pain; the object of irony is chiefly to give pleasure, either by a sense of amusement or of novelty.—*The Spectator*.

A thing is worth precisely what it can do for you, not what you choose to pay for it.

—Ruskin.

More from Mark Twain about Christian Science

THESE is a deal of thoroughness about Mark Twain. When he sets out to refer his mind he is apt to relieve it fully. He stops not at the end of the page, nor at a convenient point, but when he gets through. When that happens it is usually found that he has made a mark that will stick. The reader may differ with his views, but he does not forget them. They are too well grounded in for that.

The first instalment of his observations on Christian Science has been considered in the WEEKLY. The second, in the *North American Review* for January, is at hand, and there is a third to come next month. These discourses were written in Europe in 1890, and have been awaiting for three years. This month's chapter is mainly devoted to the amazing "profundities" of Mother Eddy's monopoly. Mark insists that the old lady will be worshipped in due time by her following; meanwhile he guesses how much money she must have made, and what are the financial prospects of what he calls the Boston Christian Science Trust. He can find no evidence that this trust ever gives anything away. It sells many things—the great Eddy book, hymnals, manuals, miscellaneous writings of Mrs. Eddy, and the like, "always at extravagant prices, and always on the one condition—cash, cash in advance." From end to end of the Christian Science literature, says Mark, "not a single (material) thing in the world is conceded to be real except the dollar. But all through its advertisements that reality is eagerly and persistently recognized."

Mark has a keen scent for money-changers in the temple, as readers may recall. The trust, he finds, now collects a fee of three hundred dollars for a finishing course of seven seasons at its metaphysical college in Boston, and a tax of one dollar a head, annually, from all members of Christian Science churches. He thinks its revenues from all these sources—books, sawn-iron, spoons, fep, and taxes—must already be very large, and he feels to be enormous. And he cannot find that it has any serious expenses, or that it supports any charities. He is very deeply impressed by Christian Science as a commercial enterprise in the hands of a small trust, not accountable to any one for its receipts. He insists that it is destined to win an enormous growth. He guesses there will be ten million Christian Scientists in America in 1910, and that they will be a political force. He guesses that they will be politically formidable in 1920, and in 1930 "the governing power of the republic—to remain that permanently." "And I think it a reasonable guess," he adds, "that the Trust will then be the most insolent and unscrupulous and tyrannical politico-religious master that has dominated a people since the palmy days of the Inquisition."

As for the curative branch of Christian Science, Mark declares that the power which a man's imagination has over his body to heal it or to make it sick is a force which none of us is born without. But because, if left to himself, a man is likely to use only that half of the force which invents imaginary ailments, it takes two imaginations, his own and some outsider's, to help him.

The outsider must imagine that he is doing the work, and the patient must imagine that this is so. "I think," says Mark, "that it is not so at all; but, no matter, the cure is effected, and that is the main thing." The outsider's work, he says, is unquestionably valuable. He likes

it to the work done by the engineer when he turns on steam and starts the engine. The power is in the engine, but if left alone the engine would never start of itself. Whatever you call the engineer—Christian Scientist, Mind Curist, or Hypnotist, he is simply the engineer, and turns on the same old steam and the engine does the work. The reason why the Christian Scientist engineer beats all the others is partly, Mark thinks, because he has the (forgotten) sense and wears religious overalls, but chiefly because he has organized the business, backed it with capital, and concentrated it in floston in the hands of a small and very competent trust. It is on the existence of this trust that Mark has based his expectation of the vast spread of Christian Science. If it were loosely conducted, as such enterprises usually are, it would do no better than "unorganized great moral and commercial ventures" usually do. "But I believe," he says, "that so long as this one remains compactly organized . . . in a trust, the spread of its dominion will continue."

So ends Mark's second lesson on this subject. It is not convincing in its prophecies, but it is highly suggestive. Who is the real John Rockefeller of the Christian Science Trust? Is it the venerable Mother at Concord? She is an old woman. Who is her understudy? Who are her colleagues?

An enormous amount of mental cure is being sold nowadays outside of Christian Science. In the Sunday edition of an important New York paper a few weeks ago were three advertisements, each about a column long. One advertised free cures by absent treatment by Professor X; another advertised that Doctor Y, the noted scientist, had given a sum of money to be spent in free distribution by a noted college of a book on personal magnetism; the third advertised to give away books disclosing the wonders of Professor Z's system of personal influence. Each advertisement gave a different mail address, but all came from the same thrifty concern that sells hypnotic (absent) treatment. Here, lessons by mail, and diplomas on an astonishing scale. It is only one of many such establishments in various parts of the country, most of which are working overtime and making very satisfactory profits.

The United States Post-office Department has tried from time to time to throw some of them out of the mail, but the United States Supreme Court believes in free trade for mental healers, and protects them in their postal privileges. Possibly it is wiser to give Christian Scientists a monopoly of the business. At any rate, the trade in mind-cure is so extremely brisk that even the enormous size of the field can hardly save the traders from feeling presently the effects of competition. Probably the very success of Christian Science will breed its own checks, and limit within safe bounds the growth that Mark Twain seems to think will be so overwhelming.

The Full Hour

WHEN a woman is but a thing
For a man to fondle and pet,
Let her dance and sing—
Her hour is not yet.

When a man is but a staff
For a woman to cling to, dumb,
Let him strut and laugh—
His hour is not come.

LOUISE MORGAN HILL.

Correspondence

THE INDUSTRIAL PROBLEM IN FRANK NORRIS AND IN MISS WILKINS

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

IN THE JANUARY EASY CHAIR OF HARPER'S MAGAZINE Mr. Howells surprised and honored a certain "polite correspondent," to whom he refers, by himself answering certain questions which this same correspondent had proposed to criticize in general. Among them: "What are the conditions from which springs, we will say, Mr. Norris's theory of the novel?" and "What makes the difference between Miss Wilkins's *Portion of Labor* and, say, Hauptmann's *Weseners*?" Mr. Howells's answers are themselves so individual, so provocative, that the correspondent finds herself resisting her own answers to the questions asked, and even writing them out—her usual excuse being that Mr. Howells has made the questions themselves so much more interesting by his discussion of them.

Frank Norris's theory of the novel was, indeed, broadly speaking, Zola's theory of the novel; but the question remains, in the mind of the correspondent, why did Zola's sociological method seem to adapt itself so well to Mr. Norris's theory of the novel, the great excellent, practical and material civilization of the West? But Mr. Norris's practice was more than Zola's, it was his own—quite the Easy Chair again; and if *The Octopus* succeeded in embodying the spirit of our Western civilization as no mere sociological novel could have done, and indeed as no other contemporary novel has done, it was because, one thinks, Mr. Norris was himself moved to do much sympathy with it. There is a hard and critical light on the work of certain novelists of the "Chicago School" that betrays them to be really spiritual aliens from the society which they describe. Mr. Norris was no such alien. He laid bare the brutalities of a great economic struggle in which human lives and human souls went down with candor, but, in spite of himself, with zest in the intensity of the drama. Nor is his criticism intentionally pessimistic. If I read *The Octopus* aright, it finds the sacrifice of these souls a heroic one, since it has helped to solve the great feeding problem of the world. This is truly the faith in a material progress to which the great lusty life of America is at present devoted. Mr. Norris was characteristically American also in his recently expressed conviction that the novelist must read his newspaper and not his *Boskin* or his *Larby* for any returns in his art. Of course this is partly the academically trained young man's revolt from the academic training, when he has to face actual life and actual creation; but it has in it, too, a youthful scorn for the strains of personal and ideal reflection that used to shape our own authors, and still go into the making of a Tolstoy, a Hauptmann, a Bjornson, a Meredith—and a Howells. "Here Literature" has certainly very little share in the novelist's equipment, unless it is to deepen the personal springs of his life, and make him look out on the Real World with a more complete self-consciousness.

Miss Wilkins's *Portion of Labor* is also, in a different way from *The Octopus*, characteristically American, and when put alongside of Hauptmann's *Weseners* is a strong illustration, as the correspondent herself had in mind to say, of two different civilizations. But as she reads Miss Wilkins's story, there is no such despair of present society in it as Mr. Howells finds; certainly none such as it is to be found in Hauptmann's drama—nothing like the same picture of awful and helpless de-stitution which certainly does make *The Weseners* new "ef-

fective" in the dramatic sense, but less real to the American's experience than Miss Wilkins's story. In the New England village the penalties of labor are heavy, but not so heavy as to crush the soul. The laborer still rats, even if he cannot educate his daughter "like a lady." And his deprivations and the deprivations of his fellows call for the steady exercise of self-sacrifice, such as the rich never know. Labor and poverty are their own education. Miss Wilkins seems to say, and it is a characteristically American touch, one with which we are familiar both in her stories and in Mr. Howells's own, that even though the strikers fail in her factory village, the Westerner masters it itself, and the son of the capitalist marries the daughter of the laborer. Say that there is something of our provincial faith in democracy surviving in Miss Wilkins's story, it is yet that faith which is the heaven of American life. To the present writer there could be no better examples of Christianity, as the Old and the New World receive it, than the *Portion of Labor* and Hauptmann's drama. *The Weseners* has exhausted his hope in the present world, and so he looks beyond it to that other world where the physical order is reversed, and the humble, the weak, and the oppressed are inheritors. Miss Wilkins finds in the life of labor its natural present compensations—as indeed the society that she pictures yields them. For the American Idealist, Christianity is yet the hope of social progress; to the European it is the consecration of suffering.

Yours, etc., E. B. B.

THE CURB-BIT IN THE ARMY

New York, January 15, 1905.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

Sir,—Your article in a recent issue, on Adjutant-General Corbin's report, must have proved interesting to those who are informed or care about the apparent effort being made by the War Department to codify the methods, system, and equipment of our army. I hoped to find that the report contained a recommendation to abolish the curb-bit, unquestionably severe and cruel but specified by the regulations—perhaps it escaped the editor's attention, or perhaps General Corbin regarded it as a detail beneath his notice in comparison to singing classes and matrimonial discouragement. It is, nevertheless, of great importance, and will be, just so long as horsemanship plays any part in warfare.

With all the improvement made in our army and its equipment, the single curb-bit has been allowed to remain; it exerts practically the same force against every horse, whether he needs it or not, and, therefore, is just as sensible as though every trooper had to wear the same size boot; it is opposed to the best results of horsemanship, primarily because it ruins a horse's mouth. In all of the real tests of horsemanship—for example, hunting, polo, etc.—what could be accomplished with a single curb-bit? The cowboy (an example of the best riders in the world) puts aside the curb-bit when he undertakes to train a pony for polo, just as the army officer rides his charger with the regulation curb, but knows that it would be useless to try to obtain any result in a contest where real horsemanship is called for, with such an implement, for example, a head-stroked colt.

The General Corbin notice the "single-curb" bit in my case in the German cavalry? From personal observation of that magnificent branch of their service, I can venture the reply that he did not, nor could he have seen such a bit in use in the English, French, Russian, Belgian, or Italian cavalry; certainly this must mean something—horsemen know what it means.

Polo has been encouraged at West Point, because it was found that at several army posts it was an excellent means of developing horsemanship and other qualities essential to a useful soldier. Have the cadets found it possible to engage in a contest of horsemanship when using a "single-curb" bit? Not with one horse in fifty. The Sixth Cavalry, when stationed in Washington, was one of the first cavalry regiments in the United States army to start polo, and they began with army saddles and bridles. Their first match ended the experiment, and they replaced the curb-bit with the usual "bit and bitline," or so-called double-bridle.

In the National Guard of New York State, which assimilates closely to the regular army, there are two cavalry organizations in the city of New York, containing many splendid chargers. In drill these horses are misused by the regulation bit; but their owners, who are horsemen, rarely, if ever, when off duty and riding the same horses, employ such a useless and harmful implement. One of these cavalry organizations has developed polo very extensively in their regiment, having upwards of sixty players. General Roe regards this as particularly advantageous, but every one of the sixty men know that enforced use of the army curb-bit would end this attempt to improve horsemanship.

The interest of your valuable journal in army reforms and improvements may well be directed to the omission from reports of recommendations to abolish "single-curb" bits, and thus to add to the usefulness of the cavalry.

HENRY M. EARLE.

The Truth about Chicago

When local color comes into a story or into a picture—into any other work of art, the local color must come in secondarily and unconsciously. Manifest attempts at reproducing local color fail. Yet there is no real art that does not speak of its habitat and the soil that grew it. And the best art, whether it be that of the picture-maker, the sculptor, or the writer, is the art that grinds the local color into the form and substance of the creation, and makes the form and substance great of themselves and for themselves; while the local color they may carry is the blood that makes the world skin.

The best thing about George Horace Lorimer's *Letters from a Self-made Merchant to his Son* is that they tell the truth about Chicago so unconsciously. Lorimer in his letters has created a paper man as vital as any of the men made by American story-writers. "John Graham" is strong, hard working, broad-gauged after the Western fashion, men to his enemies, provincial, country bred, city made, an automatic philanthropist, and what the country papers call "a kind father, a loyal husband, a generous friend, and a good citizen." Graham has more philosophy than the Sheppard of Arden, but it is in the philosophy of business, cynical as a cold south wind. But the master of the whole book, John Graham, Pierpont, his "Ma," Helen Heath, and all of the simple dramatic persons, is the way it reproduces and reflects Chicago. In no other book is the dirt and riches and unformed mass of the town more vividly yet consciously set down than in these "letters." The book is Chicago boiled to an essence. The barbaric yawp of protest and the careless whop of approval that Chicago values where she pleases, are in the book. If a statue typical of Chicago were to be made it should represent "John Graham" writing to his son: "Reputee makes lively reading, but business dull. What the house-ness is more orders."

The local color in the book does not stick out in disgust. It is in the blood of it.

Finance

Tax course of the securities-markets lately has been what unprejudiced observers of the situation looked for; that is, after a period of great activity and strength has come a halt in the upward movement. The development of the "reactionary" tendency, inevitable from the extent and rapidity of the previous advance, led to an inevitable a curtailment of activity. And the speculative community finds itself hesitating, like stock values. Always in these indolent periods the trading assumes what Wall Street calls a "professional" character. The outside public being absent, the bulk of the buying and the selling comes from the professional speculators, whose operations are more apt to be based upon technical market conditions more or less transitory, than upon general business or financial conditions, upon which must rest really important or extensive campaigns, either for the rise or the decline.

The rise in stocks was violent. Many of the features of the "old-fashioned bull market" were present in last week's trading. Transactions were on an enormous scale, far beyond anything witnessed for many months, and Wall Street again had its "million-share days." While the heaviest dealings were in a few stocks, there was a fairly wide distribution of activity, and, moreover, the air was full of rumors and talk of deals, surcharged with the "mystery" that has proven so often potent to stimulate the public appetite for stock gambling as no array of printed statistics, however favorable, could. The bull fever and its symptoms were there. The extent and rapidity of the advance were so great as to frighten the more conservative and a terror of waiting, prated and spoken, poured into Wall Street—even as it always does at the beginning of all bull markets. It is probable that the sober advice of impartial observers of the situation had some effect, but it was not so much a sudden-born desire to be conservative which checked the advance, but the enormous sales to realize profits on the part of elques and individual operators, to whose efforts and manipulation the entire upward movement was due. Some outside demand for stocks had been created by the suddenness of a bull market. When this demand was satisfied, aggressive manipulative operations for the rise having been suspended, the market fell into the hands of professional traders, who saw only one way for prices to go, and that down.

The great howl and cry against the January rise, because it was so transparently due to the aforementioned "manipulation" by daring market elques, was severely justified. To be sure, precisely such operations were indulged in by a coterie of Western plungers last summer and autumn, and they, as is well known, came to grief. But the manipulation then ended disastrously because it was ill-timed. Conditions were against the plungers, and natural conditions are stronger than men, even Chicagoans. In the slump that followed, prices fell first from the inflated level to the level of actual value, and then, because on such violent movements prices always go much farther than is strictly justified, they fell below the real value level. The first recovery obviously consisted of the readjustment of stock prices to the proper or investment value. Then those speculative influences which had precipitated the slump having disappeared when the danger of serious money stringency passed, the second or speculative rebound followed. That it was resisted, or, indeed, even caused entirely by manipulation was not a market crime. It has been stated repeatedly in this column that stocks do not go up. They are put up. Left to itself, that is, to investors, the market would fluctuate but slightly.

MRS. EDDY'S WRITINGS

Mrs. Eddy's publishing agents having refused to sell me her book called "Miscellaneous Writings," to my great inconvenience, I have placed an order for this work with Messrs. Harper & Brothers, and shall hope that some one possessing an extra copy of it will be willing to sell it to them for me. Please communicate with them. MARK TWAIN.

Harper's Weekly**FOR NEXT WEEK**

The aim of HARPER'S WEEKLY is to present every week, in picture and text, the living questions of the day treated in an interesting, comprehensive way. The issue of next week will have, among other contributors,

WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS

E. F. BENSON

HENRY LOOMIS NELSON

SYDNEY BROOKS

E. S. MARTIN

CHARLES JOHNSTON

JAMES MacARTHUR

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HARRY C. EDWARDS

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C. J. POST *Etc., Etc.*

Forty pages of interest on the vital questions of the day.

Financial

The
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THOMAS T. BARR, } Vice-Presidents
WALTER E. FRENCH, }
F. T. MARTIN, Cashier
WM. E. WILLIAMS, Assistant Cashier

CONDENSED STATEMENT

DECEMBER 1, 1902

ASSETS

Loans and Discounts . . .	\$2,821,102.49
Due from Banks	1,809,133.50
Banking Houses and Lots . .	1,584,793.96
Bonds, Stocks, etc.	1,024,125.34
Cash and e'ks on other Banks .	9,336,664.23
	\$36,565,818.54

LIABILITIES

Capital, Surplus, and Undivid- ed Profits	\$5,216,107.78
Deposits subject to Check . .	31,349,710.76
	\$36,565,818.54

The Mechanics' National Bank
of the City of New York

(FOUNDED 1808)

33 WALL STREET

OFFICERS

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ALEXANDER E. COPE, Vice-President.
EDWARD A. KNOWLES, Cashier.
ROBERT U. GRAFF, Assistant Cashier.

STATEMENT OF CONDITION

(CONDENSED)

Report to the Comptroller of the Currency
APRIL 30th, 1902

RESOURCES

Loans and Discounts	\$12,745,106.54
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

ACCOUNTS INVITED

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Official Legal Notice

THE CITY OF NEW YORK,
DEPARTMENT OF TAXES AND ASSESSMENTS, MAIN
OFFICE, BOROUGHS OF MANHATTAN,
NO. 100 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

January 21, 1903
NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, AS REQUIRED BY THE Charter of the City of New York, that the books relating to the Annual Review of the Assessed Valuation of Real and Personal Estate of the Boroughs of Manhattan, of the County of New York, and Richmond, comprising the City of New York, will be open for examination and correction at the second Monday of January, and will remain open until the

1ST DAY OF APRIL, 1903
During the time that the books are open to public inspection, application may be made by any person or corporation claiming to be aggrieved by the assessed valuation of real or personal estate to have the same corrected.

In the Borough of Manhattan, at the main office of the Department of Taxes and Assessments, No. 100 Broadway.
In the Borough of the Bronx, at the office of the Department, Westcott Building, One Hundred and Seventy Seventh Street and Third Avenue.
In the Borough of Brooklyn, at the office of the Department, Municipal Building.
In the Borough of Queens, at the office of the Department, Hartung Building, Jackson Avenue and Fifth Street, Long Island City.

In the Borough of Richmond, at the office of the Department, Main Building, Steubenville.
Copies of the City of New York maps, showing applications may be made to the office of the Department of Taxes and Assessments, No. 100 Broadway.

Applications in relation to the assessed valuation of personal estate must be made by the person assessed at the office of the Department in the Borough where such person resides, and in the case of a non-resident carrying on business in the City of New York, at the office of the Department of the Borough where such place of business is located. Between the hours of 10 A. M. and 4 P. M., except on holidays, when all applications must be made between 9 A. M. and 12 noon.

JAMES L. WELLS, President.
WILLIAM S. COOPER, Vice-President.
GEORGE J. GILLESPIE,
SAMUEL STRASSBURGER,
RUFUS L. SCOTT,
Commissioners of Taxes and Assessments.

Financial

HASKINS & SELLS

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LONDON OFFICE: LINCOLN TRUST BLDG., ST. LOUIS, MO.

PRESENT DAY READING

Three Gringos in Venezuela and Central America

By RICHARD HARDING DAVIS

Illustrated. Post 8vo, Cloth, \$1.50

Venezuela

A Land Where It's Always Summer

By WILLIAM ELEROY CURTIS

With a Colored Map. Post 8vo, Cloth, \$1.25

Chatty and entertaining, and gives an interesting picture of scenery, history, and life. An appendix contains the official correspondence between the United States and Great Britain. The story of the life of Guzman Blanco, self-styled "The Illustrious American," is well worth reading for the glimpse it gives into the ways of South American politicians, as well as for its portrayal of a unique personality.

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS

INTERESTING FICTION

The Reflections of Ambrose

By ELINOR GLYN

Author of "The Visits of Elizabeth"

If Elinor Glyn charmed novel readers by her first work, she has certainly added to her popularity with this newly published story. The keenness of observation, the audacity, of "The Visits of Elizabeth" are here, but, in addition to this, she has given us a strong love story and a novel of real dramatic power.

\$1.50

The Maid-at-Arms

By ROBERT W. CHAMBERS

Author of "Cardigan"

Mr. Chambers has long since won a most enviable position among contemporary novelists. The great popular success of "Cardigan" makes this present novel of unusual interest to all readers of fiction. A stirring novel of American life in days just after the Revolution. It is a story with a fascinating love interest, and is alive with exciting incident and adventure. Some of the characters of "Cardigan" reappear in this new novel.

Illustrated by Howard Chandler Christy

\$1.50

The Intrusions of Peggy

By ANTHONY HOPE

Author of "The Prisoner of Zenda," "The Dolly Dialogues," etc.

A charmingly entertaining story of London life of the present day, full of wit and cleverness. A rich and attractive young widow, Trix Trevalia, goes to London to make her social way in the world. Into all her adventures, matrimonial or financial, Trix's friend, Peggy Ryle—a breezy and ingenious young woman—intrudes, much to the reader's amusement. It is, indeed, a highly clever comedy, brilliantly written and of unflagging interest.

Illustrated by William Hurd Lawrence. \$1.50

HARPER & BROTHERS, FRANKLIN SQUARE, NEW YORK



The Royal Poinciana at Palm Beach



The Regular Way of Getting About

A Show Resort in the South

PALM BEACH is one of the great "show" places of America. It has been called the "American Riviera," but the Riviera has nothing to compare with it in gorgeous tropical setting. It used to be a swamp and a jungle. The swath of one man has converted it into the most beautiful mile or two of water-front on any sea. There are ocean bathing nearly all winter, and fishing and good sailing on Lake Worth, which is an arm of the sea. Being wheeled over shady paths in bicycle-chairs is the regulation way of getting about.

Between the ten hotels—the Breakers, on the sea-front, and the Royal Poinciana on Lake Worth—is an olive which for beauty defies description. It is arched over with the fronds of palms and the branches of coccinias, which come in regular alternation, while between them glows the gorgeous red of the hibiscus softened by the tender pink of oleander. The color scheme is dreamlike in its beauty. Yet the arrangement was regularly planned and carried out, though an artistically that it seems part of tropical nature.

The days are spent mostly outdoors, in golfing, sailing, fishing, and bathing, with an occasional *déjeuner* into the Everglades by the Nicotiana with a Seminole guide. But every night at Palm Beach is "opera night." The Royal Poinciana at night is the centre of the show. Evening dress is *de rigueur* for dinner. There is immense wealth (if not always refinement) shown in the costumes and jewels of the women at dinner, and when it is borne in mind that over a thousand people easily can be seated in the Poinciana dining-room, the brilliancy of the scene can be imagined. Palm Beach is a show place in more senses than one. After dinner the display continues in the parlors and on the broad verandas. Some women, whose bank accounts are more flourishing than their family trees, literally seem to stagger under the weight of their jewels.

Down the beach is the Monte Carlo of the resort, where private diners are served, and where every evening can be heard the rick of poker chips, the whir of roulette wheels, and the voice of the dealer at fees.



The Avenue of Palms



On the Steps of the Hotel



Details of one of the St. Louis Fair Buildings

WHEN the Louisiana Purchase Exposition opens its gates to the people of the world, they will probably see the most beautiful structures which have ever been designed and erected for any display of this character. The promoters of the Exposition have had ample opportunity to study styles of architecture which would be appropriate yet ornamental, and judging from the plans which have thus far been accepted, they form masterpieces of American architecture.

Those who have planned the buildings have had ample space allotted them in the 1200 acres appropriated for the Exposition grounds, while a very generous portion of the \$20,000,000 which will probably be spent before all of the arrangements are completed will go into these truly magnificent structures. The director-general is authority for the statement that the "White City" at St. Louis will far excel even that at Chicago, the beautiful "Rainbow City" at Buffalo, and even the displays in that center of art—Paris. The illustrations on this page of the structure which is to be devoted to mining and metallurgy give an idea of the truly exquisite exterior of the



principal buildings. These views form a perfect representation of the building in question, of which a perfect model has been made. Although in miniature, it defines every feature, and is in perfect proportion with the one to be completed. The main entrance is the most ornate feature, and the colossal group which surmounts it is artistic in every detail, as can be seen at a glance, while the columns rising at either side complete the stately effect. It will be one of the most elaborately decorated structures, so far as statuary is concerned, of any of the group, but every portion of the exterior, it may be said, represents the handiwork of the artist, even in the smaller carvings forming the various sections. As its name implies, the building will be devoted largely to an exhibit of the mineral resources of this country, for which the States and Territories comprised in the Louisiana Purchase are especially notable. Consequently, it will be one of the most important of the structures from an educational standpoint, and this fact the directors have evidently appreciated. The building is the conception of a local architect, Mr. Theodore C. Link, of St. Louis.



Marcellus

Ving. An. Lib. VI.

FATE can but slow him
A moment ours ere he depart;
Linger to know him
Had swelled too high his country's heart.

For such another
The Latin breed shall hope in vain,
Nae Rome, his mother,
Rear nurdling like to him again.

O pious duty,
O faith that filled the elder land!
In thy sword's beauty
What for had lived, thou tasteless hand!

Bring lilies hither,
Bring arnolds of their radiant bloom:
For wage let wither
Lilies upon the early tomb.
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A View of the Yards in San Francisco where the "Oregon" and "Olympus" were Built

In this yard, and those connected with it, there are facilities for making every possible part of a war-ship, from the armor to the most intricate machinery

Drawn by F. Cresson Seball

IT is doubtful if the average citizen realizes the tremendous significance of the changes that are going on in American marine interests. American ingenuity and American capital are now engaged persistently in building up the shipping industry of the country. The era of new railroad construction is practically past; the era of ship construction, which means the restoration of the American flag to the high seas, has only just begun.

Already the United States occupies a peculiar position in the matter of ship-building. On the Great Lakes the cheapest merchant vessels in the world are built. On the sea coast the cheapest men-of-war in the world are being constructed. The one thing now needed in our ship construction is the power to build merchant

vessels on the sea-coast as cheaply as they can be constructed on our inland lakes. When that stage of commercial development is reached the United States should lead the world.

A step of great importance to secure that end has just taken place in this country. It is the formation of a ship-building organization that for the first time in the world can turn out a finished war-ship solely from its own plants—hulls, engines, auxiliaries, armor, and guns. What this means in war-ship construction may be understood thoroughly when one considers that in England the Armstrong Company makes men-of-war and guns for them, but no armor. In Germany the Krupp concern makes guns and armor, but builds no ships. In France, Schneider of

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Crews, makes the armor and guns, but no ships. In this country we now have a company, the new United States Ship-building Company, which builds ships, guns, and armor, as well as the great number of auxiliaries needed in ship construction.

But this is not all. The first step has been made for the cheaper construction of merchant vessels on the sea-coast. This step lies in a system of organization. Most persons said, when the United States Ship-building Company was formed, "Here's another trust." In the loose sense in which the word trust is used, the statement that one had been formed in the ship-building trade would seem at first to be correct. It is not a trust in the sense that it has or is to have a monopoly in our sea-coast ship-building. It controls only about forty per cent. of our sea-coast ship-building plants, and it has another rival in the Yamp, the Newport News, the Fore River, and other plants. It is simply an organization formed from a community of interests to get economical production.

The great reason why our sea-coast ship-yards have lagged behind those of the Lakes in building cheap merchantmen is that the yards on the coasts have all been built for the war-ship trade. They have been organized under the most costly conditions. They have had to be ready to turn out a battleship as well as a tug. The fact indisputable that if we can build the cheapest merchantmen in the world on the Lakes, we should also do it on the sea-coast. But a shipyard made and managed to the expensive work of building battle-ships cannot turn out cheap freighters to advantage.

The new ship-building combination was formed to classify this work, so far as possible; to build small boats at one place and big boats at another; to have an elaborate organization at one plant and a simple one at another, and not to fritter away the system necessary to make a battle-ship in producing a tugboat.

The country owes a greater debt to William C. Whitner for the development of American ship-building than most persons realize. When he became Secretary of the Navy the United States had no plants capable of turning out forgings for the machinery or guns of a modern man-of-war, and there were no facilities for making armor in the country. He was determined to build up the so-called New Navy. A committee of Congress waited on Mr. Whitner, and told him they would give him the right to import all such forgings. There would be satisfied if he would simply build the boats here. That of itself, it was thought, would be a great achievement.

Mr. Whitner told the members of this committee that they could put the provision in the law if they wished, but under no circumstances would he take advantage of it, for he was determined that American men-of-war should be built exclusively by American workmen and of American material. This decision was of stupendous importance to industrial America. It has meant the expenditure of millions upon millions of dollars in this country, and the effect upon varied industries concerned has been widespread. It not only has given our ship-yards, which had the confidence of the country for their sole support, but it caused most of them to be enlarged, and others to be built, so that now they have the facilities to build the largest merchantmen afloat.

Within a year the largest two American-built vessels, surpassed in size by only half a dozen vessels in the world, have been put in operation. They are the *Kearsarge* and *Siberia*, of the Pacific Mail Line, built at Newport News, and they are engaged in the contest on the greatest battle-ground, so to speak for commerce in the world,—the trade of the Pacific Ocean. In a few months, at the most, what are said to be the largest ships ever built, vessels of 33,000 tons each, will be finished at the great shipping plant at New London, a plant that never would have existed had it not been for the fostering care of American shipping by Secretary Whitner and his successor, Benjamin F. Tracy.

Mr. Whitner caused the establishment of great forging-plants of the country, and (Continued on page 157.)



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New York Roads: Present and Future



An Automobile Road in New York



Broadway, near Kingsbridge, New York

ON the 1st of December, 1902, a bill was introduced in the House of Representatives which opens the way to far-reaching results for the benefit of farmers and all persons who make use of the public highways. It is a bill "to create in the Department of Agriculture a bureau to be known as the Bureau of Public Roads, and to provide for a system of national, State, and local co-operation in the present improvement of the public highways." The director of this bureau is to have authority to use his discretion as to whether the road petitioned for is necessary and advantageous to the community which it serves.

The expense of construction is to be divided as follows: one-half is to be paid by the State or county in which the road is located, the other half by the Federal government in proportion to the number of inhabitants in each State. Under the census of 1900 the maximum per capita distribution would be \$1,949,000 for New York State, \$752,000 for Massachusetts, \$243,000 for Connecticut, and for other States in proportion.

The sponsor for the bill is Colonel W. P. Brownlow, member from Tennessee, and son of the famous Parson Brownlow. Colonel Brownlow introduced the rural free-delivery bill, the first appropriation for which was \$50,000, and has shown the scheme to be so financially successful that an appropriation of \$12,500,000 is now asked for. He hardly expects the Roads bill to go through in its present form, but hopes in time to get a satisfactory measure passed. The important feature is to get the idea of Federal assistance as applied to highway construction well in the minds of the public. As the last government appropriation for rivers and



harbors amounted to about \$70,000,000, chiefly applied to the seacoast States, it does not seem too much to ask for \$20,000,000 for the use of every State in the Union. The macadam roads completed and in process of building will form a circuit of about one hundred miles, starting from White Plains to Peekskill and around back. It is hoped eventually to have the road extended north through Pawling, about fifty miles, and that a State road may follow the Hudson as far north as Albany. These plans, however, are but possibilities, as it is unlikely that they would be petitioned for in the near future. Under the Higbie-Armstrong bill, for the aid of road construction in New York State, \$10,000,000 is appropriated, yet it will take at least ten years to build the roads already petitioned for under that bill. New York State pays one-half the cost, the county thirty-five per cent., and the town fifteen.

It would seem as though some recognition should be given by even the most rabid "motor phobes" to the endowors of the Automobile Club of America to procure immediate, practical legislation for the road that good roads may be the rule rather than the exception. Aside from the general scheme outlined above, very active work is being done to further the building of good roads in the immediate vicinity of New York city. The condition of Jerome Avenue, Seventh Avenue, from Central Park north, and 84, Nicholas Avenue has been brought to the attention of the city authorities, and it is hoped that this spring will see the repairs well under way. The difficulty is that the city wishes to put down a pavement more expensive than the property-owners are willing to be assessed for.



A Hold-up in the City Limits



A "Good-Road" Breakdown

(Continued from page 153.)

General Tracy insisted on building battle-ships as large as the best English battle-ships of the time, and he also insisted in making these battle-ships do one-third more work than those of the English type. The man who assisted them in this work, the young naval officer who designed the *Oreos* and her sister ships, Lewis Nixon, is now at the head of the new ship-building combine, whose purpose it is to take another forward step and to try to build merchantmen, as well as war-ships, as cheap as is cheaper than they can be built anywhere else in the world.

There are five ship-yards, three of them of large size, in this new combination, and four large auxiliary plants.

With the resources of these plants there is nothing about a ship of importance, whether it be a war-vessel or a merchantman, that cannot be made entire by a single ship-building concern, and it is this feature that gives the concern its especial strength, and adds to American renown in the latest field of industrial development in the United States.

Under the supervision of Mr. Nixon this company is now constructing no less than thirty-seven vessels, whose tonnage amounts to 178,000. The value of this work reaches, in round numbers, the enormous sum of \$20,000,000. The plants concerned cover 375 acres, of which 48.7 are under cover. The company employs 15,000 persons, and has an annual pay-roll of about \$8,500,000.

When one realizes that this represents only about forty per cent. of the ship-building on the coast, who shall say that American ship-building has not revived, or is not in a most flourishing condition? Then consider the condition of ship-building on the Lakes. There are no less than eight enormous plants there, five of which have been united in the American Ship-building Company. This concern alone built no less than forty-one vessels in the year ending June 30, 1902, with a tonnage of 108,500, and at that time there were in its yards thirty unfinished vessels.

The Lake traffic is a most impressive revelation of American skill. Ten years ago the largest of these Lake vessels was only 300 feet long. Since then they have grown to a length of 500 feet; but it has been found that a length of 430 feet is best suited to the requirements of the trade. Through the Sault Ste. Marie Canal in 1891 there passed a tonnage of 8,008,000. Ten years later this had grown to a tonnage of 28,400,000. Some of the finest and swiftest passenger vessels afloat also ply on these lakes. Thus it will be seen what an important place a new ship-building combination on our coast may hold.

It is a sign of the coming of what this country needs most industrially—a merchant marine in keeping with American ideas, American growth, and complete American independence.

The Openings of the State Legislatures

In nearly forty States the open legislative season has come. For sixty days at least in these States, it will be lawful to level hills and aim petitions and resolutions at almost any subject that comes within the range of desire for private gain or public welfare. The supply of ammunition seems inexhaustible. Thousands of bills are already on the calendar or in readiness; and they concern every relation and interest of life from the registration of a child's birth and the care of its eyes in infancy, to hospital precautions, from the protection of the Jerseyman's diminutive oyster-beds and the guarding of the Colorado's irrigation ditches to the attempted registration of trusts. For with the increase in population and complexity of life and with constant change in the conditions which environ the citizen, readjustment seems to be ceaselessly necessary. More and more the citizen demands protection against the possible dishonesty or greed of his neighbor, and more and more the State is brought to extend its functions to include services that once



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were left to private initiative and activity. Bills relating to sanitation, the protection of game, the prevention of adulteration of foods, bills entrusted to the State the examination and licensing of barbers, undertakers, actors, and plumbers, as well as of physicians and teachers; bills making State provision for the care and treatment of epileptics and persons afflicted with tuberculosis—these are but indices pointing the direction in which the legislation, both proposed and enacted, of our Commonwealth is travelling. It is of interest in this connection that ardent Socialists have in two States at least—Massachusetts and Illinois—been elected to the Lower House of the legislature this year, a fact which accentuates the tendency that has found expression in the increasing patriotism of the State.

But the first task which many of these forty legislatures have to perform is the election of United States Senators. Among those whose terms expire in March of this year are Senators Platt of New York, Platt of Connecticut, Teller of Colorado, Fairbanks of Indiana, Mason of Illinois, Allison of Iowa, Penrose of Pennsylvania, Gallinger of New Hampshire, Foraker of Ohio, Vest of Missouri, James of Arkansas, McLaughlin of South Carolina, Perkins of California, and Spooner of Wisconsin. Several have already been elected to succeed themselves, and there is likely to be but slight change in the present personnel of the Senate. Senator Mason of Illinois will probably be succeeded by Congressman Hopkins; Senator Perkins re-election is assured at last accounts; Senator Sherman succeeds Senator Wellington; Senator McCreary takes Senator Debus's seat; Senator Jones of Arkansas, the manager of Bryan's two campaigns, is not to be his own successor.

The return of Senator Spooner, which the country at large desires, and which now seems assured, calls attention to the anomalous situation in Wisconsin, where the Republicans have endorsed the La Follette platform, in some provisions of which Senator Spooner has been hostile, and yet have demanded that Mr. Spooner be sent again to the Senate. In other States there are complications between State and national interests, which but add support to the movement in favor of the popular election of Senators. And it is probable that a renewed effort will be made this winter to secure the concurrence of two thirds of the States in compelling Congress to call a convention for submitting an amendment to the constitutional provision, relating to the choosing of Senators.

What the various legislatures are likely to accomplish in the way of specific legislation cannot now be predicted with any certainty. In 1901, when the same legislatures were in session, the distinguishing features of their enactments were: the tendency to increase the number of State boards and commissions and to centralize these administrative agencies; the extension of home rule for cities (though Ohio in 1902 took a decided step in the other direction); more extensive provisions for secondary education; the allowing of care and treatment to classes of delinquents hitherto left to private charity; greater concern for the health and moral environment of working-men, working-women, and children; greater precautions against the spread of disease, both among men and animals; the protection of forests and game, restriction of hours of labor, and the disposition to refer an increasing number of matters of a legislative character to a popular vote. The failure of most State trial legislation will probably discourage further serious attempts in that direction.

A Twentieth-Century Hotel

See page 131

The new Hotel Belmont, which is to be built at Forty-second Street and Park Avenue, by the promoters of the subway, from the designs of Warren & Wetmore, will be the tallest, most thoroughly fire-proof, and most modern of its class. All the devices which common sense and architectural skill have agreed to be desirable in a hotel have been included. The execution for its substructure has taken many months



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*The Venezuelan Conference at
Washington*

**THE TRANSPORTATION
PROBLEM IN NEW YORK**
*The New Subway and its
stations, with the first draw-
ings from the accepted plans.*

*New Experiments in Wireless
Telephony*

*Sir Philip Burne-Jones and
"The Vampire"*

AMERICANS OF TO-MORROW
THIS WEEK

EDWIN A. ALDERMAN

NEXT WEEK

JOHN S. SARGENT

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AMERICANS OF TO-MORROW

XXV.—EDWIN A. ALDERMAN, AET. 40

See page 180—Editorial Section



Signat Major des Finances

Herbert B. Bowen

THE VENEZUELAN CONFERENCE AT WASHINGTON

IN the Venezuelan conference at Washington to settle foreign claims, Venezuela is represented by Minister Bowen, Italy by its own ambassador, England by Sir Michael Herbert, and Germany by its new diplomat, Baron Speck von Sternburg. For obvious reasons the part of the English ambassador is especially embarrassing and difficult. Minister Bowen has been so much in the public eye since this South American imbroglio began that little need be said about him. He has practically made his reputation by his skill, tact, and firmness during the last trying months, and his departure from Caracas was a personal triumph. All parties vied with one another in showing him honor. President Castro and his cabinet saw the distinguished minister to the railroad station; delegations from the British, German, and Dutch colonies read addresses to him, while a committee of negro musicians and carpenters wished him a happy voyage. He was accompanied to the port by the representatives of Spain, France, and Belgium, and his gifted wife received no less than sixty bouquets, a quite formidable assignment of golden produce. The recollection of these splendors will lighten for Mr. Bowen the heavy hours which he must pass through before he once more sights the port of La Guayra. Baron Speck von Sternburg is rather more of an unknown quantity, though, in justice to the brilliant German, it must be said that he has made strenuous efforts to correct this, and to make the inner workings of his mind familiar to us all.

He was born in England, had an English-Scottish mother, and a German father, and has married one of the fair and brilliant women from Kentucky, whom he has so eloquently described, and has, of course, had a long training in diplomacy at our national capital. England's representative at the conference has our sympathy in his extremely difficult task. His government is officially allied with Germany not only in this Venezuelan affair, but also in the Far East, as our guardian sharks of China against the rapacity of the West. And his nation heartily distrusts this alliance, and never loses an opportunity to say so. We have been told that England's naval officers in South American waters have so far forgotten their duty as to criticize the whole history of the Anglo-German alliance, which seems a rather grave breach of discipline; and we do not need to be told that the English press is almost unanimous in denouncing the plan of co-operation with Germany as a

piece of extravagant foolishness, even attributing it to the hypnotic powers of the Kaiser in person. All this cannot tend to profound spiritual union between the English and German members of the conference; nor can the equally outspoken expressions of the German press on the Monroe doctrine be supposed to make the position of Germany's ally any easier. We have been told a good many times recently by influential German papers that the Monroe doctrine, the keystone of our foreign policy, is an incredible piece of iniquity; and one notes that, while Baron Speck von Sternburg has much to say about our fair women, our genius, and the transcendental qualities of our young writers, he does not give any hint of his views on the foreign policy of President Monroe. Does it, in his opinion, rank among the immensities which we do so easily, or is it a mere piece of intellectual levity? In any case, it seems that in this conference England's representative will be unpleasantly conscious of attempting to eat on two stools at once.

The conference has really only two questions to decide: How much Venezuelan owes to each of the claimants; and, How is the money to be raised? As to the agios claimed, it is probable that they will undergo a pretty severe process of shrinkage as soon as the conference actually gets to work. The Maximilian episode should have claims of this sort grow. Mexico still maintains that a large part of the English, French, and Spanish claims was either fraudulent or excessive, and doubtless the Venezuelan authorities will say much the same. As for securing payment, there seems to be only one possible way: to hypothecate the customs, thus putting Venezuela in much the same position as China and Turkey, and bringing on the South American republic the evils which afflict those two much-suffering lands. Venezuela is practically dependent on the customs for her revenue, and the various departments of government are likely to go to rack and ruin if this source of supply is cut off. At least there will be the less to attract plunderers.

Yet it cannot be concealed that the parties most vitally interested in the outcome of the conference are the other South American republics, with their foreign debts, and the United States, which must steer between the Scylla of political complications and the Charybdis of financial obligation assumed for these younger brothers.



OUR NEW AMBASSADOR AT ST. PETERSBURG

The new United States Ambassador to Russia, Mr. Robert S. McCornell, recently presented his credentials to the Tsar and Tsarina at the Taurian-Slo palace, St. Petersburg. The Ambassador and the first and second secretaries of the American Embassy were met at the station by the Tsar's state carriages, with outsiders and postillions, and were conducted to the palace, where the formal ceremony of presenting the credentials took place. In the above drawing, Mr. de Thielstrup has pictured the arrival of the Ambassador and his party at the palace.

A PHASE OF THE SITUATION IN NORTHERN AFRICA



A Caravan of Tuaregs in the Great Desert

A GAIN the fringe of civilization which European nations have established on the northwestern coast of Africa is threatened by the barbarians who still inhabit western Algeria, Morocco, and even the Sahara itself. If these tribes are persuaded by the fanatical Muslims to enter into another "holy war," there is good reason for the anxiety of the French, Spanish, and Italian governments in sending troops to northern Africa, for it means a struggle with a people who do not know what fear means, and who believe that in yielding up their lives in battle they will gain the reward of the Prophet. In equipment and discipline they are, of course, far below the standard of the military forces which would be sent against them, but they are so numerous that an army of 100,000 men could easily be raised from the various tribes who inhabit this portion of the continent.

These barbarous tribes go under various names, but all are of the Hamitic family, and are descendants of the aboriginal inhabitants of northern Africa. The Algerians know them as the Kabyles; in Morocco they are called Shillah; while the portion who have remained in the Sahara or on its threshold are called Tuaregs or Tawarick, generally known as the Berbers, their population has been estimated by travelers in this region at nearly 4,000,000, and today they entertain the same hostility towards the white race which prevailed among their ancestors centuries ago. While the tribes frequently battle against each other, all are united in their hatred of the European, and as they rank among the most bigoted of the followers of Islam, taken as a whole they have been a veritable "thorn in the flesh" to the French, Spanish, and other Europeans who have colonized the shores of northern Africa.

Very few of the true Berbers reside in Algiers, Fez, or other cities of the European tributaries. While called by this name, they are generally of mixed blood, being part Arab, part negro, and, in some cases, partly European. In spite

of the long period which has elapsed since the Arabs overran northern Africa, the people whom they drove from the shores of the Mediterranean into the mountain country, as well as into the oases of the Sahara, have intermingled but little with other races, and, it is stated, to-day follow most of the customs inherited from past ages. They may be divided into three classes—one, the agricultural class, who maintain small herds of sheep and cattle in southern Morocco and Algeria, grazing them upon the scanty vegetation which is to be found in some of the valleys; also olive-growers, and the owners of vineyards.

The most barbarous of all are the Tuaregs, who are the original nomads of the desert. Although driven here and there by invasions of the Romans, the Goths, and the Arabs, they are still unconquered, and may be called the masters of the Sahara, for they practically control the great caravan routes from northwest Africa to the Sudan, and with their herds of camels transport the bulk of the merchandise between the North African cities and Timbuctu. They are noted for their expert horsemanship as well as their skill in camel-riding, and while some still carry such crude weapons as the spear for arms, they are quite well supplied with guns, swords, and ammunition, which are actually manufactured by the mountain tribes of Berbers who inhabit the Atlas district.

Although they are supposed to recognize the authority of the ruler of Morocco and the French governor of Algeria, it is well known that the Berbers in general have very little respect for these officials, and while some of the tribes have representatives or emissaries at the capitals, they are sent merely as a matter of form, and act as spies to keep their people informed of the political situation. Really no one has control over the Tuaregs except their chiefs and the Muslim priests. The word of the latter is law with them, and this is one of the facts that make the situation in northern Africa just now all the more menacing.



A Tuareg Warrior



A Family of Kabyles



A Family of the Sahara



A Nomad of the Desert



THE PRESIDENT'S DINNER TO THE DIPLOMATIC CORPS

The new state dining-room in the White House was filled recently with some eighty guests of President and Mrs. Roosevelt. The occasion was the annual formal dinner to the foreign ambassadors, ministers, and their wives. This function is always an important one, but this year, with the stimulus which the Roosevelts have given to social life in Washington, the dinner was unusually brilliant.

Drawn by E. M. Addy

The Subway and its Stations



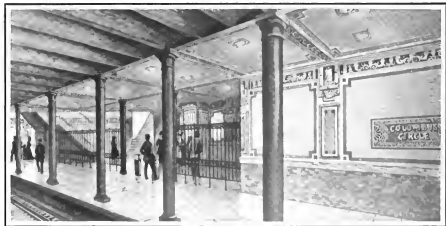
A View of the Interior of the new Subway in New York, showing the general Arrangement of Tracks and Stations

Drawn by H. M. Faxon

IN the new Subway in New York crowding will be eliminated by the simple device of providing one stairway for entrance and one for exit, and by making the platforms large enough to accommodate several hundred persons at once. There will be broad staircases of easy grade, ticket booths designed with reference to appearance as well as use, and the stations will have lofty, vaulted ceilings well lighted by day through half-eye glass and at night by electric lamps. The decorations will be of tiles, faience, and glazed terra-cotta, with the name of the station plainly marked in panels. All the ornamentation has been designed to help the passenger recognize his station without the necessity of listening for the announcement of the guard or reading the signs. Express stations at the City Hall, Fourteenth, Forty-second, Seventy-second, and Ninety-sixth streets naturally divide the local stations into groups. For each group a general scheme of decoration has been devised, and on two stations in a group are decorated in the same colors. For example, the ornamentation of all stations between the City Hall and Fourteenth Street will be characterized by long horizontal lines. The walls will be a white glass tile, the cornices of glazed terra-cotta, and the prevailing color of cornice and name panels will be, at the Worth Street station, dull green; at Canal, yellow; at Spring, white; at Broecker, blue; and at Astor Place, light green. Between Fourteenth and Forty-second streets, the decorations will bezier, and in panels instead of horizontal lines. Designs significant of the locality will be used wherever they can be appropriately. At Astor Place, beavers will appear in the designs; at Thirty-third Street, eagles; at Columbus Circle, Fifty-ninth

Street, caravels; at One Hundred and Sixteenth Street, the blue and white of Columbia University. In other words, while no sense of railway stations in the world will be so attractive to the eye as those of the Subway, there will be no meaningless ornamentation.

Repeated experiments have convinced the architects and engineers that the moisture and drip familiar to exploiters of caves and tunnels can be avoided in the Subway stations by building air-chambers behind walls and ceilings. Accordingly, this method of construction has been adopted, and the underground will be damp-proof. The tunnel will be cooler in summer and warmer in winter than the upper air. Subway trains will be made up of coaches a little longer than the new cars of the Elevated roads, five in local trains and eight in express. The third rail and the motor-car have been adopted for propelling the trains, and the same system will be employed to run the suburban trains of the New York Central, Harlem, New Haven, and Puttucket roads to the City Hall loop. The cars will be heated and lighted by electricity. The carrying capacity will be greater than that of the four lines of the present Elevated system, owing chiefly to the greater speed of trains and the ease with which passengers can enter and leave stations and trains. Thirty miles an hour, including stops, will be the rate for express, and local trains will make considerably better time than the Elevated under existing conditions. Where the tunnel is near the street level, there will be fewer stairs to climb than at Elevated stations, and where the street is not readily accessible by stairways, as at the One-Hundred-and-Twenty-fifth-Street Viaduct, elevators will be provided.



A typical Station of the new Subway, showing proposed Arrangement and Architectural Details

Drawn by H. M. Faxon



AN INCIDENT IN NEW YORK'S GREAT TRANSPORTATION PROBLEM

The Brooklyn Bridge connecting New York and Brooklyn carries over half a million people each day. The cars crossing on the four tracks cannot begin to accommodate the crowds, and as a result thousands of people walk in all kinds of weather in throngs that make even the pedestrian passage for his own safety. The completion of the new subway will go far toward relieving the congestion, especially at night, at the New York end of the bridge.

Drawn by Seymour Chwast

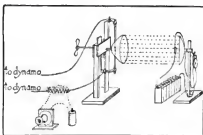
Experiments just Made in Telephoning without Wires

THE principles of light-telephony were discovered by Professor Alexander Graham Bell in 1880. To the apparatus used for this method of transmitting sound Bell gave the name of "photophone." The sound waves are transformed into light waves by a transmitting device, and these are again converted into sound waves by the receiving instrument.

In the photophone invented by Bell, a beam of light, from the sun or from an electric light, is brought to a pencil point by means of a lens, and centered on a little concave mirror fastened to the back of the diaphragm of an ordinary telephone transmitter. When spoken into, the circular iron plate, or diaphragm, of the transmitter vibrates in unison with the sound waves impinging on it, and the concave mirror reflects more or less of the light shining upon it. The amount of reflected light depends upon the intensity of the vibration of the diaphragm.

The reflected light passes through another lens for the purpose of sending out a concentrated beam in the receiving station, where the beam of light falls upon a selenium cell connected with a battery and a telephone receiver. Selenium is a metal which possesses the property of conducting a current of electricity with less resistance when exposed to the light than when in the dark, so that when the beam of light falls upon the selenium cell its resistance is instantly lowered, and the current from the battery will flow through it and so operate a telephone receiver.

Every modification of the beam of light will make a corresponding change in its inherent quality of conducting a current of electricity, and therefore a corresponding difference is made in the sounds in the telephone receiver. Until Herr Ruhmer of Berlin began experimenting with the nature of selenium, the photophone had been confined to the laboratory, as it was adapted to the transmission of speech over a distance of a few feet only, but by constantly improving the transmitter, the receiver, and making such changes to the requirements of the other. Herr Ruhmer has evolved



The Apparatus for Telephoning on a Ray of Light

an apparatus which promises well for military and naval service.

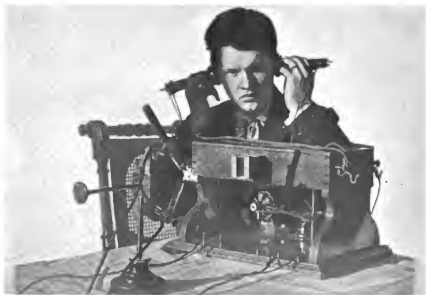
Herr Ruhmer has done away with the necessity for having the reflection of light at the transmitting end of the apparatus. He has found that by connecting an arc-light in circuit with an ordinary telephone transmitter the arc will reproduce every word spoken into it both audibly and luminously.

This is due to the fact that the resistance of the arc is varied by the changes in the current flowing through the telephone transmitter, and as the resistance is increased or decreased, however slight the change may be, the temperature of the arc-light and the intensity of the light emitted by it vary. These variations of light values in the arc cannot be observed by the human eye, but to the sensitive electric eye—the selenium cell—the slightest change in the intensity of the arc-light causes a corresponding change in its resistance.

The arc-light, on which is superimposed the rapidly alternating current caused by the speaker's voice, is placed in the focus of a reflector like those used in search-lights. From here the small beam of light issues and is propagated in a straight line through space to the receiving instrument, where it is received by a similar curved mirror. This mirror converges the diffused beam into a pencil of light which falls upon the selenium cell.

The selenium cell is connected with a telephone receiver and a battery, and as the resistance of the cell changes, the current flows through both the cell and the receiver, and reproduces clearly the words spoken into the transmitter at the sending station.

The experiments with the light-telephony were made on the Waansee near Berlin, with the transmitter mounted on board the electric launch *Graunau*; the receiving apparatus was stationed at different points on the shore. Tests were made in the daytime, when the sun was shining, and the results were eminently satisfactory. Experiments were also made when the atmosphere was heavy with fog, and under these conditions articulate speech was transmitted and received a distance of four miles.



Herr Ruhmer of Berlin, who has made the most important recent Experiments in Wireless Telephony, taking a Message through his Light-Photograph



REVIVAL OF JUSTIN HUNTLY McCARTHY'S "IF I WERE KING" AT THE GARDEN THEATRE

This drawing represents Villou (Mr. Sothero) reciting the ballade "If Villou were the King of France" to his companions, while Louis XI., the King, and his minister, both in disguise and unknown to Villou, sit near by and overhear. The motive of the play is indicated in this scene. Louis takes Villou at his word, and makes him King in his place

An English Artist Here

THE art world of America experienced a ripple of surprise in '97 when Sir Philip Burne-Jones came to this country, bringing with him his great picture, "The Vampire." The artist is again in America, and is about to exhibit his paintings in the cities of the West. Sir Philip and his work come as an innovation to the prevalent trend of American art. He was received with the common salutations of the host, the uniting of critics,

Along no set line or groove, as is the American custom, does Sir Philip work. Here a selection from Browning's *Pippa Passes* is exquisitely pictured with a daintiness befitting the subject. Here Henry James's sad story of *The Madonna of the Future* is illustrated, radiating with the whole deep feeling of tragedy of the never-to-be-realized ambition of ideal. Portraits of some of New York's beautiful women are among the latest from his brush,



Sir Philip Burne-Jones in his New York Studio

and the gnashing of press teeth. In the last period, however, the world American has awakened to the fact that a difference in subject selection as well as technique and handling is a distinction rather than a crime.

A wonderful scope of imagination is evinced in all Sir Philip's work, and especially in a recent production entitled "Earthrise from the Moon." The spectator is supposed to be upon the surface of the moon. The huge disc of our earth is seen in the left, rising behind the mountains and craters. The skeleton of an extinct Laramian lion in the foreground. The picture, in its breadth of creative fancy, gives a flight of soul far "into the invisible."

giving a tone of conventionality, while in his "Vampire" is displayed the symbolical feeling for which Sir Philip is famed.

The broadest horizons of subject have been attempted by Sir Philip Burne-Jones. And already the Western art world is aglow with anticipation of the advent of these great pictures into their midst. In a few days the art world of New York will know these works no more, as they start on a tour for exhibiting purposes only some time within the present month. The work which Sir Philip came here to perform seems to have been accomplished—the work of introducing to the American art world English art stripped of English environment,—of proving to the world that English art, as he conceives it in his work, is art the world over.

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COMMENT

ENGLAND'S action in combining with Germany to sit on Venezuela has found two severe critics in England itself; we cannot say two English critics, since one of them happens to be an Irishman and the other a Scotchman. The former is that redoubtable "broth of a boy," Lord Charles Bessford, of Waterford and the British navy, and now on a special mission to this country in the interest of Anglo-American friendship. He is reported as finding fault with the Anglo-German alliance from beginning to end. He strongly insists that there is already much concealed ill-feeling between Germany, England, and the United States, and thinks that Mr. Balfour's cabinet has shown the worst possible judgment throughout the whole affair. We wonder, incidentally, whether Lord Charles objected on the same principles to the alliance of England first with Germany and then with Japan, for the avowed purpose of checking Russia; that is, what he goes on to say would apply with equal force in the Far East. Great nations, says Lord Charles, always know their own business best; if they combine, they may do something which would lead to mutual annoyance. Therefore, it was a conclusion, in his mind, that Germany and Great Britain should have gone it alone in their demands against Venezuela. Surely there is something wrong about this argument; for, if it holds water, then any alliance between two powers is to be deprecated, since great powers know their own business best. Yet we find Lord Charles arguing a little later for an ever stronger and stronger alliance between England and the United States, though he expressly bars written treaties and protocols. But, if nations know their own business best, then England and the United States know their own business best, and should decide to go it alone, to use Lord Charles's own phrase. Clearly it is a bad argument; but let that pass. More interesting is the way Lord Charles goes for Rudyard Kipling and "The Rovers," which he regrets very much, as being in bad taste and not chivalrous. Lord Charles does not approve of saying nasty things about other countries, but says that, if you are going to fight, you should fight, and not grow abusive like a fishwoman. The abusive fishwoman is obviously friend Rudyard. It is now up to him to say something about Lord Charles. Finally, our good guest

indulges in a sentiment which vividly reminds us of the recent bouquet handed to the American nation by our prospective German ambassador. He tells us that in our enterprise and adaptability to new conditions we undoubtedly lead the world—which, of course, is the merest justice to our great and admirable qualities.

The Scotch critic of England's Venezuelan muddling is Mr. Primrose of Dalmeity, or, to speak in the language of British dignitary, the Earl of Rosebery. Delivering an oration at Plymouth a few days ago, he said most of the things against the Anglo-German alliance which Lord Charles Bessford said, and a few of the many things which we ourselves have said, and a small medium of things which no one else has said; but the evident trend of the whole is that Mr. Balfour ought to abdicate, and the evident dose of power to the one really capable man in Great Britain, to wit, the Earl of Rosebery. The mischief of it is, that while people in general in Great Britain are obviously getting very tired of Mr. Balfour, as witness the recent bye-elections, culminating at Newcastle, people in general are very far indeed from being convinced that they would be any, if at all, better off if they put Mr. Primrose in his place. It is all very well to pull the work of other people's pieces; we ourselves are always ready to do it, when needed, and can do it to admiration. But governing an empire according to an intelligent design is quite another matter, and one which we would only undertake with much diffidence and inward shrinking. Even Lord Charles Bessford can propose nothing more hopeful for England than holding on to the coat-tails of Uncle Sammel, which is, of course, one way of governing the world's biggest empire.

The Venezuelan situation is extraordinarily complicated by the German attack on Fort San Carlos, if the cables reports are anything like the truth. The German gunboat *Panther* opened fire on the fort, which commands the entrance to the inner bay on which Maracaibo lies, some twenty miles away. There was, apparently, no provocation from the Venezuelan side, nor any warning or preliminary notice, ultimatum, or what not, from the German side. Captain Eckerman of the *Panther* seems to have opened fire on the fort, acting on the general neo-Teutonic principle: Wherever you see a fort, shoot at it. Greatly to his surprise, this particular fort shot back, and not only shot back, but shot to some purpose. Seemingly as a result of this return fire, two explosions followed on the *Panther*, and it is said that two sons of the fatherland were killed. At any rate, the *Panther* seems to have suffered serious damage, as she ceased firing, and presently steered away from the fort. So much for the event. But the event itself is by no means the most extraordinary part of the story. It is said, on what seems good authority, that the whole thing was deliberately planned and ordered from Berlin. President Castro is reported to have received warning from Curacao that some days later the fort of San Carlos would be attacked, and that the German commander had been specially ordered to make the attack before the arrival of Minister Bowen in the United States. It will be remembered that this same gunboat—the *Panther*—presided at the obsequies of the Haitian *Célestin-Pierrot*, and we shall not be astonished to learn that the shade of the late Admiral Killieck was seen pointing the guns at Fort San Carlos. Needless to say, the streets of Caracas were full of triumphant crowds, wild with delight over the defeat of the haughty Teuton; but we need hardly point out that local feeling on the subject sinks into

insignificance when compared with the international complications which must ensue.

It is an old saying that when in doubt as to which of two courses to take, you would do well to see which course your enemies or rivals would like you to pursue, and then adopt the other. Suppose we apply this rule to the Cuban reciprocity treaty. There is no doubt that our commercial rivals in Great Britain and Germany desire our Senate to reject that treaty. If we may judge from the position taken by the Berlin Foreign Office in 1878, when we entered into a reciprocity treaty with Hawaii, then independent, Germany will hold that she is entitled, under the "most-favored-nation" clause of her treaties, to the benefit of all the concessions that the United States and Cuba may make to each other. International law affords no basis for this assertion. An agreement to give a particular country all the privileges granted to the "most favored nation" refers to gratuitous privileges only, and not to such as may be granted in return for a valuable consideration. In the reciprocity treaty between the United States and Cuba no gratuitous privileges are granted; a consideration is offered for every concession. The opposition evinced in England to our reciprocity treaty with Cuba has even less foundation in law or ethics. The Marquis of Lansdowne, the Minister for Foreign Affairs, has agreed to receive on January 22 a deputation representing various British chambers of commerce, for the purpose of hearing objections to the pending treaty between Cuba and the United States.

The objections are based upon two grounds—first, that the treaty is a breach of the original undertaking of the United States in regard to Cuba, and, secondly, that the treaty, if adopted, will shut out other nations from the trade of the island. There is, obviously, nothing in the first objection. We pledged ourselves to give political independence to Cuba. We did not pledge ourselves to refrain from making with the independent insular government such a reciprocity treaty as we formerly made with Spain, or as we made with Hawaii. The second objection is based on an economical fact, but it is a fact with which the British Foreign Office has no concern. We deem it possible, and we certainly hope, that the reciprocity treaty will enable us to monopolize Cuba's import trade, and thus shut out both Great Britain and Germany from traffic with the island. What of that, provided that Cuba is convinced that she is getting a *quid pro quo*. Great Britain and Germany cannot offer a market for her cane sugar. We can; and if Cuba can secure it by giving us a monopoly of her imports, she will make an excellent bargain. She will do exactly what Hawaii did in 1878, and there is no reason to doubt that she will find the compact equally profitable. The fact is generally overlooked that, if we may judge from our experience with Hawaii since 1878, one outcome of the reciprocity treaty with Cuba will be greatly to increase the number of ocean-going vessels carrying the American flag.

Anglo-American unity must surely be pretty complete when the fine old British merchants feel called on to consult with Foreign-Secretary Lansdowne over our reciprocity treaty with Cuba. At a recent conference, deputations from various chambers of commerce throughout the United Kingdom discussed the treaty with Lord Lansdowne, and were pretty unanimous in declaring that the treaty was going to hit them hard. The discussion had merely a psychological interest, as it is doubtful whether the Senate will see its way to consulting the feelings of either Lord Lansdowne or the fine old British merchants who called on him to protest. As Orlando remarked, there was no thought of pleasing them when the treaty was drafted. There is, indeed, something decidedly comic in the attitude of these worthy Englishmen, who are so naively perplexed at the fact that arrangements can possibly be made which leave them out of account. There is a favor of hy-gone grandeur in this assumption that the world exists for the British merchant. From a wholly different source we receive the suggestion that the prolonged fight in Cuba itself against the reciprocity arrangement with the United States was primarily inspired and promoted by those foreign powers whose trade with Cuba will be badly damaged by the treaty. Surely this cannot refer to Lord Lansdowne's friends, the fine old British merchants of the late conference? Can it be possible? perish the thought! It is a psychological impossibility.

The fine old traders of the Thames who are so firmly convinced of their divine rights and prerogatives as to assemble and solemnly protest against our treaty would never do anything so painfully modern and up to date as buying a Cuban Congressional opposition. The two things belong to different geological epochs. What a contrast in the unselfish devotion of certain local industries in Cuba, who will also be hurt by the treaty, but who, nevertheless, appeared before the Cuban Committee on Foreign Relations to declare that they would not in any way oppose the treaty, even though injured by it themselves. It is a matter well worth speculating on how far our own Southern States will profit by the stream of trade to Cuba which the treaty will create.

Mr. Chamberlain, whom we discuss at some length elsewhere, seems to be convinced that evident destiny points to him, and not to Lord Rosebery, as the man to steer the British Empire. We are not quite so convinced of this. His policy seems to be to look about for portable property, and when you see it to grab it. Quite an intelligible policy in its way, until some one else sights the same thing, as, for instance, the trade of Cuba, or the Atlantic shipping. There is something peculiarly sordid in the turn matters are taking in the Transvaal: the too palpable consideration for value received, paid over by the mine-owners of the Rand to the imperial government. It is as though it were openly confessed at last that the men for whom the Boer war, with its incalculable sacrifices and irreparable losses on both sides, was waged, were the speculators whom our English writer has recently described as "a gang of cosmopolitan Jews." This is surely the wrong side; and it is characteristic of the man, that Mr. Chamberlain should apparently fail to see the incongruity of all this with the high talk about British glory which has been lavished from Durban to Pretoria. There is also the question of importing Chinese cheap labor for the Rand mines, and it is suggested that Mr. Chamberlain is ready to advocate this, in return for the special contribution of thirty millions sterling from the people characterized as the "gang of cosmopolitan Jews." Unless we are greatly mistaken, this Chinese question will arouse very strong feeling, not so much on the part of the Boers, as on the part of the British colonists in Cape Colony, Natal, and Rhodesia, who will thus have the "yellow peril" brought home to them, as it has been brought home to their brothers in Australia.

Our good friend Minister Witté has once more been getting himself into immortal print. He has, indeed, been "talking back" to Great Britain, and his talk is both amusing and instructive: amusing to Minister Witté, and instructive to Great Britain. The subject of his sprightly repartee in the present instance is that famous sugar bounty which Russia says she does not pay, and which nearly all the rest of the world, including our own Treasury Department and Supreme Court, says she does; and it appears that England, through the mouth of that rather infelicitous person, Lord Lansdowne, has been advising Russia to drop the bounty which Russia asserts she does not pay. Fancy Lord Lansdowne solemnly advising Minister Witté, the strongest financial power in the Old World, as to the management of his local finances! Minister Witté finally mastered his astonishment enough to rejoice, and his rejoinder was thusly: Great Britain's contentions, he says, are attempts to interfere in Russia's domestic legislation, and he strongly repudiates the idea that another state may, in its own interests, press for a change in Russian internal legislation, or, in the event of Russia's not agreeing to its proposals, that it can penalize Russia's products without violating existing commercial treaties. Minister Witté goes on to declare that Russia can under no circumstances give her adhesion to the Brussels agreement, and concludes by saying that, as Great Britain declines arbitration, and as the penalty clauses cannot be applied to Russian sugar until the international commission declares the Russian system to be a bounty system, any further exchange of views would, at present, be fruitless. That is one way of getting the last word. It remains to be seen whether Lord Lansdowne can think up something crushing to retort. Meanwhile Minister Witté has not only been writing letters; he has also been receiving them. The latest is from the anticostly Personage who modestly signs it, "Ever your grateful well-wisher, Nicholas." The imperial well-wisher declares that his

confidence in Minister Witté's devotion to the throne and the empire has greatly lightened his own labor for the country's welfare. His Majesty goes on to compliment Minister Witté on his ten years of most successful work at the Finance Ministry by the Neva, and also on his instruction of the Tsarevitch, younger brother Michael, in the principles of political economy. It is a pity that Lord Lansdowne could not have been included in the lessons. Well-wisher Nicholas ends his letter with the hope that the throne and country may long retain Minister Witté's valuable services at the Finance Ministry, and no more at present from yours truly.

Nothing could so strongly have marked the new order in Eastern politics as the Dardanelles incident between Russia and England. We all remember the part England, in the person of Lord Roseberry, played toward Russia after the Russo-Turkish war. The San Stefano treaty, which incidentally freed unhappy Macedonia from the grinding oppression of the Turk, was set aside at Berlin, and a new treaty was made, which nullified most of Russia's work of liberation, and robbed her of the best fruits of her victory. England posed as the affectionate brother of Abdul the Damned, receiving Cyprus as a fraternal recompense, and, incidentally, barring the Dardanelles in perpetuity against ships of the Russian navy. The real purpose of this last move was to keep Russian battle-ships, of which there are ten or twelve, splendidly equipped, in the Black Sea, away from the Suez Canal and the road to India. Recently Russia had four torpedo-boat-destroyers in the Mediterranean, which she wished to take through to the Black Sea. She asked the consent of the Qualified Abdul-Hamid, who, mindful of the huge unpaid arrears of war indemnity still owing to Russia, promptly acquiesced. England as promptly protested, and called on Germany and Austria, as two chief parties to the Berlin Treaty, to join with her in protesting. To England's profound astonishment, both Germany and Austria declined to do anything of the sort; and the Russian boats went safely through, and are now at Sevastopol. This is one of the greatest setbacks English diplomacy has suffered in a generation, and is one more evidence that Lord Lansdowne's notions are archeological. The point of the story is that the thing was not really of the slightest importance to England; Lord Lansdowne apparently protested merely for the sake of doing something disagreeable to Russia.

This is not the only field in which Russia has cause for congratulation. Minister Witté's recent budget statement shows that in the industrial world also a change has come over the great empire of the north. He has the satisfaction, to begin with, of declaring a surplus of over eight million dollars, which is not doing so badly for a country which we are so often assured is on the razed edge of bankruptcy. Then, in the department of expenditure, nearly a hundred millions are to be entered as permanent investments, chiefly the building of government railways. Russia is, in fact, rapidly becoming a gigantic trust, with the well-wishing Nicholas as honorary president, and Minister Witté as chairman of the board. Minister Witté goes on to tell us that it is his pleasure this year, for the first time in a long period, to be able to give the assurance that the general conditions of Russian economy show evident signs of change for the better. Russia has just had a splendid harvest, the best in ten years, the yield being nearly a third more than the yearly average. The condition of the money-market is also improved; and Russia has a balance of exports over imports of \$150,000,000. It was just when Minister Witté was gently rubbing his hands over this condition of things that Lord Lansdowne came along with his advice as to how Russian finances ought really to be managed.

At the hour when we write, the outcome of attempts to elect United States Senators in Delaware and Colorado is still uncertain. Delaware would have two Republican Senators if the "Regular" and "Union" Republicans would combine; but there is no prospect of such a combination. The Democratic members of the Legislature have offered to give the "Regular" Republicans one of the Senators if the latter, in turn, will help to elect the Democrat. We adhere to the opinion which we formerly expressed that the interests of the State have been sacrificed to the supposed interests of faction long

enough in Delaware. It is unquestionably better that one of Delaware's Senators should be a Democrat than that the State should continue to be wholly unrepresented in the United States Senate. It is difficult to understand on what ground the "Regular" Republicans, who only number ten in all, can reject the Democratic proposal. In Colorado the Democrats have a majority of each branch of the Legislature on the face of the returns. The Republicans assert, however, that seventeen Democratic members of the Lower House were elected by fraud. If the right to vote is withheld from these seventeen members, the Republicans will not only control the Lower House, but will have a majority in joint session. The Democrats, however, who control the Senate, declare that for every Democratic member unseated in the Lower House they will unseat a Republican Senator. If this threat is carried out we are likely to witness a protracted deadlock. The two principal candidates for the vacant seat in the United States Senate are well known. If the Democrats have a majority in joint session, Mr. Teller will remain in the Senate six years longer. Should the Republicans be numerically preponderant, Mr. Wolcott will have a chance of returning to the Senate, though it is not certain that he can gain all the Republican votes.

The bill designed for the regulation of the trusts has not yet been reported from the Judiciary Committee to the House of Representatives. It is understood, however, that the provisions of the measure, in its ultimate form, will be much less drastic than were those of the bills introduced by Mr. John J. Jenkins, chairman of the committee, or than those which were desired by Mr. Littlefield, chairman of the subcommittee. We learn on good authority that the bill, as reported, will not embody the assertion that Congress has the power indirectly to crush a corporation created by a particular State, through depriving it of the privilege of selling its products in other States. We do not believe that the United States Supreme Court would have sanctioned such a revolutionary extension of the right to regulate inter-State commerce vested in Congress by the Constitution. We are glad to learn, however, that the question is not likely to be raised by the bill about to be submitted to the House. That measure confines itself, we are told, to arrangements for a more rigorous enforcement of the regulative law already on the statute-book, and for bringing the search-light of publicity to bear on the transactions of large combinations of capital. If this outline of the forthcoming bill be correct, we have no reason to doubt that it will be passed by the Fifty-seventh Congress. It may be that publicity will prove innocuous to the Standard Oil Company and the American Sugar-refining Company, but it seems to be viewed without any apprehension by the United States Steel Corporation. The last-mentioned body, from its inception, has set a good example by taking the public voluntarily into its confidence.

It is hard to treat seriously Mr. Jenkins's resolution which proposes an inquiry into the power of Congress to seize the Pennsylvania anthracite coal mines by means of the assertion of an alleged right of eminent domain. If a right of eminent domain is given to Congress anywhere, it is in the seventeenth clause of the eighth section of the First Article of the Constitution, which empowers it to exercise exclusive legislation in all cases whatsoever over such district (not exceeding ten miles square) as may, by cession of particular States and the acceptance of Congress, become the seat of the government of the United States; and to exercise like authority over all places purchased, by the consent of the Legislature of the State in which the same shall be, for the erection of forts, magazines, arsenals, dockyards, and other useful buildings. If the strictness of the limitation thus imposed on the right of eminent domain be not patent to Mr. Jenkins on the face of the document, let him examine the text in the light of the *res cuses*—that is to say, the proceedings relating to that clause which will be found set forth in Elliot's Report of the Debates in the Philadelphia Constitutional Convention. The danger of conceding to Congress a right of eminent domain was clearly recognized by that body, which, not content with the restriction of the right to the purposes above recited, added the further condition that, even for those purposes, land could not be taken without the consent of the State in which the land was situated. Assuredly, Mr. Jenkins

cannot imagine that the State of Pennsylvania would assent to the seizure of her anthracite coal mines by the Federal government. Even if the State would consent to sell them, it is impossible to find in the clause that we have recited any basis for the assumption that the Federal government would have a right to purchase land for mining purposes. We had supposed that Mr. David B. Hill had pre-empted the eminent-domain absurdity, but it seems that the ex-Senator's claim is disputed by the chairman of the Judiciary Committee of the House of Representatives.

It remains to be seen whether the coal famine will be mitigated to any extent by the Act of Congress granting a rebate equivalent to the duty on all kinds of coal imported during the year following the passage of the measure, and also repealing the duty of sixty-seven cents per ton on anthracite coal containing less than ninety-two per cent. of carbon. In the course of the debate a good deal of light was thrown on the circumstances in which the last-named duty was imposed. Several Senators declared that, under the Dingley tariff, true anthracite was intended to remain precisely where it had been for many years, to wit, on the free list, and they explained that the duty of sixty-seven cents per ton was intended only to prevent the importation of a semibituminous, semianthracite coal from British Columbia into San Francisco. That was the view of the provision taken by President Roosevelt, and by many other careful students of the Dingley tariff, but the customs officials held otherwise, and, had not the duty been repealed or suspended, all foreign anthracite brought into our Atlantic seaports would have been subject to it. Congress is, of course, to be commended for doing what it could to relieve the suffering caused by the scarcity of fuel, but we doubt whether coal will be imported in quantities sufficient to produce a material effect upon prices. The dearth of the combustible is due to many causes, some obvious, others obscure. Owing to the prolonged strike, the stock of anthracite usually accumulated in the summer was lacking. So much is plain. It is also true that, since the strike ended, the anthracite mines have not been worked to their full capacity, owing to the refusal of the miners to exhibit exceptional diligence and energy. It is also certain that the independent operators have tried to profit by the people's necessities, and have obstructed the anthracite-carrying railways by keeping large quantities of coal in ears, instead of transferring the supplies promptly to their yards. By thus creating a fictitious scarcity, they have been enabled to raise prices.

But, while all this is true enough and deplorable enough, how does it happen that the bituminous mines, wherein work went on all summer unchecked by any strike, are so unable to cope with the demand that the price of that combustible also has undergone a surprising increase? One explanation of this latter fact is that the transportation capacity of the bituminous coal-carrying railways is not adequate. The Pennsylvania Railroad Company asserts that it is short of locomotives. Upon what other theory can we explain the fact that the bituminous coal shipments of the Pennsylvania Railroad are actually less than they were at the corresponding period last year? Either we must admit that the transportation powers of that great public servant are unequal to its duties, or else we must assume that the soft-coal operators, like the independent operators in anthracite, are taking advantage of the public necessities.

Between thirty and forty bituminous, or soft-coal, mine-operators and dealers have been indicted by a grand jury in Chicago on charges of illegal combination in restraint of trade and to fix prices. The indictments are based on the State statutes. This action, growing out of the agitation, suffering, and financial loss which have followed in the wake of the anthracite strike, is the most radical so far taken anywhere in the country. The specific charges on which the indictments were found are that some of the men indicted controlled the mining of soft coal in the Indiana and Illinois fields; that they and their fellow-conspirators took advantage of the situation to cancel yearly contracts with customers for coal supplies at an agreed price per ton, and forced such customers to go into the open market and buy coal at greatly advanced figures; that an abundant supply of soft coal was actually on

hand, but was so handled and manipulated that the consumer was obliged to pay double prices for it; that regular scales of prices were fixed, and retail dealers forced to live up to them on penalty of having their supplies of coal cut off. The evidence before the grand jury went to show that in some cases the mine-operators also acted as jobbers, under a different corporate name, and even as retailers, and that mine-operators, jobbers, wholesalers, truck team dealers, and retailers were all closely bound together in a series of associations, all controlled from a common centre. It was shown that retailers who did not sell at the price fixed by the jobbers had their coal supplies entirely cut off, and were practically driven out of business. Much of the evidence was furnished by the Illinois State Manufacturers' Association, many members of which have been obliged to shut down their plants and throw thousands of men out of work because they were not able to get coal at prices that made profitable manufacturing possible. In the mean time more than \$30,000 has been raised in Chicago by public subscription and spent in the purchase and distribution of coal among the suffering poor of the city. It will take the trial of the men now under indictment to determine how far the charges against them are well founded and to show how far such a conspiracy—if proved—is responsible for the present situation.

We are unable to see why \$25,000 of the public money should be appropriated, at Senator Hoar's request, to collect statistics relating to marriage and divorce in the several States. If he wants statistics relating to marriage and divorce in the Territories and the District of Columbia, there is no reason why such data should not be furnished at the public cost, for it is the business of Congress to regulate marriage and divorce in that part of the national domain which is under its exclusive jurisdiction. With marriage and divorce in the States, on the other hand, Congress has nothing to do, and never can obtain the power to do anything except through a constitutional amendment. It is incredible that three-fourths of the States—the number required to pass a constitutional amendment—would ever delegate to Congress their reserve powers to deal with matters of such vital moment to themselves as marriage and divorce. It is well known that, as regards the causes for divorce, there exists among the several States a very wide difference of opinion, which difference, of course, is reflected in State legislation. If a uniform divorce law were obtainable at all, it could only be reached by a compromise, which would be an unacceptable to the few States that now make divorce difficult as it would to the many States that now make it easy. It is not impossible that the States might agree as to the legal definition of a marriage, but it is scarcely conceivable that they should agree regarding the legal grounds of divorce. Under the circumstances, the public money could be better expended than for the purpose suggested by Senator Hoar.

We hope that in the next, if not in the present, Congress serious attention will be given to a bill introduced on January 16 by Mr. Fitzgerald of New York in the House of Representatives, a bill intended to encourage, promote, and develop the merchant marine of the United States. It may, at the first glance, be thought that a bill so entitled has a subsidy in view. This is not the case, however. The bill simply proposes to allow a rebate of ten per cent. of the duty imposed by law upon all merchandise imported into the United States from any foreign country, or from the Philippines, when such merchandise is carried in vessels of American registry. That is to say, while avoiding subsidies, this bill, if it became a law, would give American-built ships a tremendous advantage over vessels of all other nations. Not only would our native ship-building industry be stimulated, but our importers would get cheaper freights, for there is no doubt that, in practice, the rebate proposed by the bill would be divided between the freight-payer and the freight-carrier. What would be the probable amount of the rebate? We answer that during the fiscal year ending June 30, 1902, the United States collected in customs duties \$254,444,708. Had there been enough ships of American registry to carry all the goods imported into this country, the aggregate rebate allowed would have amounted to \$25,444,470. Half of this sum—the fraction that would have accrued to the native freight-carrier—would have

helped him quickly to recover that large share of the world's carrying trade which we possessed in the fifties. The United States could well afford the rebate, inasmuch as our surplus revenue last year exceeded \$91,000,000.

We referred last week to the importance of increasing the salaries of the Federal justices and judges. Beyond recalling the fact that the functions of the justices of our United States Supreme Court are more exalted and more arduous than are those of the English Lord High Chancellor and Lord Chief Justice, we need not repeat the reasons for pronouncing it an absurdity that the members of our highest Federal tribunal receive but ten thousand dollars apiece—the Chief Justice gets five hundred dollars more—while the Lord High Chancellor receives fifty thousand dollars annually when in office, and twenty-five thousand dollars in retirement, and the Lord Chief Justice forty thousand dollars a year. We desire to re-enforce our argument at this time by pointing out that the nine judges of the United States Circuit Courts receive only six thousand dollars apiece, and the judges of the United States District Court only five thousand dollars each, except in Alaska, Arizona, New Mexico, and Oklahoma, where they receive only three thousand dollars each. Now will anybody pretend that the functions of a United States Circuit judge are less onerous and dignified than are those of justices of the Supreme Court of the State of New York, sitting in the first and second judicial districts of that State? Of such judges in the first and second judicial districts of that State there are no fewer than thirty-four, and every one of them receives \$17,500 a year, or seventy-five per cent. more than a justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, and almost three times as much as a judge of a United States District Court. Even in the rural districts of the Empire Commonwealth the justices of the State Supreme Court receive \$7,000 apiece; when sitting in the Appellate Divisions of the First and Second Districts they are paid at the rate of \$17,500 a year, and, if assigned to duty in those districts other than in the Appellate divisions, their additional compensation is ten dollars per day. The notion that the justices of a State court earn more than the justices of the Supreme Federal tribunal is, of course, preposterous, and the assumption that the cost of living is less in Washington than in New York is equally unfounded. A justice of the United States Supreme Court is a great personage; it is a mooted question whether he should not take precedence of ambassadors. He has, therefore, a certain state to keep up; whereas the style of living adopted by a justice of the New York Supreme Court is a matter of unimportance to himself or to anybody else.

It is no secret—it is not even news—that the University of Oxford feels very poor. A book has lately been issued setting forth its pressing needs, to which the London *Times* has called attention. The Rhodes scholarships, instead of helping it, have increased its burdens. Its great library, the Bodleian, is cramped for room, both for books and readers, and has not funds enough to buy the books needed to keep it abreast of the times. Its deficiencies are so serious that the Oxford Board of Modern History reports that the scientific study of European history cannot at present be prosecuted at Oxford. In science its wants are manifold. It lacks equipment for the study of metallurgy, its instruction in geology is woefully inadequate, it needs a mechanical laboratory, with instructors, buildings, and machines; it has no engineering department, and it is far behind the times in the attention it pays to physics. Something seems to be wrong with the relations of England to Oxford. Perhaps the trouble is that the old university has been so long regarded as a rich man's university, and as a source of income and maintenance to fortunate fellows, that the British public is slow to realize that the venerable nurse of learning herself needs to be fed. There is no lack of money in England, but the British millionaires seem not to have formed the habit, so widespread here, of giving money to universities. Dr. Andrew White, defending his countrymen from the charge of greed, said last November, in a valedictory speech in Berlin, that the gift of over seventy million dollars to American colleges in 1901 abundantly proved that if the American knows how to chase the mighty dollar, he also knows how to use it. The British are earnest money-

getters, but they don't seem to have the American accomplishment of letting go.

Mothers must be careful what they read to their children, or, without suspecting it, they may ruin, or at least badly injure, the morals of the rising generation. They may not safely confine themselves to *Jack and the Beanstalk*, *Bluebeard*, *The Three Bears*, and other time-honored classics of childhood. Mrs. W. D. McClintock, of the Department of English at the University of Chicago, declares that each of the tales specifically mentioned above has a vicious "moral squint," and that many of the tales read to children are positively immoral. Mrs. McClintock would allow no child to read to itself until it is twelve years old. And for the benefit of mothers generally she has laid out a programme of safe and improving reading, beginning when the child is two years old, and running through, by years, until it has reached the age of fourteen. From two to seven years, fairy tales which have no "moral squint" should be read; from seven to nine, such tales as *Robinson Crusoe*, with a whole year spent on that especial joy of boyhood; from nine to ten, the *Robin Hood* tales and animal stories; from ten to twelve, carefully purgated tales of the old Greek heroes; from twelve to thirteen, stories dealing with the adventures of good knights, without too much romance; from thirteen to fourteen, at least one such play as the "Merchant of Venice," and some one of Scott's novels. As a general prescription this may do very well, but in actual practice it would doubtless show the grave defects of the cure-all patent medicine—it would fail to fit the individual case. How, for instance, shall a mother read fairy tales, "without a moral squint," to a small son who is only interested in stories of animals? And little girls have been known who yawned and went to sleep over the pages of *Robinson Crusoe*. At any rate, Mrs. McClintock's warning may serve to remind mothers that what their children read or have read to them during the first ten years of their life is certain to have a deep and lasting effect upon them. The subject is one which the women's clubs might profitably consider.

The reports of the successful use of formalin to cure blood-poisoning are of very great public interest, and indicate a new discovery of the highest importance in medicine. Formalin is an extract of wood-alcohol. It has been used in the form of vapor in the treatment of tuberculosis of the lungs, but failed in that use because it destroyed the lung tissues. Its value as a germicide in blood-poisoning cases was first demonstrated last Christmas day at the Bellevue Hospital in the case of a colored woman who had blood-poisoning as a consequence of child-birth. The case was desperate. The woman had a temperature of 108, and was dying. Blood drawn from her arm was found to be crowded with the virulent bacteria of septicemia. Dr. Charles C. Barrows, feeling that the case was one in which the trial of a desperate remedy was warranted, injected formalin in considerable quantity into a vein of her arm. The effect was magical. Improvement followed almost instantly. Examination of the blood showed a vast diminution of bacteria. The patient's temperature dropped. Two days later a second injection was made. No ill effects followed, and ten days later the woman seemed well. This case, reported at a meeting of the New York Obstetrical Society, excited the most enthusiastic interest. The new remedy has since been tried in several obstetrical cases, with good results. It is too soon to consider its efficacy established, but there is every reason to hope that medical science has been enriched by a discovery of the first importance.

Mrs. Eddy has been heard from. She has read extracts from Mark Twain's articles on Christian Science, and is stirred to a number of discourses. She says it is no fault of hers that the Scientists call her "Mother." She discouraged it, but vainly. She still thinks the name inapplicable, for she says: "I stand in relation to this century as a Christian discoverer, founder, and leader. I regard self-deification as blasphemous; I may be more loved, but I am less lauded, pampered, provided for, and cherished than others before me—and therefore! Because Christian Science is not popular, and I refuse adulation." Again, after other remarks, she makes this disclaimer: "I believe in but one incarnation, but one Mother Mary, and

know I am not that one, and never claimed to be. . . I have not the inspiration, nor the aspiration, to be a first or second Virginia Mother—her dupliant, antecedent, or consequent. What I am remains to be proved by the good I do." It will be seen that, modest as she is, she takes herself pretty seriously. Mark Twain advertised in the *WEEKLY* of last week that he was anxious to get certain of her writings which he had not been able to procure. She can easily get sight of his writings on Christian Science, and it is to be hoped that she will not rest content with the sight of mere extracts from them, but will read all his articles all through. Then perhaps she will ease Mark's fear that she thinks she is the woman of the Apocryphal, and, possibly, will also make some statement about the so-called Christian Science Trust, its powers and profits, actual and prospective, which will relieve the minds of apprehensive observers.

The dinner to John Hoy by the Ohio Society was a deserved tribute to a scholar and a statesman. But we do not intend to follow in the footsteps of his hosts more than to express our pleasure that the Secretary of State was thus honored. One speech of the occasion, however, is worthy of special mention, because some of the allusions to it suggest that it was taken as a satire on President Roosevelt. Mr. James H. Hoyt seemed to praise Mr. Hay for the possession of every quality which Mr. Roosevelt is supposed to lack. He said, among other things, for example, that while "we Americans are aggressive, and greatly admire push and courage and dash and pluck," there is a "strong strain of conservatism in us"; that "away down in our hearts we Americans like, above all, a safe man. When one of our public servants has fairly won our confidence in his discretion, he always becomes deservedly great in our estimation." He also said, "while John Hay remains Secretary of State we Americans can sleep nights." He expressed the opinion that while Mr. Hay would be careful to sustain the honor of the nation, "he will never lower the dignity of that majestic emblem by needlessly flouting it in the face of the world." In the mouth of an enemy these remarks might be counted as a reflection on the President, as at least rather broad irony. But there is no reason to believe that Mr. Hoyt meant them thus, and it is certain that if he did, Mr. Hay would not have been pleased. In fact, Mr. Hay is indeed very different from the President. This difference very much alarms some of the people of Massachusetts, who do not want to believe that Mr. Lodge will succeed in forcing Mr. Hay out of the cabinet. But the President also recognizes the difference, and it is partly because of it, because Mr. Hay supplements him, that he is desirous that the honored guest of the Ohio Society shall remain in the cabinet, and at the head of the State Department.

In his public relations Abram Stevens Hewitt exemplified that earlier and loftier conception of citizenship, "when to be citizen rang Roman yet." Scarcely any other man of his day could have offered a more plausible excuse for declining to take an active part in politics, for from the beginning to the end of his adult life he gave his time and his strength to the development of a great national industry. If he had never given an hour in State and municipal affairs, he would still have had a claim to be remembered, for his name is inseparably associated with the history of iron and steel manufactures in the United States. He considered himself indebted, however, to the political conditions of his country for the opportunities of personal advancement which he turned to memorable account, and he considered it his duty to discharge the obligation by keeping steadily in view the welfare of his city and of the nation. A firm believer in Democratic principles as they were propounded and applied by Jefferson, he was no slave to party, but co-operated with Tilden in the overthrow of the Tweed Ring, and he was one of the leaders of the great secession of Gold Democrats that assured the defeat of Mr. Bryan in 1896 and 1900. He used to say in these latter years that the Democratic party had left him, rather than he the party, and there is reason to think that had his life been prolonged he would have been seen once more among the chiefs of a revived Democracy. He had none of the arts of the politician—he lacked the patience and the pliancy which the acquiescent of those arts demands—but, considered as a statesman in the large and high sense of the word, it is doubtful whether since De Witt Clinton the State of New

York has given birth to a son better qualified for public service. He must be largely credited with the fact that the problems of rapid transit in the city of New York and of inter-communication between the boroughs of the metropolis have at last been brought near solution. To him also, more perhaps than to any other Democratic leader, the country owed its escape from civil war in the winter of 1876-7, when the rival claims of Hayes and Tilden to the Presidency were referred to an electoral commission. A less impressive, but eminently useful, outcome of Mr. Hewitt's connection with national legislation is the United States Geological Survey. We add that the clarity and vigor of his intellect remained undiminished almost to the last. None of his earlier public papers is better worth reading than are those penned in the last year of his life, in which he defined his attitude toward the so-called "trusts," and discussed the political and economical questions raised by the strike in the anthracite coal region.

With the death of the Paris correspondent of the *Times* the journalistic world loses its most distinguished, or at least its best-known, member. M. de Blowitz, a Hebrew of the Liebreuvs in race and appearance, was born in Bohemia, close to Pilsen, the great home of lager-beer. He went early to France, apparently adopted the honorific *partie* on his own responsibility, and became a language-teacher in the south. He shouldered a musket in the Franco-Prussian war, and rendered good service to the government during the red days of the Commune. He was offered a consulship in Russia, but about the same time Laurence Oliphant asked him to interview M. Thiers for the *Times*, and this was the first step up the ladder of journalistic fame. With a gift for self-advancement amounting to genius, M. Blowitz managed to make himself an international personage. Ministries in Paris came and disappeared, but Blowitz went on forever. He dined with faint praise, or praised with faint damn, as the humor took him; and all Paris looked in the *Times* to learn how he had been behaving during the last twenty-four hours. He had more power than an ambassador, and the world of letters should erect a statue in his honor, as a type of the old Jovian school of journalists, whose personal view and personal word had weight in the destiny of nations. No figure has loomed so large in Paris during the last thirty years.

Readers of HARPER'S WEEKLY and HARPER'S MAGAZINE lost an old friend by the death of Julian Ralph. Newspaper readers of mature years remember his long and brilliant service as a reporter and correspondent of the *Sun*. He joined that paper about 1875, and continued on its staff for twenty years. No American paper ever had a better lot of reporters than Mr. Dana got together in those days, and the *Sun* never had a better reporter than Julian Ralph. He could see and remember and write. He had imagination and humor and a genial spirit. Some of his stories, continued from day to day, read like novels, and good novels at that. Political convulsions and occasional murder trials gave him great opportunities, and what he wrote, hastily as it was done, made wonderfully good reading, and came near being literature. In 1895 he went to London as correspondent of a New York paper, and happened unluckily to be there when the Boer war broke out. He went to South Africa as correspondent of the *London Mail*, suffered great hardships there, lost his health, and came home in 1902 much the worse for his experiences. Last November he was appointed Eastern representative of the St. Louis Fair, but six weeks ago he was seized with illness, which caused his death on January 30. He wrote nine books, of which seven were published by the Harpers. His death at fifty is a sorrowful consequence of his labors as a war correspondent.

Mr. Edwin A. Alderman, whose portrait appears in our series this week, has devoted his best years to education in the South. Apart from his duties as a university president—he was at the head of the University of North Carolina from 1896 to 1900, and is now president of Tulane University in New Orleans—he has been for some time a director of the Southern Education Board, of which Mr. Robert C. Ogden is president. The work of this board in connection with that of the General Education Board has already shown splendid results. Mr. Alderman is contributing largely, especially in the Southwest, to the successful carrying out of their energetic educational policy. He is now forty.

The South and Cuba

There has been manifested a curiously narrow view of their duties by some of the Southern Democratic Senators. We do not write for the purpose of prevailing upon them to vote for the ratification of the Cuban treaty, because it is to be hoped that before those words reach them the treaty will have been ratified, or, at least, that they will then have abandoned their opposition to it. Their first thought, however, whether they continue to entertain it or whether they abandon it, affords the country still further evidence that the South cannot take a leading place in national politics until some of its hasty sons are taught a lesson of wisdom.

Senator Bacon of Georgia is a man of ability, but he was not serving the Democratic party when he announced his opposition to the Cuban reciprocity treaty, for the simple reason that his position was hostile to the best interests of the country, while it was inconsistent with a proper regard for the interests of the South. He was not or hereafter Senator Bacon and those Democrats who have thought with him succeed in committing the Democratic party to their view, that party will be open to the suspicion of having been acquired by the Louisiana and the best-sugar interests. Nothing could be more suicidal than the adoption by his party of Mr. Bacon's views concerning the proper attitude to be maintained by the Southern States towards the tariff and towards tariff questions. He says: "I am opposed to protective tariffs *per se*. I am against the whole principle of protection." Then he proceeds to say that he is opposed to the Cuban reciprocity treaty because it involves an assault upon the industries of the South. He meant by this, undoubtedly, that the reduction of duty on Cuban sugar for five years would injure the Louisiana sugar industry. He overlooked, therefore, the more rapidly growing beet-sugar industry of the North-west, which, comparatively small as it is, is not a Southern interest, so that, even on Mr. Bacon's low plane of political and economic philosophy, the Cuban treaty is not sectional.

Mr. Bacon and other Southern public men who think as he does have helped to make the Democratic party impotent for good ever since the close of the war of secession. One of the evils of our high protective tariff law is that it promotes sectionalism. One of the great opportunities of the Democratic party is that it may help to mitigate a policy which is not only a burden upon all our agricultural producers and upon all our consumers, but which is growing to be a restraint upon manufacturing, as it has long been upon commerce.

Unless the Democratic party assumes the policy of enlightenment, unless it advocates industrial and commercial freedom, unless it is insistent upon the gradual dissolution of the existing corrupting partnership between the great combinations and the government, a partnership formulated in the protective tariff law, there is little reason to prefer it to its opponent. A fine practical opportunity for showing its good faith, for proving that it is for liberal commerce, for fair international dealing, is presented by this Cuban reciprocity treaty. Another excellent opportunity was presented last year when the Philippine tariff bill was before the Senate. When the measure was in the House of Representatives, the Democrats then voted to increase the tariff even on the Philippines, but when the bill reached the Senate a sufficient number of Democrats voted against the Foraker amendment to deny to the Philippine a reduc-

tion of fifty instead of one of twenty-five per cent.

Last winter, the error was that the Democratic Senators believed in free trade with the Philippines. Therefore they would take nothing less, a decision which has resulted in serious loss to the islands and such an obstacle to our commerce with them that, this year, the Republicans themselves have been forced to consider a concession of seventy-five per cent. This year Mr. Bacon follows up the folly of a year ago, and says that while he favors a liberal policy, he will not do anything that will injure his section, regarded from a purely protectionist point of view, for Mr. Bacon's view of Southern interests is a protectionist, and, therefore, a local, view. The real interests of his section will be promoted by an expanded commerce, and not by tying the whole South to the sugar industry of Louisiana, a policy which, so far as that State is concerned, has made it Republican on every issue, with the exception of the Cuban question. More important still, the real interests of the South are to be best promoted by an emergence from sectionalism to the broad plane of nationalism.

The country follows the President on this subject of Cuban reciprocity. It believes with him, or as he did believe when he wrote his first message to Congress, that common principles of fair dealing demand that we should keep the protection which the Cuban consumers understood to have been made to them by Mr. McKinley and Mr. Root. It is not an answer to say that Mr. McKinley and Mr. Root could not promise what it was within the power of Congress alone to grant. The question is, as Secretary Moody once put it, "What did the Cubans understand?" We are too big, too powerful, to be ungenerous or technical in our interpretation of that promise. Mr. Roosevelt believes that it should be fulfilled. Mr. Root is sure that it should be. The country is in agreement with them. So universal is the feeling that the nation's honor is involved in the matter, that even the best-sugar States gave their Senators and Representatives to understand that they had made a mistake in bringing about the defeat of the bill for Cuba which passed the House of Representatives at the last session of Congress, but, by various tactics, was made to fail of consideration in the Senate.

These Southern Senators ought to have realized by this time that the nation is growing stronger and larger in the imaginations of the people, and that the sections are growing smaller and of less importance. The man or the party who now puts himself or itself ahead of the path of the nation is likely to be swept aside, and perhaps destroyed. Mr. Bacon's false notion of his duty to the sugar-cane growers cannot be permitted to prevent the keeping of the nation's faith. Neither the sugar cane nor the sugar beet, nor the South alone, nor the West alone, nor New England alone, can rule this country. The sooner the Democratic party realizes this, the sooner will it put itself in the way of victory. There are many Southerners who have risen up to the modern conception of the nation, and to the fact that the interests of the whole country are to be considered first. The Republicans party, based on protectionism as it is, cannot fully comprehend the need of the time. With few exceptions, its leaders are clinging to its sectionalizing policy. The opportunity is therefore open to the Democrats. It is especially open to Southern Democrats who have only to insist upon the old economic doctrine of their party. If this opportunity is not seized, it will pass away and into other hands. The

polity policy announced by Mr. Bacon is like the refusal of a golden crown. If it is symptomatic of the Southern Democratic party, if the South cannot grow to the proportions of a national policy, its day of return to leadership is yet far off; but it is sincerely to be hoped,—and there is evidence to sustain the hope,—that Mr. Bacon has not spoken for those Southerners who can take the leadership if they will.

The German Emperor and the Monroe Doctrine

The attitude of the German Emperor towards this country furnishes food for interesting speculation. It is no longer a secret in well-informed circles in Washington and elsewhere that Dr. Von Holleben has been recalled because he did not satisfy the Emperor. The question remains, however, as to how and where he fell short in carrying out his master's will. He was recalled, in many respects, an impressive minister and ambassador. He was much in society. Among the many self-amusing and mutually entertaining people of the capital he was fairly popular. He did his best to carry out the Emperor's purpose to establish German and weaken English influence in this country. He was faithful. He was, however, a dragon in diplomacy, having entered the service, as they say, by the back door, coming from the army. Intent as he was on furthering the interests of the Emperor, he did not quite comprehend his master's purposes. In the opinion of that master, his ambassador cultivated the wrong kind of society. He was too much at Harvard, and too little in Wall Street. Too many of his American and German-American friends were academics, and too few were financiers. The Emperor was not appealed to as deeply by the L.L.D. at Harvard as he would have been by the news that his representative at Washington was in the habit of riding wildly with the President. Dr. Von Holleben thought that his best plan was to cultivate the friendship and to gain the confidence of the scholars and thoughtful men of the country. The Emperor entertained a different notion; he believed that Germany's purpose would best be served by winning the President, courting the alliance of the captains of industry, and exciting the plaudits of the multitude. Dr. Von Holleben was not happy enough to become intimate with the President, nor did he make progress with the financial interests or with the people. So far as the President was concerned, his ill success was noticeable, and few were financiers. The Emperor was not appealed to as deeply by the reality of Lord Pauncefote's friendship for this country. Indeed, Dr. Von Holleben distinctly fell in the estimation of the members of the administrative circle when the Emperor's action revealed, or provoked, a question of verity between the German and British representatives.

From his point of view, the German Emperor's policy is correct. If he is to accomplish what he has set his heart upon, his ambassador must be what Dr. Von Holleben was not, and must do what he failed to do, or what he neglected to undertake. The German Emperor has adopted a new policy in his relations with the United States. Until the conclusion of the Spanish war, he agreed with Bismarck that the Monroe doctrine was an "impediment"—an American impingement.—Some Germans of importance, whose minds are not so agile as the Emperor's, continue to think thus. One of them repeated the old re-

marsh—old in the light of recent revelations—only a week or so ago. Dr. Von Holleben, however, is not one of these, but he seemed, nevertheless, to believe that the Emperor's change of policy simply meant that he was trying to get the better of the doctrine by blinding us to his purpose by blandishments. This was not astute. It was a hasty jump at a conclusion, and naturally, therefore, resulted in a wrong landing. It resembled the amateur's error in asking Lord Pauncefote to entertain Prince Henry at dinner. Dr. Von Holleben had seen and recognized signs that the Emperor did not wish to alienate England to the point of unfriendliness, and he made the request of Lord Pauncefote in the happy confidence that he was anticipating his master's inclinations. He was rarely awakened to the knowledge of his blunder by a cable which informed him that under no circumstances would the Prince be permitted to dine with the British ambassador.

The Emperor, doubtless, did think at one time that he could unite Europe, including England, in hostility to the Monroe doctrine. When he found that this purpose would not work; that England was wise enough to stand by the doctrine which an English statesman invented, and the maintenance of which is quite as important to British interests as to those of the United States; that the insolence of Von Diederichs did not help Germany with England, and that the assault upon Lord Pauncefote actually injured Germany and impaired Dr. Von Holleben's influence with the Washington administration—he quickly composed a new design, and in the accomplishment of this new design his old ambassador could not be useful, partly on account of his failure to comprehend it, and partly because the Emperor himself had made him ineffective. The truth is that our administration was so engaged at the attempt upon Lord Pauncefote that a man as bright as the Emperor could not fail to understand that by it he had made his tool at Washington utterly useless.

The Emperor's new policy is to secure shelter under the Monroe doctrine. To accomplish this he must not only cease to regard the doctrine as an impertinence, but he must accept it as a rule of international law, and must assume towards it the attitude which, as we pointed out last week, is the attitude which England ought to assume by reason of her interests and of her historical responsibility for its adoption and declaration by President Monroe. The German Emperor looks to colonization in South America. German colonies to Brazil and the Argentine have awakened a dream of empire on this side of the Atlantic. The promise at present is small, but if it could be certain that his rule might accompany it, the Emperor would undertake to stimulate the popular movement. This, of course, was in his mind, and, before that, it was in the mind of Bismarck when the policy was denunciation of the doctrine. The German purpose has not changed, if the method of effectuating it has been revolutionized. The purpose is to secure the right of colonization in South America; the new method is to induce this country to assent that the German Empire, as well as England, shall be a partner with the United States in asserting and maintaining the doctrine. The resistance to be overcome before this method can be successful is very great. The official and the public opinions of this country and of England are opposed to the establishment of a piece of the German Empire, with its strong inclination for tariff wars, on this side of the Atlantic. Such an establishment would gravely injure a market which

England already possesses, and would prevent our establishment of one that we desire. The Emperor, however, has set himself to the task. He has succeeded in securing an alliance with England for a small raid on a South-American republic, hoping to perpetrate it and to secure the aid of his uncle's kingdom in bringing about a permanent and sympathetic union which will exempt from the operation of the doctrine German colonies, or, as existing British colonies are already exempted.

In furtherance of this object, the Emperor has also selected Baron Speck von Sternburg as representative to succeed Von Holleben. The new envoy is not of ambassadorial rank, but that matters nothing for the Emperor will supply him with sufficient rank for his purpose. Baron von Sternburg will be a welcome addition to Washington society. He has long been an intimate friend of Mr. Roosevelt. He can ride an heed and as fast as the President. He is an strenuous and an tractionary. He can charm the people whom he will meet at the capital, and he will be able to excite popular enthusiasm. He will stimulate the excitability of the Washington atmosphere; but when he comes to the effort to induce the President to assent to a modification of the Monroe doctrine so that German South-American colonies may be set up with the concurrence of this government, he will doubtless discover that the Emperor's new and amiable plan is no more effectual than was his first and hostile scheme. The President will not admit the German Emperor as a partner in the Monroe doctrine (first) because he does not want the association, and (second) because, if he did, he knows that the country would object. As conditions exist, it is no more possible for Germany to crawl under the Monroe tent by prevailing upon us to look the other way for a moment than it is possible for the Emperor to rush the guardians.

The Kaiser's New Envoy

THE Kaiser has done a shrewd thing in sending, as his envoy extraordinary to Washington, Baron Speck von Sternburg. There are various reasons for congratulating him on his choice. It would seem to be in consonance with the rather rigid rules of preference obtaining in the diplomatic service of Germany for the Kaiser to make Baron Sternburg the immediate and full-fledged successor in Baron Hildner, with the title and rank of German ambassador to Washington. Baron Sternburg has not been long enough in the diplomatic service for that, nor has he had that large measure of varied experience in responsible and representative positions at a number of European courts which is deemed requisite in Berlin to fit a man for one of the seven ambassadorships which are the seven "spar planes" and the highest offices attainable in the purely diplomatic line in the service of the Empire. Baron Sternburg joined the German diplomatic ranks much later than is habitual there. His youth and his early manhood were spent in the German army. He was a dashing cavalry officer and had served with distinction in the 18th Hussar Regiment, forming part of the Saxon contingent, when he turned to diplomacy. Thus, he has barely a decennium of diplomatic service as a score, and this fact, if the man had not shown unusual aptitude, coupled with great tact and other qualities that are rare in the diplomatic service of any country, would in itself have sufficed to prevent his rising too rapidly. Men who

joined the German diplomatic corps simultaneously with him have scarcely gone higher as yet than to a second secretaryship at one of the more important courts, or else to some minor post. It speaks plainer than words for Sternburg's great ability that he has managed to break through the meshes of that network of tradition and custom enwrapping Germany's entire diplomatic service on several conspicuous occasions, that he has been entrusted with independent missions of a highly delicate and important character, acquitting himself to the entire satisfaction of his sovereign, and that, in so short a time, he has attained a high rank and an enviable reputation, both at home and abroad. No confidence is violated when it is said that he is *person gratissimus*, not only with the Kaiser, but with President Roosevelt and the American official and political world. With the Kaiser he became an solely through his merits, and on this side of the water it has principally been the efficiency and tactfulness, together with the sympathetic manner in which he was largely instrumental in laying that silly but annoying Samson ghost, a rumple of years ago, which for a time seriously threatened to strain American-German relations, and the extraordinarily well-informed manner in which, before and since, he had fathomed and then reported home the spirit of the American people as he had found it during his connection with the German embassy in Washington. In arriving at correct conclusions as to the temper and aims, likes and dislikes, currents of thought and driving forces in the political life of the American people, Baron Sternburg has been enjoying more than ordinary success. His English mother and childhood; his English mother, and the fact that English is his mother-tongue and his favorite vehicle of expression; his varied travels and official experiences in English-speaking countries, a large part of which was in his land; and, finally, his marriage to a lovely and highly accomplished Kentucky girl—all these factors combined to give him a clear and sympathetic insight into both the American and the English mind and character, and to thus make him an exceptionally valuable interpreter of it to his government. Neither the Kaiser nor his government will, without pressing need or for exceptional reasons, disregard the honary traditions as to "seniority" and the regular scale of advancement in vogue in the German diplomatic service. And it is, therefore, doubtful whether Baron Sternburg, even if his mission to this country should turn out as successful as one may confidently expect it will, will be promoted in the immediate future, over the heads of scores of other and older competitors, to the rank and emblems of a German ambassador to Washington. He is still a young man, it must be remembered, and he has so far held no independent diplomatic post at even one of the smaller courts. But it may be foreshadowed for him that he will be, first, *de facto*, a very efficient diplomatic representative of Germany at our national capital, under whose guidance the German part of the Venezuelan imbroglio will be disentangled in a way to give no needless offence to American susceptibilities, and next he promoted to the regular ambassadorship itself. Certainly, it would be a graceful thing for the Kaiser to do. In this connection it may be timely to destroy an erroneous opinion, frequently expressed in the American press, viz., that Baron Sternburg lost favor in Berlin when he had, as Germany's special commissioner to Samoa, settled, in conjunction with the British and American commissioners, that heretofore nest of tripartite squabbles to the

satisfaction of the three parties. It has also been stated since, on many occasions, that his transfer to Calcutta, as German consul-general, was in the nature of a degradation and punishment therefore. The exact opposite is true. The high opinion the Kaiser holds of him dates from the very time Baron Sternburg showed such statesmanlike qualities in removing for good and all the Siam problem from the international horizon, the conciliatory manner of his dealing in settling Germany's best and most vital interests. And as for his appointment to Calcutta, that was distinct preferment. If at that time one of the minor ministerships, to either Denmark, Switzerland, or elsewhere, had been vacant, no doubt it would have been offered Baron Sternburg. But in the absence of that post to Calcutta, one of the highest-paid and most important in the German service, was given him; his English sympathies being also taken into consideration. It has, besides, been an open secret in Berlin for years that the Kaiser has had his eye on Sternburg for Washington, and there were good and potent reasons for it. The only serious competitor, for the space of several years, in his way was another German diplomat very popular in Washington, namely, Munss von Schwarzenstein. The latter it was who effected the so-called Saratoga Convention between the two countries, an agreement on tariff matters which did considerable for a time in allaying mutual recriminations in the matter of levying duties. But the despatching of Herr von Schwarzenstein as German minister to China removed that gentleman from the list of "possibilities," and his usefulness to Germany in China has proved too great to admit of his being recalled from there for years to come. Besides, Schwarzenstein's American experiences lie farther back, ten years ago and over. With the present mood of the American people, with the political currents here to-day, he has little, if any, acquaintance. The field is, therefore, free for Sternburg.

To the Jews a Stumbling-block and to the Greeks Foolishness

A YOUNG man who has great possessions, and is also the teacher of a Bible class in a church of this city, grappled a few Sundays ago with that difficult text of Scripture relating to the hardships of a rich man in entering the kingdom of God. He frankly debated it with the members of his class, and did not spare himself the tacit or explicit inferences in the minds of his hearers, however personal he may have felt them. He reasoned first that when Jesus bade that other young man who had great possessions go and sell what he had and give to the poor, conditions of society were very different from the social conditions of to-day. He then held that there were many things a man might give up for Christ's sake besides his property, as, for instance, legitimate pleasures, though he did not say why he held that it was always a matter between Christ and His follower what should be given up; and he suggested that Christ might have perceived that the heart of that young man was mainly set upon his possessions, and therefore their sacrifice was the sacrifice due from him. He thought that we ought to take Christ's words in a broad sense, yet he applauded the disciples who left their nets and followed Him, though he seemed to feel that their merit was in their obedience rather than in the surrender of their property. When one of his class asked, "How about Tolstoy, who gave up everything in life, all

his worldly possessions?" the young man did not take the most direct and easy way to Tolstoy, and say simply that he was a crank, and that was how about him, but answered that his was "certainly a very noble example," though he urged again the difference of the present social conditions, and argued that a man could serve God while attending strictly to business, and we must not take Christ's sayings in a literal sense.

Upon the whole, his discourse as reported, was pathetic, for he said quite what that other young man who had great possessions might have said to a Bible class in the synagogue, after parting very sorrowful with Jesus. No one can read that plain story without a heartache, if he has a heart; it is awfully human; and no one, if he has a heart, can withhold a throbb of compassion for the young man with great possessions who finds himself in like case to-day; who feels that call and longs to obey, but cannot because of his great possessions. Why, as now, such a young man would have told the members of his class that "the conditions of society" were different from those of a time when a person could give up his property for the sake of life everlasting. He would have made excuses, and said that those fishermen who had left their nets at Christ's call had certainly set a very noble example, "and that the lesson to be learned is obedience to the words of Christ," but you must first make sure whether He meant His words to be taken figuratively or literally. The young man would probably have argued that it would do very well for a lot of poor fishermen, who had little to lose, anyway, to take them literally, but that a person of independent property, realizing all the high responsibilities of wealth, had better think twice before he did so. He might even have shown that obedience in some such cases would be essentially impossible; that if, for instance, a certain very wealthy man at that day gave every village in Judea a free library, still he would probably not succeed in dying poor. Perhaps if Jesus Himself had been present at the debate He would not have been able to refute the young man's position.

Still, we think that in the very first of these the young man was wrong. The conditions of competitive society are now just what they always were, without the shadow of change. The world, the flesh, and the devil we have had always with us. It is no harder in New York now to do the will of God, to fulfil his sayings literally, than it was in Jerusalem two thousand years ago. There were then rich and poor, as there are now, and there was the same buying and selling and getting gain. The question is whether the literal fulfillment of His sayings was not always impossible. A few of His immediate followers thought not, and formed themselves into a little republic, in which they had all things common, but that was where they fell down, and their republic with them. They still left the well-meaning to ask themselves how they could enlarge the eye of the needle so as to enter the kingdom of God with their assets, after having given the deserving poor all they could without penurying them.

But that answer to the young man who had great possessions was not the only hard saying of the Master, who, we are instructed, ought to be obeyed in what He meant rather than what He said, though without His words His meaning is difficult. He also said, "He that looked upon a woman to lust after her, hath done something worse than begin a harmless flirtation; but if this were taken literally, there could be no more décolleté toilettes. He said, "Thou shalt not kill," but if he were obeyed in this there would be no chance of a great people conti-

tating themselves a world power. He said, "Do unto others as ye would they should do unto you," but if we had taken this command seriously what would have become of the helpless Filipinos? He bade us turn the other cheek to him who has smitten us, but if people did so, there could be no such thing as the honor of a gentleman. His teachings in regard to divorce were such that if they were taken on their face large numbers of our fellow-men and fellow-women would not be living now in what they regard as holy matrimony.

Were these and other sayings of Christ too hard for human nature? It would really seem that they were; and the church is founded on the spirit of words whose letter killeth. It comes mercifully between the absolute love and purity and righteousness and the trembling sinner who would like to obey, but does not want to, and offers him a compromise, a *modus vivendi*, which he can accept. Sometimes it does this in one way, and sometimes in another, according to its special need, or his special need, and as the churches are several, and by no means all of the same mind, there is hope for almost every sort of sinner. The church has tried to love the children of light do as wisely in their generation as the children of darkness, and it cannot be said that it has not succeeded. It offers a compromise, a *modus vivendi*; but nobody contends that this is bad. Perhaps we are really, though unconsciously, waiting for the conditions to be changed, so that the precepts of Christ shall be preceptive. In that time, whenever it comes, no young man having great possessions will be obliged to account for their retention, for there will be no such young man. Meanwhile, with Christ figuratively taken, Christianity gets on very well, while with Christ taken literally, it bristles with apparently insuperable difficulties.

The Crocus

I

ON mountains the crocus
Ere hollows be cleared
In the bed of the snowdrift
Will rise and appear,
Aloft the pure crocus,
Born under the snow.
In the sun is left trembling,
All bare to his glow—
Like the heart of the woman who listens
To love in the forests below.

II

The Lover speaks:—
O light-bark, how oft
Shall I drink in like wine
Thy body blood-soft,
Earth's marvel, yet mine?
How oft shall I dare,
Unobscured by death,
In the flood of thy hair
And the flame of thy breath?
From the increase-heat sun hast thou wan-
dered.

A dream from a time beyond death.

III

And she yearns to respond
To that strain out of reach,
To the glowing and subtle
Striven spirit of speech.
But she weeps—oh, too childish
For love in the span
Of the half-bestrung lyre
Of the language of man.
So she breathes the sun-song of the crocus—
Reveal it, repeat it, who can!

HEBERT THRENT.

Mr. Chamberlain

By Sydney Brooks

London, January 7, 1902.

VERY curious is the position Mr. Chamberlain holds in the public life of England. His triumphal progress through South Africa marks the climax of one of the strangest careers that has ever been interwoven with the tale of English politics. Dismissed himself, from the moment his first speech was laughed down in the House of Commons to the day when he stood up before the Berlin Congress, the world's central figure, hardly surpassed its shifting fortunes. It was said of Sir Robert Peel that "of almost all the great secessors with which his name is associated, he attained great eminence as their opponent before he attained even greater eminence as their advocate"; and it has taken volumes to explain and justify Sir Robert. A whole library will be needed to explain and justify Mr. Chamberlain. He has tossed the entire political compass. He began life as an extreme Radical, with more than a touch of half-bred Republicanism about him. There was a time when people seriously looked to Chamberlain and foresaw the emergence of an English republic. Those were the days when he denounced the aristocracy as a class that "foils not, neither does it spin," when he spoke as though the ownership of property were a crime, when the rose-cheeked country gentlemen in the House of Commons almost shrieked at the idea of his entering the sacred precincts, and when Lord Salisbury publicly commented on the appropriateness of Mr. Chamberlain's initials, inasmuch as they were also those of Jack Cade. Well, this same Mr. Chamberlain is now a member of the stiffest Tory government that England has known for thirty years. He started as a Little-Englander of the most provincial and Lakeland type, and confessed himself pander of his work in Birmingham than of the whole British Empire. He lived to be ashamed of his early speeches that he has now thoughtfully collected and published them, he bought up and destroyed every copy of the volume he could lay his hands on. He has now made himself the exponent of an equally pronounced Imperialism, and written himself on history as the first Colonial Secretary with a policy of his own. He was "a home-ruler before Mr. Gladstone," yet he broke up the Liberal party as the home-rule question; a Dissembler, yet he voted for duties to the Establishment Church; a foremost advocate of secular education, yet a member of a cabinet that, as the Education bill showed, will risk anything in support of the denominational system. He began by attacking the House of Lords; he may end by sitting in it. He has joined every party and been on both sides of every public question, and yet stood always alone.

That is the way his opponents usually sum up the case against Mr. Chamberlain, and it is not to be met by his simple statement, "It is circumstances that have changed, not I." Mr. Chamberlain has changed too, and as most people who have read his early speeches will agree, it is very much to his credit and advantage that he has. But there is a good deal in the argument that the inconsistencies of his career here, as it were, been forced upon him. Americans may consider his position exactly as they will imagine an able and strenuous Democrat who, finding himself honestly unable to vote for free silver, has joined the Republican ranks. So long as the party he has left continues to pin its faith to the objectionable measure, he is constrained to abjure himself among its opponents. Once

granted that that is the only right course open to him, and it is easy to understand how close and constant association with the Republicans may modify his views on the tariff and "government by injunction" and so on. This has been Mr. Chamberlain's case precisely. He left the Gladstonians, and doomed himself and those who succeed with him to ten years of political exile because he regarded the particular form of Irish home-rule proposed in 1886 as the beginning of the disruption of the Empire. In the past seventeen years the alliance with the Conservatives has grown into an indissoluble union, and as a practical politician Mr. Chamberlain has been obliged to recognize the fact. It has undoubtedly toned him down in some particulars; on the other hand, he, just as undoubtedly, has contrived to rub off some of the Conservative angles. There has been an approximation on both sides. He has liberalized the Tories, and the Tories have partially deradicalized him. For the rest, he has grown in breadth as the whole country has grown, saving only the stern and unbending relics of Gladstonianism, like Harcourt and John Morley. He no longer wishes to tinker at the old and tried institutions of the country; no more does anybody else. It is perhaps less correct to say he has changed than that he has not stood still. At heart he is a Radical even now, but a passive Radical, a Radical with a juster sense of what is possible. He would still, if he could, disestablish the Church of England, "reform" the House of Lords, and utterly secularize education; but he knows that he can't. Towards genuine Toryism, which is far more a matter of instinct and mental habits than of opinions, he has again and again returned as he has. Of all things, the "philosophy" of Toryism has the largest attraction for him. The Conservatives feel this. They know him to be a recruit, but still not a convert, very able, very useful, but still not one of themselves, and liable at times to wild Radical relapses, as, for instance, in the matter of old-age pensions. Such a man they could not accept as a leader. Toryism in England has, it is true, again and again profited by the services of brilliant outsiders, and even at times submitted to be led by them. But in all cases they have been men who had the Tory instinct. Disraeli was otherwise as incongruous a captain for the Conservative party as could be imagined, but they followed him like sheep, not only because his genius was indispensable to them, but because he never had the remotest sympathy with the Radical view of things. If he laughed at the extremes of Toryism in his shoes, he had a quite sincere respect for its apogees. They pleased his historic and artistic sense and drew him willingly to their defence. But Chamberlain is still essentially what he was thirty years ago, with the frailty worn off and a more temperate judgment in the place of it; but otherwise, the same.

Do Englishmen trust Mr. Chamberlain? It may, I think, be said they are beginning to—but with reservations. There are many who hate him both personally and politically; there are more who intensely admire him; but there are comparatively few whose complete confidence he has won to win. Some final sense of insecurity seems to mingle with the popular estimate of the man. No Englishman, for instance, would think without a shiver of Mr. Chamberlain being made Foreign Secretary. He has, for one thing, the knack of inspiring an extreme animosity without the compensation, which Gladstone enjoyed, of an equally extreme enthusiasm. All his life he has been in hot water, always attacking and attacked. France hates him as she

hated Pitt; Germany for the past three years has been in a very temper of anti-Chamberlainism; in Spain and Italy he lacks not only a single defender, but any one who will do him even bare justice; and Russian journalists are encouraged to say anything they please about him, so long as it is to his discredit. The description by Gave of himself a few years ago needs amplifying to-day. He is not only "the best-abused man in England," but in the world. At home there has been nothing in all English history to compare with the hunt of obloquy of which Mr. Chamberlain is the quarry. This universal hatred has had something to do with popular distrustfulness. The superficial tyrannies of his career have had something more. The English masses do not look very closely into the heart of things, and Mr. Chamberlain's always vehement expression of whatever faith he may be holding is a further obstacle in the way of dispassionate judgment. Moreover, he "betrayed" a man whose mastery over the minds and affections of his followers took on an almost religious completeness. When all is said and done, there is no charge that damns a politician so effectively in the estimation of his masses as to be found to have "betrayed" any. Mr. Chamberlain laid, or seemed to lay, himself open to it, and has suffered by having withheld from him the last degree of trust.

And very largely Mr. Chamberlain himself, his manners and his nature, are to blame if the country does not think as highly of the man as of his abilities. Somebody once said of Gladstone that he was Oxford bred, but Liverpool, or rather Birmingham, above, and all through. He makes a personal matter of politics, in a way that rather jars on Englishmen. He fights alone and openly for victory, and he is diabolically clever at it. No point is so small that he will not score it if he can, and having scored it, he drives it home with real zest. He is never satisfied that his victim is really disposed of till the tomhawk has done many a feat too bluntly to say. He lacks the humanities in both his measure and his methods when Chamberlain is on the warpath. There is a disconcerting absence of "bigness" in his character and instinctive way of looking at things, a too obvious readiness to corner his opponent and turn the most trivial incident into a means of personal glorification. He has no moderation in him, whether his adversary be Campbell-Bannerman or Russia or Count von Bismarck; and in this way he often trespasses against good taste and sometimes defeats his own object by over-statements and arid asides that drive men into antagonism. He is not only warlike in himself, but is the cause of war in others; and being by all odds the keenest hand-to-hand fighter in English public life, he glories in this sort of conflict and is careless of the wounds he may have behind. His strongest point and most statesmanlike gift is his exceeding quickness of intuition; but his outlook is not naturally a broad one, and there are many who accuse him of a provincial narrowness of mind. A man who always knows precisely what he wants and the shortest road to it is usually liable to some such accusation. There has, however, been no lack of elevation in his speeches on the Empire, even if the imaginative fights that come so easily to Lord Rosebery are altogether beyond his practical, matter-of-fact mind that prefers, for the most part, absorption in the here and now. He is, in a word, the type par excellence of the business man in politics, with all the good points and a good many of the bad that the definition implies.

The Book of Months

By E. F. Benson

MAY

MAY has come in with gleams of sunshine and gusty fits of tears; half the time one is out-of-doors one is being soaked, the other half being doted by the sun and the warm holocaustness of the west wind. The heavens, indeed, are like some wayward woman, seething and storming, then suddenly showing the divinest tenderness. "I didn't mean it," says the sun and the west wind. "I only wet you for fun. Oh, don't go indoors and change; I will make you quite dry in a minute!" But for as long as I live, I think every May that comes round in the circle of months will be to me not the May of the year whose course is now running, but the May of three years ago. So, too, when we come to June you will find the June of two years ago. For to me now and to me always, so I think, May will mean the things that happened then, and June will mean the things that happened thirteen months later. I will tell you that story. It concerns three people only, and two of them dead.

Dick Allington and I were very old friends. We had been at school together, and his father's house was next to ours in the country, the woods belonging to each running contiguous, and separated only by the peck palling. In consequence, from our frequent passages the one to the other, a heath track lay through the woods in a bee-line from house to house, and the palling at the particular point where the bee-line crossed it was, from the frequent scrambling over it, broken and splintered, till after the lapse of some years it was no more than a stile that could be walked over without any scrambling at all, and the path was known as the "boys' path." We had remarkably kindred tastes, because we both of us liked practically everything except periwinkles and green Indians, even down to that including London fogs, when we were in the habit of hide-and-seek in Berkeley Square, where we both lived, which for sheer excitement and mystery beat any pursuit in which I have ever been engaged either before or since. The game itself is one of the utmost simplicity. I stood in the porch of either house while Dick was given ten seconds' leave. He had then, without leaving Berkeley Square, to remain unperceived for five minutes, while I pursued him blindly in the fog. We were not allowed to run or to hide, but only to walk about the space, and we were properly dressed with tall hats and gloves, so that in case of the fog clearing rapidly we should appear respectable. Of course, for the whole of that five minutes we were utterly lost, and we usually sought each other by walking straight into each other. Hence the excitement; the pursued guiltily turned from every figure that loomed through the fog, the pursuer rogerly peered at such, to vanish precipitately again if this was not his quarry, to merely annex it if it was. At the end of the five minutes, if the pursued was yet uncaught, both returned (if they could find it) to the house from which they set out, and pursued and pursued changed rôles. I have not, indeed, yet heard of any employment with which we did not amuse ourselves, and we engaged from birds' eggs to carpentering, from chess to knock-knocks, from football to the writing of Tezayoanlian lyrics with equal fervor. We also revised the pentathlon, as follows: Dick won the toss, and said "golf," and I selected with tennis. He then chose billiards and I croquet. The odd event was, of course, selected by the winner of the toss. Two games were barred, namely, single

wicket at cricket, because we neither could ever get each other out; and long jump, because Dick could jump just about twice as far as I. The whole pentathlon had to be decided on one day, so that endurance came in as well.

Then a stormy day would come, too bad for man or beast to be abroad in, and we had pentathlons of the first sort—playing chess, draughts, backgammon, the poetry game, and halma in *frérisch* succession. There, also, games at cards were barred, because of Dick's strange inability to grasp the hang of any card game whatever. He merely fell asleep over them. So that made it quite in the matter of the long jump—in fact, the balance was in my favor, since there is only one long jump, but there are many games of cards, and I could have named all the events, of which I had the call among them.

So from school we passed out into life; Dick went into the army, and I took up as a profession the work on which I am at this moment engaged. We had many mutual friends, and there never came, as long as Dick was alive, any break in our intimacy, nor until a certain day did either of us, as far as we were aware, grow any older. The pentathlons continued with unabated fervor, and I should be ashamed to say how old we were when we last played hide-and-seek in Berkeley Square. It would appear hardly credible to any other and right-minded person, while those who did believe it would be filled with contempt for us. And it is had to be contemptuous, so I will not mention the ages.

Now there has always been in our lives a third person, a girl rather younger than either of us, a neighbor both in town and country, and a distant cousin of Dick's. For years Dick and I had liked Margery, but had accessarily despised her because she was a girl.

Then three succeeded years when we had begun to be men, not boys, and Margery not a girl, but a woman. The contempt ceased (that was on kind of us), and we three formed what I may call an alliance of laughter. Margery was always present at the pentathlons, acted as umpire in case of disputes, and was even allowed to join in them herself. Then, quite suddenly, I became aware that I had fallen in love with her. And it was in this manner I knew it:

It was at the conclusion of the golf event in the pentathlon, and on the right-hand corner Dick had held out his last putt and won from me; he had also won from Margery, and Margery had a long putt of five yards to halve with me. She looked at it for some time, standing with her back to the sun, so that her brown hair was flushed and gilded with it; her eyes, very blue and vivid with thought, were latent on the line to the hole; her mouth was a little drooped; and the white line of her teeth showed below her lip. Suddenly she said, "Yes, I see!" and putted.

The ball travelled smoothly along the turf, and she threw her arms wide. "It's going in," she cried. "What a darling!" and as the ball dropped into the hole she looked up at me. Then something caught in my breath. It was no longer the Margery I knew who stood there, but she—she who was the compelling and perfect woman to me a man.

For a time the old intimacy of the alliance of laughter went on externally, I suppose, as before. I think we laughed no less; we contested as many pentathlons; we made plans for every day of Dick's leave, and usually abandoned them for subsequent improvisations. Then, not more than a week afterwards, there came a day when Margery had to go to town, and Dick and I were left

alone. She was coming back in the evening, and we were to go to the station to meet her, have tea there, and ride our bicycles back over the ridge of Ashdown's Forest, down home in time to be exceedingly late for dinner.

The afternoon was very hot and sunny, and Dick and I abandoned our game at tennis we had begun, for we were both slack and heavy-handed, and strolled through the woods up the "boys' path" for the coolness and shelter of the beech-trees. The ground rises rapidly near the broken palling, and finding a suitable bed of bracken, we lay down and smoked, looking out from cover over the great ridge of green and heather that stretched below us. The air was full of the insouciant murmurs of a hot day, and a warm heathery smell hung idly on the air. Near at hand was a flaming bank of gorse, and as we lay there, far more at least than our wont, we could hear the popping of the ripened seeds. The birds, too, were very silent in the bushes; only the grasshoppers chirped unwaridly in the grass. Dick, I remember, was cleaning his pipe stem with yellow grass stems, his straw hat tilted over his eyes; I, though lying there, was in reality waiting for the train at Victoria, No. 4 platform. It started in five minutes, and had two hours now before it. Then Dick sat up.

"Look here," he said, "I've something to tell you. There's no doubt about it; I've fallen in love."

I think I knew almost before he spoke what he would say; certainly before he spoke again I knew what was coming.

"Yes, Margery," he went on. "My God! I have fallen in love."

He turned his brown eyes suddenly from the hot rolling landscape in front to me.

"Why, Jack," he said, "what's the matter? You look queer, somehow."

"Dick, are you—are you sure?" I asked.

"That you look queer?"

"No; that you have fallen in love with Margery."

"Sure? You'll be sure enough when you do the same. There's no mistake about it, I can tell you. Why, Margery is the whole point of the pentathlons now!"

"She has been so to me for the last week," said I.

Dick said nothing for a minute. Then, below his breath, "What do you mean?" he asked.

"That you and I are in the same boat," I said.

"How long have you known this?" he asked.

"A week yesterday."

"And you didn't tell me."

"No, I couldn't. It has been too wonderful to speak of. I'm made like that. I should have told you, though, before long."

"Have you spoken to Margery?" he asked.

"No, I haven't spoken to anybody."

Dick got up.

"Come away," he said. "I don't like this place. And what are we to do?"

I looked at my watch.

"Start for Braceton at once," I said, "as the train will be in before we get there."

Dick put his arm in mine.

"I say, Jack," he said, "whatever happens, we'll behave decently, won't we?"

"I know you will," said I.

"That's all right, then. We won't talk this over to-night. It must simmer a bit before we can get used to it. Don't let us say another word about it now."

So we rode off through the heat to Braceton, found the train already in, and Margery waiting for us on the platform, looking for all the oppressed stagnation of the day, like some cymch of Grecian entourage, and Dick and I looked thirstily on her, but

feared to meet each other's eye, for life and love were in the balance, and we were friends.

That evening, when the others had gone to bed, we sat on in the chairs that had been taken out of the smoking-room to the lawn for coolness. The odor of the hot summer night hung heavily, and nothing stirred in the windless air, except that from time to time a faint ghost of a breeze whispered from the beds of blue-cypripedium, and brought with it a waft of the thick scent. The sky had grown overcast; from a bank of clouds which rose slowly in the west, the fire of lightning flickered, and a note of distant thunder answered. In the rooms downstairs the lights were already put out, but the bedroom above showed illuminated squares of blind. Nearly opposite us was Margery's room, and now and then her shadow crossed it. Then that light was put out, and presently afterwards we heard the whir of the blind upstair, and at the open window through the darkness her white girdle glimmered dimly.

We could neither of us move nor speak, and in the silence I remember hearing the crack of Dick's shirt grow more rapid as his breathing quickened. Then in a bush close at hand a nightingale suddenly burst into bubbling song,—no lament, as the Greeks thought it, but the lyric passion of mating-twit, when the stir of love goes through the world, and the lion seeks the lioness, and the Libyan hills echo to the roosting of his unmastered need; when the feathered and bright-eyed birds lie breast to breast in their swaying habitations; when the man seeks the woman, and cannot rest till he has found her.

Then a flash of lightning somewhat more vivid lit up for a moment the lawn and the house, and she must have seen us then, for from her window came a little stifled exclamation, and before the thunder answered she was gone.

"The storm is coming up," said Dick. "Let's get indoors and talk there. Besides, I'm as dry as dust, and I want a drink. We'll go up stairs; all the lights are out down here."

Our rooms were next each other, communicating by a door, and drawing our chairs up to the window for coolness, we sat down.

"Somehow or other we've got to settle it now," said he; "settle it, that is, so far as we are able."

How long we talked I do not know, but before we had finished we had to shut the window, for the storm came nearer, and burst round us in sheets of heavy rain and violet fires of lightning. Then it passed, and still we sat there, till at the end the moon came out and rode high in a clear-washed heaven, with the stars clustering round her like swarming bees, while to the east the sky grew dove-colored with the first burst of dawn. At last I rose.

"It remains, then, just to toss," said I, and spun a coin.

"Heads," said he.

"It is. You speak to Margery first, then," I said.

He got up, too, irresolute, and we looked at each other gravely, rivals in that which makes life sweet, but friends. And that makes life sweet too.

"And whatever happens, Jack," he said, rather hulkily, "we will do our very utmost not to let this stand between us, and to keep all knowledge of it from her."

"Yes, whatever happens," said I. "Time to go to bed, Dick; good night."

I went into my room closing the door of remembrance, but before I was half undressed it opened, and Dick came in.

"One thing more," he said. "We didn't settle when"

"That must be left to you," said I, "but, Dick, for God's sake, let it be soon. Surely it had better be soon."

His face lit up with the unimaginable light of love.

"Yes, the sooner the better," he said.

I slept long and late that night, from the mere exhaustion, I suppose, of thought and suspense; did no more than turn and sleep again when I was called, and woke finally to find it was after tea, and the calmness of the promise is the dawn had been fulfilled by a perfect day of unclouded blue. I went through into Dick's room, but he had already dressed and gone down, and even as I passed the window I saw him and Margery cross the conservatory and out on the lawn, surrounded, as was her wont, by a wave of dogs. But this morning it seemed that Dick had no word for any of them; thus they passed out of sight behind the bushes. And I knew as surely as if the thing had happened already that Dick would have something to tell me when they came back, but that should be I had no idea. We three had played like children together for years. Had Margery her secret, even as Dick and I had had? Or had she none? Were both of us her playmates?

It could not have been very long before Dick came back, for I was still in the dining-room, staring blankly at the morning paper, with my breakfast yet unstarted. As soon as I saw him I knew.

"So it is you?" I said, and stopped. Thus our respect and our friendship aided me. "Oh, make her happy, Dick," said I.

The dear man sat down on the left of the table.

"Jack, I'm cut in two about it all," he said, and never have I seen so radiant a happiness on the face of living being. "Really, I'm— Oh, damn it all! And Margery told me to come and tell you, and she wants to see you." She says she'll see you about it first, and then we'll all play the fool together, as we've always done. So I had to lie to her. First thing I did was to lie to her, and I told her that you were not particularly fit this morning—thunder-storms kept you awake—and that I didn't know if you'd be up to a pentathlon."

He broke up suddenly.

"My God, if it only wasn't you!" he said.

I remember feeling then as if I was a piece of mechanism external to myself. This mechanism saw Dick sitting on the edge of the table, saw breakfast waiting, and ate it, and spoke and moved in obedience to an instinct that seemed to have nothing to do with me. Behind, somewhere, sat Ma watching what went on.

"No, a pentathlon by all means," said the doctor to the mechanism. "We've got to have one more to settle the last, and you go back to-morrow. It begins with croquet; Margery chose that."

Dick's eyebrows suddenly grew into a brown, and he bit his lip.

"Oh, Jack!" he said.

Then for a moment I took possession of the mechanism.

"It's no use talking," I said, "the thing is so, and all I can do at present is to behave with some semblance of decency, anyhow, so that Margery shall not know. I can manage that perfectly, and it will give me something to do. It is no use your being sorry for me, my dear man; besides, it's not humbly possible for you, nor would it be for me, if I was in your place, to have sorrow predominant. Margery fills the world for you; she does for me—"

"No, not fill it," said he. "You don't understand."

"I understand perfectly. You're a decent sort of fellow,—and, well, I am your friend. It's no manner of good talking about it."

All we settled last night I feel fully, fully. Do you understand? I can only assure you it is so. Whatever happens—do you remember saying that? I do, and wish, for God's sake—don't—Dick—thee's a health some tear standing in each of your green eyes. I never saw such a devilish behavior."

Dick got off the table, turned his back to me, and blew his nose very long and loudly, and, drawing up a chair, sat down by me with a quivering lip.

"I've made a fool of myself, I suppose," he said, and I've done not a particle of good, but only made it harder for you. That's like me. I'm happier than I thought it was allowed for a son to be, and I'm wretcheder than I hoped was permitted. That's all; there was no need to say it, because you know it. But I had to."

Then again the mechanism moved, and I sat and watched. And now I find it is quite easy to write down what happened, for I only watched. But it was hard to write down what happened when we on the last page, I was doing it myself. If you think of it, you will see it must be so.

"Where in Margery?" I said. "Oh, Dick, don't be a fool!"

Again he blew his nose.

"Out in the garden," he said. "Are you going now?"

"Yes, the pentathlon begins in ten minutes. Nothing has happened. Just the pentathlon."

I walked out of the dining-room, leaving him still there, into the blinding blaze of sunshine. She,—the She,—was sitting in a chair at the end of the lawn, and my mother beside her. The latter got up as I came near.

"You have heard?" she said. And I saw that look which I have seen in her beloved face three or four times in my life when great sorrow or great joy has brought us into that union which, as I verily believe, can only exist between mother and son. I knew that she had guessed what unspoken word to Margery had been on my lips.

"Yes, Dick told me," said I.

"Be a man, then," said she, seeing that I knew that she knew. "And God bless you, my darling, and comfort you."

It was but a step to where Margery sat, and I held out both hands.

"Oh, Jack, I am so happy!" she said, and with that she ran on tiptoe, put her arms round my neck, and kissed me.

It was all right, you see, that she should do that now, for she was my friend, and I was Dick's friend, and she loved Dick!

There is but little more to say about that May, since even in a diary like this one I have given you so much. In order to avoid being unbusinesslike. The pentathlon was played, and I won. Also, I had ten minutes with my mother that night, while Dick and Margery were together. Nothing much was said on either side, but I knew again, with the vividness that usually comes only with a thing heretofore unrealized, that she was my mother, and that I was her son,—part of her being, born from her body, individually, while ages lasted, here. Here was every little effort that I made towards ordinary human decency of behavior—hers was the resolve, I made then, and have tried (with how many failures), to keep since, to realize that these things need not have happened with any but a benignant purpose, blind and incomprehensible as it might seem to me or to her, and that to become in the least degree substituted, or to fail in the smallest particle of friendship to my friend, or of love to the woman whom I loved, was to undo the divine purpose, and to make yourself a senseless animal.

To be Continued.

Little Stories in Rare Books

By John Paul Bocock

Old books tell their stories to the most select audience in the world. The book-plate of Murray, Earl of Dunmore, in this Diaper of 1700, is water-stained, and recalls the wild nights on the Jauses when the hot-headed royal governor bade the Council come sit on board a British war-ship, which the Virginians would not do. Instead, they made the country too hot for him, and when he went back in haste to England, in 1774, with his books and his servants and his plate hurried on board, this particular volume of Dunmore's favorite Horace got such a bath as has wellnigh disabled it this century and a quarter. Who fished it up and found its size unwashed fellows there is no knowing. But here is the set, complete. And now and then the present Earl of Dunmore comes over to talk Christian Science and converse with Mother Libby. How Horace would have delighted in that!

Old John Randolph of Roanoke put his coat of arms with its mottoes on the inside cover of this Tomson variorum of 1717—in which Milton made his debut as an Horatian scholar, *Patri Quor Heredit* (Say What You Think), and *Vix Admirari* (Marvel At Naught)—how well the eloquent Virginian lived up to them! When his bones were disinterred a few years ago strands of paper, the good rag paper of our fathers, were found in his grave. Perhaps he took another Horace into the ground with him. This one was almost a rag when I got hold of it, the book-plate erased in four.

Empus Romo Vmbria 1815.

he pasted in his book-plate, which is the more a curiosity inasmuch as this Douglas was the only Baron Glenberrie, the title having been created for him self and dying with him in



Baron Glenberrie's Book-plate in Fea's "Horace"

[Faint Latin text, likely bleed-through from the reverse side of the page]

A Page from the Ferrius Folio of 1483 Showing Tasso's MSS. and annotations

and a lot more. But the Surveyor-General of Woods and Forests didn't mind Sheridan. And he made a good witness for Queen Catherine, in his honor he'll stand. He knew a good edition of Horace when he saw it.

Here is the edition (not the copy) Milton translated *Pyrre* from John Iland, *Cum Notulis*, London, 1608. Here's the folio edition in which Torquato Tasso pondered and annotated the precepts of the *Ars Poetica*, an output from Ferrius's Venetian press in 1483. Here's Clarence Cook's "immaculate" edition, printed in Glasgow in 1744, and held up for a model of typographical excellence, the sheets being hung for criticism in the College Hall. Also for the folly of human hopes!—error after error was discovered after the proof-readers and the censors had both passed on the proofs, and when he wanted to guard against responsibility for errors in a financial pamphlet issued to Wall Street not long ago, Mr. H. C. Swords fell back on Horace, and cited the "immaculate" edition! The veritable debut of Horace in Nassau Street! In Wall at least, at the corner of Broad, he has long since been well known.

William Beach Lawrence wrote his name unhesitatingly across the cover of this Watson, 1741. And here are the autographs of C. Livingston, the younger, son of the great English admiralty lawyer, and of Mr. K. C. Hawley, D.D., Provost of Eton College, side by side on the flyleaf of Baron Walskham's *Histoire de la Vie et de la Poésie d'Horace*. Every annotated page of those beloved volumes, pondered and cherished by a score of honest hearts in the centuries, has its own story to tell. Who of us will live, like Horace, even in a folio four hundred years old!



Book-plate of John Randolph of Roanoke in the Tomson "Horace" of 1715



Armorial Book-plate of Governor Dunmore of Virginia in Decker's "Horace"

wrote Baron Glenberrie, of Kincardine, when he bought his first edition *Pv*, in Rome, just four years after it came from the press in two octavo volumes under the learned direction of the Prefect of the Chisina Library and of the Roman Antiquities. Then

1823. At Aberdeen and at Leyden he learned a great deal of Latin, but not enough Horace to despise a title. Sheridan pauperized him:

Glenberrie, Glenberrie,
What's good for the scowry?

in pigskin, calf, and crushed levant,—each famous Horace exalts the mystery of its own history. Earls and chevils, bookbinders and proof-readers do their worst: the great Roman Commoner smiles on.

Books and Bookmen

Or late years American fiction has been getting away from the Civil War as a field of action, and concerning itself more with the post-bellum life of the people under social, industrial, and agricultural conditions. Two noteworthy novels, however, have been made their appearance which are not lightly to be passed by. One is by a new writer, the other by one who has already made his name familiar as a household word, and contributed a distinct creation to literature in the character of Uncle Remus. Gabriel Tolliver, by Mr. Joel Chandler Harris, is, one can imagine, the patient work of many years' observation and quiet reflection. One feels that the author lives with his characters—the story breathes from him in a reminiscent, leisurely way, and denotes the pen of a disinterested, unobtrusive writer at variance with the hurrying pens of our modern scribblers. This means that in order to enjoy these pages you must give yourself up to the mood of the author, and when once the reader has allowed himself to come under the spell of his author, he will read on delighted and absorbed by the intimate human charm of the narrative. The book it covers the Reconstruction period, the day of the crafty carpet-bagger, with which Mr. Thomas Nelson Page made us notably familiar for the first time in *Red Rover*. Mr. Harris' art is best displayed in his handling of character—his humor, his sympathy, his love of home, and the sweet ties that bind in human fellowship; these are the qualities that shine clear and strong in his work, and it is a rare act that exhibits them more forcibly in character than in incident. The new writer in Mr. Rupert Hughes, whose first novel, *The Whitebird*, is a remarkable piece of work. It opens in ante-bellum days, carries the hero through the war, and signals the hour of his triumph by a tragic bolt from heaven, like Jove recalling his favorite. The action is rapid and seldom halts, yet there are chapters that are as idyllic, especially in the early part of the book, as a shy lake sheltering among curving hills, Alabama is as bewitching a domain as ever came out of the old South. With all due deference to Mr. Hagley, we love her better than the gentle heroine, for all her high spirit and fine graces of womanhood, Elkannah Tew, who loved his Shakespeare as that he called his wife Rosalind, and adorned his speech with Elizabethan English, is a fresh, humorous figure in fiction, that it is to John Maud and his heroic little mother that the memory clings closest. If a novelist is to perpetuate his genius in fiction it must be in the creation of individual character, in the appeal of man to man; and long after the vivid coloring and brilliant effects of the battle-field have grown dim and faded in the memory, the pages in which John and his mother live in humble obscurity, and struggle by dint of the inevitable toward their common ambition, will be unforgettable. There is something here of the light that never was; the graces of artless writing that goes to the making of literature. *The Whitebird* is a book that Americans may well be proud of, and Mr. Rupert Hughes has reason to feel that he has made a strong entrance into American fiction. He will be heard of again, and we shall look for his next book with eager expectations. Meantime, let us hope *The Whitebird* will not be neglected.

Seldom has an old house been so poetically idealized and commemorated in fiction as has the Old Manse at Chillingfold, near

Godalming, nestling among the downs of Surrey. "Pardita and I," says Mr. Le Gallienne in the opening sentences of *An Old Country House*, "almost as soon as we dreamed of keeping a house together at all, had agreed that, if possible, it must be an old house. . . . It was a dream that had to wait." But the time arrived when "the dream of the old house came back. An old house with an old garden—out trees, a lawn of green velvet, and a semi-dell. Already I knew that Pardita saw herself on that lawn in the spring sunshine, leading a flower by the hand, with the sun-dial and two white peacocks against the well-clipped yew." The dream came true, and the Old Manse in Surrey where Richard Le Gallienne and Max Beerbohm have spent many happy days—not forgetting Pardita—has happily materialized through the sympathetic imaginations of the poet in *An Old Country House*, one of the most beautiful books that has ever housed an exquisite idyll of "love and the quiet life." Not-



Mr. Richard Le Gallienne
By Max Beerbohm

ing quite so idyllic in character, so fresh in feeling, so poetic in fancy and color, has come to us in the recent literature of country life. Mr. Le Gallienne is in his feeling for nature never neglects the human factor in the old familiar haunts of an old country house; he finds the romance of life and love fresh as the dew of morning, still at its Spring; and like Stevenson, we learn afresh that "the most beautiful adventures are not those we go to seek." Mr. Le Gallienne's friend, Max Beerbohm, once cleverly caricatured the poet at a time when the critics were wont to laugh at the wealth of his *darky* books. We have reproduced this caricature. Mr. Beerbohm, who has a reputation as a wit and a wag in London, recently sent the following plaintive verse to Mr. Le Gallienne, who is now in New York:

Bewitched by American bars,
Pan calls you back home on his pipes;
We love you for loving the stars,
But what can you see in the stripes?

It was in 1884 that Mr. Stopford A. Brooke published his book on *Tranquon; His Life and Relation to Modern Life*, and announced his intention of following this

up with a companion volume on *Browning*. We have waited a long time, but at last it is in our hands. Mr. Brooke's sympathetic study of *The Poetry of Robert Browning* was well worth while waiting for; the fine qualities of mind that made his work on *Tranquon* a classic in spiritual interpretation have contributed a like distinction to his *Browning*. Mr. Brooke writes and tells us dispassionately, as a mere critic, but as a man with a message, rather as one bent on making clear and strong and vivid the message which lies at the heart of the poet, out of a profound earnestness and love of beauty and truth. His style is noble, clear, uplifting; something of the joy and glory of the thought and passion of *Browning* has informed his own thought and feeling with dignity, and given to his diction a sonorous rhythm and stately march. It is, perhaps, because of these insistent qualities of quiet, earnest passion, and manifest spirituality in literary interpretation that we are reminded by Mr. Brooke of our own Mr. Maule, more than of any other critic. If there is one fanatic of criticism that Mr. Maule has made so distinctive and active in all his writing as to give it the appearance of originating with him, it is the function of spiritual discernment and emphasis. This creative note appeared very early in his literary career. "Has it not been a strange oversight in the study of literature," he wrote in 1890, "that while the river courses and the mountain ranges have been traced and located with precision, observers have taken little thought of those overhanging heavens which are as much a part of every landscape as running streams and everlasting hills? This aspect of spiritual truth, ideal, and relationship is too often left out of account in our surveys of the field of literature; and yet it is the spiritual element which adds immeasurably to the complexity and variety no less than to the wealth and power of modern books."

There is a review of Mr. Stopford Brooke's *Poetry of Robert Browning* in an admirably edited magazine, which must have caught the editor napping, for it begins with a sentence so atrocious in taste, construction, and language that it ought to be held up in future Treatises of English Grammar as an awful warning. Here is the sentence:

Dead at Venice, more than twelve years ago now, with the "proofs" of his last book, indeed, in his hand, he gave voice with its last word—"greet the heaven with a cheer"—and into silence, and his keen eye closed forever in all "Italia's rare ornaments." The body of *Robert Browning* was brought to England and laid to rest in Westminster Abbey.

It is related of Thackeray that when he read the number of *Doubt* and *Nov* containing the description of the death of Paul, he went to the *Print* office and sang it down before Mr. Lemon, exclaiming: "There's an writing against this. One hasn't an atom of chance; it's stupendous!" Yet the author of *Vanity Fair*, then in course of publication in parts, was at that very time describing the memorable death-scene of George Osborne:

No more firing was heard at Brussels—the pursuit rolled miles away. The darkness came down on the field and city, and Amelia was praying for George, who was lying on his face, dead, with a bullet through his heart.

Notwithstanding Thackeray's praise and self-deprecation, we have here Dickens at his best—Thackeray at his best.

Finance

When, despite enormous transactions, certain stocks failed to advance beyond a certain level, professional Wall Street, guided by the lamp of experience, decided that the pools and stock manipulating cliques had carried their operations for the rise as far as they went to: for the time being, at any rate. If a stock has been bought aggressively for a week or longer, and then transactions in one day aggregate close to 200,000 shares, leaving the price at the end of the session practically unchanged from the previous night's closing quotation, the professional trader concludes that stock has been "distributed" by the manipulators in such quantities as to mean a halt in the upward movement. In nine cases out of ten it works out that way, and that proportion amply justifies men who speculate daily for a livelihood in betting accordingly. The stock market has afforded many such examples of late. First came Reading, though, to be sure, the culmination of the movement in those shares came logically to an end with the official announcement that the control of the property had passed to interests identified with the Pennsylvania and the New York Central railroads. The "mystery" always so alluring to stock speculators had ceased to be a mystery. The "news was out." Then the stupendous transactions in Rock Island, and the small net gain in the quotation. Finally, Erie. Beyond a certain figure, prices would not budge. They soared no longer. And the professional element on the Stock Exchange made up its mind that stock had been marketed. It turned the professionals from mild bulls to positive bears. The market at first hoisted. Then the volume of business dwindled. The public was not in the market as buyers. The manipulators could not sell in a narrow market, and the traders had things their own way, within reason. At first prices held steady enough. If the public wasn't buying, neither was it selling. Sporadic attempts were made by one or another pool to advance the price of its specialty, but as the market became duller and outside speculative sympathy more pronounced, such efforts were abandoned. Then followed the "professional trading market," with its absence of interesting features.

If the technical condition of the stock market has undergone no significant change of late, neither have basic conditions outside of Wall Street changed to such a degree as to justify important modifications in market views or in stock prices. Speculative apathy prevails in the securities-markets of practically all the financial centres of the world. It is attributable, abroad as at home, probably to the uncertainty with which the future is regarded, for if the investor sees nothing to make him buy stocks, neither does he perceive the advisability of selling the securities which he holds. It results in a specie of speculative death, which has been witnessed not infrequently during the past year.

General trade conditions in this country continue good. There is every likelihood that an enormous business will be done in nearly all lines during 1903. Spring orders for many classes of merchandise are on a huge scale. The railroads have planned to spend fully a quarter of a billion dollars in improvements during the coming twelve-month. Traffic in every section of the country suffers no diminution. It continues record-breaking. The present facilities of even the best equipped roads are inadequate to cope with the volume of business offering. To such an extent is this true, and so inconvenienced by the freight to be handled are some of the largest systems that one of our most prominent railroad officials stated in private conversation the other day that such of the business would have to be done at a loss.

MRS. EDDY'S WRITINGS

Mrs. Eddy's publishing agents having refused to sell me her book called "Miscellaneous Writings," to my great inconvenience, I have placed an order for this work with Messrs. Harper & Brothers, and shall hope that some one possessing an extra copy of it will be willing to sell it to them for me. Please communicate with them. MARK TWAIN.

The following paragraph appeared in HARPER'S WEEKLY of July 5, 1902

We anticipate that, within the life period of the majority of those who will read these lines, America will dominate the world in literature, art, science, finance, commerce and Christianity; and believing, as we do believe, that, by virtue of the intelligence, industry, and conscience of her people, she is the nation best fitted to hold that commanding position, it becomes the chief mission of this journal to hasten the day and to help to perfect the equipment of those upon whom the responsibility must fall for the successful performance of their duty to progress and civilization.

Some of the Features of HARPER'S WEEKLY for Next Week following along these lines will be

NEW NEW YORK

A double-page drawing, with an interesting, comprehensive article, showing the proposed changes in architecture and so on that will make New York one of the most artistic municipal centres in the world.

THE KAISER'S IMPERIAL NAVY

What it will be in 1906, and the completed plan for 1925, with pictures and plans of the new type of German war-ships

THE DISCOVERY OF A NEW PEOPLE

An important article, with pictures, showing the results of an expedition just returned from the western part of America

NEW THEORY OF MARTIAN CANALS

A scientific article, with illustrations, based upon recent investigations of European scientists

NEWS IN MID-OCEAN

*Full-page drawing, showing a phase of the ocean travel of the future
Etc., Etc.*

There will be, besides, a number of other full-page drawings and articles on PROGRESS, and on subjects of vital moment

ALSO 16 Pages of Editorial Comment upon all Events Worth Considering

financial

The
Corn Exchange Bank
New York

WILLIAM A. NASH, President
THOMAS T. BARR, Vice-Presidents
WALTER E. FREW, Cashier
F. T. MARTIN, Assistant Cashier
WM. E. WILLIAMS, Assistant Cashier

CONDENSED STATEMENT

DECEMBER 1, 1902

ASSETS	
Loans and Discounts	\$22,821,102.49
Due from Banks	1,809,133.59
Banking Houses and Lots	1,524,792.67
Bonds, Stocks, etc.	1,024,125.34
Cash and c'ks on other Banks	9,386,664.23
	\$36,565,818.54
LIABILITIES	
Capital, Surplus, and Undivid- ed Profits	\$5,216,107.78
Deposits subject to Check	31,349,710.76
	\$36,565,818.54

The Mechanics' National Bank
of the City of New York

(FOUNDED 1860)
33 WALL STREET
OFFICERS

GRANVILLE W. GARTL, President,
ALEXANDER E. ORR, Vice-President,
ANDREW A. KNOBLE, Cashier,
ROBERT U. GRAFF, Assistant Cashier.

STATEMENT OF CONDITION
(CONDENSED)

Report to the Comptroller of the Currency
APRIL 30th, 1902

RESOURCES	
Loans and Discounts	\$12,745,104.54
Bonds	770,829.74
Banking House	545,794.92
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

ACCOUNTS INVITED

DIRECTORS
ALEXANDER E. ORR, David Dues & Co.
LOWELL LINCOLN, Callen & Co.
BRUCE E. GARTL, Henry Dues & Co.
HENRY HEYDE, Henry Talmadge & Co.
CHARLES M. PRATT, Standard Oil Co.
HENRY TALMADGE, Henry Talmadge & Co.
JOHN SUGLASS, John Suglass & Co.
WILLIAM H. BOULTON, Boulton, Tilton & Hallen.
RICHARD L. MARSTON, Blair & Co.
GRANVILLE W. GARTL, President

financial

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Bills of exchange bought and sold. Cable Transfers to Europe and South Africa, Commercial and Travellers' Letters of Credit, Collections made, International Cheques, Certificates of Deposit.

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VENEZUELA

A Land Where It's Always Summer
By WILLIAM EROLY CURTIS

With a Colored Map. Post 8vo. Cloth, \$1.25
Chatty and entertaining, and gives us an interesting picture of scenery, history, and life. An appendix contains the official correspondence between the United States and Great Britain. The book is well worth reading for the glimpse it gives into the ways of South American politicians.

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Official Legal Notice

THE CITY OF NEW YORK
DEPARTMENT OF TAXES AND ASSESSMENTS, MAIN
OFFICE, BROADWAY, STEWART BUILDING,
NO. 40 BROADWAY, STEWART BUILDING.

January 23, 1903
NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, AS REQUIRED BY THE
Greater New York Charter, that the books called "The Annual
Report of the Assessed Valuations of Real and Personal Estate
of the Boroughs of Manhattan, The Bronx, Brooklyn, Queens
and Richmond comprising the City of New York," will be
open for examination and correction on the second Monday of
January, and will remain open until the
1ST DAY OF APRIL, 1903.

During the time that the books are open for public inspection,
application may be made by any person or corporation claim-
ing to be aggrieved by the assessed valuation of real or personal
estate to have the same corrected.

In the Borough of Manhattan, at the main office of the De-
partment of Taxes and Assessments, No. 40 Broadway,
In the Borough of the Bronx, at the office of the Department,
Manhattan Building, One Hundred and Seventy-Seventh Street
and Third Avenue.

In the Borough of Brooklyn, at the office of the Department
Municipal Building
In the Borough of Queens, at the office of the Department,
Hacker Building, Jackson Avenue and Fifth Street, Long
Island City.

In the Borough of Richmond, at the office of the Department,
Corporation in all the Boroughs must make application
only at the main office in the Borough of Manhattan.
Applications in relation to the assessed valuation of persons,
either must be made by the person assessed as the officer of the
Department in the Borough where such person resides, and in
the case of a non-resident carrying on business in the City of
New York, at the office of the Department of the Borough
where such place of business is located, between the hours of
10 A. M. and 5 P. M., except on Saturdays, when all applications
must be made between 9 A. M. and 11 noon.

JAMES L. WELLS, President
WILLIAM S. COOKWELL,
GEORGE J. GILLESPIE,
SAMUEL STRASSBURGER,
RUFEN L. SCOTT,
Commissioners of Taxes and Assessments

THE
**NORTH AMERICAN
REVIEW**

EDITED BY GEORGE HARVY.

February, 1903.

- The Political Opportunity of the South . . . THOMAS F. RYAN
- Christian Science.—III. MARK TWAIN
- Origin and Import of the Monroe Doctrine . . . W. L. SCRUGGS,
Formerly United States Minister to Venezuela.
- The Art of the Dramatist BRANDER MATTHEWS,
Professor of Dramatic Literature in Columbia University
- Why the Army Canteen Should not be Restored,
Mrs. LILLIAN M. N. STEVENS,
President of the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union.
- Macedonia's Struggle for Liberty CHARLES JOHNSTON
- The Industrial Crisis in the Philippines, BREWSTER CAMERON,
Official Representative of the Philippine Chambers of Commerce.
- The Monarchs of the Triple Alliance.—III. The King of Italy,
SYDNEY BROOKS
- Out of the Shadow LOUISE MORGAN SILL
- Phillips Brooks: An Estimation,
The Rev. Dr. WASHINGTON GLADDEN
- RIGHTS OF THE CITIZEN.
A Government of Laws, not of Men W. J. GAYNOR,
Justice of the Supreme Court of New York.
- As to Lawlessness of the Police: A Reply, HOWARD S. GANS,
Assistant District Attorney in New York County.

THE AMBASSADORS.—II.

A Novel by
HENRY JAMES

50 cents a copy \$5.00 a year

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, FRANKLIN SQUARE, NEW YORK

"The Vampire"



Sir Philip Burne-Jones's Greatest Painting

This painting, which is soon to be exhibited in the principal cities of the West, is the conceded masterpiece of Sir Philip Burne-Jones. "The Vampire" is the painting which suggested to Rudyard Kipling his poem of the same name



MISS SANDOL MILLIKEN

Miss Milliken has been up to this time best known to theatre-goers from the parts she has played in musical farce. She is now making her first appearance in comedy in Clyde Fitch's new play, "The Bird in the Cage," at the Bijou Theatre.

The Machine and the Working-man

By Cy Warman

At Rosland, British Columbia, as in many other parts of this earthily vineyard, the machine is beating the working-man out of his job. That well-dressed, retiring, velvet-fingered "gent," the fare-dealer, who has spent long days and nights learning to deal from the bottom of the deck, is unknown in a Canadian camp. Just picture in your mind's eye one of these dapper gents alighting with his luggage from the afternoon stage. Follow him to the leading inn, and watch the four-card flush fade from his handsome face when he meets that bloodless usurper, the slot machine.

For the next thirty days he will haunt the café, flooding his grief with champagne, and going against the machine between drinks. Finally, when his dust has dwindled, we see him in the back yard of a cheap boarding house, halting between a sawbuck and the jail. It is, indeed, a pathetic picture.

I went into a little cigar-store with Mr. Hector. The shop is run by one James Crow. Upon the counter there were two
(Continued on page 201.)

ANALYSE TO MATTERS.—This, WILSON'S SCOTCH WHISKY should always be used for children feeding. It contains the child's natural food, milk, sugar, salt, iron, and other elements, and is the best remedy for diarrhea.—[Ad.]

WILSON'S MILK for infants, feeding most fed like one around the corner of a city. The milk comes from a healthy, well fed, well-protected herd of cows under the most expert supervision. It is a Borden's Brand Condensed Milk is prepared under highest scientific methods.—[Ad.]

Telephone Service is not used so often in the home as in the office, but its value in emergencies is great. Rates in Massachusetts from \$10 a year. N. Y. Telephone Co.—[Ad.]

By the aid of our waxes drink a couple of delicious Champagne—L'Orange Imperial. It's a day. It is the very best. —[Ad.]

The Original pure strength, ward off the strength, use Anker-Pain-Expeller Original Bitters, the strongly given. —[Ad.]

Five cents and make Pine's Cream is still the best and most genuine remedy. 25 cents.—[Ad.]

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Williams' Shaving Stick

Men of luxurious and refined tastes are satisfied with nothing less than Williams' Shaving Stick. Its creamy, healing lather, convenience of form, and attractive style, leave nothing to be desired.

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LITHIA WATER

is the club-man's joy. He knows nothing is better as a morning beverage. Later in the day he appreciates the way it blends with wines and liquors and when used by itself adds zest to any meal.

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One taste convinces
KORN-KRISP
Best of all modern foods

F. P. C. Wax



A specially imported wax, chemically treated, so that when it is once rubbed over the iron the latter is cleaned as if by magic. It prevents all odor, giving the work that beautiful, silky polish sought for by the laundress.

**Not Only the Best, but
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Why? Because each fine cut stick of F. P. C. Wax is in an automatic wooden holder, which keeps it from dripping. It never loses shape, and is good until the last particle of wax is used. The handle saves your fingers from burns.

If your grocer tries to substitute the old wax, he is spoiling your ironing and your sweater, send 10 cents for two sticks to the

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It is a treatise containing all practical instructions in cooking and in serving.

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PIANOS.

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As a tonic, a food, an appetizer, and a dietary in solid drinks.

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ORIZA-L. LEGRAND (Grand Prix Paris 1900)

A MARCONIGRAPHIC POSSIBILITY

SUGGESTING THE INHARMONIES WHICH MAY RESULT FROM A LITTLE TOO MUCH HARMONY

BY ALBERT LEVERING.



1. *Dear Mr. 'Change'—Say, Wilkins, with you'd get these messages off my mind on the wires?"*



2. *"To William Bullock, Broker—Meet me club 'It' has gone to Europe. Paint town look sides—Burr."*



3. *"To Shinson & Floss, Brokers—Sell 20,000 Finnick Preferred. Am after Bulluck's scalp—quinty—Burr."*



4. *"To Hick, Henson, & Co., Ware Dealers—Send up five cases old Medusa Label 'Hoops.' Account the arrears—J. B. Burr."*



5. *"To May & B. Barr, S.S. 'Phone'—Good night. Find line. Got to dine with Uncle Horvick, drive home! Why don't he let me go and give the money.—Lonely Hubby."*



6. *The Operator, "Sorry, sir. Polar current too strong, air. Toned everything up on 'G.'"*

(Continued from page 189.)

small machines, about the size of a typewriter machine. Hector grasped with one of them, and after feeding Yankee nickles into it for a few moments got a cigar.

In the mean time other smokers (I ought to say suckers) came in, and Mr. Crow put up another machine. In less than five minutes four machines were humming away, doing what they could, uncomplainingly, to make Mr. Crow comfortable. To be sure, they were small machines, and could not do much. A big one in the Kootenay bar, which cost \$180, is said to have paid for itself in two days. You can bet as low as five cents and win as high as five dollars. I saw a man do this. The machine made a show of holding out on the man, but the man punched it under the chin, shook it, kicked it, and cursed it some, and then it coughed up a quart of nickles. The man spilled them upon the bar and got a five-dollar bill.

He told me, confidentially, that he had been up against this same machine for about a dollar a day for the past three months. "I was bound to beat the thing," he added, triumphantly, as he called the crowd to the bar, "if I had to stay with it all summer."

But we were in Mr. Crow's mind. A little while he put up another machine. Five of them on a ten-foot counter. It is wonderful how the instinct, or desire, to gamble goes with the airy freedom of a mingal-camp. Another thing I have observed. The moment you try to suppress all the bad in a white man, it will break out in some other form. Stop the opium, and the teabottle will blow the cover off. In ten days' residence in the prohibition capital of Kansas I saw not a single drunken man—not even the reflection of one in my mirror—but I saw such a lot of gamblers of the peasy-ante variety as I have not seen elsewhere in all the wide world.

To be sure, there was no poker—some that I saw—but in nearly every drug-store, upon every showcase where cigars were sold, there was a slot machine or some sort of a chance device, with the chances in favor of the house. Yes, prohibition does something. It tends to decrease drunkenness, but it does seem to provoke men to other, though perhaps less disastrous, pastimes. Max is a strange varmint. As the immortal David would say, a certain amount of bad seems to be good for a civilized man—keeps him from brooding on being civilized.

"But tell me, Hector," said I, "about how many machines does Mr. Crow keep?"

"Five," he answered, relighting his cigar for the third time. "You see, he opens at six in the morning and closes at ten at night. Two of those machines go on at six and quit at two P.M.; the other two work from that hour until closing time. The other one is an 'extra,' to be ready in case of a breakdown or a hot box."

"Hot why must he change them?"

"The union," said Hector, glancing about. "The miners would boycott the shop if he worked one of these machines over eight hours straight."

The Increased Cost of Living

It seems to be agreed generally that the cost of living in this country at the present time has increased enormously since 1898-7, the years which are accepted commonly as those of low prices. Some estimates place the increase for 1900-02 as high as thirty-five per cent. over the earlier years, and others at not more than twenty per cent. It is asserted, however, that the average man is paying much more for his living-expenses than he did five years ago.

(Continued on page 262.)



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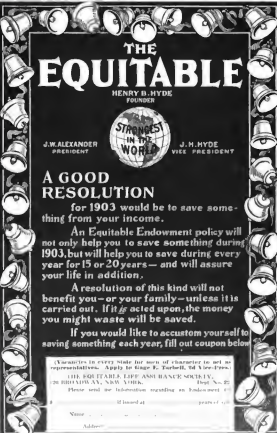
Practically, it isn't. It is a favorite resort for lady passengers—a place where they go for an hour or two, while husband, brother, sister or friend talks tariff revision and smokes a fragrant cigar.

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THE motor shown on this page, especially the machine driven by Gabriel, exhibit the characteristic features of the foreign makers which took part in the long-distance contests abroad. The familiar yacht-line first applied to motor-cars by Serpoult are being universally copied, and white is the prevailing color used, that the machines may be more quickly inspected, and because it has been discovered that this color is better distinguishable when it is necessary to pass contestants on the road, a most important matter in question of time and safety. The lack of any attention paid to the comfort of either the driver or his mechanic is very evident. No one, however, has yet claimed that motor-racing is a truly enjoyable sport.

Of interest to automobilists is the report of the committee appointed by the Supervisors Highway Convention, held in Albany, January 20, which has statistics in regard to the condition of New York roads and the prospects of betterments.

The State of New York contains 50,000 miles of area, and this area is made accessible to its people by 75,000 miles of dirt highways, 9114 miles of steam roads, 1614 miles of electric trolley roads, mostly in use in the cities, and about 323 miles of canal, and over this system of dirt highways, steam roads, and waterways the entire commerce of the State is carried. The steam roads and the electric roads are maintained and operated by private corporations; the 323 miles of canal are maintained by the State at an expenditure for maintenance of about \$4,000,000 annually, while the 75,000 miles of highway are practically without State maintenance and without a State policy for development and improvement.

The committee believes that the State of New York should expend sufficient money to thoroughly construct and maintain ten per cent. of the entire highway mileage of the State, being the main market roads, which would call for the State building approximately 7500 miles of highway, leaving the remaining 67,500

primarily bring produce from now inaccessible parts of the State to the shipping centres. Such a policy as this would call for the expenditure of probably not less than \$2000 a mile for the 7500 miles to be improved, and would call for a total expenditure on the part of the State, counties, and towns, as provided by the



Mrs. Bob Walter, on a Vinot & Deguingamp 16-Horse-power Motor

Highie-Armstrong Act, of approximately \$55,000,000, an amount much less than is suggested for the improvement and enlargement of the Erie Canal.

No great has been the demand and so slow the completion of the desire to call attention to the fact that it has taken five years to build 125 miles of highway and place 147 miles of highway in the course of construction, while 2414 miles of highway have been requested to be built in forty-six counties in the State, and even if the State of New York should build 200 miles of highway in the State each year it would take twelve years before it will be possible for all of the counties now having petitioned for highways to receive their portions of State aid under the present method of annual appropriation.

It becomes necessary, therefore, to consider again the same proposition which was considered last year, that of asking for a bond issue in order that all of the counties of the State may receive within a short period of time the benefits to be obtained and the values to be created by the construction of improved highways. The advocates of the canal have no hesitancy whatever in asking for a bond issue of approximately \$100,000,000 with which to increase the values of the cities along the canal.

Why, therefore, should the counties which are waiting for 2000 miles of road improvement not advertise the issue of \$50,000,000 of bonds for good roads, these bonds not to be issued in excess of \$5,000,000 for any one year, and to run at not in excess of three per cent. interest per annum, with a two per cent. annual sinking fund. The principal and interest on these bonds to be paid by the State and half of the same charged back to the counties and towns, as now provided by the Highie-Armstrong Act, to wit, thirty-five per cent. to the counties and fifteen per cent. to the towns benefited.



M. Gabriel on his 70-Horse-power Mors

miles of dirt roads to be maintained by the counties and towns in which they are situated.

The committee believes that the 7500 miles of State roads should be laid out as an not only to bring about continuous stretches of improved highway from one end of the State to the other, but to

(Continued from page 201.)

and that the increase in wages has not been in proportion to the increase in expenses.

A careful analysis does not bear out these contentions fully. There can be no doubt that if the average family lives precisely as it did five years ago, the money cost would be more now than then. For example, if the same quantity and quality of meat were eaten to-day that were eaten five years ago it would cost the householder perhaps thirty per cent. more for his meat. But the standard of consumption does not remain fixed. When meats went up enormously last year the average householder cut down his supply both in quantity and in quality. Statistics based upon a fixed ratio of consumption are therefore not fully correct, except upon a mere theoretical basis.

The average wage-earner is likely to run from the specific to the general in his reasoning on prices, especially when so important an article as meat takes a great jump in price. He forgets that other things have gone down. The price that makes him wince is the one that he remembers. It was so with meat. There had been a partial failure of the corn crop in 1901. Farmers rushed their cattle to market to avoid feeding expenses. As a result in 1902 the 'v' was a shortage of hedges. Vegetables were high in 1901 and meat was cheap in comparison. In 1902 meat was high and, owing to the great crops, vegetables were cheap. Potatoes that were worth \$1 25 a bushel in 1901 were worth only forty in fifty cents a bushel in 1902. The householder thinks little about the drop in potatoes, but thinks much about the high price of meat.

Many sets of statistics have been gathered upon this subject of living expenses. The commercial agencies, like Bradstreet's and Dun's, and the Department of Labor in Washington, besides several State agencies, have done a great deal of figuring upon this matter. But to bring the matter down to a most practical basis, I am at liberty to tell in a general way of an unusual experiment, the results of which have just come to the Bradstreet agency. A large rail-road contracting firm, buying supplies in Chicago, wrote that it had taken work on the Northwestern Railroad at a slow figure. It had to lead its laborers. For two years it has kept the closed watch upon the expenditure for exactly 100 men, giving them precisely the same amount and kind of food in each year. There was no change in the meat schedule or any other.

The figures for these 100 men who dig and who require a large amount of food are considerably lower for 1902 than for 1901. The story is told briefly in a sentence. Meat is higher this year than last, but vegetables are much lower. Now there was an actual experiment with a certain grade of mutton as compared with the theoretical estimates based upon the fluctuation of prices, with the idea that consumption remains the same when prices are high as when they are low. In this case the consumption did remain in the same—it was made so for a purpose—but in the ordinary family it does not remain fixed, and the conclusion from such reasoning is that if there has been a great increase in certain prices the householder has adjusted his manner of living to it, and really is spending only a little more in comparison to what he did five years ago.

But there is another set of actual figures which throw light on this question. They are collected by Horace G. Wadlin, Chief of the Bureau of Statistics of Labor in Massachusetts, and regarded by all experts as an authority in such matters. He has taken 152 working-men's families at random in Massachusetts as a basis of comparison. He finds an actual decrease in the cost of flour, coffee, and sugar in 1902 since 1897. He finds a great increase in the cost of meats. It is not fair to include fuel, because the coal strike has produced abnormal condi-



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tions. Dry goods have gone up very slightly in the amount of annual cost, and shoes have advanced only a trifle. Rents have increased heavily, owing to the great improvements that the working-men now seek and apparently can pay for.

(On the other hand, probably the most striking figures that have been produced in this quest for the cost of living are that the price of board for the working-man in Massachusetts has declined seventy-one cents a week since 1897, and that for women has declined thirty-two cents a week since 1897. Put in percentage figures, one dollar would purchase 17 per cent. more board for men in 1902 than in 1897, and 9 per cent. more for women.

In the matter of meat and butter, a dollar would buy less than in 1897 by these percentages: roasting-beef, 16 per cent.; veal, 23; mutton, 32; lard, 40; butter, 20. Although there have been many increases in price since 1897, the figures show that practically every kind of provision is cheaper now than in 1872. The price of groceries decreased 7 per cent. in 1902 as compared with 1897, and the prices of meats have increased 19 per cent. as compared with five years ago. Since 1872, however, groceries have declined 44 per cent., and meats nearly 9 per cent. This shows that although meats in five years have gone up greatly, groceries have declined nearly half as much in the same time, and that if the family expenditures for food are adjusted to the new scale of prices there need be little more expense in that branch of the cost of living.

The statistics show that 28 per cent. of the family income is used for groceries, and 17 for meats. An increase in the grocery account and a decrease in the meat account, such as have been made undoubtedly by most families of small means, would soon bring the expenditures down to a normal basis. The percentages show also that there is an annual decline in the expenditure for food, while for clothing it remains the same. What is saved from food is going into higher rents and extras, such as newspapers, church dues, and pleasures.

If the family expense had remained precisely the same in 1902 as in 1897 the figures show that an increase of income of nearly 14 per cent. would be required. Well, there has been a general increase in wages and, what is more to the point, there has been steady employment, and hence there is reason to believe that if the family food schedule has been changed a little from meats to groceries, that fact, with the undoubted increase in income from higher wages and constant work, has brought down the living-expense of the average man to only a little more, at the moment, than they were five years ago. What a working-man has left over tells the tale about as well as anything. This surplus in 1902 was about \$16 on the average for the 152 families as compared with \$24 in 1872, but the working-man of to-day is not helped out by child-labor, as he was then, and spends more for extras, and especially for rent. The conclusion is, that with slight changes of diet, the working-man is spending only a small sum more than he did in 1897 for living-expense.

Dun's index numbers show that what cost \$90,001 in 1901 cost \$100,648 in 1902. But it does not follow that the average citizen purchased the same quantities and qualities of goods that he did a year ago. Certainly he does not in meats. Speaking of the general increase in wages, *Dun's Review* says: "The official returns from the State of Massachusetts indicate that the balance is in favor of the wage-earner by a wide margin." Bradstreet's publication says, in reference to the compilation of statistics as to the cost of living by the Government Department of Labor: "It appears from

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this summary that the group of farm products reached the lowest average in 1900, and the highest in 1891; that of food, etc., the lowest in 1896, and the highest in 1894; that of cloth and clothing, the lowest in 1887, and the highest in 1900." So it would appear that the prices to-day are by no means the highest in recent years.

Summarizing the price conditions for September last as compared with former prices, this journal says:

"The approximate index number on October 1 is shown to have been 87.42, a gain of six-tenths of 1 per cent over September 1. It is an advance of six-tenths of 1 per cent over September 1. (Dun's figures, based on a theoretical fixed consumption, are an increase of 4.1 per cent for the month.) It is an advance of 2.7 per cent, over January 1, of this year, and a gain of 4 per cent over the low point reached on June 1, 1901, and is, in fact, the highest index number reached since October 1, 1900, just two years ago. In all, thirty-six prices have advanced, while twenty-five declined and forty-four remained unchanged during the month."

The conclusion of the whole matter is that, eliminating the high price of wheat and considering the increase in wages and in the number of days of employment, the average man in paying only a little more, if anything, for the cost of living. There is reason also to believe that the cost of meat will decrease this year. A great corn crop was raised last year, and hundreds of thousands of farmers are raising live stock for meat so as to catch the high prices. This year meat promises to be comparatively cheap.

Jonathan to John

(With apologies to "A Hoosier.")

Once we were good-and-bunk as bunk can be;
You could have poked your puttees in my trunk.
Gone whacks with me on junk and bunk and drunk;—
Say, John, for fair you had a cinch with me.

No kick in comein', not a little bit;—
If you prefer His Whiskers o'lar der
Then cut it out, and slide with me no more;—
I thought you wise on Willy;—aber airt!

Get next, get next! Say, John, it ain't too late.
Back to the woods with Geener Willy's crew!
They didn't try to do a thing to you Ere Oonny Paul was counted out,—a skate!

When first I sailed into Manila Bay
Strang' heals and customs to admire an'!

Up paddles dotty Willy, joshin' me;—
An', John, I told him not to get too gay!

Say John, I never piped you for no saint,
But I'm dead sore to see you chase that hunk;—
—A mixed-ale push-a-huntin' Dago lynch
With Weary Willy raggin', fresh as paint!

Get busy, friend, and shake that bum loose,
For, honest, I don't have to stand for it.
That gang must git—or else I've got to quit.

You know me, John; and now it's up to you!

Delicious Drinks and Dainty Dishes
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WHISKEY

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PERMANENTLY BOTTLED IN BOTTLES OF 1/2 GALLON AND 1 GALLON.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY

SATURDAY
FEBRUARY 7
1903

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AMERICANS OF TO-MORROW
THIS WEEK

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AMERICANS OF TO-MORROW

XXVI.—JOHN S. SARGENT, AET. 47

See page 726—Editorial Section

THE NEW JUSTICES OF THE SUPREME COURT

THERE is no part of our Federal machinery which has attracted more favorable European criticism than the Supreme Court. It is not only the greatest judicial body in the world in point of function, but it is as eminent in the purity of its personnel. Partisanship has not corrupted its decisions, and suspicion has seldom entered its chambers. It has kept its dignity amid the irreverence of democracy, which is not permitted to touch it with its own electoral hands, and this despite some decisions dictated assiduously by political exigencies. It is the searls whose deliberations keep the executive and the legislative within the guidance of the Constitution, which is to one people what a patron divinity was to some ancient States.

Its constitutional function cannot alone account for its peculiar prominence; it is the confidence on the part of the people in its integrity. If it were to lose this it would soon fail to exercise that restraint which is vital in our complex system of checks and balances. It is gratifying, therefore, that the new appointments to this bench have been such as to strengthen rather than to impair that confidence. President Roosevelt has been most diligent and successful in searching out men of both judicial ability and high personal integrity for all the vacancies in the Federal courts, and especially for those which have occurred by the retirement of Justices Gray and McKim from the Supreme bench. Not only has there been a toning up of the entire civil service in the purely executive departments, but the judiciary has likewise been strengthened by the judgment of the President in his appointments.

Justice Holmes, who succeeded Justice Gray, came into the Court with what to the lay public was only a State or a provincial reputation, but his decision as Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts had given him a wide fame among lawyers. The remark of an able Indiana judge that he had read every opinion of Justice Holmes and that they were the best opinions written, gives some intimation of the technical acumen in which he is held. And if one may infer his judicial qualifications from his personality and from his discussion of untechnical subjects, he is rather a fearless yet reverent pioneer than a tiller of ancestral farms. He is not disposed to accept without question the conventional values and axioms; like Justice Field, whom he succeeded in the State court, he is undoubtedly less interested in the embryology of the law as an object of abstract speculation or in the logical outgrowth of precedent than in making sure that every interest is represented before the court and in extraneous useful remedies. This disposition has perhaps invited the criticism of radicalism, of which he can hardly be guilty; for we must agree that the quality just mentioned constitutes a good fault in a judge. He is a man of heroic temper, severely wounded in the Civil War, he has nevertheless lived a strenuously active life, and kept ever a gallant exterior toward his work. He will bring not only a

distinguished name to the roll of Supreme Justices, but a personality of surpassing charm among men, and he has long judicial experience and trained mind, which set in a body that keeps the vigor of his younger years.

Justice Day, of this, who is to succeed Justice Blair of Pennsylvania, has come through a varied public service to this seat. And he comes, too, with a temperament far different from that of Justice Holmes, yet with as great promise of usefulness. His experience in the State Department during the Spanish War, and his conspicuous and responsible part in the peace negotiations, have given him a peculiar preparation for dealing with the questions which have grown out of that war and the terms of peace which he concluded. He has, to express no opinion again from lay impressions, rather more respect for what has been, and is possessed of a keen and experienced understanding of present economic and political relationships, with a practical though not a pioneering mind. His public career, at any rate that portion of it which brought him into the notice of the world and into distinction as a diplomat, had its beginning in what may have appeared to be a fortuity—President McKinley's friendship for him—but this seeming fortuity had such support in the unusual ability of the man, that it can hardly be believed now that there was any element of chance in it. Before he was called to Washington by President McKinley as Assistant Secretary of State, he had come to local and even State distinction as a lawyer. President Harrison appointed him to the Federal bench of the Northern District of Ohio, but this appointment he was obliged to decline on account of health. He later sacrificed his health when he went to Washington to take the nominally subordinate position where he was able to give the President and the country most needed service; but he made no least of sacrifice, and unostentatiously took on himself the burden of the conduct of the department without the honors. His subsequent service in his higher offices the country remembers. He went quietly back to his law practice, after his short, brilliant diplomatic experience, but was soon appointed to succeed Judge Taft on the United States Circuit Bench, from which he is now promoted to the Supreme Court. And it is fortunately as the successor of Judge Taft that he enters this higher court, the former's continuance in the Philippines being demanded by all the interests that are represented there.

Governor Taft will yet come to a seat in this body, it is universally hoped, though he has earned a distinction which even this honor cannot augment. Meanwhile it is a source of much gratification that the service of Judge Day should find its recognition in his appointment to the place of highest honor in his profession. It is a cause for deeper gratification that he comes to this position with substantial attainments and eminent fitness for its duties.

The Court will unquestionably be strengthened by what these new justices will bring to it.



Oliver Wendell Holmes



William H. Day



THE NEWS IN MIDOCEAN

In the above drawing Mr. Granville Smith pictures a phase of the transoceanic travel of the near future. Already there is a chess championship of the Atlantic, which has been played for by teams on liners in different parts of the ocean. The receipt of wireless telegrams many miles from shore is not an unusual occurrence, and a syndicate has lately been formed to issue the first midocean newspaper.



Germany's first Step as a World Naval Power of the Future—The Launching of the "Brunschweig"

THE FUTURE OF GERMANY'S NAVY

WITH the acquirement of large colonial possessions by Germany has come the development of the imperial navy on so large and significant a scale that most of the other naval powers of the world are watching its growth with suspicion and some of them with apprehension. As a naval power Germany now ranks with Italy, the United States, and so on. In a year or two Germany will rank next to Russia.

In his determination to have a great navy, Emperor William has been unyielding, and in 1900 a naval programme which cannot be interfered with, except to enlarge its scope, was adopted by the Reichstag. This naval programme was most elaborate and thorough. No definite plan like it has been adopted as yet by any other nation.

This naval plan of 1900 was practically a doubling of the plan adopted in 1898. It provides for a certain amount of ship construction, entirely in German yards, chiefly by private plants, from year to year, and the gradual substitution of new vessels for those that have grown out of date. The imperial navy is to be developed along three lines. The first is strictly for home defence. The next is for purposes of attack near home. The third is for service in foreign waters near her colonial possessions. The home fleet eventually is to consist of thirty-four battle-ships of the first class, eight large and twenty-four small cruisers, with a reserve of four battle-ships and three large and four small cruisers. In the home squadron there are to be eight battle-ships and two cruisers always in commission, and the others of the fleet are to be put in commission in the summer for manoeuvres.

The life of a battle-ship is computed by the German naval authorities to be twenty-five years and that of a cruiser twenty years. By 1920 Germany will have certain war-ships for which substitutes will have been built, but which will not be entirely useless. This means that she will have no less than fifty-five battle-ships, seventeen of which will still be of considerable use, although not up to the requirements that will be in vogue then. She will also have about the same number of fighting-cruisers.

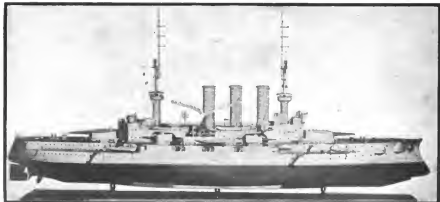
The total cost of building these vessels from 1900 to 1916 will be something like \$365,000,000. In addition, about \$65,000,000 will be spent on dock-yards, and the current expenditure for maintaining the navy will be increased from \$18,000,000 a year in 1900 to \$27,000,000 in 1917. In 1900 Germany had 1263 officers and 21,528 men in her navy. By 1917 there will be 3000 officers and 56,000 men in the navy. This rise of Germany as a naval

power is all the more significant when one remembers that it was not until 1891 that she had her first naval review, and that it was not until 1895, upon the opening of the Kiel Canal, that the imperial navy was first displayed before the fleets of other naval powers.

The Emperor makes all the ordinances regulating the administration of the navy, and is practically supreme. He has a "Marine Cabinet" to carry on the business details of the establishment and an "Admiral Staff" to advise, like the general staff of the army, what the navy is to do. He has his officers to command the home naval stations at Wilhelmshaven on the North sea and at Kiel on the Baltic. Another flag officer commands the home squadron, and another has charge of the cruising squadron, while another inspects the training establishments. In a general way, service in the navy is compulsory and along the same lines as service in the army. There are also land forces belonging to the navy, chiefly artillery. In another decade the navy will be a most imposing establishment.

Germany has twenty-two battle-ships in service where the United States has ten. She is building eight in our ton. She has four armored cruisers where we have two, but she is building only three where we are building nine. In protected cruisers she has nineteen to our fourteen, and is building three to our six. In unprotected cruisers she has twenty to our six. In coast-defenders she has eleven in our fifteen—ours are of the monitor type—and is building no more, while we are constructing four. She has something like one hundred and forty torpedo-boats in our thirty-two, but three vessels are already out of date, and neither country is building any more. She has thirty torpedo-destroyers in our twenty. We have eight submarines to none for Germany. Altogether she has about two hundred and seventy-five war-ships to our one hundred and forty, but inasmuch as she has over one hundred more torpedo-boats than we have—vessels that are useless—the present discrepancy between the navies of the two countries is not so great as the total figures would indicate.

One of the latest of the German battle-ships has just been launched. It represents the new type. It is not so large as the more recent American battle-ships, but is compact and of the bulldog order. Its name is the *Brzeszowec*. It is 298.62 feet long, 73.90 feet wide, 25.10 feet draught. It displaces 13,290 tons, as against about 16,000 tons of the newer English and American battle-ships. It has a speed of eighteen knots an hour, which is about the average required of the largest vessels of this class. The new battle-ship carries 600 officers and men.



Model of the "Brzeszowec," Germany's new Type of Battle-ship

THE MAN WHO CORRUPTED EDDYVILLE

BEING SOME ACCOUNT OF THE TROUBLES WHICH BESET MARK TWAIN DURING HIS QUEST FOR MRS. EDDY'S BOOK

BY ALBERT LEVERING



"I allow you'll sell me a copy of Mrs. Eddy's book for my boy Tom Sawyer, now, won't ye?"
Dealer: "Sorry; any other book in the store, Mister Twain."



(As Mr. Bishop) "Will you all sell a copy of Mrs. Eddy's book to a wretched Mississippi River pilot, who wants to read it in his great-crank motor?"
"Sorry; but as I'm a scientist, there's the door, Mister Twain."



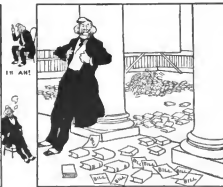
(As 'Arbustion') "I'm only a rough Forty-sixer, but I want a copy of Mrs. Eddy's book—do I get it?"
Dealer: "You don't! Get out! I'm a scientist, Mister Twain."



(As a Yeager) "Yet do dat book set I want? Oh, ye! Mister Eddy's book. Can I buy it? Hater I hate?"
Dealer: "You think you're funny; but as I'm a scientist, good-day, Mister Twain."



(As Huck Finn) "I don't want no pie, no'more; I just want a simple copy of your heavenly book."
Mrs. Eddy: "Go 'way from here, Mark Twain, or I'll give you a taste of this roll'n'-pie."



Mark: "Oh no, this ain't Hedyville. It's simply the United States, care of the Mandrake Sphero."

A NEW PEOPLE DISCOVERED

THAT instead of a number of expeditions sent out from the American Museum of Natural History to the Western lands of America for the purpose of exploring the homes of the cliff-dwellers has just returned. Up to this time it has been considered that the Old World palolithic men of the Seine

River caves of France, of the Thames River caves of England, and so on held undisputed rights to the greatest antiquity. Sir Boyd Dawkins found that the Eskimo Inuits to-day were using the same reindeer-bone hunting instruments and domestic implements, and hence were descendants of palolithic men who had migrated in glacial times. Huxford, in *The Lost Link*, makes palolithic men contemporary with the reindeer of France in the glacial age, 250,000 years ago. He dates *Pithecanthropus Erectus*, "too high for an ape, too low for a man," the predecessor of palolithic man, 600,000 years ago. Palolithic men had for weapons arrow-points, spear-points, and other primitive devices. Much greater, then, is the antiquity of the American cave-dwellers just discovered, who possessed no weapons of that type, who lived before arrow-points were invented, and who fought with a throwing-stick. Priority is claimed for this most recently unearthed American. He was a finer man than the brutal palolithic, even if he must ultimately be classed with him. He possessed an estheticism wholly unknown to the primitive Europeans. He dressed better than his contemporaries and many of his successors. His burial robe was more superb than that of any prehistoric or historic savage. His art of making mummies shows him almost with ancient Egypt, even if his process was different. The cave-dweller was no architect, and built no houses for his habitations. Living in glacial times, he naturally sought for his home the most secluded, warmest caves, having a convenient water-supply.

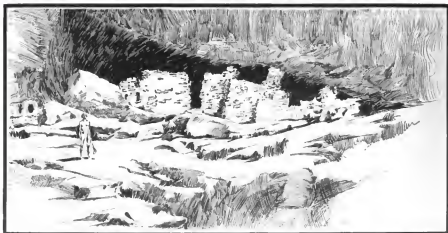
It has required eight years to get enough of the remains of the

American cave-dwellers together to demonstrate the actual existence of palolithic men on this continent. In 1934, Mr. Richard Wetheill, of Menace, Colorado, conceived the idea that the cliff-dwellers of the southwestern cañons might have buried treasures under their stone castles. So, selecting a prosperous-looking cliff-dwelling in Grand Gulch, Utah, he dug under it. Very soon he found he was excavating in an ancient cave which had been filled up with ashes and debris by the cliff-dwellers as a foundation for their stone house. At the bottom of the cave he uncovered a basket about four feet in diameter. Under the basket was a robe of rabbit skin, and under the robe a mummy, seated. Understanding the dryness of the atmosphere and its preservative qualities, the aborigines had left the body in its natural condition. Investigations were at once instituted by an expedition sent out on behalf of the American Museum. The remains and culture since found in the Grand Gulch and south to Yaboa de Cholla, Arizona, are believed to be ample for the purpose of establishing an American cave-dweller as old as those of the Old World, or even older. Some remains of the cave-dwellers have been found under the cliff-dwellings. The skeletons and culture of the two races do not even remotely resemble each other. The shapes of their skulls differ, that of the cliff-dweller being noticeably flat, while that of the cave-dweller is normal, narrow, and elongated. The cliff-dweller had for weapons the bow, arrow, and arrow-points, like those of the early savages. The cave-dweller lived ages before such things were used; his weapon was the throwing-stick. The only thing



A remarkable Burial-urn of the newly discovered Cave-dwellers

known to resemble it in any way is the atlatl, which the early Spaniards found in use about Chichahuac, Mexico. In more modern times the weapon that resembles it most closely is the boomerang of the Australian bushmen and the rabbit-stick of the Hopa Indians of California. Enough material is at hand to show that the cave-dwellers date unquestionably from glacial times.



A Cliff Dwelling, underneath which the Cave-dwellers built their Homes

Drawn from a Photograph by C. J. Fox



Mrs. Minchin (Miss Helen Tracy)

Miss James (Miss Helen Tracy)

Mrs. Minchin (Miss Helen Tracy)

MRS. FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT'S "THE LITTLE PRINCESS"

The drawing represents the scene from Miss Burnett's play, in Act II., where the Little Princess (Miss James) and her companions, who have had only the scantiest food, are about to partake of a birthday feast in the attic of Miss Minchin's school, and are interrupted by the entrance of the school-teacher, Miss Minchin

Drawn by H. C. Edwards

A NEW THEORY REGARDING THE CANALS ON MARS

AS our next-door planetary neighbor, Mars has long been regarded with peculiar interest, while its apparent close physical kinship to the Earth has served to whet the curiosity and to stimulate the imagination. At the very favorable opposition of 1877, however, made doubly memorable by Hall's discovery of the tiny Martian satellites, a new source of wonder and speculation appeared. Mars is never very strongly marked, but dim bluish-green areas, popularly sup-

posed to be seas, were quite familiar to astronomers when Schiaparelli, at Milan, noted the appearance of long, thin, straight or slightly curved lines cutting from the "seas" into and through the faint reddish areas supposed to be continents. At the next opposition, ten years later, he detected more of them, and saw them more plainly. By this time popular interest was thoroughly aroused, and when at subsequent oppositions Schiaparelli's canals had grown into a complex net-work, hypothesis was rampant. The strange regularity of the lines, following great circles of the planet and often many hundreds of miles long, inevitably suggested design, and design prompted Martian peoples possessed of the means for applied hydraulics that would have done credit to Laputa. But when a little later the Italian observer announced that he had seen many of the canals doubled throughout their entire length, the voice of the scepter began to be raised, and all sorts of suggestions, varying from atomic pherie refraction to alcoholic diplopia, were made to account for the phenomena. A single unopposed observer might be allowed one private reflection hypothesis of credibility. However, at the opposition of 1890, a few other astronomers detected the canals, some single, some double, in the places which Schiaparelli had assigned to them. Since then still others have seen them multiplied three, four, five, and six times in appearance with the progress of the Martian seasons, and dark colored areas at their anastomosing crossings, but their nature has grown more, rather than less, mysterious. In fact, there are some very queer things about the canals. They have been observed, after all, by very few astronomers, and at few places. They have sometimes been detected at quite unfavorable times, and with telescopes of abnormally small capabilities, while some of the giant lenses have steadily been turned on them in vain. They do not appear as a completed net-work, but flicker into visibility one or a few at a time, often to vanish in a few seconds. As a whole, however, different observers have consistently located the same set of canals. Now, within a few months, some English astronomers have advanced the thesis that the whole affair is a complex optical illusion, not as before suggested, quite without cause, but with a basis definite enough to cause different eyes to see the same things. They have found that if one sketches a map of Mars, after Schiaparelli, rather lightly, omitting the canals, one will see, if the sketch is viewed in a dim light, spurious canals occupying the places of the canals omitted. In other words, the contour of the dark areas on the planet defines the places where the eye takes the long-ignition will unite to place canals. The trial, as they made it, succeeds with many observers, but it is very easy to make the experiment in a form that will show the principle to almost any one. Draw lightly a three-inch circle, and then shade with a pencil the upper and lower parts of the drawing, leaving an irregular equatorial belt half or three-quarters of an inch wide. Let the shading form irregular points and notches along the edges of the belt, and pin up the sketch in a dim light. Then stand off ten feet or so, and look at it with the closest attention. Presently dark lines will be seen crossing the belt from points to points, not all visible simultaneously, but flickering into sight, now hazy, now seemingly sharp. And the essential parts of the same pattern, located by the contour of the dark areas, will be seen by observers. Put a dark spot in the belt, and lines will radiate from it to the neighboring points. If you look at a map of Mars you will note that at least

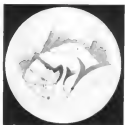
the prominent canals spring from just such dark salients. Now the mere fact that the eye will supply such apparently impossible details does not demonstrate that the Martian canals are thus phenomenal, but it does throw the burden of proving their reality upon the few who have been able to detect such appearances upon the face of the planet. Mars is known to present seasonal changes of light and shade, and a little experimenting with our sketch will show that changes of light and shade vary the lines seen, so that even the variability of the "canals" can be simulated. The experiment may not vary conviction of illusion, but it is quite enough to hold any man for the grand jury on the charge of seeing things that do not exist.

It should be clearly understood that the reality of the Martian canals has often been questioned, but the persistence with which several keen observers have seen substantially the same set of canals has in recent years tended to quiet the sceptics. Negative evidence adduced by those who have not themselves been able to see the canals is open to criticism, particularly since previous hypotheses have not properly accounted for the occurrence of different observers in seeing the same things.

This lack is supplied by the connection now shown between the real dark shadings and the lines by which the eye instinctively connects them. It gives the same shadings, and the same canals will follow except in so far as one eye may interpolate lines on smaller projections than another. When the normal shadings change, as they certainly do with the Martian seasons, the canals will also tend to change, and more or less of them will be seen. An interesting bit of evidence along this line is furnished by the observations of Dawes, a most accurate English astronomer, who studied Mars nearly forty years ago. He failed to find canals, but now appears to be a transitional stage of the phenomenon in extensions of the salient points of the dark areas.

A careful study of the test diagram here shown will disclose certain stages of illumination in which the dark points will seem to be extended, the angle of the canals is not quite so easy to explain, but there is rather good astronomical evidence that doubling most frequently appears when the "canals" are at the very limit of visibility, and that it should be regarded as an illusion rather than as a reality, whatever the canals themselves may be. Something of the sort occasionally appears in the inspection of a sketch like that shown, particularly if the eye is a bit tired, but the observation is not an easy one. It is curious to note that lunar markings have sometimes been made out on the planet Venus, but in this case even the observers have turned to scepticism, and ultimately have repudiated them as unreal. Of course there is a chance that the Martian canals are in part real and in part illusory, but the facts here presented strongly tend to discredit anything like such an artificial net-work as has been often claimed. However this may turn out, one should not be too hasty in concluding that the astronomers who have studied the "canals."

No one who has not worked in an observatory can fully realize how difficult and elusive are the faint markings of Mars even under rather favorable conditions. And illusory observations are by no means a novelty in astronomy. Unless the supposed inter-montaneous planet, in a case in point. The great Leverrier believed in it even up to the end of his life, and the observations which apparently confirmed his astronomical theory, though uncontradicted, were in a case in point. There is a chance that the eye certainly plays queer tricks on the brain, and cannot be too confidently trusted.



An Aspect of Mars, after Lowell

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Origin of Spurious Canals

have remained unexplained, though uncontradicted, there is a chance that the eye certainly plays queer tricks on the brain, and cannot be too confidently trusted.

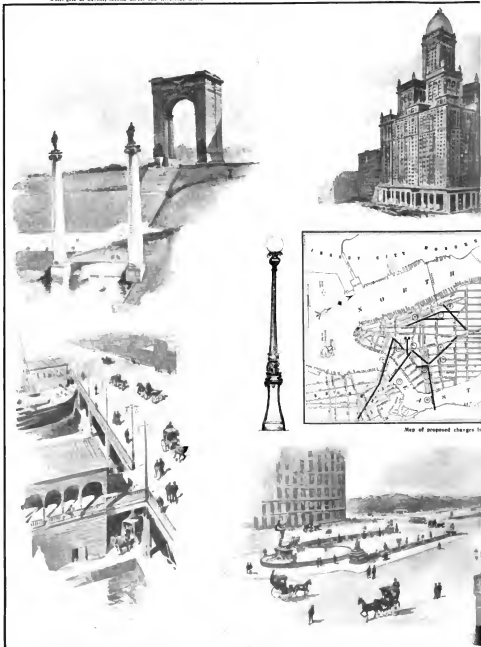


MISS AMELIA BINGHAM

Miss Amelia Bingham has already made a success as an actress-manager in "The Climbers," by Clyde Fitch, and in "A Modern Magdalen." She has now secured another Clyde Fitch play, "The Frisky Mrs. Johnson," in which she will appear this coming week with her stock company at the Princess Theatre

Water-gate at Seventy-second Street and Riverside Drive

Suggestion for combined City Depo-



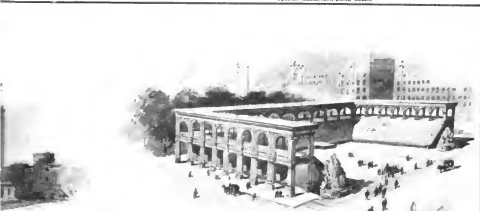
Elegant Beveled-Riverside Drive as Binery

Elevator for Isle of Safety
Enrichment of Plaza, Central ParkComposite Fixture, combining St.
Fire-alarm, Telephone, and

THE MODERN AMER

The sketches presented here of the Municipal Art League, the Chamber of Commerce, and different architects for the demand for something beautiful as well as utilitarian in our great modern cities. They also illustrate how a city, now ponderous in its ugliness, may be filled with

Harper & Brothers



Shown indicated by black lines



LOWE & BARRETT, N.Y.



Leaves, Lamer-hes, Package-hes, or registering Parolmen

Seward Park Pavilion

Reflecting Street Sign

Plan for beautifying Columbus Circle Water gate at Battery

AN CITY BEAUTIFUL

ment of New York city are noteworthy for several reasons. They illustrate the growing art sense of this country, and the fact that a municipality of to-day may be willing to expend \$200,000,000 on such work; and beautiful features and at the same time become safer and more convenient



THE NEW YORK CHARITY BALL

The Charity Ball, which is given each year for the benefit of the Nursery and Child's Hospital, took place this week in the ballroom of the Waldorf. It is one of the few social functions in New York in which tickets of admission are sold, and which, while patronized by the leaders of society, may be attended also by the public. It is the most important public society event in America.

Dress by H. L. V. Posthumus

HARPER'S WEEKLY

JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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Carlos. If this be so, then Germany acted fully within her rights, according to the principles of international law.

A publication of dates further shows that it was not Germany at all, but England, which first hatched the scheme of coercing President Castro and Venezuela. This plan, which dates from the early summer, was duly submitted to our State Department, which fully acquiesced in the contention of England that force might be used to collect bad debts in South America. Then Germany came in, claiming that she also wished to collect certain debts, and asked that the same principles might be admitted in her case. Finally came the proposal for joint action, which was made before the visit of Kaiser Wilhelm to King Edward at Sandringham. That England should now seek to lay the blame of the whole transaction on Germany, merely because the event has showed that the methods England originally proposed are distasteful to the people of the United States, is, to say the least of it, a not very loyal or creditable proceeding, and it will certainly be remembered should England seek Germany's aid in the Far East. Having entered into this alliance, England should at least be loyal to her ally.

COMMENT

MINISTER BOWEN has good reason to believe, he says, that the pending controversy between the three allied powers and Venezuela will be settled soon and satisfactorily. This after repeated conferences with Sir Michael Herbert, Signor Mayor des Planches, and the temporary representative of Germany, all of whom have been sending and receiving cipher telegrams enough to spar Mareconi in new efforts. Minister Bowen has, so far, said nothing definite either as to the amounts which Venezuela, through him, will offer to each of the three powers, or as to the guarantees—presumably the customs—which he is empowered to put in their hands. These are matters over which a good deal of close bargaining has doubtless taken place. A cause of future strife may lie in the attitude of France, which claims the right to be paid before the belligerent powers, as she had already come to terms with President Castro, and has decidedly favored him during the struggle with the allies. But it is doubtful if the allies will admit the claim of France. They will naturally claim that the spoils belong to the victors, and they may be able to make good their claim. The tremendous international excitement over the Fort San Carlos bombardment has largely disappeared, and the reaction therefrom may lead Germany to be more reasonable in her demands, though this is far from certain. The statement that England showed her disapproval by holding aloof from the bombardment of Fort San Carlos is, of course, nonsense. When the blockade, which Premier Balfour himself admitted to be a state of war, was first decided on, England agreed to patrol the sea eastward from Caracas to the mouth of the Orinoco, doubtless because British Guiana lies in that direction, while Germany was to take the region westward from Caracas to the Colombian frontier. Hence England could not by any possibility take part in the move towards Maracaibo. That move was made, say the Germans, because munitions of war were being smuggled into Venezuela from Colombia, through Maracaibo, thus rendering the whole blockade useless unless Maracaibo also could be blocked. This the *Panther* attempted to do, and, as Germany alleges, in so doing was fired on by the fort of San

The canal treaty with Colombia was negotiated under many difficulties, and the task was accomplished in a manner of which both the President and Secretary Hay may well be proud. Starting out with the firm determination to secure the Panama route, because both the Walker Commission and Congress had expressed their preference for it, the Executive was met with obstacles at every step. Colombia had also concluded that the United States would not go to Nicaragua, and that therefore we were at her mercy. She raised her demands exorbitantly, and her minister made the mistake of stopping negotiations, because he did not like the manner in which Admiral Coney interpreted the treaty of 1846, when he refused to permit even the government troops, during the recent rebellion, to interfere with the traffic of the Panama Railroad. Fortunately this gentleman was recalled, and Dr. Herran, an intelligent man who has lived long in Washington, was left in charge of the business. Colombia really had not a leg to stand on, and if he had been as ugly as a European potentate might and would have been, she would have been forced to her knees. She induced Congress to abandon Nicaragua by consenting, informally, that the French company might sell out to us, and by giving us to understand that she would make reasonable terms with us. Secretary Hay finally induced her to see that this country would not be imposed upon, while President Roosevelt stood behind him, backed him up in his patient endeavors, and occasionally permitted it to be understood by the Latin-Americans dealing in canal franchises that this was a big country, with which it was not wise to trifle. The two worked together perfectly, the result is satisfactory, the better route has been obtained, and it has not been necessary to punish the little republic for her double-dealing. On the contrary, she seems pleased to have made the trade at last.

Although a treaty providing for the settlement of the Alaska boundary question has been signed by Secretary Hay and the British ambassador, it is by no means certain that the agreement will be ratified by our Federal Senate or prove satisfactory to Canada. Even if the treaty should be sanctioned on both sides of the border, it seems likely to be abortive. The commission for which it provides consists of three jurists on each side, but there is to be no umpire to cast a

deciding vote. That is to say, the validity of our own contention will have to be conceded by one of the British jurists, or else the soundness of Caendo's claim will have to be acknowledged by an American member of the tribunal. The latter alternative has hitherto been deemed so incredible that the American members of the Joint High Commission which met in Washington three years ago advocated a method of adjustment similar to that which is now proposed, which at the time, however, did not meet with approval on the part of Lord Herschell or of the Canadian members of that body. Of course the Alaska boundary question turns on the construction of the treaty of 1825 between Great Britain and Russia, which undertook to delimit Alaska from British Columbia. American students of the matter are, so far as we have observed, unanimous in believing both that the treaty of 1825 can only bear the construction uniformly put upon it by our State Department and that until very recently—that is to say, until gold was discovered in and near Alaska—the Canadian government has acquiesced in that construction. It is, of course, barely possible that one of the representatives of Great Britain on the proposed tribunal may be open to conviction; but we doubt it, in view of the prevailing current of feeling and opinion at Ottawa, and in view of the desire felt in England to conciliate Canada. Apparently, the existing *modus vivendi* is to be maintained pending the investigation to be made before the mixed commission. So far as Canada is concerned, she would probably be glad to see the *modus vivendi* indefinitely prolonged.

The impending trouble between Brazil and Bolivia will probably break out before the Venezuela incident is well settled. The Acre question is, of course, the cause of the dispute. The Brazilian War Office is concentrating troops in the Amazonas district, and two more divisions have just been sent north. Fourteen steamers of the National Navigation Company were chartered for the expedition, and equal zeal is being shown in other directions. When it is remembered that the Acre expedition, composed largely of American, English, and German citizens, is already in the interior, it is easy to see how rapidly we may pass from a cessation of the troops to intervention by the powers; and as Bolivia has no coast to blockade, and as a blockade of the immense coastline of Brazil is so difficult as to be almost impossible, the situation is grave in the extreme. President Pando of Bolivia is in the Acre territory in person, and has conferred with Brazil's representatives on the spot. It is said that Brazil is trying to procure the Acre district for herself, in exchange for certain other regions which Bolivia has long coveted. This would probably put an end to the Acre question, to which Brazil has been opposed from the first.

At last the programme of China's one fighting general, the famous Tung Fu-Siang, is revealed, and it shows that as a statesman he is not less able than as a soldier. His plan takes into consideration two most important forces: the deep loyalty of the vast mass of Chinese to the present Manch dynasty, and the particular hostility which masses of Chinese feel towards the present Emperor as being the cause of their dire misfortunes and humiliations at the hands of the foreign devils. General Tung Fu-Siang has recognized both these truths, and, acting on his knowledge, has proclaimed as Emperor, not himself, but the son of the redoubtable Prince Tuan, the same boy who, it will be remembered, was at one time declared heir-apparent by the Dowager Empress and the present Emperor. It is evident that Prince Tuan and General Tung Fu-Siang are actively co-operating, and it cannot be denied that they make a most formidable combination. Yung Lu and other high Chinese officials have cast their lot in with the young pretender. This youth, Pu Chu by name, a prince of the old Manchu line, has now been proclaimed Emperor, with the title of Tung Hsu, at Tung-yung, the chief settlement of the Ala-shan Mongols, and the palace at Si-ngan-fu is being prepared to receive him. This is the palace to which the Dowager Empress fled from Peking, and has historic associations which will appeal with great strength to scores of millions of Chinamen. Also, it is strongly situated among mountains, and is so far from the sea that an expedition thither would be a very formidable affair indeed, infinitely more so than the march to Peking.

Tung Fu-Siang has a well-drilled and well-armed body of ten thousand troops, mostly hardy Mongols, such as recruited the armies of Genghis Khan and Timur-Leng, and he may shortly be expected to hold the two provinces of Shen-si and Kan-su absolutely in his power. At the same time, we are told that the rebels in Kwang-si are rapidly gaining ground, and it is quite possible that they may come to co-operate with the young pretender, since we well know the courage and sagacity of both Yung Lu and Tung Fu-Siang. The formidable element in this matter is that it is not a Chinese but a Mongol movement—the Chinese being a peaceful agricultural race, without the power of coherence or collective action, while the Mongols are hardy nomads and fighters, who have again and again given rulers to Asia, and for centuries held a large part of Europe under their dominion.

It is a recurring, but nevertheless quite curious, spectacle which Count von Bülow, the Imperial Chancellor, presents in the Reichstag when he defends his chief, the Kaiser, against the criticism of the Liberal opposition. The veteran Radical leader Eugene Richter, for about the twentieth time, stated in that body that "the country and the crown itself were harmed by the too frequent utterances of Emperor William without consulting his ministers." In this case, as in all previous ones, Bülow made an attempt to shield his imperial master by offering his own expansive and immaculate bosom as a target for arrows of criticism. An offer which was declined, with thanks. This is a curious spectacle, we say, because the constitution of the empire distinctly recognizes the right of criticizing (within reasonable bounds) the Kaiser as a public personage—i. e., so far as his public acts and utterances are concerned. And yet, whenever any one of the nation's representatives in the Reichstag makes an attempt to fulfil what may be at the time a really important duty to his constituents, namely, to criticize some of the Kaiser's most recent and reckless public statements, he is hauled up short by both the Chancellor and his government myrmidons, as well as by the presiding officer of the Reichstag itself,—belonging, of course, to the reactionary majority there. The latter will interrupt the daring speaker, and calmly inform him that he is encroaching on the *Breue des Hauses* (custom of the house) in naming or finding fault with the doings of the sovereign. And the speaker as invariably subsides. Thus, under the unconstitutional practice which has grown up under the domination of a time-serving and reactionary majority, the much-needed check on imperial whims and extravagant statements is prevented even in the only place in the empire where such criticism might be made without fear of jail and the state's attorney. And as for outside the Reichstag, it is too well known to require comment that the slightest word in criticism of the Kaiser leads to indictment and to a subsequent sentence by subservient judges, for *lèse-majesté*, of from six months to three years in jail. The bosom of Count Bülow, as a vicarious target for those who do not quite agree with the Kaiser from time to time, is, under the circumstances, wide of the mark.

It is understood that the anti-trust bill framed by Mr. Littlefield, chairman of the subcommittee of the House Committee on the Judiciary meets with the approval of the President and the Attorney-General. As it is similar in many respects to the bill introduced by Mr. Elkins in the Senate after many consultations with his Republican colleagues, we presume that it represents the broad lines on which the Fifty-seventh Congress may be persuaded to attempt to regulate and control the trusts. Mr. Littlefield's project is not so drastic as were the bills introduced by Chairman Jenkins of the House Judiciary Committee, which bills we have formerly discussed at length. For instance, a refusal or an omission to comply with the provisions intended to assure publicity or to prevent rebates and monopolies is no longer punishable by imprisonment, but only by a fine, which in no case is to exceed five thousand dollars. It may be thought that such a fine would exercise no deterrent influence upon a large corporation, but Mr. Littlefield does not confine himself to that instrument of coercion, so far as the arrangements for publicity are concerned. Any corporation failing to comply with the provisions for publicity may be restrained, on the suit of the United States, from engaging in inter-State

commerce until such return is made. Whether such restraint should be sought is to be determined by the Attorney-General.

We could hardly exaggerate the magnitude of the power thus vested in that official. The Littlefield bill, however, gives the Attorney-General no such power in the event of a corporation's failing to comply with the provisions against rebates and monopolies. All the Attorney-General can do in such cases is to institute proceedings in equity through United States District Attorneys to prevent and restrain the forbidden acts. The United States Circuit Courts are clothed with authority to avert the violation of the provisions against rebates or monopolies, either by interlocutory orders or by permanent decrees, but the authority does not extend to the complete arrest of a corporation's inter-State commerce. Lest he should be taxed with insincerity in refusing to take such stringent measures against rebates and monopolies as he takes for the assurance of publicity, Mr. Littlefield has introduced two provisions, which, if they are allowed to remain in the bill, will give a great deal of trouble to corporations desirous of evading the law. For example, our action is to the effect that no person shall be excused from testifying and producing books or documents before the United States Courts or the Inter-State Commerce Commission, on the ground that the evidence, documentary or other, required of him may tend to criminate him or subject him to a penalty. On the other hand, no person shall be subjected to a penalty on account of any matter concerning which he may testify or produce evidence before the said courts or inter-State commission. The second proof of sincerity is contained in the eleventh section, which exacts that the right to enforce the provisions against rebates and monopolies shall not be confined to the Attorney-General and District Attorneys of the United States, but may be exercised by any person or corporation injured in business or property by reason of anything forbidden or declared to be unlawful by the proposed act. Not only may such injured person sue without respect to the amount in controversy, but he shall recover threefold the damages sustained, and the cost of suit, including a reasonable attorney's fee. We need not point out that this provision opens the door wide to the levying of blackmail.

On Wednesday, January 21, Senator Hoar and Senator Spooner condemned the practice which is said to have grown up in the Senate of stating what was alleged to be the opinion of the President of the United States concerning measures pending in one or the other House of Congress. Senator Hoar said that if the President wished to commend any particular measure he could do so by a message, which the Constitution authorized him to send. On the other hand, if he disapproved of a measure passed by both Houses of Congress, he was authorized by the Constitution to signify his disapproval by a veto. These were the only two ways, Senator Hoar thought, in which the President had any constitutional right to make his views known. He held that to announce the President's opinion in either House while a bill was under discussion was contrary to the privileges of Congress, and he seemed to imagine that he had sustained his position when he pointed out that the British House of Commons and House of Lords resented the announcement that a particular measure was or was not favored by the Crown. As a matter of fact, there is not, and has not been since the reign of Anne, any analogy between a sovereign of Great Britain and the President of the United States as regards the relation of the Executive to legislation. In the first place, the President possesses the veto power, which the British sovereign has lost through failure to use it for almost two centuries. In the second place, a British prime minister not only initiates legislation, but exercises a continual and avowed control of it. Now the President of the United States is practically his own prime minister. He alone is responsible to Congress for the acts of his administration; with the possible exception of the Secretary of the Treasury, the members of his cabinet are mere clerks. In the third place, the President is by no means limited by the Constitution to the expression of his wishes by a written message.

The Constitution merely says that he shall from time to time give to Congress information of the state of the Union, and

recommend to their consideration such measures as he shall judge necessary and expedient. The information and recommendation may be given orally as well as in writing. There is nothing in the Federal organic law to prevent him from stating by word of mouth to both or either of the Houses or to any members of them what measures he thinks should be adopted. We know from *Madison's Diary* that such was the course at first pursued by President Washington, and there is reason to believe that had he been less diffident, and had he possessed a greater flow of language, he would have persisted in the course. Which would Senator Hoar prefer: that Mr. Roosevelt should imitate Washington, and appear in the Senate Chamber for the purpose of telling the Senators collectively what he wanted them to do; or that Mr. Roosevelt should privately indicate his hopes and opinions to certain leading Senators? In the negotiation of treaties and in the matter of appointments to high Federal offices the Constitution makes it the duty of the President to take the advice of the Senate. Would Mr. Hoar have the President come to the Senate Chamber for that purpose? Is it not better that he should adhere to the long-established custom of consulting in private certain representatives of the predominant party in the Senate? We add that, if a President had made up his mind to veto a bill in case it should be enacted in a particular form, it would be his plain duty to avow his intention, and not by concealing it to suffer Congress to waste its time in fruitless debate. In the matter of the appointment of the anthracite-coal strike commission, we have had occasion to express regret that Mr. Roosevelt did not keep more strictly within his constitutional functions. As regards, on the other hand, his private conferences with Senators and Representatives in reference to pending legislation, we have no doubt that he is pursuing a constitutional course.

Some light has been thrown on the Indiana post-office affair by the debate in the Federal Senate. It can no longer be alleged that in removing the post-office from that town the President was punishing the innocent as well as the guilty. Those who were inclined to disapprove of the step are estopped from using that argument by the declaration made by Mr. McLaurin, one of the Senators from Mississippi, that it was the whole town, and not a brutal, lawless majority, that demanded the resignation of Mrs. Cox, the colored postmistress. He asserted that every white citizen in Indiana, except a man named Weeks, who had gone over to the Republican party in the hope of getting office, had attended the mass meeting called for the purpose of requesting Mrs. Cox to resign. The request was based, not upon the score of any personal objection to Mrs. Cox, or to her husband, considered as negroes, but upon the broad ground that the white people of Indiana did not want any negro, however highly esteemed, to handle their letters. Mr. McLaurin maintained that, in making this request, the white inhabitants of the place simply exercised the right of petition. It should be borne in mind that no threat of violence was made at this meeting, but that Mrs. Cox, upon hearing that a committee had been appointed to circulate a petition, voluntarily resigned. In thus resigning, she was moved, according to her husband, not by fear, but by unwillingness to hold office against the wishes of her neighbors. There is no doubt that this local incident contains the germ of a national issue.

The question is, Shall the military power of the United States be used to force a colored official upon a community against the unanimous protest of its white inhabitants? If this question be answered in the affirmative, we may have to face a renewal of the civil war. We doubt the expediency of raising such an issue. We regret to add that there is a trace of vindictiveness and provocation in the course pursued by the Post Office Department which has compelled the citizens of Indiana to obtain their mail at a post-office thirty miles away instead of at another only four miles distant. Conceding, for the sake of argument, that the inhabitants of Indiana had defied Federal authority—which is not clear, since no threat of violence was made, and Mrs. Cox seems to have resigned her office voluntarily—we doubt the constitutionality of the measure taken by Mr. Roosevelt. He could, unquestionably, have appointed another negro to the post-office at Indiana, and upheld him with the judicial and military powers of the Federal government. But where des-

he got the right to deprive an American community of postal facilities the cost of which it helps to defray! We sincerely hope that the real, though unwavering, motive of the attempt to discipline the citizens of Indiana is not, instead of being a somewhat belated resolve to enforce rigorously the privileges granted to colored persons by the reconstruction amendments of the Constitution, a bid for the colored vote in certain Northern States where it holds the balance of power. Does Mr. Roosevelt imagine himself to be a truer friend of the colored race than Mr. Booker T. Washington, who has repeatedly advised his brethren to forego office-holding or office-seeking in that section of the country whichresents even an approach to negro domination?

We have no desire to anticipate the verdict of a jury, but it seems to be admitted by such reputable and fair-minded newspapers as the *Charleston News and Courier* and the *Savannah News* that James H. Tillman, ex-Lieutenant-Governor of South Carolina, was guilty of deliberate murder when he shot N. G. Gonzales, the editor of a Columbia newspaper. It has long been known that no adequate punishment for the murder of a negro by a white man need be looked for in South Carolina. That is a state of things sufficiently shameful, but it now remains to be seen whether even white men have any rights that members of the political clique headed by Senator Tillman are bound to respect. It is, in truth, not only the man-slayer James H. Tillman but the State of South Carolina which will be on trial at the bar of public opinion. We find it hard to believe that a jury can be found to acquit Tillman if the evidence of deliberate murder be as clear and overwhelming as it is said to be by those who are in a position to learn the truth. We know of nothing more calculated than such a defiance of justice to stop all emigration and arrest all inflow of capital into South Carolina, and to subject that State to moral and social ostracism. Has not the State already disgraced herself enough by sending a loud-mouthed and offensive demagogue to the Federal Senate? It is not by countenancing such men as Senator Tillman and his man-slaying brother that the Southern States can hope to regain that preponderant position in the councils of the national Democracy which they once occupied, and which on some grounds many conservative members of the party in the Northern States would like to see them reassume. We wish we could look forward with confidence to the outcome of Tillman's trial, but this we can hardly do, in view of the admission made by the *Charleston News and Courier* that an acquittal may be expected.

The *New York World* asks the press of the United States to contribute towards the prosecution of the murderer of N. G. Gonzales, the editor of the *Columbia State*. There is virtue in the request, for Tillman's cowardly and brutal deed was not only a violation of the law of South Carolina, but an assault upon the freedom of the press. Gonzales was killed for his faithful discharge of a public duty. His murderer took his life because he had fearlessly discussed public questions, exposed public corruption, and denounced public criminals. In this discharge of duty, in this exercise of a right guaranteed to every editor by the laws of the country, Gonzales had probably brought Tillman's political career to an end. For doing this, he was killed. The immediate offence is against the law and peace of the State of South Carolina, and we entertain no doubt that the commonwealth will be true to her best traditions in the ability and thoroughness with which the Attorney-General will prosecute Tillman. But the latter has openly boasted that he will be defended by "the best legal talent that the State of South Carolina has ever produced." In view of the strenuous struggle which he has avowed that he will make in order that he may vindicate the right of politicians to kill their critics of the press, it is well that as complete and ample preparation be made for the prosecution. The press owes it to itself to vindicate its ancient liberties, to express its detestation of the crime, and to defend its privilege and right, which, in this country, is as old as the government. This is not a suggestion to intrude upon the State. The State should welcome the aid of all who have been wronged by this crime, and should give to the press this opportunity to express itself most effectively touching the assault upon its rights.

At any rate, a proper respect for themselves and for their office demands that the editors of the country meet the editor of the *World* and let it be understood, in this most practical way, that they are jealous of the right which is guaranteed to them by the Constitution, and that they will not be deterred from the exercise of it for the public good.

We look forward with interest to the publication of the Year-Book of the Carnegie Institution, which will show to what extent and in what way the founder's purpose has been carried out. It will be remembered that Mr. Carnegie gave to this institution \$10,000,000 in five-per-cent. bonds of the United States Steel Corporation. That is to say, he provided an annual income of \$500,000, to be expended, not on the construction and maintenance of new and unnecessary buildings, or on the salaries of placemen and disbursing agents, but for the direct encouragement of men already engaged in scientific research at existing institutions, or in connection with their professional labors. In other words, this magnificent grant was not to be frittered away on bricks and mortar, or on the maintenance of sinecures. This was an admirable feature of the founder's plan, and we sincerely trust that there will be no departure from it. We learn that the grants thus far made by the institution amount in the aggregate to \$200,000, and that no larger sum will be allotted by the trustees during the year 1903. We do not yet know what has been done, or is to be done, with the remaining three-fifths of the institution's annual income. We are told that the sum awarded to any individual investigator will not, as a rule, exceed one thousand dollars a year. A grant of \$4000, however, has been made to the Marine Biological Laboratory at Woods Hole, Massachusetts. We are glad to see that the funds of this institution are not to be devoted to the assistance of students who are trying to obtain university degrees, nor to the payment of mere mechanical helpers in the work of scientific instruction. We repeat that all this money is to go to the encouragement, not of tyros, but of experts, that is to say, of men who have proved themselves capable of prosecuting independent and valuable researches. It is also satisfactory to learn that no limitation as to nationality has been prescribed by the directors of the institution. One of the beneficiaries is the Japanese scientist Dr. Hideo Noguchi, whose investigations of the effects of certain poisons have attracted so much attention all over the world. As yet, the directors of the Carnegie Institution have given no indication of an intention to follow the course pursued by Nobel, the Swedish inventor, and to offer very large prizes for memorable achievements in one or another field of scientific inquiry. The importance of a fund applicable to the encouragement of men who have proved themselves experts in investigating is keenly appreciated by British scientists, and they will be rejoiced to learn that Mr. Carnegie has decided to endow with \$5,000,000 a trust for scientific research at Edinburgh, the income to be distributed on lines similar to those adopted by the directors of the Carnegie Institution at Washington. We may add that this, with other donations made since the beginning of the new year, brings up the aggregate of the great ironmaster's benefactions to nearly \$70,000,000.

Dr. George Parkin, of Toronto, who represents the Rhodes scholarships trustees, is working systematically to get the best advice he can in the matter of assigning the American scholarships. On January 23 he met in Boston some of the college presidents and school principals of northern New England and got their views; on January 24, in Cambridge, he met another company of educators, from southern New England, and talked with them. It will be remembered that under Mr. Rhodes's will there are to be two scholars from each American State and Territory. Dr. Parkin said the plan was to select one of them in the spring of 1904 to go to Oxford in that year, and another in 1905, but none in 1906. In 1907 the group first chosen would have finished their three years' course, and another squad would be selected to fill their places. The candidates, Dr. Parkin said, must be acceptable to Oxford, and must pay rather more attention to social requirements than students always do in American universities. The inference from that is that if a thrifty American had undertaken to live at Oxford on five hundred dollars a year and save the rest of his fifteen-hundred-dollar

income, Mr. Rhodes's purpose would be felt to be thwarted, and Oxford would disappear.

The southern New England educators who met Dr. Parkin agreed with their Northern brethren in recommending that candidates should not be younger than nineteen, nor older than twenty-three; that they should be eligible from the end of the sophomore year up to two years from graduation; that examinations should be conducted from Oxford; that only candidates qualified to read for an Oxford honor degree should be accepted; that candidates should be nominated by the American colleges, and that "in the States in which there are several colleges nominations shall be made in rotation according to seniority by those institutions which, in the judgment of the trustees of the Rhodes bequest, give courses of studies that qualify students to matriculate at the University of Oxford." These recommendations do not settle anything, but they are the result of much deliberation and discussion, and probably indicate how the problem will be worked out. Educators in New York, Philadelphia, Atlanta, Kansas City, Chicago, Minneapolis, Spokane, Denver, and San Francisco will be asked for their opinions, and then Dr. Parkin will report to the trustees in London before going to New Zealand and Australia to make his arrangements there. A good deal has been said, and much can and will be said, about the defects of Oxford as a place of education for American youth, but there is no sort of doubt that there will be a brisk demand for all the Rhodes scholarships that are available in this country. Three years at Oxford on a generous income is a prospect that appeals strenuously to the imagination of youth. It won't be a question with our young men whether it is the best educational opportunity theoretically possible, but whether it is the most attractive opportunity practically available. It is unquestionably attractive. The Rhodes scheme will surely work, and its workings and their eventual result promise to be of remarkable interest.

Observing that President Hopkins of Williams holds to the old-fashioned college course of four years, the Boston *Transcript* remarks that "perhaps the President of Williams is not worried with the sight of two thousand lazy undergraduates dawdling away four years on work that they could do in two. . . . That's where the shoe pinches in our great urban universities." It is a vulgar error, which the *Transcript* should have escaped, to suppose that the majority of the students in any good college, great or small, do any great amount of dawdling. Some students dawdle, and a good many are not so strenuous in study as they might be; but the proportion of hard students in our colleges is unreasonably large, and it is at least as large in the big colleges as in the small ones. The reason why the "urban universities" are more solicitous for the shortened course is not that they are full of loafers, but that they have so many hard students who are pressed for time, and that they have great professional schools, whose interests, and the interests of students in them, constantly appeal for consideration. It is not for the lazy lads that courses are being crowded into fewer years, but for the hard workers.

The *New York Times*, on the authority of the Philadelphia *Medical Journal*, rebukes the *WEEKLY* for saying of Mrs. Eddy, the Christian Scientist: "Somehow, she has got hold of some important truths that the regular doctors have missed." The *Journal* says there is nothing new in Christian Science, and the *Times* agrees with it. Maybe they are right; the *WEEKLY* is not prepared to assert the contrary. But how would it do to suggest that the Christian Scientists seem to have devised a fairly effective apparatus for using this knowledge which perhaps the regular doctors have not missed. Most intelligent physicians recognize the great value of mental influence on many diseases, but they usually lack effective means to bring it to bear. The Christian Scientists seem to have a fairly effective method, though it is probably true that they often apply it in unfit cases. The hope of a good many thoughtful persons who have opposed attempts to squelch Christian Science and similar developments by law, has been that toleration and observation of them would presently yield valuable knowledge which would be useful to mankind. Inasmuch as it is always pleasant to be cock-sure

of anything, the *Times* is to be envied for the certainty of its conviction that Christian Science is a thoroughly pestilential contrivance, without any reasonable claim to countenance or toleration. It rails at it at every chance, with a vigor of malediction which must do its own spirit good, however it affects, or fails to affect, the enemy. Perhaps its superior and enviable conclusiveness of opinion on this subject, as contrasted with the halting attitude of other contemporaries, is due to a moderate conception of the possible powers of the human spirit. One who considers that the spirit of man is a mighty potentiality, which ought to work wonders, and could if it knew how, looks curiously at wonders it is asserted to have worked and considers whether some of them may not be genuine. But the observer who is sure that man's spirit is a mere incident of digestion and respiration finds it easier to assure himself that the unaccountable does not happen, and that all wonders are bogus. Man's spirit ought to do some of the stunts and attain some of the physical results that the Christian Scientists claim that they accomplish. What daunts the curious but unconverted observer is his doubt that the Scientists really know the nature, scope, and limitations of the force they seem to deal with, or are competent to judge when it will suit the use they put it to, and when it will not.

It is with mixed feelings that lawyers regard the recent decision of the Supreme Court of the United States on the subject of divorce. The tribunal affirmed a decision of the Massachusetts Supreme Court which set aside a South Dakota divorce, in pursuance of a Massachusetts statute providing that if a person residing in Massachusetts should go to another State for the purpose of securing a divorce the Massachusetts courts should not recognize its validity. There is no dispute about the facts. One Andrews went from Massachusetts to South Dakota and remained there for six months, the length of time required by the South Dakota law to constitute a legal residence. That is to say, the State of South Dakota, in the exercise of its authority, chose to declare that a six months' residence should be conclusive proof of the *animus remanendi*, and that, consequently, such a resident was qualified to avail himself of a State law concerning divorce, without being subjected to the imputation of perpetrating a fraud upon the commonwealth. How can the decision of the United States Supreme Court be reconciled with the provision of the Federal Constitution that full faith and credit shall be given in each State to the public acts, records, and judicial proceedings of every other State? The United States Supreme Court holds, as did the Supreme Court of Massachusetts, that Andrews had no right to avail himself of the South Dakota divorce law because he did not go to that State and reside there with the *animus remanendi*. Is not the very point at issue whether a State has the power to define by statute what length of residence shall constitute unimpeachable proof of an *animus remanendi*? Does not such a statute deserve as much faith and credit on the part of another State as would any other legislative act passed in South Dakota? If, on any ground whatever, one State has a right to criticize, condemn, and disregard an act duly passed by the Legislature of another State, what becomes of the constitutional provision to which we have referred? Of course, lawyers who practise before the United States Supreme Court are reluctant to give public expression to their opinions concerning any decision of that tribunal. Some of them do not hesitate, however, to confess in private that they are puzzled to account for the confirmation of the arrogant position taken with regard to South Dakota by the Massachusetts Supreme Court.

It is seldom that a more important decision has been rendered by a New York tribunal than that which was handed down on January 20 by the Appellate Division of the Supreme Court of that State concerning the constitutionality of the franchise tax law. It may be remembered that Mr. Roosevelt when Governor insisted not only upon the passage of this law, but also, against the wishes of the framer of the measure, upon delegating the levying of the tax to a State board instead of the local tax commissioners. Now the court holds that the bill, as originally framed, was constitutional, but condemns as unconstitutional the provision inserted by Mr. Roosevelt for the assessment of franchises by a State

board. Should the decision be confirmed by the Court of Appeals—Governor Odell has requested his Attorney-General to expedite the consideration of the case by that tribunal—the city of New York will have to pay back a great many millions of dollars already collected under the act. The franchise-enjoying corporations will gain nothing in the end, however, unless the law is repealed, because the assessments made by local tax commissioners would in all likelihood greatly exceed those that were made by the State board. We presume that, in any event, Governor Odell will persist in his effort to secure a repeal of the franchise law, and to substitute a provision for a tax upon the gross earnings of corporations enjoying franchise privileges. The fact may be recalled that some of the corporations possessing franchises in New York city protested that, even with the assessments made by the State board, the tax imposed upon them by the Roosevelt act was utterly beyond their power to pay. Governor Odell, for his part, is probably too shrewd to kill the goose that lays the golden eggs.

The causes of the coal famine by which the larger cities on or near our Atlantic coast have been afflicted are less obscure than they were last week, but it is to be hoped that they will be made the subject of a searching inquiry at the hands of the Pennsylvania Legislature. It is certain that the Reading Company is striving to make the largest delivery of anthracite in its power, and that it has faithfully kept its promise to keep down the retail price of all the output from its own mines to \$6 75 per ton. All those consumers, on the other hand, who are obliged to rely on anthracite mined by individual operators have had to pay very much higher prices. It now turns out that the supply of anthracite would be ample if the normal consumers of that combustible were not now subjected to competition on the part of manufacturers who ordinarily use bituminous coal. It is the relative dearth of bituminous coal in the seaboard cities which is now at the root of the trouble. Who is to blame for this dearth? The bituminous operators assert that they could produce from two to four times as much coal as they now do if the Pennsylvania railway lines would haul it. The railway officials, on their part, say that they have neither cars nor locomotives enough to haul any more coal than they now do. They are suffering, they say, from a general freight congestion, and cannot be expected to devote the whole of their rolling-stock to the transportation of bituminous coal. Whether this explanation is well founded is just one of the questions upon which light might be cast by a legislative inquiry. One thing seems certain, namely, that bituminous coal, usually worth in seaboard cities three dollars or four dollars per ton, retail, is not now selling at seven dollars to nine dollars a ton because there is a demand for it on the part of householders, who would prefer anthracite. On the contrary, it is manufacturers who, unable to obtain their normal supplies of bituminous coal, are now buying the small sizes of anthracite formerly used in private houses. The responsibility for the present inordinate prices of fuel seems to lie between the bituminous operators and the Pennsylvania railway.

If experience shall confirm the reports made by experts of international reputation concerning the richness of a new gold-bearing district in Alaska, we are more likely to experience a glut than a scarcity of the yellow metal for some time to come. The more confidence is attached to the reports because the public has not been invited to take part in the exploitation of the placer-mines to which we refer, as it is said that they have been purchased by an Anglo-American syndicate, in which the Rothschilds are represented. If it be true that over a very extensive area the gravel yields on an average two dollars in gold to the cubic yard, there is nothing extravagant in the estimate that something like an annual output of fifty million dollars may be expected for ten years to come. As the cost of extracting the gold from the gravel is computed at only sixty cents per cubic yard, the proportion of profit should be large. Nor is this the only quarter from which large additions to the annual flow of gold from the Klondike and the South-African Rand may be looked for. Extensive deposits of gold are known to exist in Mexico, and it is only a question of time when the mining energies of that country, hitherto concentrated upon silver, will be devoted to an exhaustive search for the yellow metal. Tho

more the world's stock of gold is increased, the more desperate, of course, appear the prospects of bimetalism.

One of the popular novels of the hour has to do with wheat-speculation in Chicago. Some of its readers are doubtless observing, with more than usual interest, the reports of the newspapers about the current labors of Mr. J. O. Armour, in the Chicago wheat-pit. Mr. Armour was credited last week with owning twenty million bushels of May wheat, and was agitating the traders considerably by his operations. The Chicago wheat-pit is a great institution, which in the late Frank Norris's hands rendered considerable services to literature. As a means of abating the ennui of life in Chicago it seems to be without a rival. As the late Mr. Prentice of Kentucky said of something else, it opens every morning to welcome alacroty investors with bloody hands to hospitable graves. Why Mr. Armour should be so busy in the pit does not appear. Maybe he is bored; maybe he is merely attending to his business which is large, and ramifies into grain. Let us hope the hospitalities of the pit are agreeable to him. His father enjoyed them from time to time, yet lived to die, solvent and much respected, in his own bed.

Remarking that English political satirists run more easily into verse than our do, the *Evening Post* observes that "the number of metrical skits in *Punch* is quite unparalleled in this country." Perhaps that is because the cost of living is higher in this country. The devising of metrical skits of merit is slow work, there is no skit-makers' union, and the rate of remuneration does not commend the industry to our laboring class.

Dr. Andrew S. Draper, formerly Superintendent of Public Instruction in this State, now president of the University of Illinois, told the Twentieth Century Club, in Boston, recently what he thought and felt about coeducation. His discourse was one of a series of University Lectures. He told about the gradual accumulation of women's rights. Our forefathers had none; their descendants have as many as men have, and they include, in his opinion, not necessarily the suffrage, but all the education there is in the market. He found the education of women to be a natural and inevitable result of democracy, and coeducation to be its natural sequence. He had coeducation under constant observation, and liked it thoroughly. It worked well, and there was no reaction against it worth mentioning. The great State universities of the West were committed to it, and have no idea of changing their habits. Stanford University, because of some views expressed by Senator Stanford, had decided to limit the number of its women students to 500. Some universities, situated in or near great cities (like the Northwestern, near Chicago), had found themselves in danger of being overrun by women students, and had had to take thought about keeping the number of men and women students about equal. This had happened because in great cities more girls than boys found time to go to college. But in the main, Dr. Draper found that coeducation had passed far beyond the experimental stage, and is an established success. He found no fault with small colleges that excluded girls, nor with women's colleges that excluded men, but he held that "if the great universities have equipments which the women's colleges cannot rival, and if their teaching staffs are the very climax of the work of the great universities since the beginning of universities, and if women are to be denied the advantages of this, wholly or in part, it is taking away a substantial right which is theirs under all the theories of our government, and which all the interests of our democracy loudly demand that they shall have."

Mr. John S. Sargent, a sketch of whom appears in our series this week, has just come over from England to carry out a commission of painting a portrait of the President, and to superintend the placing of some of his mural decorations in the Boston Public Library. Mr. Sargent lives abroad, and has spent most of his life there. With Edwin A. Abbey he has had the highest recognition that can be given in England and on the continent. We still claim him, however, for America, and it is a matter of hearty congratulation that we have here a large part of his work. At forty-seven his best work is still undone.

The Panama Canal Treaty

We assume that the canal treaty signed on Thursday, January 22, by Mr. John Hay, Secretary of State, and Dr. Tomas Herran, Colombian Charge d'Affaires, will be ratified by the Senate of the United States and by the Colombian Congress. The assumption is based upon the grounds, first, that few Senators will desire, by opposing the treaty, to expose themselves to the suspicion that they are acting in the interests of certain transcontinental railways which are accused of wishing to prevent the construction of any trans-isthmian waterway whatever; secondly, that the Colombian Congress will obey the chiefs of the *de facto* government now in power at Bogota, and that these persons, whatever counter-influence may be exerted by the representatives of certain foreign powers, will be unwilling to forgo the handling of ten million dollars in gold, the loan which is to be paid immediately on the exchange of the ratifications of the treaty. Taking for granted, therefore, we have said, that the prospect will in due course be certified, it is worth while to examine carefully certain features of the published text of this important document. We observe, first, that while Colombia does not renounce its sovereignty over any part of the isthmus, it grants to the United States the use and control of a zone of territory for a term of one hundred years, the lease being renewable for periods of similar duration at the sole option of the United States. This is, practically, a lease in perpetuity. The zone is to be five kilometres wide on each side of the main canal, the measurement to be made from the centre line. But this does not represent the whole of the territory transferred. Colombia grants zones of similar width surrounding all necessary auxiliary canals, providing the distance of these from the main canal does not exceed fifteen miles. The grant further covers three marine miles from mean low-water mark at each terminus of the canal.

The use and occupation of certain small islands in the Bay of Panama are also conceded. On the other hand, the grant does not include the cities of Panama and Colon, except so far as lands and other property therein are now owned and occupied by the French Canal Company or the Panama Railroad Company. These cities and their accessory lands will continue to be neutral territory, the neutrality of which will continue to be guaranteed by the United States, as provided by our treaty of 1846 with New Granada. We note, next, that Colombia authorises us to construct at each terminus of the proposed canal a port provided with light-houses and other aids to navigation which port shall be free to the vessels of all nations. The canal, also, when constructed, shall be neutral in perpetuity, and open to all nations on the terms stipulated in the Hay-Panamafofote treaty entered into by the governments of the United States and Great Britain on November 18, 1901.

Both in Europe and in Latin America particular attention will be given to the fourth article of the treaty, which practically constitutes its self-defining ordinance. In this article our government takes occasion once more and explicitly to define its attitude toward the Latin-American republics, and it expressly disavows any intention of using the rights and privileges granted by the treaty to oust Colombia from her sovereignty over any part of the isthmus. The United States disclaim any wish to increase their territory at the expense of Colombia as of any of the Central or South American governments, but reaffirm their desire to strengthen the power of their sister republics, and to promote and maintain their property and independence.

But, it may be asked, how can a clash of jurisdiction be averted between the reserved sovereignty of Colombia and the right of the United States to police the canal zone. The provisions taken to that effect reflect credit on the sagacity as well as the good intentions of the framers of the treaty. The Colombian tribunals are to have exclusive jurisdiction within the canal zone over all controversies between citizens of Colombia, or between such citizens and the citizens of any foreign nation other than the United States. On the other hand, tribunals established by the United States shall have exclusive jurisdiction within the canal zone over all controversies between citizens of the United States, or between citizens of the United States and citizens of any foreign nation other than the Republic of Colombia; and of all controversies relating to the construction, maintenance, and operation of the canal, railway, and necessary works. In the third place, all controversies between citizens of the United States and citizens of Colombia, or between citizens of nations other than Colombia and the United States, are to be decided by joint judicial tribunals composed of jurists appointed by the governments of the United States and Colombia in a manner hereafter to be agreed upon. These joint judicial tribunals are also to have jurisdiction of all admiralty cases, and of all crimes, felonies, and misdemeanors committed within the canal zone, no matter to what country the accused person may belong. The more closely these arrangements are studied, the more reasonable and equitable they appear. Viewed collectively, they seem to constitute the next best system to the assertion of exclusive jurisdiction in all civil and criminal actions on the part of the United States, which assertion would be plainly incompatible with the sovereignty reserved to Colombia.

We would point out, lastly, that the sixth article and the twentieth article of the treaty are inter-related, and, taken together, embody concessions of great moment to the United States. By the sixth article Colombia binds herself not to cede or lease to any foreign government for naval or coaling stations any of its islands or harbors within or adjacent to the Bay of Panama, nor on the Atlantic coast of Colombia between the Atrato River and the western boundary of the Department of Panama. In the same article our government pledges itself to give Colombia material support in order to prevent the forcible occupation of said islands and ports. The effect of this article obviously is to frustrate any hope of securing a foothold near the canal that may have been entertained by Germany or by any other European power.

That it may be said that the sixth article only binds Colombia as to future acts. Is it not possible that already, by secret treaties, she may have made cession or entered into agreements incompatible with the interests of the United States? The inquiry is pertinent, inasmuch as it is known that last year the Bogota government entered into secret treaties with Chile, giving that country rights on the isthmus of Panama, which as constructors and operators of the canal, we could not for a moment tolerate. It was a knowledge of this fact which caused our State Department to insist upon the insertion in the treaty of the twentieth article. This article, the vital importance of which we have indicated, sets forth that if any existing treaty between Colombia and any third power contains any terms incompatible with those of the present convention, Colombia agrees to cancel or modify such treaty, for which purpose it will give the requisite notification to the said third power within four months from the date of the present convention;

and whether or not such existing treaty with a third power contains any clause permitting modification or annulment, Colombia agrees to annul it, or modify it in such a way that it shall in no wise conflict with the stipulations of the Panama Convention. This means that Colombia will disregard the secret compact with Chile, and will rely on the United States to protect her, should an attempt be made by Chile to enforce the concessions embodied in the secret treaty.

From whatever point of view the canal treaty is considered, it must be pronounced a triumph of American diplomacy. For obvious reasons we should have preferred to acquire absolute sovereignty over the canal zone, but since this was unobtainable, Mr. Hay has made the best of the situation.

The German Emperor and the United States

AT the hour when we write these is a report, which we hope will prove well founded, that Germany has consented to raise the blockade of Venezuela, the Berlin Foreign Office having accepted Mr. Bowen's proposal to guarantee the payment of the debts due from the Caracas government by placing the Venezuelan custom-houses in the hands of a receiver acceptable to the foreign creditors. That Mr. Bowen was prepared to make such a proposal was well known in Europe as well as in the United States before Fort San Carlos was bombarded by three German war-vessels. The question arises, What did the German government expect to gain by that high-handed proceeding? and the question raises the wider inquiry, What is the real attitude of the German Emperor toward the United States? We call the proceeding high-handed because, even if we admit the truth of the assertion made by the Berlin Foreign Office, but firmly denied at Caracas,—the assertion, namely, that Fort San Carlos fired the Hank shot to warn the German gunboat Panther not to enter the inland lake of Maracaibo,—it was plainly inexpedient for the gunboat to seize the pretext for retaliation, and, in conjunction with two other war-vessels, to bombard the fort and destroy an adjacent town, if the German Emperor truly desired to promote a speedy and pacific settlement of the controversy pending between himself and President Castro. Such a lawless exhibition of vindictiveness and brutality, even if technically warranted, was uncalculated to exasperate the Venezuelans, who are a high-spirited people, and to provoke them to withdraw the courtesies which Mr. Bowen, their representative, had been requested to make. If Emperor William, foreseeing that he could not decently resist the pressure of his British and Italian allies, who were disposed to regard Mr. Bowen's proposals as satisfactory, secretly wished to glad the Venezuelans into a withdrawal of those proposals, he could have hit upon no better device than the savage bombardment of the fort and village of San Carlos. Equally likely to infuriate President Castro and cause him to refuse any sort of concession, was the aid said to have been furnished covertly by Germans to General Manrique, the head of the insurrection against Castro's authority. It is difficult, indeed, to explain the course pursued by the German Admiral in Venezuelan waters, except upon the hypothesis that what Emperor William desired was, not an early peace, but a prolonged war, which would have given him an excuse for doing the very thing that he disclaimed a wish to do, namely, for landing troops on the Venezuelan mainland, occupying Caracas, and retaining it, or some other

coign of vantage, for an indefinite period. He may have believed that he could do these things with impunity, so far as the United States were concerned, because, in his agreements with the British and Italian allies, he had procured the insertion of a clause binding them not to withdraw from the joint demonstration without his consent.

We are unable to account for the Fort San Carlos affair except by imputing to the Berlin government an inclination to prevent a quick and peaceful settlement of the Venezuelan controversy. This conclusion leads us to inquire whether this incident and other recent acts of Emperor William's indicate an honest desire to gain the friendship of the United States, or, rather, an astute design to break up the amicable relations which, for some years, have existed between this country and Great Britain. It must be admitted that, even if the Emperor's professions of good-will were sincere, they were unskillfully conceived, for they have made but a faint impression on American public opinion. Ineffective, for instance, was his publication of the despatch sent by Dr. von Helldorf to the Berlin Foreign Office, in which it was pointed out that Lord Pauncefote countenanced the attempt of the Austrian minister to obtain a concerted and avowed protest against our intervention on behalf of Cuba. The divulgence of the despatch was ineffectual, because generally cured whether Lord Pauncefote personally approved or was not opposed to our war with Spain, the only point of consequence being that Mr. A. J. Balfour, then controlling the British government, repudiated the proposed protest. Equally futile was the visit of Prince Henry of Prussia to this country. With the exception of a few hundred snobs in New York and Washington, the American people are utterly indifferent to titles, royal or other, unless their possessors are men of exceptional ability. We are prone that no claim to intellectual distinction would be put forward for Prince Henry. It is doubtless hard for Emperor William, who is haunted with visions of the past, to comprehend that we Americans do not care a farthing about crowns, sceptres, quarterings, and other mediæval trappings of royalty; yet such, we can assure him, is the fact. Even more foolish, if the Emperor's purpose was to arouse gratitude and sympathy, was the gift of a statue of Frederick the Great. There is absolutely no reason why the American people should wish to possess a statue of Frederick the Great, except upon the ground that he was a famous warrior, and that ground would justify the Italians in sending us a statue of Julius Cæsar. As Mr. Monrue D. Conway has conclusively shown, the alleged presentation of a sword by Frederick the Great to Washington is a myth without an atom of foundation. As for Frederick's recognizing the independence of the Thirteen Colonies, he steadily refused to do it until their independence had been acknowledged by Great Britain herself, when, of course, his recognition was superfluous. We could understand the gift, however, if the Emperor's secret wish was to impress upon American minds the striking contrast presented in one particular between the conduct of Frederick the Great and that of George III.; for the former refused a passage through his territories to the Hessians and other German mercenaries whom George III. had hired for the purpose of helping to extinguish American liberties.

Now let us see what may have been the Emperor's motive in securing England's co-operation in the demonstration against Venezuela. It is incontrovertible that a man of intelligence should have expected to secure the good-will of the American people by an armed coercion of the Caracas government.

He must have foreseen that, in spite of his smooth protestations, we should forthwith recognize the fact that his move against Venezuela was pregnant with dangers to the Monroe doctrine. It might, at all events, impel us to assume financial responsibilities for the Latin-American republics which our government has never contemplated. On the other hand, the co-operation of Great Britain would render it impossible for us to assume toward Germany the military attitude which we assumed toward France when we informed Napoleon III. that the presence of French troops in Mexico was regarded by us with disapproval. Especially was this true inasmuch as Emperor William had secured from the British Foreign Office a singular agreement that England would never withdraw from the combination with Germany except with the latter's consent. Under the circumstances, he could lose nothing by his Venezuelan policy except the good-will of the American people, which, in all likelihood, he has already come to regard as unobtainable. Not only was no direct loss to be feared, but he might even hope for an indirect gain, through the disgust and indignation excited in the United States by the proof of England's willingness to safeguard Germany against any interference on our part with the brooding of Venezuela. If he could succeed in breaking up the league of honor which had seemed to be in process of formation between England and the United States, he would achieve a memorable stroke of statecraft from the German point of view; for England, no longer able to count upon food supplies from the United States in war time, would be henceforth unable to pursue an independent policy in Europe and the Far East.

Our conclusion is that Emperor William has ceased to retain, if he ever entertained, any hope of gaining American friendship, and that, in persuading England to take part with him in the coercion of the Caracas government, his motive was to isolate and weaken her, and make her henceforth dependent on himself by arraying against her the resentment of the United States.

Mr. Richard Olney's Candidacy

There has been of late many signs of a concerted movement to put forward Mr. Richard Olney, who was Secretary of State in the second Cleveland administration, as a candidate for the Democratic nomination for the Presidency in 1904. The movement is opposed by Mr. George Fred. Williams, who has posed as the representative of Bryanism in the old Bay State. His opposition could not prevent Mr. Olney from securing the Massachusetts delegation if the latter's candidacy were looked upon with favor by Mr. Josiah Quincy and other masters of the Democratic local machine. Notwithstanding Mr. Williams's unfriendly attitude, the nomination of Mr. Olney is advocated by such a large proportion of the Bryan newspapers in the West that Mr. Bryan's countenance of the course pursued by them is generally taken for granted. It is not difficult to see why Mr. Bryan should prefer Mr. Olney to any other candidate thus far suggested. It is true that Mr. Olney is just as firmly opposed to the free coinage of silver at the ratio of sixteen to one as he was in 1896, but Mr. Bryan is well aware that nobody who is known to desire the subversion of the gold standard can obtain the Democratic nomination next year. Being thus constrained to choose among the opponents of free silver, Mr. Bryan naturally selects the man who gave most earnest support to the last Democratic nominee for the office of Chief Magistrate.

It is possible that Mr. Cleveland, Senator Gorham and Judge Parker voted a dead man Bryan in 1896, if not also in 1880; but not one of them made any resolute and public effort in his behalf.

It will be remembered, on the other hand, that Mr. Olney, on September 7, 1900, published in the *New York World* a letter in which he assigned many reasons for supporting Mr. Bryan, notwithstanding the latter's persistent adherence to the silver heresy, which, in Mr. Olney's opinion, had done a million of harm to the practical movement. This letter, which is now being reproduced in many parts of the country, undoubtedly embodied a powerful appeal to that large section of the American people which regarded with profound dissatisfaction, if not dismay, the attitude of the Republican party toward the tariff, the trusts, and the Philippines. The question of the retention of the Philippines, like that of free silver, may be regarded as a dead one; but events have brought the tariff and the trusts more than ever into the foreground of public interest and public discussion. The position taken by Mr. Olney with regard to these paramount and urgent problems is substantially identical with that occupied by Mr. Bryan himself, and would naturally commend itself, not only to the latter, but also to the masses of the Democratic party. There is, indeed, no reason to suppose that Mr. Olney would go a jot further than would Mr. Cleveland in opposition to a high protective tariff, or in an attempt to control the trusts, so far as such control could be effected by constitutional means. Mr. Bryan, however, seems to be personally unfriendly to Mr. Cleveland, and he has repeatedly intimated in his *Cosmopolitan* that he would resist to the utmost the renomination of the ex-President. Previous to his resignation, we had some hope for any recognition on the part of Mr. Cleveland, should the latter be re-elected President, whereas it is by no means improbable that Mr. Olney would invite him to become a member of the cabinet. If Mr. Bryan prefers Mr. Olney to Judge Parker also, it is doubtless because he assumes that the latter, if elected, would be influenced by certain New York Democrats whom the editor of the *Cosmopolitan* regards with peculiar and not undeserved dislike.

After all, however, Mr. Bryan's wishes are not of very much importance, because it is no longer probable that his followers will constitute a third of the next Democratic National Convention, and because, in an event, would be able to bolt and accept a Populist nomination, since the Populist party has practically ceased to exist, having shrunk in ten years from upwards of a million of about seven thousand votes. Mr. Bryan and his friends will have to support the Democratic nominee, whoever he is, unless they repudiate the duty about which they had so much to say in 1896 and 1900,—namely, the duty of submitting to the choice of the party's representatives. We may, then, for the sake of argument, disregard Mr. Bryan's personal preference, as the convention will be likely to do, and come ourselves, as the convention will confine itself, to the question of availability. From this point of view Mr. Olney is scarcely satisfactory. He would not have the faintest chance of carrying his native State. He might possibly win Rhode Island, but we could have no assurance that he would gain Connecticut, whereas we know that Mr. Cleveland has repeatedly carried the last-named State. He would be much less likely than Mr. Cleveland to capture New Jersey, because of his prior would greatly assist his former chief. There is no reason to suppose that he would run better in New York than would Mr. Cleveland, because the latter has

twice carried that State against the wishes of Tammany Hall, and in 1904 he could count upon the cordial support of that organization. Either of the two candidates named would no doubt sweep all of the Southern States, with the possible exceptions of Maryland and West Virginia. As regards the pivotal States of the Middle and Far West, however, it must be owned that Mr. Cleveland would have the immense advantage of being well known to the voters. In fact, he is probably better known to the mass of the electorate than is any other citizen of the United States. Mr. Olney is, by comparison, a stranger. In tens of thousands of constituencies it would be needful for stump-speakers to explain who he is. That is a handicap which the Democratic party in a desperate crisis of its fortunes can hardly afford to undergo. The same objection may, of course, be made to the candidacy of Judge Parker, who had scarcely been heard of outside of his own State, until last autumn, when his name was mentioned for the Governorship of New York. We may say for Judge Parker, however, what we cannot say for Mr. Olney, that he is generally believed to be capable of carrying his native State.

The crucial question is, however, what Democrat is able not only to carry New York, but also Connecticut, New Jersey, Indiana, and Illinois, inasmuch as the electoral votes of at least all of those States will probably be indispensable. Now there is only one Democrat alive who has ever carried those five States, and that man is Grover Cleveland. Mr. Bryan did not carry one of them. It is, we admit, conceivable that Mr. Olney, with Mr. Bryan's active assistance, might secure in those five States some votes that would be withheld from his former chief, but, on the other hand, Mr. Cleveland, through the influence of his robust personality and the *clat* of his previous triumphs, would seem more likely to attract voters from the Republican party. If in the next Presidential election were to turn on the vote of New York alone, it might be expedient to select Judge Parker, instead of the ex-President, because the latter, like every other strong man, has made some enemies. But, as we have said, at least four other States must be gained by the Democratic nominee if he is to prove successful, and it is by no means certain that a man comparatively unknown, like Judge Parker, would prove competent for such a task.

It is, perhaps, just as well that Mr. Olney's candidacy should have been seriously mooted at this time, for we cannot begin too early to canvass his qualifications and those of his competitors, in view of the tremendous importance of the next campaign to the Democratic party and to the country.

The Unreality of Realty

If we could put that faith in the accuracy of the reporters which we are never quite able to put, we should be much more interested in some putative utterances of an eminent fellow-citizen than we now are. He was recently speaking to a company of clergymen, and he is said to have said that some of their sermons were accusably enfeebling their minds to be abused by the notion that certain men were becoming too rich, and that all wealth ought to be "dumped into a common pot." But, he is said to have said, he would tell such clergymen that individual ownership was the inspiration of the world's progress, and that the great danger in all debate of the labor question was some such blow at the rights of property as the notion that labor ought to rule. Very likely, however, he did not say this, but only something like it, with such provisions

and reservations, that his true position is not fully given by this bold black-and-white sketch of it. He probably thinks, as most other Christians think, that the teachings of One who never, while on earth, individually owned so much as a place where to lay His head, are the principles underlying whatever is good and great in our civilization. Very probably, as to the clergyman whose perversion he is said to have regretted, he would be among the first to excuse them, on the ground that their labors among the poor, with the constant sight of penurious and ineradicable misery, were peculiarly liable to mislead and bewilder them, and that if they sometimes dream of having all things in common, as the only state in which some people could have anything, they would be readily amenable to reason, and on reflection would see that it would never do. Whichever side of this extremely dangerous question we take, we all like to speak conditionally.

Property can no more be defended without question of its sanctions than it can be attacked without grave misgiving. In the first place, there appears to be, in certain lights, no such thing as private ownership of real property. This, in a civilized state, belongs to the state, which leases it on certain terms to the citizen. If the rent in the form of taxes and if he fails to pay them, the state will dispossess him, just as he in turn may dispossess the tenant to whom he sublets his property, if the tenant does not pay him the hire of it. Even when he pays his rent to the state promptly, the state may decide to dispossess him, if it finds that the property can be more advantageously used otherwise, just as he may dispossess his tenant when he wishes to rebuild or improve the premises. There is no appeal in either case, and this is the prime evidence of the unreality of reality. It seems to be not at all the inviolable thing it has been imagined: it is a convenient economical fiction, and when it becomes inappreciable, the truth about it is made to appear by the severest and sole owner of property, the state.

There are other reasons why we should not revere it when it is entrusted to private hands. Not only are the sources of private ownership sometimes atrocious and infamous, foul with fraud, and stained with cruelty and oppression, but sometimes its use and end are equally abominable. Property has a curious faculty of injuring property. A man owning a house may build over his back lot, so as to shut the light and air from his neighbor's house, and injure his neighbor's property to the amount of thousands of dollars, but the neighbor cannot help himself. There is nothing very admirable in this, and it is difficult to see how it tends to progress. Twenty-five or thirty years ago a line of travel was carried through New York city upon terms that were for a while disastrous to the abutting properties, and the owners of them could make themselves good only by costly suits at law, with chances that they could not make themselves good at all. In fact, we are so constantly seeing the disastrous effect of property upon property that many wise men think twice before acquiring the conditional ownership of it that the state allows. At this very moment we are having an extraordinary illustration of the ruthless nature of property in the sub-division of the sky-scraper at the corner of Broadway and Twenty-third Street, which has become known by common consent as the Flat-iron. This malign structure, in a line of conduct strictly consonant with its physical hideousness, is believed by the owner of a clothing establishment on the

corner below to have deflected the innocent winds of heaven with such force against the front of his store that his plate-glass windows have been twice blown in and his goods washed and ruined by the rain. He is said to be about to bring suit against the owners of the Flat-iron, with what hopes of success we will not invade the province of justice so far as to say. But we may confidently predict that he will not succeed in reforming the Flat-iron, either partly or altogether. Its owners, instead of recognizing themselves as the ministers and agents of progress, will simply hold their own, and invite the clothier to look about for another location if he does not like having his windows blown in by their Flat-iron; and they will have the sympathies of the community with them, for if there is anything more established than another in private property it is his right to spoil other private property. This has survived with it from pagan into Christian times, and it will survive as long as private property itself. But we can all agree that though this works certain hardships, it does not form a ground for operating its abolition. The trouble with private ownership is not that it is not sacred, but that it has not been converted, as so many of the heathen gods have been. No doubt this rent still be managed, and we think that if there are really any clergymen who are looking askance upon it in the supposed interest of poverty, they will do better to try if they cannot do something to bring it a little more into line with the social advance which it has done so much to promote.

Old Music and New

MR. ARNOLD DOLMETSCH, the musical antiquarian, has lately come here from England to expound to a bewigged and ungenerous people the virtues of old music and the archaic instruments for which it was written. Mr. Dolmetsch, if we understand him aright, bewails the development of musical art away from the naive ideas of that earlier day of his being which he loves, toward a greater and more complex intensity—the transmutation of an art that was merely decorative and accessory into an art that has become primarily a medium of emotional expression. He appears to believe that modern music, in attaining its unparalleled capacity for intense emotional utterance, has made a reckless and unjustifiable sacrifice of simplicity, reticence, and repose. Evidently Mr. Dolmetsch loftily and most accurately misconceives the significance of the musical development which he deprecates. The essential mission of music is, in the last analysis, precisely identical with that of any of the other articulate arts: to be, as an incomparable critic has required of poetry, "a criticism of life." Failing that, music is but the emptiest of vanities—at best a beautiful make-believe upon life, never its potent voice and instrument. We wonder if Mr. Dolmetsch knows the exquisite music which Mr. Charles Martin Loeffler has derived from that tremendously ecstatic fantasy of Verlaine's—"Avent que tu m'en ailles," performed here recently by the Boston Symphony Orchestra; or the tremendous "Also Sprach Zarathustra" of Richard Strauss, or that bewilderingly brilliant *opus d'opéra* of the Munich master, "Till Eulenspiegel"—both of which also we have lately heard. We allege those products of musical modernity as immediate examples because each of them embodies, with peculiarly vivid eloquence, some intense and valid experience of subjective reality—each is "steeped in the colors of human life." And it is precisely that indispensable quality which, for all its reposeful loveliness, the older music lacks.

Europe and the Monroe Doctrine

By Sydney Brooks

LONDON, January 21, 1903

GERMAN denunciations of the Monroe doctrine still continue. I do not suppose that is a fact which greatly excites Americans, but it should greatly interest them. Instead, looking at the Venezuelan affair in retrospect one sees that all its real significance was bound up in its connection with the Monroe doctrine, and that its course was followed with such absorbing attention by Europe simply for the light it might throw on the workings of the "golden rule" of American policy. The egregious *Ustros* and his debts were entirely lost sight of after the first day or two's excitement, and from first to last it was the bearing of the Monroe doctrine on the situation that really held the interest of Europe. True, the Anglo-German alliance sprang a subsidiary issue. That was a development which doubtless startled America, but I may safely say that it startled England more. There has been nothing in English history of the past thirty years, except possibly at the time of Gladstone's failure to resign, that would begin to compare with the storm of unanimous condemnation that broke over Lord Lansdowne's head. Even now in the political clubs, on the street, in society, and in the press you will find men angrily canvassing the reasons that led the Foreign Secretary into his unparalleled blunder. It was so gratuitous, so utterly opposed to British interests and policy, so flagrantly contemptuous of the clear wishes of the nation, that Englishmen are still catching at the most extravagant theories to explain its why and wherefore. Some put it down to the King's philo-Germanism; others to sheer stupidity; others again to the easy-goingness, the unwillingness to say No, that are the mark of modern British statesmanship. All three explanations are probably right, but to them should be added a fourth—one that I touched on in a previous letter—the extreme "softness" of the governing class in England. It is really quite possible to think that Lord Lansdowne was totally unaware of the intensity of anti-Germanism that obtains throughout the country. Any "man in the street" could have told him, but then a minister of Lord Lansdowne's position never comes across the "man in the street," and if he has not Palmerston's or McKintley's instinct for knowing without being told what the masses of his countrymen are saying and thinking, what will please and what displease them, then he is peculiarly liable to run full tilt against the unanimous opinion of the country newsmasters. That was what happened to Lord Lansdowne. He simply did not know; and when the knowledge burst on him, when he found every articulate voice in England loudly denouncing him and his previous alliance with Germany came upon Englishmen as a profound humiliation; but to find that alliance directed, not, of course, against America, but against a state in which America felt a peculiar political interest, absolutely infuriated them. That is no exaggeration. Nothing in my recollection, not even the blunders of the War Office in the early stages of the Boer war, so roused and dis-

gusted this country. To be put in the position of seeming to side with Germany in a matter that came, or might come, within the scope of the Monroe doctrine, was resented by all parties and all sections with unmitigated warmth. There is, indeed, something that Englishmen are more set on than the maintenance of cordial and sympathetic relations with the United States. This is an article of official as of private English, of Englishmen as a nation, and of Englishmen as individuals. When Mr. Chamberlain declared, as he did in 1890, that his foreign policy was to maintain friendly relations with all foreign powers, "and, if possible, something more than friendly relations with the United States," he was only uttering a wish that lies very near the heart of all Englishmen. In strict accuracy there should be excepted from this statement the editor of the *Saturday Review*. I mention that because certain American journals still quote the *Saturday Review*, as though it were an organ of some importance. No one in England thinks of it in that way; it has dropped clean out of the estimation of the intelligent reading public, and is quoted nowadays, when it is quoted at all, only to show how far a paper may depart from its old and honorable standards. With this exception what I have just stated holds good. England is pro-American to the core. Moreover, on the specific question of the Monroe doctrine her attitude is just what the United States would have it to be. That the doctrine confirms the South-American states in their well-known peculiarities and encourages them indirectly to "dare" Europe is unquestionable. To that extent England finds it an annoyance. But, so argued this, it is a factor in preserving the status quo over the two Americas; and British policy is based on the principle of preserving the status quo wherever possible. Moreover, the Monroe doctrine prevents, or at least makes extremely hazardous, anything in the nature of a European scramble for South America. It renders it, precisely speaking, certain that South America will not be treated as Africa and China have been treated. At the same time it is a guarantee that all present holdings on the continent, the British included, will not be interfered with. It thus makes not only for peace, but for security, and so paves the way for that stability which is the foundation of all commerce. England may not, for instance, be wholly satisfied with Venezuela as a neighbor, but she prefers her, commercially and politically, to Germany. The Monroe doctrine forbids the possibility of Germany or any other European power becoming a British neighbor in South America. For these reasons it is largely in line with English interests. Great Britain does not want any more territory in either half of the hemisphere, nor does she want to see any European power carving out a "sphere of influence" for itself between Cape Horn and the Gulf of Panama. Taking Mr. Roosevelt's definition of it just as it stands—"The Monroe doctrine is a declaration that there must be no territorial aggrandizement by any non-American power at the expense of any American power on American soil"—England finds it in absolutely nothing to object to, but, on the contrary, everything to endorse.

On the broad issue, England and America think alike. There is even a school of publicists in this country that would gladly see the British government openly and formally "recognize" the doctrine, and declare their intention, if necessary, to join with America in enforcing it. In all its essentials it has already been "recognized"; the general principle that underlies it is fully and sincerely subscribed to; but beyond that England is hardly prepared to go. Before she could

make the Monroe doctrine a cardinal point of British policy it would be necessary to define its scope with some stringency, and that is precisely what Americans are most shrewdly unwilling to do. Moreover, England, after all, is not nearly so interested in South America as is the United States. It would not, for instance, be worth her while to fight in order to prevent a European occupation of part of Guayana, while Americans presumably would feel impelled to take up arms at once. No calculation can make the English stake in South America, whether sentimental or political, equal to the American, and it would therefore be needlessly quixotic, especially in view of her immense responsibilities elsewhere, for Great Britain to divide with the United States the burden of defending the Monroe doctrine against the world. Englishmen believe, anyway, that the United States is perfectly competent to undertake its defense herself, and that when Congress realizes that the Monroe doctrine, reduced to its essence, means ships and guns and men and plenty of them, there will be no question of its being seriously challenged. Meanwhile, England for her own part accepts the doctrine without reserve, but she is not prepared to help in enforcing it on other grounds. In both cases her policy is determined by the plainest dictates of self-interest. Of course should it appear that America was unable in any given crisis to maintain the doctrine by her own power, the case would be wholly altered, and England might, and probably would, find herself compelled to become its active upholder.

One need hardly point out how vitally different must be the attitude towards the question of such a country as Germany—a country necessarily dissatisfied with the status quo in the Americas because she is excluded from it, a country that has not, as England has, an empire that will receive her surplus population, a country that possesses no naval station in South-American waters, and believes that to carve out colossal reserves for her traders is the only way to ensure commercial prosperity. It is in no sense securing Germany of "harboring devices" against the Monroe doctrine to insist that, situated as she is, her attitude towards the general question cannot but widely differ from Great Britain's. And that it does differ may be easily seen by comparing the files of the Berlin and London papers for the last two months. The usual complaint ran through the German tirades—that the United States will neither take South America for herself nor let any one else take it; that she accepts no responsibility whatever for the outrages, disorders, and financial freakishness of her protégés; that it is not their behavior to Europe, but Europe's behavior to them she claims the right to supervise; and that were any European power to set up a similar irresponsible sovereignty over even the most worthless part of Africa it would be instantaneously challenged. All this we have heard before, but the Venezuela affair raised one novel and specific point which is not without interest. When does the Monroe doctrine become applicable? For instance, if the Allica had occupied La Goyra or Caraca, how long would the United States have left them in unmeddled possession? Until their claims were satisfied? That might have taken years, and Germany judges, no doubt correctly, that American opinion would hardly restrain itself as long. What, then, is the time limit? When does a temporary and permissible occupation shade off into a permanent and forbidden one? At what point is Washington prepared to declare that a power legitimately engaged in bringing a South-American state to book, has gone far enough and must call a halt?

The Book of Months

By E. F. Benson

JUNE

THE early planted sweet peas are in flower; so too are the nasturtiums. It was Margery's plan always to sow seeds very early in the year; indeed, she was supposed to have been seen sowing in a snow-storm. Then she used to cover the earth up with matting if it was very cold and snover it for any glint of sun. Her gardening was of the most methodical order; she would pull up seedlings to see how their roots were getting on, disturb sown earth to see what was occurring below; if a plant looked sickly she took it up and shook it and replanted it again with a warning; but everything answered with her, and it was she who taught us to sow sweet peas in March, so that you got the first flowers early in June.

The year after the events of this May, I remember, she made a long row of sweet peas running right up from the house to the end of the garden. The garden was not a large one, any more than was the house, for she and Dick were not rich, and the whole row was not a hundred feet long. But there was a pleasant piece of lawn, with a thicket of lilac and syringas at one end, and at each side of the path she had placed old petroleum-barrel saws in half for flower-tubs. These she and I had painted green, and in the process had painted ourselves too, and everything tasted and smelt of green paint for a week afterwards. In them she planted nasturtiums and love-lies-meeting. Both sweet peas and nasturtiums were in flower early one June, just as mine are flowering now. She always loved sweet peas; they gave her "a feeling," she said. Therefore they grow there in a certain place.

Dick and she had been married in the September of the same year when they were engaged; in October the Boer war began, and Dick's regiment was among the first to go out, and she and I went down to Southampton to see the *Maplecroft* off. It was a bleak gray day, with an angry fretful wind, which raised little ripples on the water, and as soon as raised out their heads off. There was a good deal of delay, and she didn't sail for two hours after the advertised time, and we all three said openly to each other that we wished she would be quick. But when the time came, I think that Margery would have given her life for half an hour more had she known.

Then in December came the week which no one can think of now without a shudder, when Stormberg was succeeded by Magersfontein, and Magersfontein by Colenso. But these wintry days passed, and the scare they left in many homes began to heal, and the year and the tide turned.

I saw Margery many times that spring, and I went to stay with her for two days on May the 24th—for the 25th was the anniversary of her engagement to Dick, and she had long ago written it that we should spend it together. The 24th had been a very hot day, close and sultry, and by a curious coincidence late that night the storm which had for several hours flickered and grumbled in the west came very quickly closer, and burst over us in appalling riot. Sleep was out of the question, and about two in the morning, I got up and sat at the window watching it, thinking very faintly how, just a year ago, Dick and I had sat together through it, until the ivory calmness of the moon and the dove-colored dawn had succeeded the tumult. Step by step I went through the talk we had had together, while overhead the violence of the storm abated and passed into the distance

again. Now, whether I actually went to sleep or not, I do not know, though, in any case, I was unconscious of having done so, but suddenly I heard Dick's voice—as I thought—close to me. "And whatever happens, Jack," he said.

Then, whether I had been asleep or not, I was awake now and alone. Outside a moon rose high and clear amid the swirling stars, and in the east the sky was dove-colored with the approaching dawn.

The next day we spent very quietly; there was no one there but Margery's mother and myself, and we hardly went beyond the garden. For Margery's time, you will understand, had nearly come, and in a week or two she would be the mother of Dick's child. After tea that afternoon we had a long talk together, for her mother had gone out on some household business, and she spoke to me of that which was coming to her with all the simplicity of her nature, all the triumph and glory of her loving heart, and she asked me to come down again as soon as possible after it, she said, "because it seems so inevitable that you must be here to take part in this great joy of Dick's and mine. You see, Jack, I can't remember a single joy or sorrow of my life into which you and Dick were not bound up, as it were—and this the greatest of all—do come as soon as another writes to you."

The dusk began to fall in layers over the sky, and the evening breeze got up and tossed the incense of the flower's even-song over the garden. Then, as night closed in, the smell of syringas and lilac fell asleep, and the sweet peas closed, and the benediction of the stars shone from the heights of heaven. Then Margery rose from her chair and held out both hands to me.

"Oh, my dear," she said, "every day I thank God for giving me to me as my friend and Dick's. For now I have done what I wish when I was a child, and now that I am a woman, and the room of womanhood is coming to me, I tell you this, and I ask you to continue to be the friend of all of us. I thank you, Jack. I bless you with my whole heart."

She bent down and once again she kissed me.

My God, how content I was at that moment! For at that moment the foe which I had been fighting all the year, whose sword was jealousy of Dick, whose spear was bitterness of heart, whose armor was the human longing and the crying of the flesh for this woman, dropped dead. No longer would I have had anything different, all was utterly good, and she whom I loved stood over me in the gathering silence of the night, and under her feet lay that devilish enemy, whom her goodness and sweetness had slain.

We dined with great gaiety and footliness, and dinner was succeeded by absurd games, in which the two members of the alliance of laughter did wonders for the cause. Then Margery and her mother went up stairs, and I strolled into the garden again, to smoke for half an hour before going to bed, with this reaction of laughter rather strong upon me, and feeling, in spite of what had happened before dinner, vaguely disquieted and depressed, and my mind went back and dwelt with curious insistence on the hallucination of Dick's voice the night before. Then, even while I was pondering over the strangeness of it and telling myself that I must have been asleep, I suddenly heard the clasp of the gate leading from the road to the front door on the other side of the house, followed by the crunching of gravel, and, after a moment, the sound of the front-door bell. At that a sudden nameless fear leaped into my heart, and before the bell sounded again I was at the front door. It was a telegraph-boy with a

War Office telegram addressed to Margery. I took it from him, closed the door quickly, and stood there with it in my hand, struck motionless and incapable of thought.

Then upstairs I heard a door open and the next moment my name was called by Margery, her voice half strangled and struggling for utterance.

"Jack, Jack, what is it?" she asked. "What is it—what is it?"

Next moment I saw her leaning over the banister of the landing above, her hair down and with a dressing gown on. And she saw what I held in my hand.

"Will you bring it up to me, please, Jack?—or open it," she said, faintly, and I heard the banisters creak as she leaned on them and clutched them. Then her mother hurried out of her room and put her arm round her.

I can hear the tearing of that envelope now, the rustle of the unfolding sheet. The few words it contained for a moment meant nothing. Then they became coherent.

"Is it about Dick?" whispered Margery. "Is he wounded? Tell me quick."

I looked up, and do not remember whether I said anything or not. But she knew, and in the dim light of the turned-down lamp in the hall I saw her rise to her full height, with arms outstretched, then away, and fall back into her mother's arms.

The telegram fluttered to the ground, and I ran up stairs. Together we lifted her up and carried her into her room and laid her on the bed.

"Dick is killed!" whispered her mother to me, and I nodded. Then, at her request, I left them, and ran to wake one of the servants.

"Don't go to bed," she said, as I left the room. "You may be wanted. Sit up till I see you. Have your bicycle ready."

The drawing-room through which I had come a moment before to answer the bell looked out through French windows onto the garden, and here I sat waiting for her mother. As yet the news to me was inconceivable; it seemed merely impossible that it should be so. Something would happen; another telegraph-boy would come, or, which seemed more likely, I would wake to find that I was not here and the time was not now. Perhaps the place would be Bracton; perhaps the time would be a year ago. Yet how could that be? For she had spoken to me of Dick and of Dick's child. There was nothing in the world so real as those moments, and in this dumb dazed mood I went once into the hall to see if my bicycle was there; for if these things were a dream, surely I should find some incongruity, and perhaps that which should have been a blessing might be Dick. But the bicycle stood there, with its lantern already lit as I had left it.

Then came quick steps descending the stairs, and I went out into the hall.

"Please go into the town at once, Jack, and bring Dr. Carlston. Make him come out at once; if he is not in, bring somebody."

"What—what—oh, tell me something," I said.

"Her child will be born sooner than we expected," said she. "Oh, be quick!"

The road was empty of passengers and very dark; once a man, a policeman, I think, shouted something after me; once the shadow of a dog raved me for a while, snarling and snapping. Otherwise all I know of that few miles is a round spray of illumination on the road, cast by my lamp. I amremely motionless, while to right and left trees and houses went noiselessly by, and a wind blew steadily, in spite of the turns of the road, from the direction in which I was speeding. Then the traffic of the town began, and I had the sense to go somewhat more slowly.

for fear of being taken up, and so delayed. Then, crossing the high street, I came to the square red-brick house.

For an interminable time, so it seemed to me, I waited on the door-step, and then the door was opened by an impassive manservant. Dr. Carleton was at dinner. There was a party, but as soon as he came out the message would be delivered, and I resumed saying that I would go into the dining-room myself unless I could see him at once. Then, after another interminable delay, Dr. Carleton, whom I knew slightly, came out.

"Come at once," I said. "Mrs. Arlington."

"Not the confinement!" he said, frowning. "She has just had news of Dick's death," said I, "and her mother told me that—that the baby might be born sooner than they expected. Oh, man, don't argue!"

"How did you come?" said he.

"Bycycle; it's outside."

He turned to his servant.

"Tell them to put the pony in at once,"

he said, "and bring it round. And"—he looked at me sharply a moment—"bring some brandy."

I suppose I made some gesture of impatience, for he laid his hand on my arm with a quieting force.

"Now, be sensible," he said. "I am going to get what I may require, and shall go off on your bicycle. You will follow in the cart, and until it is ready you will sit down here and drink a wineglassful of brandy. Now, mind, I order it."

He nodded at me, pointing to a chair, and I stumbled towards it, conscious for the first time of an overpowering exhaustion. My blood beat through my temples very thin, far away, but with frightful rapidity, and something rang in my ears like the whistle of a distant train. Then I became conscious that the butler had put a glass of brandy into my hand, and I drank it.

"The cart will be here in ten minutes,"

he said.

"But Dr. Carleton?" I asked.

"Rode off a couple of minutes ago, sir. I should still sit, sir, if I was you!"

It can hardly have been an hour from the time the telegram first came to when the cart, with me inside it, again drew up at Margery's house. Against the porch leaned my bicycle, the lamp still burning, and lights, I saw, were burning in her bedroom. Directly over the door, standing on a chair inside the hall, was Dr. Carleton's hat and a small black bag; on the floor close by was the pink sheet of the telegram which I must have dropped when I ran up stairs. Even then I remember clinging in some desperate dazed fashion to the hope that it was all a dream, and that the telegram would prove to be some trivial absurdity, and I picked it up and read it again.

Then I sat down and waited.

From time to time there was some muffled sound of footsteps and movement about, then silence again, then more steps. Then I heard a door open above, and a droning voice, which I knew to be Margery's, speaking in level, meaningless tones. Then the doctor's voice said, sharply:

"Yes, it is in my bag. Bring it all up stairs if you don't understand."

With the bag in my hand I met the servant hurrying down stairs, sobbing in a helpless manner. She took the bag from me without a word, and went up again. And, step by step, after I had heard the door shut, I moved to the top of the stairs and sat there. Before, the clock in the hall lent out metallic minutes, and once the hour—twelve only—struck. Through the fanlight above the front door I could see the lamps of the doctor's dog-cart. Three or four times they moved away, and after a minute or so returned again to the same

spot. At intervals that terrible droning voice came from Margery's room.

How long these things lasted I cannot say, but it must have been less than two hours, for I heard the hall clock strike once only. Then the droning voice ceased altogether, and in its place came short incisive sentences in a man's voice, the purpose of which, of course, I could not hear. Then came the cry of a child, and I knew that in the midst of death we are in life.

Then, as if I had been drawn by cords, I crept nearer and nearer to the door of the room, and the crying of the child still sounded—the cry of Dick's child. And Dick? Oh, Dick, if your brave blithe spirit, in the paradise of God, now free of its habitation of flesh, keeps watch, as it surely must, over these it loves—some here—come here where there is so sore a need of you and your comforting. Speak to her through that frail tabernacle of time and space. Comfort the soul you love if the laws of your world permit it. Come!

Later in that long night Dr. Carleton told me all he could tell. The child had been born, and it lived. There was no reason why it should not live, for it was quite healthy, though it had been born before its time. About Margery, he could not say. She had not rallied satisfactorily. She had been perfectly conscious for a time after the birth of the child, but with her consciousness had returned the knowledge of her husband's death, and she had relapsed again into a semi-comatose state. He preferred to wait, visiting her from time to time, till he could feel more happy about her.

Twice before the dawn broke I tried to go to bed, and as many times I crept down stairs again to where Dr. Carleton sat in the drawing-room, his great formal face looking more anxious and troubled each time he returned from a visit upstairs. Then, just as morning broke in this wet line on the horizon, I heard his voice call to me, and I went up stairs. He beckoned me to come in. Margery was lying in bed, propped up on pillows, and her eyes were closed. I sat by the bedside and waited. They had taken the baby away, and only her mother knelt there, with her eyes fixed on Margery's face. Suddenly she raised her head a little, opened her eyes, and saw me.

"Thank you," she said, "Thank you for being here, Jack. Dick is waiting for us. Yes, Dick!"

She raised herself a little more, and seemed to struggle for breath.

"Is it morning?" she said. "Let in the morning!"

And even as I pulled the curtains aside and raised the blinds there dawned on her the overhating day.

To be Continued.

Correspondence

A GERMAN VIEW OF THE CARIBBEAN SITUATION.

Winnipeg, January 23, 1903.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

Sir,—Your glorious articles on Caribbean seas are well noticed in Germany. "We do not want to fight, but, by Jingo, if we do, we have got the men, we have got the ships, we have got the money too" (1878). Your new article most probably is written by Dewey! If a man deserves the hatred of Germans, it is Dewey; we have not forgotten the behavior of small, very small, Dewey off Manila!

The Monroe doctrine is all stuff and nonsense. Just look at *Von Preussische Zeitung*. Do take Mexico, at least the

northern part of it! Brush it up, that semi-Indian government! But do not quarrel with dear old Germany! Do not forget your immense surplus of imports to Germany! Just look at *Kölnische und Neue Preussische Zeitung*! What do you earn from those beggar Spaniards, who squandered three hundred years ago, in Venezuela, Colombia, Mexico, and whom you affect to protect! Does Cuba like the Yankees! And Filipinos! How is Mr. Brownell, the murderer? Will he not go back to the Filipinos?

Marines, soldiers, and rough riders were rousing, Revenge for the *Mexico*! And afterwards it was found out to be all stuff and nonsense; not the poor beggar Spaniards destroyed the *Mexico*; a treacherous, neglectful sailors on board the Yankee ship did it! Just let the Germans have Curacao; poor little Dutchmen, with their fleet of 30 0, cannot defend it, with any more. Do not forget that one-third U. S. A. citizens are of German descent! Do not forget that the troublesome, quarrelling elements in the southern parts of U. S. A. were always Spaniards, or at least semi-Indians of Latin blood. If you want to regenerate the Spanish lands, you must come from the Mexican side! Just look at the railway business still to be done in Mexico. Yours truly,

W. L. BECKER.

WESTERN LAND RESERVATIONS

TACOMA, WASHINGTON, January 24, 1903.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

Sir,—One of the members of Congress from our State has just introduced a bill into the national House to divide the Calville reservation and open it up to settlement.

The country has recently endured several of these performances, and I have hoped that for the sake of decency and honor of the nation, justice and honesty to the Indian, and our duty to coming generations, these stunts (to be plain) should cease.

Time was (two generations ago) that the donation claim system was quite proper and desirable, and it started an immigration of settlers to an unattractive region. Then, a generation ago, came the homestead and pre-emption laws that made it easy to acquire a quarter or half section of land.

The pre-emption has passed, but with us still are the homestead, timber-claim, stonemine, and timber-culture, as well as mineral-claim laws, and the result is that the West has been pretty thoroughly exploited nearly all of them.

Under a humane administration the Indians have been located on reservations (that are usually the best land that could be found, and by solemn treaty was guaranteed to them for their benefit for all time to come).

The white man has come to their borders—and, by-the-way, they are not all so "white"—and lusted after the land. Disreputable tactics have been resorted to, to arouse the hostility of the Indians, and furnish an excuse to the officials to "open" the reservation.

Let us call a halt. There is no more need of offering land almost free to induce white settlers. Speculators are the beneficiaries.

The land now jumps to from \$2 50 to \$50 and \$100 an acre, and gangs fit from one to another just to "work" them.

Let the government keep the reservations intact, and keep on civilizing and educating the Indians into good citizens, establish experiment stations thereon, and let them be self-sustaining, and in two generations more the government will have a valuable asset on hand, and the white man can pay the full worth for the land when he gets it, which he should do. I am, sir,

Very truly yours,

W. C. BELL.

As to Repainted Gérômes,
and Others

It is discouraging to note how foreigners persist in underestimating us. One hundred and twenty-six years, more or less, have elapsed since they became THE United States. During all that century and a quarter we have had to contend against a sort of belittling most revolting to our sensitive feelings. We are, of

course, the greatest people on earth—we are the greatest country, obviously. We are the richest, smartest, shrewdest, etc., etc. In existence, until it comes to a picture deal, or the swapping of greenbacks for bric-a-brac, "antiques," or objects of "Biblic and Virtue." Still, here is M. Gérôme, saying that "half" the pictures in this country are either "forges or copies." You see!—he cuts down the figures (after the fashion of those jealous foreigners) in a paltry fifty per cent.—which is absurd—when eighty or ninety is nearer the truth. As usual, M. Gérôme fails to give us our due. We are, in this matter, as in all others, the greatest set of "marks" that ever delighted the vendors of every kind of Art "Fake."

Just why a man who is as sharp as a needle on "Change, or who requires all sorts of guarantees when he buys a twopenny mine, should pay out a fortune for an ugly picture which almost any painter can tell at a glance is a fraud, remains one of those mysteries of human nature which it is not the function of this paper to clear up. Explanations have been offered, are offered perpetually, but they do not explain. The really wonderful part of it all is this: a painter, almost any painter of fair education and good training, can certainly detect a fraud much more surely than the class of persons called "experts," whose knowledge is so objective and superficial that it permits them to be deceived in a painting by what Whistler called, so delightfully, "the stain on the back." That is just the point. Usable, as a matter of fact, to judge the real merits of a work of art, the "experts" are reduced to determining its age and character from the quality of canvas, the worm-holes, whatever is not the particular thing under discussion. Mr. White tells us, in his description of the "Cardiff Giant," how the only sculptor who saw the figure pronounced it to be exactly what it was, "a badly executed stone statue," after looking at it for only a few moments. He refused to say more or anything else about the fraud, in spite of the scientific "experts" and the divines who saw in Hall's swindle ancient inscriptions and perturbed confirmation of Biblical verity.

Unless the painful truth is that our billionnaires desire to be deceived—which I cannot believe—or become hypnotic victims of the dealers, a simple course is open to them for self-protection. All they have to do is to consult any artist of the first order, from whom they can get about the best advice obtainable, and that, too, without paying a fee—such is the remarkable state of practice

amongst the painters and sculptors of merit at the present time.

Of the "copies and forgeries" themselves there is this much one can say without incurring the risk of suits for libel, if they are purchased in France or Italy—in Europe, generally speaking—the purchaser can always demand a guarantee that the work of art is what it purports to be. Most likely the vendor will refuse to give such a guarantee; in which case the buyer takes the object at his own risk, and proves himself a most ordinary sort of man—that sort which believes it can judge in matters of art and archeology because it made a lucky hit in



A "Maker of Old Pictures"

Wall Street, and that money is brains and education too.

It is pathetic to see a "Magnate" adding to his collection (at enormous cost) a "Madonna and Child, by St. Luke," almost entirely repainted, so that nothing genuine is left but the back of the panel, by which, of course, the "experts" have discovered it! I number among my acquaintances a "maker of old frames"—that is the way in which he describes himself, very simply. I have never found a "maker of old pictures" who was willing to stow his gentle calling; but I do know one, and his work has deceived, if not the elect, at least the self-deceit—the "experts" and their victims, the billionnaires.

As to copies of old pictures there can be no possible objection to them, as copies. Any one who has seen the extraordinary

work of Lehnbach in the Schack Gallery, Munich, may form some idea of how good, how close to the original, a masterly copy can be. A good copy of a good picture is certainly preferable to any bad original. But to pay, even in ignorance (because, in this case, ignorance is avoidable) the value of a good original for an indifferent copy is not only immoral, but very nearly criminal—as necessary after the fact to a vulgar swindle.

One evening, after dinner in a large house, an artist and a French gentleman, something of a connoisseur, were walking together from the smoking-room to join the ladies. When passing through the wide hall (hung with "Van Dykes," "Rubenses," "Rembrandts"—whoever you please) the Frenchman remarked: "How clever of our host to decorate his walls with these pictures, which go so well with the hangings. And I suppose he does not have to pay more than a hundred or two hundred dollars apiece for them?" "Say 'thousands,'" and make the figures from three to ten, and you will come nearer," replied the artist. "But, my dear sir, all these are manufactured (fabriqués)," said the Frenchman, in astonishment. "Yes! I know that, and so do you; but who is to tell our host?" "Ah!—it is true. He would not wish to believe."

This is a true story, told to illustrate the attitude of those who look towards those who buy. The former are willing enough to commit matrimony ("Don't"), but not to offer it. And so it happens that the riper sort of men and women run around buying, at absurd prices, imitations "antiques," bogus "Old Masters," rubbish of all kinds, simply because they haven't the sense to seek and take the advice of those who, for the reason that they are the makers of things artistic, are better able than others to judge of the real and sentimental value of pictures, statues, etc., etc. We would have less painful revelations in our public museums, from time to time; less horrible stuff to refuse as bequests; and less of that ready-made taste which is furnished so often by picture-dealers along with the canvases marked 1830 or 1848," as M. Gérôme describes them.

The case of the alleged alteration of one of M. Gérôme's own paintings is a matter of ethics rather than of art. It has been stated that some one has altered that artist's famous "Promenade de Louis XIV.," by painting in a brilliant sunlight where M. Gérôme had placed a setting sun and a rising moon. As to the statement made by a critic in the daily press, who says that M. Gérôme has probably forgotten just how he did paint the picture in question, read the artist's own statement in his article on "True and False Gods in Art" in the February HARPER'S.

"One night some years ago," he writes, "I was invited to dinner at Versailles. The remembrance was at the Trianon. An admirable twilight, all of green and rose-colored gold, made of the garden of Versailles an enchanted fairyland. The moon was rising over the palace. I started to dream of the great century of Louis XIV. I made of this little souvenir my 'Promenade de Louis XIV.' Had I not arrived late, had I not been invited to dine at Versailles—who knows?—perhaps I should never have painted this tableau."

M. Gérôme has obviously not forgotten.



Books and Bookmen

The influence of Mr. Howells upon literary aspiration in this country has always been sane, true, steady in its directing impulse. He set a high standard for the American novel in his early years in *A Modern Instance*, *The Rise of Sissie Lapham*, *A Hazard of New Fortunes*; he bore it to the head in the wave of pseudo-historical romance which sprang out of the belligerent patriotic emotions of a few years ago, and last year, when the wave had spent its force, he took up his pen when he had laid it down, and gave us *The Kentons*, a novel presenting a true and striking likeness of a phase of American life and character, worthy to follow in the noble line of his works of fiction. The insistence of this ideal has had its effect upon our young writers of fiction, with the result that in different parts of the country one can almost hear the noise of pens writing of the stir of a teeming life that clamors for picturesque presentation. For belated expression there is always the quickening impulse; and it is the indubitable existence of this impulse, seeking manifestations in form of art and literature under present conditions, which is the most significant and the most promising feature of the vitality of our artistic aims and aspirations as a nation. If Frank Norris had lived to bring his growing powers to fruition, and to rupture in fiction that note which he sounded in a posthumous article, "A Neglected Epic," he might have occupied a foremost place among the younger living novelists of this class. It is too soon to say just who is most worthy to succeed him, but we should be inclined to look for his successor in the Middle West. One of the most remarkable and original novels of last year was Elizabeth Higgins's *Out of the West*, perhaps the most remarkable by a new writer. Interest will be centered on her next book, which might go far to define the place she is likely to take in American fiction. Mr. William H. Lighthill is also a young author whose work will be worth watching. Like *Out of the West*, his novel, *The Elusive Moment*, which has just started in HARPER'S BAZAR, and will run through the year, is a story of Nebraska. More than any of the younger men and women now writing whom we know, Mr. Lighthill in his work and personality shows the capacity to understand and grasp the heroic, the elemental, the picturesque epic of the West—"the last great epic event in the history of civilization"—which is now engaging his attention in his next work of fiction. One turns to him in hope that a novelist of undoubted powers has come to the rescue of what the late Frank Norris called the great figure of our neglected epic, the hero of our ignored history of all the West; that the one distinctive to be as—peculiar, particular, and unique, in the conquest of the wilderness beyond the Mississippi.

Two years ago Mr. Elmore Elliott Peake added his name to the list of rising young American novelists with his successful first novel, *The Burlington*. His second novel, *The Profit of Teffler*, has just been published, and is also a story of a small town in the Middle West, but with a difference. Ashboro was a thriving industrial railroad town; Teffler still retains the village characteristics, in spite of telephone and electric lights, which suggest the gradual succumbing to city life. Through the lawyer's rear windows you may catch glimpses, between clusters of elms and maples, of the rolling prairie of northern Illinois, and a short half-mile away *The Profit of Teffler* is alive with the tingling qualities of bracing aggressiveness, ahead even, na-

tive shrewdly, and dry, racy humor which attracted readers to *The Burlington*, and won for the author a quick and ready recognition. The breath of the prairie blows through his pages, and gives one a feeling of elation and buoyancy in reading them. Mr. Peake has enjoyed writing his story immensely, and the pleasure he has put into it is contagious. Apart from the laws of history of the novel, there are many entertaining incidents of rural comedy, such as the scene at the death-bed of old Billy Henderson, who shocked his pious friends by insisting on having "There was an old man who had a wooden leg" sung to him, instead of a hymn.

Hampstead is not only rich in literary associations of the past, but is still the dwelling-place of many of the most eminent literary men in London, so that it is little wonder that Hampstead should be little to produce, annually, a suburban magazine of an unusually readable character. To the *Hampstead Annual*, just published under the editorship of Messrs. Greville Matheson and Sydney C. Mayle, Mr. Sidney Colvin contributes an article in which he recalls the days when he and Robert Louis Stevenson lodged together in Hampstead. Stevenson was in his twenty-fourth year—it was in 1874—in the full glow of his brilliant and unquiet youth. Mr. Colvin relates how his fellow-lodger once abated himself a whole night, and presented himself in the morning "swearing a tattered-sleeved waistcoat and was from a night's walking, followed by a couple of hours' slumber in an out-house. He had spent the night on pad through the southern slums and suburbs of London, trying to arouse the suspicions of one policeman after another, till he should succeed in getting taken up as a rogue and vagabond, and thereby gain proof for his fixed belief that justice, at least in the hands of its subordinate officers, had one scale for the ragged and another for the respectable. But one and all saw through him, and refused to take him seriously as a member of the criminal class." But, generally, at Hampstead Stevenson's ways were regular, and his apparel relatively neat and normal; he even had a black frock-coat and a tall hat, which he had once worn at a wedding. "I can see him now," says Mr. Colvin, "as he walked with me in that unaccustomed garb down the Quadrant and along Piccadilly to the Royal Academy. True, he had his hat in his hand because it chafed him. Also, being fresh from an enthusiastic study of the prosody of Milton, he kept declaiming, as he walked, with rapturous comments and in a ringing Scotch accent, the lines and cadences which chiefly haunted him."

Stevenson's days there were spent always at some volume of verse, feeling as if he owned. Much of his talk was in superlatives of corresponding vehemence. During ill health, had he a day or an hour of respite, he would gleefully proclaim himself "a balm being and a bird of Paradise." Did anything in life or literature please him, it was for the moment inimitably and incomparably the most splendid and wonderful thing in the whole world, and he must absolutely have you think so, too—quite, indeed, you chose to direct his sense of humor against his own exaggerations, in which case he would generally receive your criticism with ready assenting laughter. Mr. Colvin points out, however, that emotional, emphatic, and exaggerated colors, natural to his youthful temperament and conversation, were never, even from the first, allowed to do what might be said to be his chief writing. This was itself no small merit in an age when so many prose-writers of genius, and those the most attractive and

impressive to youth, as Carlyle, Macaulay, Ruskin, Dickens, had been given, each after his manner, to shouting; masters of strained rhetorical emphasis, of grotesque or gorgeous exaggeration; dealers in declamatory eloquence, the purple patch and the insistent phrase, the vehement and conventional assertion. Stevenson, had he let himself go, might easily have become a chatter-box. . . . He had at command a score of different words for so many shades and varieties of feeling or vision or idea, where many even of good writers would have had only one general and inclusive word for all; and he was never satisfied until he had found the exact phrase to express and match the finest shades of his meaning."

To the same *Annual*, Mr. H. E. Wheatley communicates a paper in which he quotes Nibberin unpublished annotations by Coleridge on a copy of Robinson Crusoe. Here Coleridge displays the same keen insight into the psychology of Defoe's work that he showed in his analysis of Shakespeare. "The excellence of Defoe," he says at the end of the volume, "is his sacrifice of the lesser interest to the greater, because more universal. Had he (as without any improbability, might have done) given his Robinson Crusoe any part of the turn for natural history which forms so striking and delightful a feature in the equally uneducated Dampier—had he made him find out qualities and uses in the before (to him) unknown plants of the island—discover a substitute for hops, for instance, or describe birds, etc.—many delightful pages and incidents might have enriched the book; but then Crusoe would cease to be the universal representative, the person for whom every reader could substitute himself." The philosopher in Coleridge speaks in another note he has on the margin of the novel. "When once the mind," he says, "despite of the reconstructing conscience, has abandoned its free power to a haunting impulse or idea, then whatever tends to give depth and vividness to this idea or infinite imaginings, increases its description, and in the same proportion renders the reason and free will ineffectual. Now, fearful calamities, sufferings, horrors, and hair-brandish escapes will have this effect far more than even sensual pleasures and prosperous incidents. Hence the evil consequences of sin in such cases, instead of retracting and deterring the sinner, prod him on to his destruction. This is the moral of Shakespeare's 'Macbeth.'"

The Little White Bird Hunters

A man complained to a West London magistrate that several poachers were in the habit of snatching his baby's personal property, and he begged the magistrate to look at his baby. The magistrate sent an officer to watch the attendants.

Ye ladies whom I often see
Incontinently robbing
And bending over infants we
And using phrases gushing,
Thy solemn warning pray you mark—
There are policemen in the park!

In your pursuit a danger lurks;
To hid the aureolem tarry
Is very wrong, despite the words
Of Mr. J. M. Barrie,
Be careful even how you talk
When prowling in the "Baby's Walk."

To cry, "Oh, bless it! What a dear!"
Amays a nurse extremely.
Of course she screams, but help is near
To all such pious utterances which
And Robert, starting from the trees,
Exclaims: "Now, then! Move on there,
please!"

Finance

The speculative deadlock remains unbroken at this writing. It often happens in the securities markets that the uplifting and the depressing forces balance each other so evenly as to result in a state of almost perfect equilibrium, which, translated into Stock Exchange English, means dull markets. Such prevails at the moment. Transactions have been on a light scale, and fluctuations in prices have been insignificant. The study of conditions from day to day elicits nothing of importance. Yet, as it is only transitory conditions which the average professional "trader" permits himself to study, and as it is only professional traders who are doing any stock speculating just now, the market logically fails to reflect any definite tendency. Sentiment is mixed, as the Stock Exchange phrase has it. There are those who believe that the next decided movement of prices will be upward, while others hold that the price direction will be down. But neither party has convictions strong enough to be recorded by the tape in unmistakable language. If prices do not rise, it is noteworthy that they do not decline; or vice versa, according to the individual point of view. That is the sum and substance of the contributions of the inveterate traders.

There is, after all, some justification for the absence of more forceful arguments. General conditions have undergone no such marked change as to render easy a forecast of the course of the market. Certain features of the situation are highly gratifying. Others, if not actually unfavorable, would seem to contain adverse possibilities. It was claimed vociferously that if it were not for the potential dynamite concealed in the Venezuelan imbroglio, the market would have been "better." Such a contention regarded the possibility of war between Germany and the United States, but it was feared that the inexplicable behavior of the German war-ships off Venezuela might lead to an exchange of sharp "notes" between the American and the German governments, which would have been effective enough to bear ammunition. But the situation cleared, and it was generally felt that the danger of strained relations had passed. Yet there was no improvement in the stock-market, clearly proving that it was not apprehension over possible Venezuelan complications which kept the market dull and depressed.

The public persists in attending to its own business affairs, and shows no disposition to gamble in stocks. This is always construed as a "bear" argument by the professional, but it is a statement by the professional, but it is a statement of fact that if there is no outside buying of securities, neither is there any selling. Similarly, if the strong interests evince no desire to carry on an aggressive bull campaign, neither are they willing to see a bear movement inaugurated under their noses by the impatient traders. The apathy, however, is not confined to the speculators. The investor shows as great an unwillingness to increase his holdings, or, on the other hand, to part with what he has. Money has become distinctly easier. The Lake Shore a few weeks ago borrowed several millions at what practically meant a 5½ per cent. rate of interest. This week the Pennsylvania Railroad borrowed \$15,000,000 for six months, with the privilege of renewing the loan, and paid 4½ per cent. But, if the rate is lower, it is to be admitted that indications point to fairly stiff money for many months to come. So obvious is this that the same financial authorities who two or three years ago so positively asserted that the United States was permanently on a 3½ per cent. interest basis now tells us with equal positiveness that the investment basis is really 4½ per cent. Were this true, it would mean cheaper bonds, and, inevitably, lower prices for many

railroad stocks now selling on a so-called investment basis, always recognizing, of course, that many stocks sell above investment prices because of certain speculative possibilities. If general business continues as good, as there is every reason to believe it will, it is difficult to see how a really important bear market is justified. On the other hand, now that the international credit situation has improved, the financial equanimity is looking anxiously to see how the net earnings of the railroads will fare in the next few months. There is no ques-

tion that the gross business will be enormous. Railroad earnings in November last showed increases in gross over November, 1901, but even greater increases in operating expenses, so that the net earnings fell below those of the same month the previous year. The advances in wages had much to do with it, and as some of the advances did not go into effect until December, the railway earnings of last month should afford some clue as to what we may look forward to. Net earnings determine values, as values govern prices.

HARPER'S WEEKLY for next week
will be another issue—40 pages—of
interestingness on subjects of Progress
and on the vital topics of the hour treated
in picture and text by the best artists and
writers. Some of the features will be:
on Washington, two page drawings of one
of the most brilliant social functions of
the year, the Army and Navy Reception;
on our Colonies, Gen. Bell's Achievements
in the Philippines, with brief outlook
for the future; on the South, the
Mardi Gras at New Orleans, full-page
drawing; on Science, Power from
Sunlight; on Travel, a Balloon Trip
just made across the Irish Sea, with
illustrations taken during the trip; on
Society, the Draper Ball and the Russian
Wedding in Washington; on Archi-
tecture, the proposed new passenger station
in Chicago; on the Theatre, "Mr. Pick-
wick"; on Politics, a humorous page
on the Venezuelan situation.

Et c., Et c.

40 Pages

16 pages of Comment on all Current Events Worth Considering

financial

The
Corn Exchange Bank

New York

WILLIAM A. NASH, President
THOMAS T. BARR, Vice-President
WALTER E. FREW, F. T. MARTIN, Cashier
WM. K. WILLIAMS, Assistant Cashier

CONDENSED STATEMENT

DECEMBER 1, 1902

ASSETS

Loans and Discounts . . .	\$32,821,102.49
Due from Banks	1,809,133.52
Banking Houses and Lots . .	1,574,792.96
Bonds, Stocks, etc.	1,024,125.34
Cash and c'ks on other Banks .	9,365,664.23
	\$36,565,818.54

LIABILITIES

Capital, Surplus, and Undiv- ided Profits	\$5,226,107.78
Deposits subject to Check . .	31,349,710.76
	\$36,565,818.54

The Mechanics' National Bank
of the City of New York

(FOUNDED 1860)
33 WALL STREET

OFFICERS

GRANVILLE W. GARTER, President
ALEXANDER E. SMILG, Vice-President
ANDREW A. KNOWLTON, Cashier
ROBERT U. GRAFF, Assistant Cashier

STATEMENT OF CONDITION
(CONDENSED)

Report to the Comptroller of the Currency
APRIL 30th, 1902

RESOURCES

Loans and Discounts	\$12,745,106.56
Bonds	770,029.74
Banking House	145,794.92
Due from Banks	815,829.80
Cash and Checks on other Banks .	8,297,120.00
	\$23,193,685.02

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

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ROBERT E. GARTER,	J. D. Friedman
HENRY HENZ,	Henry Henz & Co.
CHARLES M. PRATT,	Standard Oil Co.
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financial

Letters of Credit.

Brown Brothers & Co.,
BANKERS, No. 23 WALL STREET.

MORTON TRUST COMPANY

38 NASSAU STREET
Capital - - - - - \$2,000,000
Surplus and Undivided Profits - - - - - \$5,815,982

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Official Legal Notice

THE CITY OF NEW YORK,
DEPARTMENT OF TAXES AND ASSESSMENT, MAIN
OFFICE, BOROUGE OF MANHATTAN,
NO. 40 BROADWAY, SEWARD BUILDING.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, AS REQUIRED BY THE
Greater New York Charter, that the books called "The Annual
Record of the Assessor's Valuation of Real and Personal
Estate of the Borough of Manhattan, The Boroughs of Queens
and Richmond, comprising The City of New York," will be
open for examination and correction on the second Monday of
January, and all corrections must be
SENT DAY UP APRIL, 1901.

During the time that the books are open as public inspection,
applications may be made by any person or corporation claim-
ing to be so entitled by the correction of real or personal
estate to have the same corrected.

In the Borough of Manhattan, at the main office of the De-
partment of Taxes and Assessment, No. 40 Broadway
in the Borough of Queens, at the office of the Department,
Manhattan Building, Jackson Avenue and Fifth Street, Long
Island City.
In the Borough of Manhattan, at the office of the Department,
Manhattan Building, Jackson Avenue and Fifth Street, Long
Island City.

Corrections in all the Boroughs must be made applications
only at the main office in the Borough of Manhattan.

Applications in relation to the assessed valuation of personal
estate may be made by the person assessed at the office of the
Department in the Borough where such person resides, and in
the case of a non-resident carrying on business in The City of
New York, at the office of the Department of the Borough
where such place of business is located, between the hours of
10 A. M. and 4 P. M. on any day previous, when all applications
must be made between 10 A. M. and 12 noon.

JAMES L. WELLS, President.
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A TALE OF GOLD Listen!

IN CALIFORNIA

Owners of California gold mines divide \$16,000,000 annually, but you can not buy an interest in those mines. The stock is not for sale.

The men—and women—who own it bought it cheap when the mines were new. It is now making them rich.

You have the same opportunity. The WIZARD MINE is now being opened, just as these mines were.

You can buy the stock cheap now; it will soon be worth too much to sell.

The WIZARD is in El Dorado County, California, right in the midst of these paying mines.

It is on the GREAT MOTHER LODE, which means rich quartz and lots of it.

Its owners have spent \$15,000,000 in perfecting title, and now offer you the opportunity to help them develop the property and convert it at once into a dividend paying mine.

It is a plan, simple business proposition. For a few dollars you can become owner in a dividend paying gold mine for life, and help divide the \$16,000,000 annually produced annually by California gold mines.

Our booklet "A Tale of Gold," tells the whole story. Write for it now.

WIZARD GOLD MINING CO.
454 Holland Bldg., St. Louis

HARPER'S RECENT

The Adventures of M. d'Haricot

By J. STORER CLOUSTON
Illustrated by Levering. \$1.50

A fine story of love and diplomatic intrigue. The "Val-tarns" are diplomatic agents who are sent by their governments to places where trouble brews, the whole atmosphere of the tale being saturated with Polish and Russian intrigue. You turn page after page in tense interest, and you are surprised when the story is finished.

A book of rollicking fun, with a Frenchman trying to be an Englishman as its leitmotiv here. M. d'Haricot has a nimble wit and an unobtrusive assurance that never desert him in the embarrassing cases of his many adventures.

The Vultures

By HENRY SETON MERRIMAN
Author of "The Secret," etc.
Illustrated. \$1.50

The story of a woman of fascinating personality. Ambrosine's highly original and entertaining comments enrich every page in the book. Typical is her declaration that "No one can possibly imagine the unpleasantness of a honeymoon until they have tried it."

The Reflections of Ambrosine

By ELINOR GLYN
Author of "The First of January."
Colored Frontispiece. \$1.50

HARPER & BROTHERS, FRANKLIN SQUARE, NEW YORK

New York a City Beautiful

See Double maps drawing in this issue
PROGRESS is not a discredited profession with the Municipal Art Society, whose members see the future New York as it ought to be, and as they depend upon the intelligence and public spirit of its residents to make it within the next generation. For a century, Manhattan has had a deformed growth. The twenty-five miles of subway to be opened next fall are only the beginning of work already assured or contemplated for the near future.

Apart from the subway and transportation facilities already planned, three new bridges and one tunnel to connect Manhattan with Hottel's are under way, and others are in prospect, including a carriage and trolley bridge over the Hudson at Fifty-ninth Street. A railroad bridge across Ward's and Randall's islands will link the Pennsylvania and Long Island railway systems with the New York, New Haven, and Hartford lines, and complete a through all-rail route from Boston to Washington and the Southwest.

(Continued on page 2 [f.])

AVOID TO MOTHERS.—Mrs. WINDHAM'S BEBECHAM, which should always be used for children feeding. It soothes the child, softens the gums, stops all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. —[Ad.]

NO FEATURE

In your milk for infant feeding is as important as its purity and the method of preserving it. **BIRDEN'S SOLE BEAVER CONDENSED MILK** is scientifically prepared, and gives it a delicious flavor. Sold the world over. —[Ad.]

TELEPHONE SERVICE in the twentieth century means of communication. Rates for Residence Service in Manhattan from 8th to 92nd, New York Telephone Co., 15 West Street, 111 West 20th Street, 215 West 126th Street. —[Ad.]

Keep remaining season—every season of the year—being demanded for America's the Original Angostura Bitters, the best food and nerve restorer. —[Ad.]

Buy it for it is a wise of cigarette bouquet—Cass's Imperial. Keeps for Christmas. It is far superior to any other. —[Ad.]

Use **BIRDEN'S** Sterilized Supercondensed DENTIFRICE for the 12, 1/2, 1/4, 1/8 cents a jar. —[Ad.]

For coughs and colds **Piso's Cure** is still the best and most pleasant remedy. 25 cents. —[Ad.]

ADVERTISEMENTS

Pears'

"Beauty is but skin-deep" was probably meant to disparage beauty. Instead, it tells how easy that beauty is to attain.

"There is no beauty like the beauty of health" was also meant to disparage. Instead, it encourages beauty.

Pears' Soap is the means of health to the skin, and so to both these sorts of beauty.

Sold all over the world.

ROYAL L. LEGRAND

GIANT STRIDES
 THE SALES OF
MOËT & CHANDON
CHAMPAGNE
 IN THE YEAR 1902 WERE
3,733,744
 BOTTLES, A FIGURE NEVER REACHED BY ANY OTHER CHAMPAGNE HOUSE.
 THE INCREASE IN THE UNITED STATES FOR 1902 OVER 1901 WAS
367,116
 BOTTLES, A RECORD NEVER BEFORE ATTAINED IN THE HISTORY OF THE CHAMPAGNE TRADE IN THIS COUNTRY, MARKING AN ADVANCE EQUAL TO
56.4 PER CENT
 GREATER THAN THE COMBINED INCREASE OF ALL THE OTHER CHAMPAGNE HOUSES.
Paris, Reims, New York, Philadelphia, St. Louis, St. Paul, Chicago, Boston, etc.
 THE NOT WORTHY STATISTICS SHOW A FITTING
 REBUTTAL ENDORSING THE
QUALITY OF
MOËT & CHANDON
 "WHITE SEAL"
 THE CHAMPAGNE OF THE DAY
Geo. A. Heurich & Co., N.Y.

F. P. C. Wax



A specially imported wax, chemically treated, so that when it is once rubbed over the iron the latter is cleaned as if by magic. It prevents all odor, giving the work that beautiful, silky polish sought for by the laundress.

Not Only the Best, but The Most Economical

Why? Because each fine cut stick of F. P. C. Wax is in an automatic wooden holder, which keeps it from dripping. It never loses shape, and is good until the last particle of wax is used. The handle saves your fingers from burns.

If your grocer tries to substitute the old wax that spoils your ironing and your temper, send to order for two sticks to the

FLAME PROOF CO., New York City

One taste convinces
KORN-KRISP
 Best of all modern foods

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION

THE "SOHMER" HEADS THE LIST OF THE HIGHEST GRADE PIANOS.

SOHMER PIANOS

Sohmer Building, Only Salesroom in Greater New York.
 226 Ave., cor. 23d St.

THE LATEST SUCCESS OF THE ORIZA-PERFUMERY (Grand Prix Paris 1900)



Drawn by W. J. Applegate

A DRAMATIC COAST SCENE

All along the Atlantic coast from Florida to Maine the life-savers have been kept busy this winter looking after the dangerous derelicts which are discovered from time to time, and which are a constant menace to coastwise shipping. These derelicts are at once reported by the United States Signal Service, and war-ships are sent to blow them up or to tow them to port.

(Continued from page 233.)

The new city maps provide for the extension of Sixth and Seventh avenues south through the art work of streets in old streets with village to a wider and longer Varick Street that will intersect Broadway at Franklin. Then Christopher Street is to be widened and lengthened to lead from the terminus of the North River tunnel straight to Union Square, and Park Row is to be doubled in width from Centre Street to Chatham Square, and a great new avenue is planned to go from the Broadway Street end of the new East River bridge to Cooper Square, where the Bowery divides into Third and Fourth avenues. It is also proposed to construct, in addition, along the east and west sides, an elevated driveway and promenade overlooking the water, and connecting with new eight-hundred-foot piers and fireproof warehouses whose roofs shall be available for recreation. It is also seen certain that when the new Blackwell Island and North River bridges make Fifty-ninth Street the great east-west artery of Manhattan, the west of Fifty-ninth Street will have to be doubled. The plans for Fifty-ninth Street also provide for an underground trolley road connecting the bridges.

Plenty of other enterprises are on hand for making New York a world metropolis in a better sense than the surveyor's chain and the census indicate. One of these projects, already under way, contemplates making City Hall Park for all time the centre of municipal life by the erection of a splendid group of city buildings at its northern side, the construction of an adequate and dignified terminal for the Brooklyn Bridge, the beautifying of the park itself, and the removal of all its buildings except the present City Hall and the Court-house. At Battery Park, the Aquarium will be transformed into a thing of beauty from plans already undertaken by the Zoological Society, and a design has been made for carrying the Elevated road on a viaduct, properly ornamented, making it a fitting background for the proposed arch and loggia that will suitably mark the historic beginning of New York and the entrance to the world's greatest thoroughfare. It is also planned to erect a memorial arch, stairway, and landing-stage at the Seventy-second Street end of Riverside Drive, which would provide a fitting place for naval demonstrations and the reception of important guests.

A permanent world's fair in which would be preserved a concrete history of the industrial achievements of the nations is already planned, and would appropriately adorn the world's greatest city. These and a hundred other noble enterprises are in a happy relation. They will be the portion of the New Yorker only a few years from now.

Delicious Drinks and Dainty Dishes

—ARE MADE FROM—

BAKER'S BREAKFAST COCOA



ABSOLUTELY PURE

Unqualified for Smoothness, Delicacy, and Flavor. Reason: the package you receive and make sure that it bears our trade-mark.

Under the decision of the U. S. Courts no other Cocoa is entitled to the label or seal as "BAKER'S COCOA."

Walter Baker & Co. Ltd.

Established 1876 DORCHESTER, MASS.



BREAD MACHINE

FOR HOUSEHOLD USE
With the hop and rollers 10 lbs. of bread, loaves in 3 minutes. Best subject for trial and approval. Send for Brochure. Agents in Philadelphia
Scientific Bread Mach. Co.
1512 CHESTNUT ST., PHILADELPHIA

"My salary is \$2,500 per year. What would become of my family should I die suddenly?"
Free Booklet. No opportunity.

PENN MUTUAL LIFE,
371-383 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

ABOUT 75% OF THE MEN



In mercantile and professional life we see something of their success to personal appearance. The telegraph class wears it largely in the same case. The few genuine geniuses succeed in spite of it. Personal appearance is largely a matter of dress. Dress is largely a matter of the Cravat. This was understood by some an far back on the days of Queen Elizabeth, and it is only the latter section of the present generation of men who have fully grasped it. The well-dressed man of today, even when his usual associates on other articles of apparel, buys the Cravat where his daddy bought one.

There is a go-sung text-book called "THE CRAVAT." It tells of the What, Where, When, and How of a Man's Cravat — Its Names and Shapes, Its Tying, Its Care, Its Selection, Its Various Forms for Special Occasions and Functions, Its Color Scheme, Its Adornments, Pins, Fasteners, Etc., Its Don'ts, in fact.

And About a Man's Cravat. It is profusely and sumptuously illustrated by one of the foremost artists of America. The first edition cost the publishers over \$10,000, but you can have a copy for the asking. By sending this ad. with your address and 6 cents in stamps to the Publisher, James H. Keiser, 122-124 Fifth Avenue, New York. If you prefer a bound copy, in Luxe edition, send 15 cents in stamps.

Korn-Krisp

Large, clean, crisp flakes. Malted and thoroughly cooked. Made from the finest Southern White Corn.



One taste convinces.

One taste convinces
KORN-KRISP
Best of all modern foods

Our New Russian Ambassador

The change in our diplomatic representation at St. Petersburg, as pictured in the WEEKLY of last week, whereby Mr. Robert McCorack is accredited as ambassador of the United States to His Majesty the Emperor, vice Mr. Charlemagne Tower, who has been transferred to Berlin, entails upon the new incumbent at the Russian court a number of picturesque ceremonies necessary for his complete installation in his official position, which, under our former system of representation, were not required, for nowhere does the ambassadorial rank carry with it greater dignity and consideration, and at no court is the distinction between it and that of minister plenipotentiary more marked. The etiquette prescribed at the court of the Tsar for the reception of diplomatic representatives of each grade is minutely specified in every detail and most carefully observed.

Formerly our ministers to Russia, on their

EARLY MORNING

TRAINS TO CATCH.

COOK'S
HARD
FLAKED RICE

STORES TO OPEN.

HURRY UP BREAKFAST WITH

COOK'S FLAKED RICE.

ABSOLUTELY NO COOKING.



THE last word as regards comfort in motor-cars has apparently been said in the case of the machine whose photograph is reproduced on this page. The owner of the car, Mr. H. P. Whitney, is as keen a devotee to sport as his father. He has been rated for some time with the best polo-players of the country, and has lately been seen over by the fascinations of the motor. He already owns two or three machines, one of them a light racer of forty-horse-power. His latest purchase was built for him on special lines, and is the only car of the kind which has yet appeared in this country. The engine is from the Mercedes factory, developing over forty-five horse-power, yet when in motion the noise of the exhaust is practically imperceptible. The body has almost the appearance of a Pullman car; the seats are in three rows: access to those in the middle is had by a passageway between them, not shown in the illustration. On account of the extraordinary size of the car, it was found necessary to have the driving-wheels considerably larger in diameter than the front wheels, in order to produce greater power and easier riding for the passenger. The glass, which is placed in front of the middle section, together with the hammock-like arrangement of the rear seat, makes an enclosure which fully protects the occupants in the most disagreeable weather. The top covering is large and solid enough to carry a sufficient amount of luggage for the whole party. This motor-car is an indication of the transportation methods of the future, such as has been already outlined by Mr. H. G. Wells, who expects to see the present railroads replaced by broad ways over which will flash huge machines carrying loads of people and goods of all kinds.

It has been reported that a car has been built in Germany which has gone so far as to dispense with the usual fixed seats, and has substituted thereto revolving chairs, as in an American parlor-car. The motor-house has yet to appear, but it is quite practicable; there is nothing to prevent the designing and constructing of a vehicle which will not only carry its occupants swiftly over the roads, but will house them comfortably at night, and have ample equipment for heating, lighting, and cooking. Many attractive "cruises" could be arranged, especially in France, where the wide smooth roads extend in all directions. In such a district as Normandy, where the roads are good, the country picturesque, but the inn vile, a land-yacht would be most desirable for headquarters.

Now that Fournier and Winton have made final arrangements to meet on the track, an interesting series of races should result. July 25 is the date set for the first race, which will be held on the Empire track, at Yonkers; the second race will be in Glen

ville, Ohio; the prize is to be a silver cup valued at one thousand dollars; besides this, there is to be no remuneration of any sort either for expenses or as winning money. This race has also aroused interest among motor enthusiasts, and many other meetings are likely to be arranged. Oldfield, H. S. Harkness, Ford, and Mossers are likely to challenge the winner of the Fournier-Winton event. A new method of handbrapping is proposed for use on the track: it will be based on the proportionate cylinder area, gearing, piston stroke, and weight, and is expected to prove a close and fair basis for all machines.

The report of the Supervisors' Highway Convention is the matter of road improvement was very favorably received by Governor Odell. He told the committee that he considered good roads as a necessary part of the canal improvement of the State, and that, while the canal has for its object the building up of the commerce of New York, good roads are of quite as vital importance in the local distribution of freight and goods. Governor Odell has submitted to the Legislature several propositions to reduce the deficiency. These propositions will, if granted, be sufficient to meet requirements for improving the roads now under consideration. A recommendation has been made to the Legislature that should there be any constitutional amendment looking to a longer period for payment of bonds that they should also include those issued for the building of good roads. The Good Roads Committee is hopeful that these favorable assurances will be approved by the House.

The tremendous sales made at the Automobile Show seem to indicate a more widely spread interest in the machines than has yet been shown. It has gradually been recognized that many of the motors have passed well beyond the experimental stage; that there is less danger of the uncomfortable experience of the engine unaccountably stopping, and having to be adjusted while surrounded by an amused "yet a horse" crowd. The strenuous competition of the numerous makers of cars has resulted in a multiplicity of moderate-priced cars, many of which are distinguished by their simple method of control and swiftness in running. The very high-powered motors, however, seem to find ready purchasers. A noticeable machine is the "Empire State Express," brought over by Fournier for Mr. W. R. Hearst. It is a sixty-horse-power Moos of the usual tonnage style, and ran to stripped for racing. It is reported that the Connors' factory is building a racing machine of less horse-power for Mr. S. Woodruff Pell. It is to weigh less than a ton, and by its throttle-control can be run at any speed from five miles an hour up to the full racing limit.



Mr. Harry Payne Whitney's new Touring-Car

(Continued from page 251.)

arrival at the capital, having been received by the Minister of Foreign Affairs and communicated to his credentials, were received by the Emperor, as are all others of this rank, on his presentation by an official, in answer at which certain formalities of the court were present. He went to the palace for this purpose in his own carriage, and unattended except by the personnel of his legation.

The ceremonial in the case of an ambassador, on the contrary, is as follows:

Having notified the Minister of Foreign Affairs and the Grand Master of Ceremonies of the Court of his arrival and paid the customary visits of ceremony to them both, he receives notice of the time when he will be received in audience by the Emperor.

At the appointed time he is waited on by a master of ceremonies, bearing his wand and attended by two aides, all in full uniform. By them he is escorted to the imperial state coach, which has been sent to bring him to the palace.

The carriage is headed by a coach drawn by four horses with postillions, coachman, and footmen. Next comes that of the ambassador, drawn by six pure white horses, also with the same liveried servants, but with four footmen on the board behind, and followed by a troop of liveried outsiders on horseback. Then follow the coaches containing the secretaries and attachés of the embassy, each drawn by four horses.

The scarlet hussary-dresses of the coaches and the liveries of the servants, all trimmed with rows upon rows of gold braid, ornamented with the imperial eagle in black, the splendid white horses and the rich coaches, make the cavalcade a brilliant pageant.

The etiquette precludes any one but the ambassador riding on the back seat in his coach. The master of ceremonies must take his place facing him, as must any secretary the ambassador may desire to have ride with him.

On arriving at the Winter Palace the carriages enter the court-yard and draw up at the state entrance, through which now by the imperial family, ambassadors, and those accompanying them may have access, and descending from his coach and preceded by two footmen, or valet-couriers, the ambassador enters the palace, and with his suite passes through the marble colonnade of the entrance hall to the magnificent grand staircase, at the top of which he is met by the Grand Marshal of the Court, who, in full uniform blazing with orders and bearing his staff of office, conducts him through the vast and splendid halls of the state apartments, between lines of soldiers at present arms, to the antechamber of the molar-chamber in which the audience takes place. In this antechamber are assembled the Grand Chamberlain of the Court, high functionaries in heavily embroidered uniforms, their breasts covered with the decorations earned by long service, who receive the ambassador with grave ceremony.

Presently the arrival of the Emperor in the molar-chamber room is announced, and the ambassador is escorted to his door by the Grand Marshal and the Grand Master of Ceremonies. The Grand Chamberlain of the Palace stands at the door, which he causes to be opened by two enormous black Nubians in Oriental dress for the ambassador's entrance. The door is immediately closed behind him, all others remaining outside, for none may be present at the first audience of an ambassador with the sovereign.

After all this parade and stately ceremony, the ambassador finds himself in the presence of a kind-eyed gentleman in the plain dress uniform of a colonel, for, with prudence to raise any subject to the highest military or civil rank, Nicholas II. has never assumed any higher for himself. With pleasant, unassuming manners, the Emperor enters into easy conversation, in which he



The Cadillac Automobile

The Cadillac

The Automobile that Solves the Problem

Until the Cadillac was made, all automobile construction was more or less experimental. This machine is made on a new system developed from the experiences of all previous makers; the faults and weaknesses of the old models have been avoided and a new ideal of motor travel developed that gives a perfect vehicle for comfort, speed, absolute safety, greatest durability, simplicity of operation, wide radius of travel, and reliability under all conditions of roads. You should not buy before examining this wonderful new machine. Price f. o. b. at factory, \$750.

The new tonneau attachment, at an extra cost of \$300, gives practically two motor vehicles in one, with a seating capacity of two or four, as required—a very graceful effect in either case. Write for illustrated booklet M.

CADILLAC AUTOMOBILE COMPANY, Detroit, Mich.



With detachable tonneau

BROWN'S
Bronchial Troches
Promptly Relieves Coughs, Hoarseness,
Throat and Lung Troubles.
Nothing excels this simple remedy.

CHOICE ANTIQUES.—Rare Old Furniture, Clocks, Mirrors, Pictures, Statues, Etc., 105, 107, 109, Nassau Street, New York.

"IT STARTS FROM THE BEST"
The
"STEVENS-DURYEA"
—GASOLINE AUTOMOBILE—
IS A LEADER OF ITS CLASS



SPEEDY, RELIABLE, ECONOMICAL
HAR & T-HORSE TWO-CYLINDER MOTOR
Price at Factory, \$1200.00

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No. 572 MAIN STREET
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THE DIAMOND RUBBER CO.

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See that you obtain the best tires at the lowest prices. Dealers in all parts of the world. Write for our literature.

A Good Companion

Quick Effective Safe

on a dark night is an H.B.R. Bicycle Revolver. Double action. Hold down where dealers will sell secretly.

HARRINGTON & RICHARDSON ARMS CO.
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Write for Free, Best & Warranted Catalogue

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"On Every Tongue."

Scientifically distilled; naturally aged; best and safest for all uses. Famous all over the world, and sold by leading dealers everywhere.

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Jackson Boulevard and Clark Street, Chicago.
EUROPEAN PLAN
Special Facilities for Banquets, Dinners, and After
Theatre Parties.

Gentlemen's Club on main floor. Ladies' and Gentlemen's
Breakfast and Private Dining-Rooms on second floor.
Two hundred guest rooms, three-fourths of which have
private bath in connection.

Rooms from \$2 Upwards.

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BERKELEY HOTEL

Beulah and Boylston Streets, Boston, Mass.
EUROPEAN and AMERICAN PLANS

Modern in every detail.
Convenient to Large Shows, Theatres, and all
places of interest.

NEAR RACE WAY STATION.

JOHN A. SHERLOCK.

Dyspepsia

and other stomach troubles
quickly relieved and in most cases
surely cured by the use of

"Glycozone"

This scientific germicide is *absolutely* harmless; it subdues the
inflammation of the mucous mem-
brane of the stomach, and by re-
moving the cause, effects a cure.
Used and recommended by leading phy-
sicians. Take no substitutes and see that
each bottle bears my signature. Trial size,
10c. per bottle, at drug stores or by mail, from

Prof. Charles Benedict

Dept. C, 60 Prince St., New York.
Bottle for Doublet.

*Fine as linen—
soft as silk.*

The best
muslin
made
for
men's
night-
robes is




PRIDE
WEST

TREAT & SUNDERME
110 and 112 South St., N. Y.

No Dinner is Complete

WITHOUT A GLASS OF
Chartreuse
GREEN OR YELLOW



THIS FRENCH
LIQUEUR FOR
300 years
HAS BEEN THE
PREFERRED
AFTER-DINNER
CORDIAL OF
POLITE SOCIETY

At Brewster Wine Merchants, Green, Hotel, Café,
Bijou & Co., 41 Broadway, New York, N. Y.
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COMPANY'S
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FORCE OF THE **WEEBLE**

LOOK FOR THIS
SIGNATURE



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One taste convinces
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Best of all modern foods

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For the Table and
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exhibits perfect familiarity with all the cur-
rent topics of the day, not alone in Europe,
but in America as well. After some brief
interchange of compliments, his Majesty
makes the move to conduct his guest to the
adjoining room, where he presents him to
the Empress. She invites him to a seat
near her, and all enjoy a few minutes' chat,
at the conclusion of which the ambassador
is at liberty to present his suite.

The return of the ambassador to his lodg-
ing-place is conducted with similar for-
mality.

When the Emperor is in residence at
either of his summer palaces at Tsarskoi-
Selo or Peterhof, as was the case when
Ambassador McCormick presented his creden-
tials to the Tsar on January 12 last, a
special train takes the ambassador to whichever
place may have been designated, and the
state coaches are taken at the railroad
station, where the Imperial waiting-room,
furnished with every luxury, is thrown open.
Under these circumstances, a collation is
furnished at the palace.

Having been presented to their Majesties,
he next requests audience with the Empress
Marie and with the numerous grand dukes
and duchesses, who each receive him in turn,
and requests on behalf of his wife her
presentation to both the Emperesses. Be-
tween these ceremonies he calls upon his
colleagues of the diplomatic corps.

As soon as his residence can be put in
order for his occupancy, he commences, with
the assistance of the Department of Ceremo-
nials, the preparations for his ambassa-
dorial reception. For this purpose carefully
revised lists of all the members of the court
must be prepared. All who have the right
of entrance at the Imperial court must be
included in these lists, according to their
rank, and invitations addressed to them,
giving them their full and exact titles.

On the evening appointed for this official
reception the great house of our ambassa-
dor, fronting the Neva, which has been taken
charge of for the occasion by the court
officials, will be a blaze of light and mag-
nificence. Livered footmen will line the
marble grand staircase on each side, and
as each high functionary enters in full
uniform and orders, his name will be passed
along from mouth to mouth of the atten-
dants until he reaches the door of the
apartment in which the ambassador and
ambadressess are receiving. Here the ar-
riving guests are presented in turn by a
number of ceremonies.

Attendance at this reception is counted as
a visit which courtesy requires to be re-
turned in person, and the list numbers some
thousand or more names.

Abram Stevens Hewitt

PROBABLY the best epigram descriptive of
the greatness of Abram S. Hewitt was inter-
posed by Lord Charles Bessford, Vice-Ad-
miral of the British navy, on the day of his
recent arrival in this country, when it was
supposed that Mr. Hewitt could live only a
few hours. He said that Mr. Hewitt had a
"national mind."

Emphatically Mr. Hewitt was a man of
the nation. That overworked phrase, a
typical American, fitted his personality and
his public career perfectly. He was of the
stuff of which Americans are especially
proud.

He was born in a log cabin in 1822; he
worked his way through college; he became
a professor of mathematics in Columbia
College; he was admitted to the bar; he
distinguished himself as one of the broadest
manufacturers of the country; he became
Mayor of the country's largest city; he
served more than ten years in Congress, and
probably did more to save the country from
revolution in 1876 over the disputed Presi-
dential election than any other man; he

managed the Democratic national campaign in that year; he took part in all good movements to improve conditions of life in New York; he was the head of the well-known Cooper Union; he worked for public rather than for party advancement, and his ambition was to be known as a statesman.

Mr. Hewitt was a statesman in the sense that all of his public acts were aimed solely to benefit the state. He was never a strict party man. He was too great to become a party leader. A lifelong Democrat, he supported McKinley twice, and recently declared that he was no longer a Democrat, but neither was he a Republican. Singularly effective and pleasing as a public speaker, a firmness writer, he came to have the position of a sage like the community. He was fearless in his utterances, and never courted popularity. He had a poetic sentiment in his make-up, and he was fitted for the work of a scholar. Indeed, he never did give up his classical and mathematical studies. His mental processes were quick, and he reached his conclusions often by intuition rather than by reasoning.

Mr. Hewitt was fortunate in the friendships of his youth. Peter Cooper took him up, sent him to Europe with his son, Edward, afterwards Mayor of New York, as a tutor, and then established him in business with his son in the steel trade in Trenton, New Jersey. Mr. Hewitt married Mr. Cooper's daughter, and their business alliance became all the closer. In a few years the firm assumed a commanding position. Mr. Hewitt mastered the intricacies of the steel trade. From 1873 to 1879 the firm lost \$100,000 a year. It kept accumulating stock. When the tide of dull times turned it made \$1,000,000 by being able to take quick advantage of the market. He never had any labor troubles with his employees.

Mr. Hewitt affiliated, politically, many years with Tammany Hall. He spent \$4000 in trying to clear Richard Croker of the charge of murder. Mr. Croker supported him in his first race for Congress in 1874. Later, when Mayor, he made Croker Fire Commissioner. He broke with Tammany Hall while Mayor, and after that supported it vigorously. For twelve years he remained in Congress. He was one of the twenty-seven Democrats who refused to vote against the repeal of the Specie Resumption Act. His most notable work there was his advocacy of the Electoral Commission in 1876. He persuaded Mr. Tilden, his close friend, to accept it. Mr. Tilden lost the Presidency, but the country was spared from a possible revolution.

Mr. Hewitt's career for Mayor in 1886 attracted wide-spread interest. He had for opponents Henry George, Labor man, and Theodore Roosevelt, Republican. The vote was: Hewitt, 90,352; George, 68,119; Roosevelt, 60,435. Two years later Tammany defeated him for Mayor. His inauspicious of the office of Mayor was marked by a high sense of duty. He would not take orders, and died at the next election was his punishment.

Mr. Hewitt, in 1901, was the recipient of a medal from the Chamber of Commerce of New York, bearing this inscription:

"By his genius benefactor of the city and conservator of the commonwealth."

He declared that it would be his "most precious possession."

In later years he became a citizen of New Jersey. He never ceased to speak boldly on current questions, and his voice was one of those that public heeded. One of his utterances was against the coal miners in the great anthracite strike. He leaves three sons and three daughters. To the community he leaves the priceless memory of a well-spent life and of unswerving devotion to the public good. He was a great American.



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SATURDAY
FEBRUARY 14
1903

Edited by GEORGE HARVEY

*John Hay and the New Alaskan
Treaty*

*The Army and Navy Reception
at the White House. The
Trial Trip of the New "Maine"*

By Balloon Over the Irish Sea

Mardi Gras in New Orleans

Wicked Willie and the Wall

Power From Sunlight

AMERICANS OF TO-MORROW
THIS WEEK

PETER COOPER HEWITT

*Sixteen Pages of Comment on
Politics, Literature, and Life*

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AMERICANS OF TO-MORROW

XXVII.—PETER COOPER HEWITT, AET. 42

See page 265—Editorial Section



JOHN HAY AND THE NEW TREATY

THE signing by Secretary-of-State Hay and Sir Michael Herbert of the treaty submitting to arbitration the long drawn-out Alaska boundary dispute, following with such startling, almost sensational, quickness the treaty signed by Mr. Hay with the Colombian government granting the right of way for the construction of the Panama Canal, attracted attention to the remarkable achievements of the present Secretary of State. It is neither exaggeration nor eulogy to say that since the foundation of the government there has been no occupant of the State Department's who has faced so many great problems or who has been so uniformly successful in dealing with them.

During the five years that Mr. Hay has been Secretary of State there has been scarcely a day that the State Department has not had to grapple with a question of first magnitude, questions vital to the interests of the United States, and affecting in only a lesser degree all the rest of the world. Had they occurred a few years previously they would have aroused the country from one end to the other; now they are regarded as almost a matter of course, and although they attract attention, they are discussed quietly. Nothing, perhaps, better illustrates the commanding position of the United States in *Hellas*, and that recognition by the American people, than the unswerving, indifference almost, with which they know of the influence exercised by this government in the political concerns of the world. A summary of the subjects that have demanded the attention of the State Department since Mr. John Hay entered it shows how wide are the interests of the United States and how great the demands made upon the American secretary for foreign affairs.

Mr. Hay assumed charge of the department after the close of the Spanish war, and when the terms of peace were to be arranged. Then followed all the numerous and intricate questions arising out of the new order of things, and the effacement of Spain as a power in the Western Hemisphere. While some of the loose threads were being securely bound together there came the outbreak in China, and the lamentable spectacle was presented of all the world losing its head, with the sole exception of the American government. Spain will not admit of going into details, but those who are familiar with the diplomacy of the time when the legations were threatened by the Boxers, and the even more critical time after the allies had entered Peking, know that Mr. Hay, among all the First Ministers of the world, stood alone in demanding justice for the Chinese, and that punishment be imposed by Germany for unlimited punishment, and succeeded in bringing

such pressure to bear upon the allies that a milder course was adopted. When the plenipotentiaries of the powers met in conference to agree on the terms of the indemnity, the American representatives, acting under Mr. Hay's instructions, accepted an indemnity sufficient only to cover the actual loss of American citizens, and protested strenuously against imposing such a fine on China as would have virtually reduced her to beggary. The abrogation of the Clayton-Bulwer treaty; the dissolution of the Spanish condominium; the negotiations to conclude a treaty with Columbia for the construction of the Panama Canal, negotiations so exasperating that they might well have made a less pertinacious man abandon them as hopeless; the efforts to bring about a settlement of the Alaska boundary dispute, that for more than thirty years has been a source of friction between the United States and Great Britain, and more than once threatened consequences of the gravest nature; the successful negotiation of the reciprocity treaty with Newfoundland, which one of Mr. Hay's predecessors attempted, but found impossible; the conclusion of several other reciprocity treaties; and now, at the time of writing, the delicate situation developed by the attempt on the part of Germany and Great Britain to collect an indemnity from Venezuela—are the things that have chiefly occupied Mr. Hay's attention since he became a member of the cabinet.

The secret of Mr. Hay's success as a diplomatist, the reason why he has been able to achieve more during his administration of the State Department than any of his predecessors, may be summed up in one word—character. Most men who have played a great part in the world's affairs have been bilateral; the majority of them have not considered it unethical or opposed to their code of honor, to be absolutely truthful, honest, and just in their private relations, and more or less unamiable of these obligations in the interests of their country. John Hay, Secretary of State, and John Hay, private citizen, are one and the same man. Mr. Hay as the foreign minister of the United States would no more think of obtaining an undue or unfair advantage than he would do an unworthy thing in his private capacity. He could not if he would. His trend of thought, his past life, his nature, as less than his principles, would revolt against such a suggestion. In negotiating with foreign powers he has, of course, and properly, endeavored to obtain for the United States those things that he regarded as essential for its welfare or safety or in pursuance of its well-established policy, but he has never sought to drive a hard bargain or to avail himself of the necessities of his opponent, or to be influenced by petty considerations.



Admiral Taylor

General Brooks

Admiral Dewey

General Sherman

General Lee

THE ARMY AND NAVY RECEPTION AT THE WHITE HOUSE

The President's annual reception to his officers is this year unusually interesting because of the newly renovated White House, and because all the officers appeared for the first time in their new uniforms. The scene represented by Mr. de Thulstrup in the East Room was most brilliant and effective.

OUR COLONY PROBLEM

FOR three years preceding the assignment of General J. Franklin Bell, United States Army, to command the Third Separate Brigade in the Philippines, the insurgents had been masters of the situation. The territory included in this brigade was a large one—embracing part of Rizal (Manila) Province, all of Cavite, Laguna, and Batangas provinces, part of Tuzon Province, the islands of Mindoro, Baulidan, Marinduque, and other smaller islands. A great deal of this territory is covered by high mountains and mountain ranges, dense undergrowth, swamps, etc., which render field operations exceedingly difficult, and give the insurgents the greatest possible advantage. They were armed mostly with Mauser and Remington rifles, each company being commanded by a company of botoceros.

They had eluded pursuit by doubling when too hard pressed, to reappear again at some other point; they always planned to attack a much smaller force than their own, and they would not stand in a fair fight. They terrorized all native towns, requiring contributions of money and supplies. Agents were appointed in each town to receive these. A breach of trust on the part of one of these natives caused his instant death. This was the situation in the Third Brigade when General Bell assumed command, December 1, 1901. An order was issued closing the ports in Batangas and Laguna provinces, and directing all natives to assemble in the regular settled towns by January 1, 1902; every settled town was garrisoned by soldiers. A radius of one to three miles outside of the town proper was given in which to settle, but for convenience and better sanitary measures the camps were generally located on the grounds best adapted for the purpose within the area.

Many were the picturesque sights during the month of December as the peaceful families from the hills moved into the towns. Lines of bull-carts, native ponies and cattle, each carrying their share, some carrying natives with their bright, many-colored garments, and some household effects, wound their way from hill to hamlet. The moving of a native house and native family, such as are found in the hills, is no great engineering feat. The pieces of bamboo forming the sides of the house, and the beams for the top, are unshod, and placed on a bull-cart. This can be done in two or three hours by the men, while the women and children pack the family effects, which, as a rule, can be done in much less time, as they can be carried on the backs of one or two native ponies. The chickens are carried in bamboo crates, while the hogs are tied

by the feet and placed on bull-carts to repose until the destination is reached.

Reconcentration camps were established in Batangas and Laguna provinces only. The former has a population of about 311,000, and the latter about 177,000. In Batangas Province twenty reconcentration camps were formed, and twenty-five in Laguna Province. The former has an area of about 1153 square miles, twenty-two pueblos, and five hundred and twenty barrios, and the latter six hundred and eighty-four square miles, twenty-eight pueblos, and four hundred and sixty-five barrios.

These camps sprang up with surprising rapidity. An officer stationed in the town was designated to supervise each camp, and it was his duty to see that the camps were erected in an orderly and systematic manner. A medical officer was assigned to look after the sick and sanitary measures, and the commanding officer himself saw to it that all the reconcentrados had proper food and supplies. A hospital specially for natives, under army supervision, was established for each camp. Many of these towns surpassed in neatness and appearance the permanent towns to which they were annexed. Such of the men as could work were given employment on the roads, or in the supply department as storekeepers and carpenters.

Ever since the surrender of the first insurgents rice and supplies have been imported by the ship-load by the military authorities, and sent by wagon and pack-trains to the towns and barrios for use of the natives, so that they may have sufficient food until their first crops are harvested. At the present time nearly all the presidencios have reported that no more rice will be needed, which means that the natives have recovered a basis of self-support. This great work has been accomplished by General Bell, and almost entirely by him. He planned and controlled each separate expedition.

He has been in these islands about four years and a half—longer than any other officer or soldier. Although he has for several months had an order from the War Department assigning him to the command of the General Staff College at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, with instructions to proceed there at his convenience, he remains here in order that he may personally see that everything possible is done for the future welfare of his past enemies. Through an agent of the Agricultural Department he is showing them the use of American farm implements, and experimental farms are being established under his supervision.



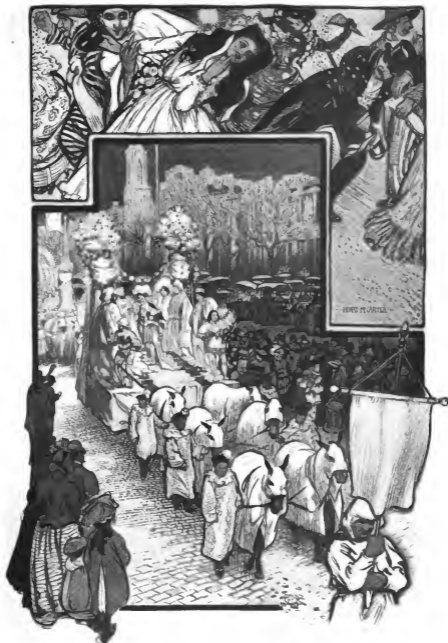
General J. Franklin Bell



A Filipino Market



A Popular Religious Festival



THE DAY BEFORE LENT IN NEW ORLEANS

The Mardi Gras Festival, held every year in New Orleans, is of exceptional interest not only from its picturesque side, but because in any part of our hurried, busy life such a festival—a return to the customs of old mediæval days—is possible. In the above drawing Mr. McCarter has fully caught the curious, old-world spirit which characterizes these modern festivals in the South and West

POWER FROM SUNLIGHT

IT has been a favorite pastime for the dreary gentlemen who juggle with statistics solemnly to calculate the date on which we shall all freeze to death from exhaustion of the coal supply. The events of the present winter have thrown a new and lurid light on their vaticinations, for many a home has been fireless and many a factory has closed its doors through a mere temporary diminution of the coal output of a single State. It is a bad business at the best, and quite enough to set people on a serious quest for means of relief. The sun since the dawn of history has been worshipped and apostrophized as the source of life and light, but there are few even now who realize how near and potent its aid really is. The energy with which it daily floods the earth is so great as almost to defy the grasp of the intellect. For a conservative and moderate estimate it is equivalent to about 10,000 horse-power per acre of the terrestrial surface exposed to it. If this store of energy could be gathered over even a few square miles it would suffice to drive every wheel that turns from Eastport to San Diego. But the problem of gathering it has been a formidable one. All sorts of devices have been suggested, from burning-glasses heating boilers to strange electrical devices planned by wild-eyed wizards with companies to promote that of this

axis tilted upwards to match the latitude of the place and the sun's declination. The sectors at the extremities of this axis allow the inclination to be changed every day or ten to follow the changing declination of the sun. The whole mirror is turned about the axis by heavy clock-work, so as to follow the sun from hour to hour. This motion is not continuous, but takes place minute by minute, the gearing being locked in the intervals to resist better the effect of wind. In the center of the mirror stands the boiler, a coil of blackened copper tubing, for a steam-engine is the active power. With good sunlight, the steam is brought to 200 pounds per square inch pressure in about an hour from starting, is superheated, and delivered to the engine, which yields one horse-power for each 100 square feet of mirror surface. The mirror itself is built up of flat thin glass plates silvered on the back, and held in position on the light steel frame-work by bolts and soft washers.

The whole affair can be put together with a screw-driver and a monkey-wrench. Where sunlight is fully available as it is in the Southwest, in Algiers, and in Egypt, and in many another region, such a machine can to-day furnish power for eight hours per day at a cost that will discount windmills, and will compare

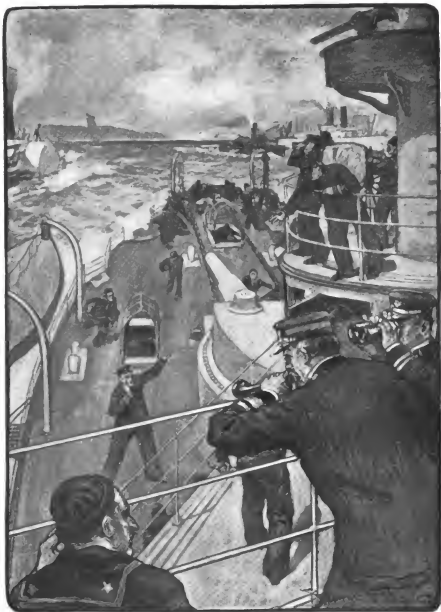


New Solar Motor erected near Boston

A similar collector for light and heat is necessary in all places, electric and otherwise, for getting power from the sun

chance of hypothesis, however, has gradually been evolved something very like a substantial reality, so that at the present time it is within bounds to say that a reasonable proportion of the solar energy can be turned to the uses of man by means either already existing or fairly near at hand. The first man to take serious account of the matter from a modern engineering standpoint was John Ericsson, a genius who deserved better of the world than the world knew. Thirty years ago he devised and constructed several solar engines arranged to receive the sun's heat from huge reflectors and to utilize it for power either in a steam-engine or in that wonderfully ingenious hot-air machine of which he was the inventor. This was the first great step, and it is now in a fair way to be followed up. The fundamental thing in any plan for employing solar energy is so to concentrate it that it can be gathered up and put to work. This is best accomplished by huge reflectors in the form of concave mirrors, poised so as to follow the sun in its diurnal path, and to concentrate its rays on some device at the focus capable of transforming the energy into available power. The cut herewith shows an excellent idea of such an apparatus. It is from a photograph of a ten horse-power solar motor as set up for testing near Boston prior to its shipment to Arizona for pumping purposes. The great concave mirror is thirty-five feet in diameter, and contains 1000 square feet of mirror surface in its reflecting zone. It is balanced on a north-and-south

favorably in many localities with the cost of power obtained from fuel. Obviously, the weak point of this or any solar-heat engine is that it can be worked only a part of the day, and here is where electrical resources may be drawn upon to complete our scheme of dynamic salvation. Passing by the various devices of electrical jinglery which have from time to time been proposed, there are several well understood and reasonable methods of saving the day electrically. Perhaps the most obvious one is to utilize the solar engine to drive dynamos, the current from which could be taken up in storage batteries to be used when wanted. This process would involve the waste of perhaps a quarter of the power, but would allow the remainder to be used at any time, and, what is of greater importance, would permit many engines to furnish combined power. As single-mirror systems tend to become unwieldy in the larger size, joint storage has much to recommend it. Still another device which has been proposed is to replace the boiler by a huge thermo-battery generating current directly. If two bars of different metals, such as iron and German silver, are joined at one end of each, and this junction is kept hot while the other ends remain cool, an electric current will be generated in the system. A large number of such pairs can be joined in series, and used even for electric lighting and power. Thermo-batteries as developed thus far are considerably less efficient than a combination of engine and dynamo, but they are simple and very steady in their action.



"SECURING FOR SEA"—FIRST TRIP OF THE NEW "MAINE"

The new battle-ship which bears the name of the historic "Maine," sunk in Havana harbor, has just made her preliminary trip to sea. Mr. George Gibbs, in this drawing, has caught the moment when, with anchor aboard, the great ship started for the first time away from her moorings

BY BALLOON OVER THE IRISH SEA

THE Irish Sea being mainly bounded by neighboring coast lines, offers obvious and special facilities for aeronautical experiments. It chanced that certain important trials suggested themselves to the writer, which earned the approval of the British admiralty, and for these experiments this stretch of sea appeared particularly well suited.

It had long been pointed out that objects lying beneath water, the surface of which is in any measure disturbed, are better seen at a height above the water than they are at or near the water's edge; and it appeared a question of vital interest whether in modern navigation and modern warfare a balloon floating at a moderate height might not afford the most valuable point of observation for determining the position of sunken wrecks or reefs, or for detecting the yet more dreaded submarine. A balloon employed for such purpose should have ready means of communicating with vessels in its vicinity, and should be provided with an efficient signalling apparatus.

At the outset an incidental problem was presented: How might it be possible to effect an escape by sky from a seaport town under circumstances of blockade and siege when every advantage might be taken of existing capabilities? To time of actual warfare and sieges it might be supposed that for safety the ascent should take place from the centre of a town, shielded from view by lofty buildings, and near the largest gas-mains by which the process of filling could be carried out with the greatest expedition when the right opportunity arrived. These conditions were fulfilled by starting from the public square in Douglas, Isle of Man.

As the balloon rose into the air, upper currents bore it away to the left of our anticipated direction. The Isle of Man lay mapped out below, sharply etched in by its rocky coast-line, streaked here and there with its romantic glens and water-courses, and dotted over by bald or cloud-capped mountain peaks. Our long trail rope, already frayed, struck on the summit of Snaefell—the loftiest peak in the island—and from this point our course again changed, veering somewhat to the eastward, and thus carrying us due above Ramsey, and so out to sea, having on our left the extreme point of Ayr, which we passed at a height of 4000 feet.

We were now well out over the sea. The man-of-war *Rosard*, which was accompanying us, looked like a mere speck far below. It seemed incredible that we could come into communication, but bringing my "collapsing drum" into action, I signalled "whistle," and in a short interval a double blast on the ship's hoister reached us faintly. The shouts in the sea gave us the opportunity of testing vision from aloft. And one all-important conclusion which we had been commissioned to seek was ascertained at once and definitely, viz., the penetration of vision beneath the surface of water was increased beyond all comparison from our present standpoint, and the value of such an observing station as ours was put beyond question.

At a mile and a half high an airy storm-tossed ocean of fleecy billows lay around, with deep, dark hollows and crests flung high as heaven, while through wide openings loomed all that could be seen of earth. The broad sea, blue now, and seen as never before, figured and fretted curiously by conflict of wind and water, gave to us no indication of visible undulation, though streaks of cream showed here and there where waves were really breaking, while from the depth rose a strange soft musical murmur which filled the air. But all that was tangible seemed irreversibly remote.

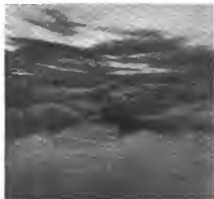
The island disappeared finally from sight when about ten miles in our wake, and then, looking ahead, we scanned with eager curiosity a dark belt of lowering clouds which hung heavily across the sky-line and barred our view. Somewhere beyond and behind that cloudbank must lie our goal, and this, if the balloon held its present course, should be Scotland, and probably some point in the Solway Firth, distant yet some thirty miles, across the hidden sea.

We subsequently learned that our friends on the *Rosard* still kept us in view, but only fitfully, as we glided from cloud to cloud. They also still continued to see the working of our signals, and, following in our course, succeeded in making such good speed that two hours later, when they anchored in Kirkcubright Bay, they saw the fast of the balloon safely inland and disappearing over the far Scotch mountains.

We landed in the Glen of Glentiesin, fourteen miles from Duffry, and upwards of eighty miles from our starting-point, concluding a rare and historical sky voyage.



The Start



Above the Clouds, one Mile high



Over Douglas Bay, Isle of Man



Drawn by J. M. Ash

AN UNUSUAL SOCIAL EVENT IN WASHINGTON

The recent marriage of Miss Hoy to Mr. Pierre S. Rogasvrensky, second Secretary of the Russian Embassy, was the first wedding ceremony performed according to the rites of the Greek Church ever witnessed in Washington. One of the most picturesque incidents of the ceremony, as shown in the drawing, was the crowning of the bride with a crown of jewels



MISS MAXINE ELLIOTT

Mrs. Nat C. Goodwin, or, as she is more generally known to theatre-goers, Miss Maxine Elliott, has scored a success this year in "The Altar of Friendship." This picture shows her in a costume she will wear for the new but as yet unnamed play which has been written for her by Clyde Fitch and in which she is arranging to appear this coming season

HARPER'S WEEKLY

JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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rest content until our navy is equal at least in size and efficiency to that of the German Empire.

It has been raining ambassadors on our hospitable shores, and it rather looks as if every new ambassador brought a new complication to the affair of Venezuela. Baron Speck von Sternburg has been presenting bouquets with both hands to the nation, its head, its gifted citizens, its sweet women, and Heaven only knows what besides. We are filing all these testimonials for the day of despondency, when we may be inclined to think too humbly of ourselves. But, spite of all these sweet things, the good baron brings pretty hard terms for Venezuela, or rather for her advocate, Minister Bowen. In bygone days, little folk used to get gray powders skilfully hid in joni. May not the jam be represented by those flowery things Baron Speck has been banding us so effusively? As for the gray powders, their composition seems clear enough. Venezuela is being asked to pay two sets of creditors, and to pay both first, if not sooner. Neither set seems the least inclined to take a back seat, and so there we are. M. Inseard, who has, with a Frenchman's art, managed to inebriate how much he loves us, without laying it on with a trowel, *à la Sternburg*, stands for the other party which makes claims against President Castro's government. He reminds us that France also had a little bill to collect; that she took along no battle-ships—nothing but sweet words; and that these were effective, so that Venezuela promised to pay France what was due, and hypothecated the customs to the extent of thirteen per cent. of the total receipts. This was before the Goth and the Hun came on the scene. To the said Goth and Hun, Minister Bowen made his proposal that thirty per cent. of the customs should be hypothecated, and that all creditors should be paid at the same time. The Goth and Hun will have nothing to do with any such arrangement. They say it has always been their practice to take everything in sight for themselves, and they can see no good reason for diverging from this practice in the present case. And so the matter stands. Meanwhile, the blockade of the Venezuelan coast seems effective only against the government, while the revolutionists apparently continue to receive arms and ammunition very much as before. And Caracas seems on the point of starvation. Several days ago, the bakers announced that their supplies were quite exhausted, and the condition at the present moment must be one of great and growing misery. Seemingly nothing but a decisive success of the Motos party can possibly solve the exigency, by at once opening sources of supply for the hospital, and bringing into power an administration which can be trusted to carry out its undertakings.

COMMENT

CONGRESS showed a laudable recognition of the dangers to which, as recent events have admonished us, we may be exposed by a steadfast assertion of the Monroe doctrine, when it exhibited a willingness to appropriate the money needed to put our harbor fortifications in a state of efficiency. We have no doubt, either, that the programme of gradual naval expansion will receive an equally prompt and cordial approval. But who that refuses to avert his eyes to the clouds on the horizon would venture to assert that we may not need a number of additional war-vessels in the interval between the close of the Fifty-seventh Congress and the assembling of its successor? Why should not the present Congress, before adjourning *sine die*, do what its predecessor did in 1898—i. e., place at the disposal of the President a large sum of money to be used, if in his judgment necessary, for the purchase of battle-ships and armored cruisers which are now the property of foreign powers, but which are known to be for sale. Chile has in commission a battle-ship and an armored cruiser which she would willingly dispose of, and she has two battle-ships which are in course of construction in British yards. Much the same thing may be said of Argentina. Both of these countries have mutually bound themselves to sell the ships which they ordered in Great Britain. There is a rumor that Germany is already negotiating for these vessels. We are quite as likely to need them as she is. Chile has offered to sell her ships to us, but if we neglect the offer we cannot blame her for selling them to Germany. Why should not the President be empowered to buy them, if the turn of events in the next few weeks or months should make their purchase advisable? The mere fact that Congress had placed a great sum of money—say from thirty to fifty million dollars—at the disposal of the President for the purpose named, would be apt to exercise a pacifying influence on events in the Caribbean, and would convince the people of Great Britain that, if they really want to avoid trouble, they might do well to put pressure on their government without delay. What we want is a dozen or fifteen ironclads, or the power of getting them—at the present moment. Not five years hence, or even next year, but now. Again we say that we have no right to

The claim of the allies that they should be regarded as preferred creditors of Venezuela is new in international law. We have sufficiently discussed the merits of this particular case elsewhere, and especially in the last issue of the WEEKLY. We recur to the matter merely to note the character of the claim from a legal point of view. Germany, England, and Italy asserted their right to a preference over all other claimants because they were diligent in the employment of force. France had a prior lien on the customs of the debtor country, having been promised thirteen per cent. of those revenues until its claim was paid. The allies were not content to take an equal chance with France, but insisted on the postponement of all claims to their own. The case was analogous to a proceeding in involuntary bankruptcy: One diligent creditor had filed a lien; three others had sued out writs and the sheriff had taken possession; still others had taken no step. The creditors who put the sheriff in motion and who had

taken possession forced the debtor into bankruptcy. When this had been accomplished, the debtor's assets had to be distributed equitably. This is the rule in international law, just as it is in bankruptcy or insolvency. The creditor who employs force is entitled to his debt, if he can get it. He must be content for the moment with what the creditor possesses. He can have all, unless the creditor confesses ruin and asks for a distribution of his assets among all his creditors. In that case, the distribution must be fairly made, and only those can be preferred whose superior equity is definitely recognized by law. International law recognizes no superior equity. Germany, England, and Italy merely brought matters to a head, and if their claim of preference should be allowed, it would be tantamount to a deliberate declaration, by international law, in favor of war and against peaceful methods for collecting international debts.

At the hour when we write there seems to be no reason to believe that the ratification of the Panama Canal treaty will be materially delayed by Senator Morgan's objection that the credentials of Colombia's representative, Dr. Herran, are of doubtful authenticity, inasmuch as his principal, Dr. Marroquin, is himself a usurper, and has no lawful title to exercise executive authority at Bogota. It is perfectly true that there has been no general election in Colombia since 1898, and that the President chosen that year, *Señor Sanelesimo*, was deposed and imprisoned by a *coup d'état* headed by Vice-President Marroquin, and has since died in prison. We have no desire to dispute Senator Morgan's assertion that the administration now installed at Bogota is a *de facto* rather than a *de jure* government. Not so that account can the Senate refuse to acknowledge the competence of the government headed by Dr. Marroquin to conclude treaties binding on Colombia. That competence has been acknowledged by our Executive in the exercise of the discretion committed to it by the Constitution. Moreover, this discretion has been exercised wisely and consistently. No self-respecting Latin-American government would brook the arrogation by our State Department of a right to determine which of two rival claimants of power in that commonwealth had the better title. Moreover, if we had begun by refusing to recognize any government in a Latin-American republic until we were convinced that it possessed a *de jure* title, we should have had to forego diplomatic relations with every one of the South and Central American states.

From the outset our State Department has proceeded on the only reasonable and practicable principle, namely, that the *de facto* government must be recognized. We sorely need point out that by the recognition of a *de facto* government we are estopped from denying its right to make treaties. It is, in truth, a well-settled rule of international law that contracts entered into by a recognized *de facto* government are binding upon its successor. No matter what may happen at Bogota hereafter, no well-informed Colombian is likely to dispute the validity of the canal treaty, and if he did, his protest would not have an atom of foundation in international law. While we take for granted, however, that no attention will be paid by the Senate to the objection based on the *de facto* character of the Marroquin government, we would not be supposed to deny that some of the amendments proposed by Senator Morgan might have improved the treaty, could they have been incorporated in it before the signing of the document. Of course the treaty is not perfect, but it is doubtful whether a better one could have been obtained under the circumstances. If amendments are insisted on now, they will have to be referred to Bogota, and nobody could say when the resultant negotiations would terminate. It would certainly be impossible for any treaty to be ratified at this session of Congress, and even if the desired changes should be eventually accepted by the Colombian Executive, it would be needful for Mr. Roosevelt to convoke the Senate in special session to secure a ratification of the amended treaty.

There seems to be a good deal of misconception about the agreement between the United States and Great Britain with reference to the Alaska boundary. We have not consented to refer the boundary to arbitration. This is what the Canadian members of the Joint High Commission which met in Washington in 1899 desired us to do. We refused, and still

persist in our refusal. The word "arbitral" was applied to the intended tribunal in the rough draft of the agreement, but was erased before the document was signed. All that Secretary Hay has done is to agree to submit our legal title, under the Anglo-Russian treaty of 1895, to the boundary claimed by us, to a commission of six members, three of whom shall be American and three British jurists. This commission has no power to bind either of the parties. Its exclusive function is to inquire and report. There is but very little doubt, however, that if a majority of the commission should report in favor of our title, the report would be accepted by Great Britain, and embodied in a treaty, no matter how distasteful the result might be to Canada. If all three of the British commissioners were to be Canadians, there is reason to fear that no report would obtain the assent of a majority, and that consequently this attempt to fix the Alaska boundary would prove abortive. It is understood, however, that while Canada will be represented on the commission, at least one of its members will be an English jurist, to whom the counsel for the United States might appeal with a certain amount of confidence. Our own belief is that if any majority report is made, it will be in favor of the United States. Should the commissioners be evenly divided, the inquiry will have come to nothing, and we shall continue to retain the territory which we claim under the treaty of 1895.

That great little man, or perhaps we should say that little great man, Hon. Israel J. Tarte, has registered a vow to return to the political arena, to the confusion and annoyance of his enemies. We told the story of Mr. Tarte very fully at the time, and need not now do more than remind our readers of its main incidents. While Sir Wilfrid Laurier was abroad, trying to arrange direct treaties with France and Italy, and also effectively hocking the imperial militarism of Mr. Secretary Chamberlain, the Hon. Israel J. Tarte bethought himself of how pleasant it would be to wake some morning and find himself famous. So he devised a cunning plan and conceived a new policy. He stood for "Canada for the Canadians," and wanted to build tariff walls and encourage home industries. And he made many and vigorous orations, in a certain sense committing his party to his new protectionist policy. When Sir Wilfrid came marching home from the Colonial Conference, he heard about these goings-on, and was naturally put out. He summoned Hon. Israel Tarte, and there took place between them a sort of interview which is connected in the minds of young Americans with a visit to the wood-shed in the company of papa and a barrel-stave. After the interview, by one of those curious coincidences which sometimes take place, there happened to be a vacancy in the Laurier cabinet, and in the very department formerly presided over by Mr. Tarte. Then came prophecies of what Mr. Tarte was going to do, chiefly from those staunch Conservative organs that go for Sir Wilfrid and his Liberals at every opportunity. Mr. Tarte was going to found a new party, or come over to the Conservatives, or upset the Liberals, or at least let off some kind of political fireworks that would be worth going miles to see. And Mr. Tarte himself talked reflectively of the time when he himself would form cabinets, and how he should form them. And then came a lull, a hush and a silence, which have been going on ever since. Nothing at all happened, and Mr. Tarte lay low. Now he says the time has come when we shall see what we shall see. The Canadian House of Commons meets in a few weeks, and Mr. Tarte will be there. While awaiting developments, we cannot make up our minds whether Mr. Tarte is a little great man or only a great little man. Just at present, it looks like the latter.

It is a matter of vital interest to the American people that the House of Representatives shall so deal with the confessed perjurer Philip Dolbin as to enforce respect for oaths on witnesses who may be hereafter summoned to testify before its committees. An example must be made of this man, otherwise investigations ordered by the House will be henceforth regarded with derision. There is a rumor, for which we hope there is no foundation, that the Committee on Naval Affairs, while absolving ex-Representative Quigg, originally accused by Dublin of an attempt to bribe, and Representative Lesler, subsequently charged by the same Dublin with subornation of perjury, will refrain in its report from proposing that Dolbin shall be prosecuted for oath-breaking. For such a sur-

prising course the committee could have no motive except a discreditable wish to stifle inquiry, and divert attention from the relations of one or more of its members to the Holland Submarine Boat Company. The public odium to which a proceeding of this kind will expose the Naval Committee will be shared by the whole House, if it sanctions its attempt to smother the Dublin affair, and thus encourages perjurers to defy its authority. It ought to be distinctly understood that, if the House fails to require the prosecution of Dublin, every future application of its investigation machinery will be recognized as a farce.

It is no longer Quay and Lender, but the Naval Committee and the House of Representatives itself, that are on trial at the bar of public opinion. No question of foreign or economic policy affects more directly or more deeply the interests of the whole community than the question whether perjury may be committed with impunity before the committees to which the delegates of the people in the House of Representatives have intrusted their inquisitorial powers. What a mockery would be the insertion of penalties for perjury in the proceedings authorized by inter-State commerce bills and anti-trust bills, if that offence is suffered to go unpunished in the committee rooms of the House! We lately pointed out that, since the Cr dit Mobilier scandal, the lower branch of the Federal Legislature had escaped disgrace through any public proof of corruption. How long would its reputation survive a deliberate refusal to bring this man Dublin to account for his cynical contempt of oaths! He told a member of the committee that he did not know that swearing to a lie was punishable. It is high time that he and others should be enlightened on the point. It will be interesting to note whether opposition to a rigorous prosecution of Dublin comes mainly from Republican or Democratic members of the House.

In his determination to secure the admission of Arizona and New Mexico, as well as Oklahoma, to Statehood, the senior Senator from Pennsylvania is evincing an ingenuity, as well as a persistency, worthy of a better cause. In the guise of an amendment he succeeded in tacking his Statehood bill on the Sundry Civil Appropriation bill, and in getting it sent to a committee which he controlled. Not satisfied with this device for compelling the consideration of his measure by the Senate, he subsequently prevailed upon the Senate Committee on Agriculture to attach the Statehood bill as a rider to the Agricultural Appropriation bill. Of course, when the Agricultural Appropriation bill or Sundry Civil bill, thus amended, comes before the Senate, one of Mr. Quay's opponents may request the President of the Senate to rule whether the amendment is relevant. It is by no means certain that Senator Frye, the presiding officer, will rule against Quay in the matter. It is true that no State has ever yet been admitted to the Union by virtue of a mere rider to an appropriation bill. Other measures, however, of very great importance have been enacted in this way, such as the Spooner bill conferring a species of civil government on the Philippines, and the Platt bill requiring certain concessions from Cuba as a condition precedent to our recognition of her independence. Both of those measures were tacked on to an army appropriation bill. Oklahoma herself, for which Statehood is now demanded, was originally thrown open to settlement by means of an amendment attached to the Indian Appropriation bill. Even if Mr. Quay's amendments are pronounced relevant by Mr. Frye, they may be talked to death by his opponents. But suppose he should manage to tack a similar amendment to each of the appropriation bills, will his opponents, in their desire to avert the admission of Arizona and New Mexico into the Union, allow all the appropriation bills to fail, and thus compel the President to convene the Fifty-eighth Congress early in March? If it were certain that Mr. Roosevelt would veto the measure, it might be expedient to let Senator Quay pass his Statehood bill forthwith, and thus clear the field for indispensable legislation. We imagine that Mr. Roosevelt would sooner accept that responsibility than see himself constrained to convene the Fifty-eighth Congress in extra session.

The Democratic members of the House of Representatives have an opportunity greatly to advance the interests of their

party. A comparison of the Fowler and Padgett currency bills does not indicate that either party has reached sound conclusions as to the kind of currency the country is entitled. Each scheme is faulty, and contains provisions which will defeat the declared object of its promoters. It is a great gain, however, that we have the two parties competing in the effort to provide the country with an elastic and sound, bank-note currency. This alone is an enormous advance over the conditions which prevailed in the Presidential campaigns of 1896 and 1900. Then we had a crude debate over the 16-to-1 idea, a debate unworthy of the country and the age. Strange to say, the President seems now to be dragging his party back towards bimetallicism, while the party which made the silver dollar its fetish is insisting on a bank-note currency which shall be able to respond to the demands of business. When Bryan was at the front, bank-notes rivalled gold in the esteem of the Democrats. Financial questions are working out in the right direction, and it may be that the excesses of the Republican leaders in economic questions will result in forcing the Democrats to take a conservative attitude there also. This much is certain, the only road to a Democratic victory is that age-old highway of civil and individual liberty, which leads away from socialism and from all forms of paternalism. If the Democratic party will get back into that highway, the nation will have cause for great rejoicing.

We are glad to see that the proposal to increase the pay of the Federal judiciary is almost certain to be adopted at the present session of Congress, though the precise amount of the increase may have to be determined in conference between the Senate and the House of Representatives. The very lowest figures that would present any show of equity are \$13,000 for the chief justice, and \$12,500 for each of the associate justices. That those figures are too low is evident when they are compared with the salary (\$17,500) received by each of the many judges of the New York Supreme Court in the judicial districts comprised within New York city. We observe that the expediency of giving the judges of State courts a remuneration more commensurable with their services is recognized in Pennsylvania, and we hope that a measure to that effect will quickly be enacted at Harrisburg.

Since we last adverted to the subject a bill has been introduced in the House of Representatives which proposes to give the President \$100,000 instead of \$50,000 a year. Such a law, of course, would not be applicable to Mr. Roosevelt during his present term of office, but it would benefit the President elected in 1904. We need not recapitulate the grounds on which we have pronounced the present salary of our Chief Magistrate unreasonably small, when it is compared with the dignity and importance of the office, with the unparalleled resources of the United States, and with the sums paid in much poorer countries for minor services. The Governor-General of Canada, who is a mere figurehead, gets \$50,000 a year, while President Loubet, whose function, compared with Mr. Roosevelt's, is that of a dummy—the ministers under the French system doing all the work and wielding nearly all the power—receives \$250,000 a year, besides the use of the palace of the Elys e and Fontainebleau, which are kept up at the expense of the state. The laborer is worthy of his hire, and if the salaries of Mr. Roosevelt and M. Loubet were to be proportioned to the work and responsibility imposed, the former's pay should be at least ten times as great as that of the latter. The proposal made in the House of Representatives to double the President's salary may be criticised, if criticised at all, on the score of excessive moderation.

The disgraceful riot, on January 31, which resulted from the strike of street-car employees at Waterbury, Connecticut, failed to stir the Mayor of Waterbury to ask for outside help, but had its effect upon the sheriff of the county. At the solicitation of merchants and other leading citizens the sheriff called upon the Governor for troops, and sixteen companies of the State troops being promptly sent, restored order for the time being, though there were further outbreaks on Monday. It is not the strikers, we are told, who have made the trouble, but the "sympathizers." The sympathizers were certainly not in force on Saturday night. The newspapers have told of a mob of six thousand of them who wrecked cars and stoned and insulted non-union employees to their hearts' con-

test, with very little interference from anybody. Saturday-night sympathy of that sort can doubtless be excited in a town where the police are inefficient, over any strike that is popular, and very damaging it must be in the long-run to the interests of the strikers. There is apt to be an unusual degree of sincere popular sympathy for street-car employees, who work in the sight of the public, with whose efficiency the public comfort is directly concerned, whose hours of labor are long, and whose pay, as a rule, seems pretty small, but when it takes such a form as it has taken at Waterbury, it engrosses public attention to the neglect of the strike issues. Whatever the merits of the case of the Waterbury strikers may be, the issue there at this writing is whether the peace is to be kept or not. To win a strike by lawful means may be a public benefit; to win a strike by violence is always a public injury. No State can afford to let rioters prevail, and Governor Chamberlain of Connecticut seems to know it.

At a recent conference between Mayor Low, Comptroller Grant, and the representatives of the Rapid Transit Commission, the last named was informed that the city of New York before the end of the current year would be in a position to authorize the expenditure of thirty million to forty million dollars on the construction of new tunnels. Chief-Engineer Parsons was thereupon directed to draw plans for tapping with tunnels every large outlying residential section of the city not already touched by routes begun or contracted for. One of these tunnels is to run from the Post-office in Manhattan borough to a point near Borough Hall in Brooklyn; another under Lexington Avenue from Forty-second Street to the Bronx, and probably as far north as Mount Vernon; and a third through Jerome Avenue to the neighborhood of Woodlawn Cemetery. There is not a word to be said against any of these tunnels, but why, among all these outlying residential sections of New York city, is Staten Island alone to be neglected? There is no section of the city wherein homes are obtainable at so low a price by working-men and men of moderate means. It is, moreover, the only outlying section of the city which cannot be reached by surface railways. As a matter of simple justice to the citizens of Richmond borough, who in foggy weather are now cut off altogether from their places of business in Manhattan, and as a matter of duty to the working-men of Manhattan borough, who would like to own homes of their own, if they could afford to buy them, a tunnel under the Narrows from Bay Ridge to Staten Island is comparatively more important and more urgently called for than a tunnel to Woodlawn Cemetery or the Bronx. Those who wish to visit either of the sections last named can choose between stoan-cars and trolley-cars. Those who wish to go to their homes on Staten Island have no alternative but to take a ferry-boat. A tunnel under the Narrows would be neither a difficult nor a costly undertaking, and could be quickly constructed. There is no reason that will bear the light of day why a tunnel to Brooklyn should not be supplemented with a tunnel from Bay Ridge to Staten Island. The two subways ought to be prosecuted simultaneously. Why should workmen in Manhattan borough have to pay from three to five times as much for homes in the borough of the Bronx as they would have to pay for homes in the borough of Richmond? That is a question for Mayor Low and the Rapid Transit Commission to answer.

There is nothing surprising in the announcement that a bituminous trust has been formed which will control a very large fraction of the output of soft coal. No one doubts that the principle of combination, which has been applied in so many fields of manufacture, is applicable also to the products of mines of every kind. What has been disputed, and in truth denied, is the applicability of the principle to the products of agriculture. Experience has shown, however, that one agricultural product, to wit, sugar, is susceptible of control by a combination of capitalists, and it is equally certain that for some years the sale of almost all the coffee, and of almost all the tea, consumed in the United States has been regulated, if not monopolized, by a few persons. It is also well known that the combination headed by Mr. John B. Duke has at its disposal the greater part of the tobacco crop in the United States and Cuba, as well as in some other countries. In view of these indisputable facts, who shall say that it will prove impossible to control the raising and marketing of cereals and

of animal products? Why is a wheat trust, or a corn trust, or a cotton trust, more impracticable than a tobacco trust? The number of wheat-growers, or corn-growers, or cotton-growers may be greater than the number of tobacco-growers. But the fact erects no insuperable obstacle. It simply means that a larger amount of capital and a more complicated organization on the part of capitalists and their agents would be needed for the acquirement of control. There is no reason to suppose that the monopolization of agricultural products will stop short at sugar and tobacco. Wheat, and corn, and cotton, and every other necessary of life are sure to fall under the operation of the same principle if it be true that the aggregation of capital is, by reason of the economies effected, an irresistible economic law, which, indeed, can be checked artificially by restrictive legislation, but only when such legislation is imperatively demanded by public opinion. Should the American people find that the prices of grain, meat, and cotton were, on an average, lower throughout a given year than they had been when those commodities were driven up and down by individual competitors—there is no doubt that the normal price of petroleum is much lower than it was before it was controlled by the Standard Oil Company—they are unlikely to be much influenced by the clamor of demagogues, who impute to all trusts indiscriminately a programme of plunder and oppression, the effects of which are nowhere visible.

It is with sincere satisfaction that we chronicle the determination of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company to suspend its twenty-hour special express train to Chicago, in order to relieve the freight congestion which has impeded the transportation of soft coal to the seaboard. We have formerly pointed out that the anthracite famine which for a time prevailed was attributed by experts, not so much to a scarcity of that combustible, as to a shortage of bituminous coal, which compelled manufacturers who have hitherto used the latter fuel to seek hard coal as a substitute. The dearth of soft coal at the seaboard was ascribed, as we pointed out, not to any deficiency of output from the bituminous mines, but to the lack of transportation facilities on the Pennsylvania Railway and its branches. To the credit of Mr. A. J. Cassatt, the president of that great corporation, he recognized that the reputation of his company for efficiency was in danger, and he decided to apply a heroic remedy by abandoning for a season the special Chicago flier, which has required an outlay of half a million dollars, and by which a public service has been well performed. To assure the safety of this train, however, innumerable freight-cars had to be side-tracked and held back for hours throughout long sections of the road. There is no doubt that the freight congestion on the Pennsylvania lines will be relieved to a considerable extent by the suppression of this single train, but other express trains will be renounced if such a step seems needful to facilitate transportation. From the moment that bituminous coal reaches the Atlantic coast in its normal volume, the last disturbing element in the fuel-market will disappear.

A good many meetings are being held, and a good many speeches made, on the subject of modern trades-unionism. With the exception of President Eliot, all the speakers agree in commending the unions. This is to say that the speakers, wellnigh universally, especially politicians, are afraid of the unions and afraid to tell the truth to the men who compose them. This is the more to be regretted, because if the unions are not to bear the truth now, they are not likely to bear it at all. The flatterers of the unions are their worst enemies. Those who could tell the truth might serve the unions by securing reorganization on lines which would make for permanency, whereas, if present conditions are persevered in unions are doomed. This century and this country will not long tolerate tyranny of any kind. Organizations that foster it must go. The union which says that a private citizen shall not work on his own house; that a workman who is not a member of the union shall not work at all; that the union is above the State and its law, and that the union workman who does his duty as a citizen in the militia shall be deprived of his livelihood; that employees shall administer the discipline of an establishment; that the efficient workman shall earn no more than the inefficient—all organizations which take this ground will soon fall to pieces, and the right of collective bar-

gaining will, for a time at least, be lost. It is incumbent on those who talk to working-men to make it clear to them that industry and society will not put them in command. The sooner they learn this truth the longer they will live. They should study the methods by which the United States Steel Corporation became a non-union concern, and learn by example.

There is trouble in the American Red Cross. The first overt evidence of it was the transmission to the Speaker of the House of a memorial, signed by General John M. Wilson, first vice-president of the organization, and twenty-two members of the executive committee for last year, protesting against the control of the Red Cross by its president, Miss Clara Barton, and against the methods which she is charged with using to gain the power she has acquired. The signers of the memorial included former-Secretary-of-State John W. Foster, former-Secretary-of-the-Navy Herbert, former-Surgeon-General Van Reypen, and Mrs. Cowles, the President's sister. The memorial contained an address to the President, charging that last October Miss Barton got proxies from the members of the Red Cross to make "some slight changes" in the by-laws, and made changes which place the control of the policy and finances of the organization in the hands of a single person. It protested against this action as unwise, even when the person in control—the president—is Miss Barton. The by-laws contain a provision making the President and his cabinet a board of consultation and advice, but on receiving the address of the protesting committee-members, the President wrote, through his secretary, to Miss Barton, declining to serve. The treasurer of the society, Mr. Fletcher, about the same time found that the pressure of his private business compelled him to resign. Miss Barton has replied at some length to the President, saying that all Presidents since President Arthur's time had served on the Red Cross Board, but yielding respectfully to his wishes. But Miss Barton in this letter says nothing about the changes in the by-laws. Miss Barton is seventy-three years old. Her distinguished services in connection with the Red Cross work entitle her to the most considerate treatment. It is much to be regretted that she and her late associates have fallen out, and the public will hope that they may reach a satisfactory adjustment of their differences. Apparently she has shown somewhat too comprehensiveness a belief in the advantage of centralized authority, and apparently also she means to stand by her guns. Her friends say that her position has been misrepresented, and say also that a committee of five, of which Mr. Richard Olney is a member, is preparing a plan for the future of the Red Cross which will be satisfactory to Miss Barton.

If we can believe the newspapers, Governor Orman of Colorado has made the first appointment of an American to be the holder of a Rhodes scholarship. His appointee is Mr. E. H. Lehman, a Colorado man who graduated last year at Yale with unusual distinction. Mr. Lehman applied to Governor Orman for the appointment, and his Yale credentials won him the prize over two hundred other applicants. The selection seems to be excellent, but it does not appear where the Governor of Colorado got authority to make it. Dr. Parkin, the representative of the Rhodes trustees, is traveling through the country taking counsel with the authorities of the various colleges about the best method of selecting Rhodes scholars, and, so far, everything indicates that the scholars are to be nominated by committees from the colleges. It has not been suggested that Governors, or other political officers, should be concerned in this labor. Has not Governor Orman misapprehended his obligations? And is he not, besides, a year ahead of time?

An interesting issue of the strike of eighty employees of the Utica Fire Alarm Telegraph Company last September is the announcement made on January 29 that some of the late strikers had got control of the company and proposed to manage it to suit themselves. The strikers were discharged at the time of the strike, and their places were filled. Now they propose to turn out the new men; all of which seems to accord with law, order, and business principles. Another interesting case is reported from Rochester, where the platers

in a manufacturing concern struck. They were invited to start in business for themselves, and were promised the plating work of the firm that had employed them. They did so. Business turned out to be good. They made money, and at last accounts the men who wanted an eight-hour day while working for some one else, were working thirteen hours a day for their own account.

The Tarnsey law which empowered the Treasury Department to invite architects to submit competitive designs for public buildings has worked so well that its working is to be extended. Heretofore, only the larger and more important buildings have been affected by it, but it is reported from Washington that the intention now is to get plans for the smaller buildings also from architects in private practice. The system is excellent. It gives the country better architecture, and relieves the office of the Supervising Architect of the Treasury of much work which ought never to have come to it.

It is gratifying to know that the pretext lodged by some officers of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union against the presence of Watts' picture, "Love and Life," in the White House, has not the sympathy of so influential a member of the organization as Lady Henry Somerset. She is the president of the union's international organization, and, though without authority in the American W. C. T. U., her opinions carry weight with its members. She is used to the habits of the great world, and knows something about art. As president of the World's W. C. T. U., she says: "I feel it should be made clear that the objections raised by a few women are not held by the majority of the great temperance society, which realizes that that wonderful allegorical picture has in it nothing but tender, beautiful teaching, with the purity of treatment and intention which marks all that great master's works."

A new device for the avoidance of accidents on railroads is reported by our consul at Berlin. It is a German invention, and is being tested on one of the government railroads near Frankfurt. A light third rail is laid midway between the other rail, and is connected by a shoe with an electrical apparatus carried by engines. By this means danger signals can be given by electric bell and red light in the cab of the engine, and electrical brakes can be set by the same signal that gives the alarm. The apparatus also keeps the engineer in telephonic communication with stations and with trains ahead of him, and when he is pulled up he can learn what is the matter and what is expected of him.

The inventive turn and flexibility of the typical American are well illustrated in Peter Cooper Hewitt, whose portrait appears in our series this week. Just as his famous grandfather was associated with the beginnings of steam locomotion in this country, and his not less distinguished father was one of the creators of our iron and steel industry, this young man has concentrated his faculties on the development of the latest ideas in electricity. The Hewitt mercury-vapor lamp, shown first publicly at Columbia University about two years ago, is the cheapest light we have, and has already gone into commercial use here and abroad. The Hewitt static converter, a transformer of alternating into direct current, or vice versa, for a wide variety of uses, is the smallest, lightest, and most efficient apparatus of the kind. The technical papers have just described one in operation at Madison Square Tower, where some four pounds of material transform current that required previously seven or eight hundred pounds, as in the Manhattan Elevated and kindred plants. More than this, the same appliance lends itself admirably to the perfection of wireless telegraph methods, and opens the way to other electrical improvements of most radical character. That a young educated millionaire should be a *dilettante* scientist would not be surprising, but to see in this keen, alert man at close grips with the most progressive of the arts, and supplying it with the latest ideas and materials, shows him a worthy inheritor of great traditions and lofty ideals. He is now forty-two.

New Phase of the Venezuela Affair

To appreciate the latest aspect of the Venezuela imbroglio, caused by the demand of the allies that their claims shall receive a preference over those of other creditors, it is needful to recall the progress toward a settlement which had been previously effected. In response to a suggestion made by our State Department, Great Britain, Germany, and Italy agreed to refer their claims to arbitration, but coupled their agreement with a request that Mr. Roosevelt should act as arbitrator. This request the President declined, and proposed as a substitute the international tribunal established at The Hague. After some deliberation, the allied powers consented to accept the substitute, provided the Caracas government would give satisfactory guarantees that the sums awarded by the Hague tribunal would be paid. The demand for guarantees was met by Mr. Bowen, the Venezuelan plenipotentiary, with an offer to set aside thirty per cent. of the customs duties collected at La Guayra and Puerto Cabello for the payment of the claims of the allied powers.

As the offer was accompanied by a promise that the collection of duties should be made by officials acceptable to the allies, who should also have the right to be represented by auditors at the ports named, it was favorably received by the plenipotentiaries of Great Britain, Germany, and Italy, who, however, insisted that their claims must take precedence of those of other creditors that had taken no part in the blockade. That is to say, the thirty per cent. was to constitute a first charge on the customs revenue derivable from La Guayra and Puerto Cabello. Against such a preference France protested, on the ground that, by virtue of a treaty concluded in 1867, whereby her own claims against Venezuela had been peacefully adjusted, she was entitled to collect thirteen per cent. of the revenues accruing from certain customs-houses. It is true that eighteen years afterwards France renounced this right by a convention, on condition that the interest of the debt liquidated by the previous treaty should be punctually paid. As for some time no payments have been made, she contends that her treaty right has revived, and she proposes to enforce it. Upon being made acquainted with the position taken by France, the allied powers declined to accept Mr. Bowen's proposal, on the plea that, if the thirteen per cent. required by France was to be deducted from the thirty per cent. offered, they would themselves receive but seventeen per cent. collectively.

We should not like to assert that the plea was put forward in bad faith, but Mr. Bowen has pointed out that it has not an atom of foundation, since the whole of the thirty per cent. was to go to the three blockading powers, until their claims were satisfied. That is to say, provided Venezuela should be willing to acknowledge the revival of the French treaty right, as she probably would be, that power would be authorized to collect thirteen additional per cent., making forty-three per cent. in all that would be deducted from the net revenue of the two customs-houses named. It should here be mentioned that our own government, also, has claims against Venezuela, which have been acknowledged by treaty, but for the payment of which no definite provision has yet been made. Our government, however, has refrained from embarrassing President Castro at this time by exacting an immediate settlement of its own claims.

In view of the statement made by Mr. Bowen that the thirteen per cent. of customs

revenue due to France is not to be deducted from the thirty per cent. conceded to the allies, there seems to be no ground for the persistent refusal to accept the Venezuelan proposal. Whatever course may be pursued, however, by the allied powers, with reference to this particular matter, they have, by their demand for a preference, raised a question of obvious interest to all civilized nations. Is our government, or any other government that professes to desire the maintenance of international peace, prepared to accept the principle that creditor powers that enforce their claims by war are to have a preference over other creditor powers that have proceeded to an adjustment by pacific negotiations? Would not the adoption of such a principle put a premium on war, and subject peace to discount? Would not the promulgation of such a doctrine prove that the governments making it were guilty of gross insincerity when they took part in the peace conference at The Hague and established an international tribunal as a substitute for the arbitration of the sword?

Let us look for a moment at the practical consequences of such a doctrine. Let us suppose that France were now exercising the right given to her by the treaty of 1867 to collect, through her own agents, thirteen per cent. of the customs duties at La Guayra and Puerto Cabello. Let us suppose that a similar power of self-payment had been conceded to the United States, and were now exercised, so far as our claims, already recognized by Venezuela, were concerned. Would not the percentage which France and the United States had been authorized thus to collect constitute a first charge on the customs revenues? Could it be displaced from that favorable position because other creditor powers saw fit to exact the payment of their claims by force? Is it not clear that such a pretension would inevitably lead to grave international complications? And, suppose the payment of the alleged claims of the powers that renounce it in force should exhaust the whole of the customs revenue collected in Venezuelan ports. Would France and the United States deserve to be deprived of any payment at all, on the ground that they had chosen to adjust their claims in a pacific and friendly, instead of a high-handed and brutal, way? The more closely we examine the new principle propounded by the British and German Foreign Offices, the more iniquitous it appears.

Who is responsible for the enunciation of the monstrous doctrine that claims enforced by war must take precedence of claims previously adjusted by pacific negotiations? According to the belief current in Washington, the discredit attaching to the formulation of that principle must fall upon Lord Lansdowne, the British Minister for Foreign Affairs, and not upon Chamberlain or Bismarck, although, under the iron-helmed agreement between England and Germany, the last-named official found himself constrained to acquiesce in the extraordinary position assumed by his ally. If this belief be well founded, those Americans who have imagined that England in this Venezuelan business was playing the part of a friend to the United States have been dwelling in a fool's paradise. The sooner the whole truth about the matter is made known in the American people the better. We are entitled to learn, if it be a fact that Lord Lansdowne not only prevented the prompt acceptance of Mr. Bowen's proposal, but announced a doctrine the effect of which will be to discourage all future attempts to settle disputes with Latin-American republics by pacific means. If Lord Lansdowne has really been guilty of these acts, we do not see upon what ground

it is possible to exculpate him, except by taxing him with gross stupidity. We shall see how long those Englishmen who profess to be our well-wishers will permit a man, either incompetent or wrong-headed, to remain at the head of the Foreign Office.

We may here mention another report, made on good authority, the report, namely, that the plan to coerce Venezuela by war was devised, not by the German, but by the British government. We have looked for a contradiction of this report on the part of British ministers, but what we have obtained is a qualified admission of its truth. Thus Mr. Austen Chamberlain, the British Postmaster-General, speaking at Birmingham on January 31, said that, after the British government had decided to seek satisfaction for Venezuelan outrages, and to demand guarantees against their repetition, it had been approached by Germany and requested to cooperate with that country. Courtesy, the speaker said, made it impossible for the British government to decline. As we expected to believe that, if the British government was the first to decide to coerce Venezuela by war, no official intimation of its intention was given to Germany? What an extraordinary coincidence that Germany should have adopted independently a coercive programme, and should have suddenly proposed co-operation to Great Britain, in complete ignorance of the fact that the British Foreign Office had already formed an identical resolve!

As to the conspiracy of which Mr. Austen Chamberlain speaks, was it not as much due to the United States as to Germany? Does Mr. Chamberlain mean to insinuate that our State Department was informed of England's intention to make war on Venezuela, and approved of the plan beforehand? The insinuation has been made by the American correspondent of a London newspaper, but the American people will be very slow to believe it.

The Democratic Party and Its New Attitude

We are not surprised at the extraordinary effect produced throughout the country by Mr. Thomas F. Ryan's article in the February number of the *North American Review* on "The Political Opportunity of the South." The author, who is a Southerner by birth, recognizes what we have often pointed out, to wit, the commanding position which events have created the Southern States to take in the next national convention of the Democratic party. On the last general election, the Republicans carried every Northern State but one, Rhode Island. Not only did the Democracy lose its old strongholds in the East and Middle West—that is to say, New York, Connecticut, New Jersey, and Indiana, but Mr. W. J. Bryan and the wing of the party which he has hitherto controlled lost every trans-Mississippi State in which they were formerly predominant. As the only section of the country which has remained faithful to the Democracy, the South is invested with a moral ascendancy in Democratic councils which it can assert if it will, and which, once asserted, cannot be reasonably controverted. It can, if it chooses to use the power conferred on it by events, frame a programme for 1904 which, without forfeiting the allegiance of any of Mr. Bryan's followers, will recall to the Democratic standard all of those who forsook it in 1896 and 1900. It will possess not only the moral, but also the material, power to frame and enforce such a programme, for, with the co-operation of the Democratic delegates

from the Eastern and Middle States, a co-operation which is assured, it would need but seventy-three additional votes to constitute two-thirds of the next Democratic national convention, which two-thirds would enable it to designate the candidate, as well as shape the platform.

Such being the South's opportunity, how ought it to be used? Mr. Ryan indicates four cardinal policies, every one of which will commend itself to Democrats and upon more than one of which the spokesmen of the Southern Democracy in Congress have already acted. First among the policies proposed is a moderate tariff for revenue, which shall not prejudice domestic industries. Here we may point out that the free-trader no longer exists in the South. He is an extinct species. What the South wants is tariff revision, carried out by friends of the people as a whole; a revision that shall assure protection to infant industries, but shall withhold it from the giant industries that can not only stand alone, but invade foreign countries. The great body of American consumers thoroughly understand that the one sincere, trenchant and infallible way of dealing with dangerous trusts, and of averting monopolies in the necessities of life, is to place such necessities on the free list. This Congress has already done in the case of anthracite coal; it may have to do the same thing to-morrow with bituminous coal, and the day may not be distant when it will have to pursue a similar course with regard to meat. But, while the necessities of life must be safeguarded against monopoly, it is not, and it should not be, the purpose of Southern Democrats to strike down any of the American industries which for their growth and well-being require the fostering hand of protection. That is precisely the discrimination which, as we understand Mr. Ryan, he has in view.

As to Mr. Ryan's second plank, moderation in expenditures, that has always been the policy of the Democratic party, and, moreover, it has been carried out whenever that party has been in power. We need not marshal facts and figures familiar to all well-informed citizens, which demonstrate that extravagance in Federal expenditure is characteristic of Republican administration. We pass to the third plank suggested by Mr. Ryan, to wit, a sound currency. That the Southern Democrats have repudiated the profligate demand for the free coinage of silver at the ratio of 16 to 1 was definitely established the other day in the House of Representatives, when they co-operated with a Republican minority in rejecting a proposal that the government should undertake to maintain a certain parity between the value of silver and that of gold in the Philippines. No, said the Southern Democrats, in the Philippines, as in the United States, silver must find its level in the open market. So distinct and decisive is the present attitude of Southern Democrats with regard to the silver hierarchy. It is further to be noted that the bill introduced by Representative Padgett of Tennessee, permitting national banks to issue credit currency notes, is deemed by many currency reformers a sounder measure than the Fowler bill. The Padgett bill permits national banks, having a bond-secured circulation equal to 50 per cent. of their capital, to issue 50 per cent. additional of credit currency notes. The first 20 per cent. of these issues are taxed 1 per cent.; the next 15 per cent., 3 per cent.; and the last 15 per cent., 5 per cent. pro annum. The guaranty fund in the Padgett bill is 5 per cent. of the note issues, and the tax on circulation is to be added to it as an additional safeguard for the notes of insolvent banks. When the proceeds of this tax on circulation equal \$5,000,000, the tax on the first

two issues is to be cut into halves, reducing it to $\frac{1}{4}$ and $\frac{1}{16}$ per cent. pro annum, respectively. It is by no means impossible that this bill may be passed in the House by a combination of Democratic and Republican votes.

The fourth plank which Mr. Ryan would insert in the next Democratic platform is a demand for the restriction of the Federal government to its constitutional functions; it should embody, he thinks, an announcement of persistent opposition to the further extension of the power of the Federal government over the acts and industries of the people of the States. We could scarcely expect such a plank to meet with approbation on the part of ex-Governor Hill, who caused a State convention of New York to advocate the seizure of the anthracite mines of Pennsylvania by the Federal government, under color of an alleged right of eminent domain. We know of no other Democrat, however, who would not approve of Mr. Ryan's plank. He says truly that to guard the rights of the States and of the people under the Constitution has been the historic mission of the Democratic party, and is more than ever its duty to-day. He points out that, when Mr. Roosevelt assumed office as President, he assumed the responsibility in the matter of the anthracite coal strike; he was guilty of an evasion of the Constitution which was a step toward an invasion of it. Mr. Roosevelt did not profess to think that his course in that affair was warranted by the Constitution. He acknowledged that he could find no warrant for it in that instrument. That being admitted, must he not further confess that he was guilty of violating the Tenth Amendment to our Federal organic law, which expressly provides that the powers not delegated to the United States by the Constitution, nor prohibited by it to the States, are reserved to the States respectively or to the people. With that amendment before our eyes, can we deny that Mr. Roosevelt not merely evaded, but distinctly violated, the Constitution when he interfered between employer and employed?

It is true, as Mr. Ryan says, that all of the policies commended by him to Southern Democrats, and through them to the next Democratic national convention, are based at bottom on the fustian and vital Democratic principle that there shall be the least possible interference by the State with private rights, and that the citizen shall be free under equal laws to seek and welcome opportunity whenever and wherever it may be found. The policies which he has outlined are each and every one of them in harmony with the interests of the South; in harmony with the fundamental teachings of the fathers of Democracy; in harmony with the true interests of the nation, and with the maintenance of its progress in the paths marked out by the founders of the republic.

Mr. Roosevelt and McKinley

It is well known that Mr. Roosevelt was the principal orator at a banquet given on January 27, at Canton, Ohio, to commemorate the birthday of the late President McKinley. We do not purpose here to comment on the address that he delivered, beyond noting that it has been widely read and generally admired. Our interest is rather at this time to invite attention to the fact, unparalleled in the history of Vice-Presidents who have become Presidents by accident, the fact, namely, that not only was Mr. Roosevelt the principal speaker on the occasion, but that his appearance in that rôle struck everybody present and the community at large not as in-

congruous, but as eminently proper. This, manifestly, would not be the case had Mr. Roosevelt quarrelled, as most Vice-Presidents under similar circumstances have quarrelled, with either the measures or the friends of his predecessor. If Mr. Roosevelt is recognized as the fitting person to deliver an oration commemorative of President McKinley, it is because he has considered it his duty to respect the personal attachments, fulfil the honorable promises, and carry out the policies, plans of the statesman whom he has succeeded.

This would be a unique performance on the part of a Vice-President promoted by a catastrophe to the office of Chief Magistrate, if we could except the case of Millard Fillmore, which is not a through-going exception. It is well known that John Tyler reversed the policy of President Harrison and of the Whig party with reference to the United States banks; that the only member of his predecessor's cabinet whom he retained for any considerable time was Daniel Webster; and that when Webster, in his turn, resigned, the post of Secretary of State was given to the great nullifier, John C. Calhoun, the most outspoken and deadly enemy of the party by which Tyler had been made Vice-President. The result, of course, was the resignation of Tyler to the obscurity from which he never should have been suffered to emerge, both of the great national conventions treating him in 1844 with the contempt that he deserved. When Fillmore became President in July, 1849, through the death of Zachary Taylor, so such flagrant divorce took place between the new President and the leaders of the Whig party. So far as the personal distinction of its members was concerned, the new cabinet, adorned by the names of Daniel Webster and John J. Crittenden, was ostensibly stronger than that which it replaced, but it soon became evident that Fillmore, the representative of a Free State, would lean much more decidedly toward the proslavery element of the Whig party than did Taylor, though the latter was a slave-holder. The result was that Fillmore, through the opposition of Northern States, was beaten in the Whig National Convention of 1852, though four years later he got his reward, such as it was, being nominated for the Presidency in 1856 by the pro-Southern majority in the national convention of the Know-Nothing party, a nomination subsequently ratified by a convention representing the remnant of the Whigs.

As for Andrew Johnson, it is needless to recall that, although he retained Seward in the Department of State, he quarrelled with Lincoln's Secretary of War, Stanton, and provoked the rancorous hostility of the Republican leaders in Congress, who, but for the unexpected loss of a vote in the Senate, would have impeached him successfully.

The fate of Johnson and of Tyler was a portentous lesson to Vice-Presidents. It was but imperfectly turned to account by Arthur, however, who had scarcely succeeded Garfield when he reversed the policy of the State Department with regard to the war between Peru and Chile, and virtually drove out of the cabinet James G. Blaine, who had a far stronger hold on the respect and sympathy of the Republican party than his nominal superior possessed. The result was that, although Arthur managed, by the use of patronage, to control the negro and carpet-bagger delegates from the former Confederate States, he was ignominiously beaten by Blaine in the Republican National Convention of 1884. Arthur's experience showed how full of pitfalls and illusions is the Presidency when occupied by one unauthorized by the popular vote to assume an independent rôle. In the bitter conflict that then existed between Stewarts and

Half-breeds in the State of New York, it is possible that Arthur might have filled in the warlike efforts to conciliate the friends of his predecessor. By attempting to defy them he made the miscarriages of his hopes inevitable.

We have no doubt that Mr. Roosevelt was entirely sincere when, immediately upon his accession to the Presidency, he requested all the members of the McKinley cabinet to retain their posts throughout his term of office. We are equally convinced that he sincerely approved of the measures which had been earnestly advocated by the deceased President, among which reciprocity, not only with Cuba, but with other foreign countries, was conspicuous. It is, at the same time, obvious that a far-sighted comprehension of expediency would have impelled the new President in precisely the same direction, for which he had a genuine inclination. It would have been fatal to Mr. Roosevelt to alienate the friends or repudiate the measures of his predecessor. It is true that he had been Governor of New York, and in that capacity might be supposed to have acquired a good deal of personal and political influence. As a matter of fact, however, the leaders of his party in his own State distrusted and disliked him; they were determined not to give him a nomination for the Governorship, and they had notoriously labored to thrust upon him the Vice-Presidency, in the hope that he would thus be shelved. With the exception of the Governorship, which he gained by less than 18,000 votes, against some 250,000 given in the same State to McKinley a twelvemonth before, he had never been elected to any political office. Two appointive offices, indeed, he had held, but they were minor ones, those, namely, of Police Commissioner in the city of New York, and of Assistant-Secretary of the Navy. In a word, he was unknown and untested by the great majority of the Republican leaders, while upon the few with whom he had been brought into close relations he can hardly be said to have made a favorable impression.

Under the circumstances, it would have been an act of political suicide for Mr. Roosevelt to follow in Tyler's, in Johnson's, or even in Fillmore's or Arthur's footsteps. The one safe course for him to take was that, fortunately, which his convictions and his sympathies disposed him to pursue. He heartily supported McKinley's measures and cordially welcomed McKinley's friends, nor could anybody for a moment question the sincerity of his conduct, for he is plainly incapable of duplicity and simulation. The innate straightforwardness and bluntness of the man disarm suspicion. The result is that he is universally acclaimed as the true heir of McKinley's purposes and McKinley's friendships. He can look around him and say with true that, among those who were nearest and dearest to his predecessor, he now has many a partisan, and not a single enemy. It is from this point of view that we are justified in regarding Mr. Roosevelt's experience in the Presidency as unique.

The King's Blunder

As we had anticipated, the alliance between England and Germany is the result of King Edward's political activity. The revelation of the King's actual participation in the government has naturally aroused the astonishment of the world, and has greatly offended many Englishmen. Indeed, it may be taken as one of the signs of a general reactionary movement throughout the world, of a reaction from a time of executive power as a dominant influence, a

fact that was settled against crowned heads for good and all in the closing years of the eighteenth century. The most important consequence of this movement in England is the alliance which Edward has made with William of Germany, his nephew. It is a disagreeable alliance in more senses than one. It is disagreeable to the American people, who do not want to see Great Britain take a hand in the Emperor's effort either to weaken the Monroe doctrine, or to bring himself under it as an exception to our general rule. It has called forth a good deal of criticism in England of the King and his action, and of Mr. Balfour's weakness in permitting him to do what the premier alone has the power to do. So far as the doctrine itself is concerned, the affair is likely to turn out to its advantage. Since the allies have agreed to Mr. Bowen's terms, it seems to be established that we are now pledged to prevent the use of force against a Latin-American state after it has proposed or accepted arbitration. To this both England and Germany have assented.

So far as the relations between this country and England are concerned, they have not been helped by the King's action. It is, however, with the King himself and with Mr. Balfour, the premier, that the question of most immediate interest arises. The King has travelled outside of his sphere, and the prime minister has delegated to the crown his own functions. He has forgotten, for the moment, that he is the real executive of the empire, and that, to quote Mr. Bagshot, constitutionally "it is a disguise." It enables our real rulers to change without needless people knowing it. It is also interesting to note another change of the times, and this is shown in the indifference of the House of Commons to the self-abnegation of Mr. Balfour, in his trifling with his own high office by permitting the King to be the real executive for the moment. Mr. Disraeli did not escape so easily in 1851 when he was accused of giving to the Queen the doing of a course about to be taken, instead of having definitely recommended it. He was accused of hiding behind royalty in determining upon his policy for the completion of parliamentary reform, after his notable defeat by Mr. Gladstone on the disestablishment and disendowment of the Irish Church. Mr. Balfour, however, is not to escape criticism, and, what is of more importance to him and his party, he has aroused a sentiment which will probably affect the elections. Doubtless, the issue drawn between the parties on the King's intrusion into government would be of marvellous help to the Liberals, and, if fought valiantly, might bring them back into power. Mr. Balfour—we accept the English theory of the minister's responsibility, and therefore speak of the King's act as the premier's—offended against the fundamental constitutional theory which is thus laid down by Mr. Leonard Courtney: "Beyond the personal preferences involved in the appointments to certain offices, the influence of the sovereign may be felt in the conduct of questions of larger policy. The experience of long years and the intimacy that has been possible with personages of the highest authority abroad may bring elements of weight into consideration, especially in respect to foreign policy, with the result that the suggestion of the sovereign may influence the judgment of the minister, and the advice of the latter may receive a different shape and direction from that which it would otherwise have assumed. The influence of the crown must not, however, be permitted to obscure in any degree the responsibility of the minister who ultimately renders the advice upon which action is taken." Mr. Balfour has permitted

the King to act on his own initiative, whereas the King has no right to act except on the advice of Mr. Balfour. It is Mr. Balfour, not Edward VII, who is responsible for governing the British Empire.

"To state the matter shortly," says Mr. Bagshot, in his vigorous and laconic comments on the monarchy, "the sovereign has, under a constitutional monarchy such as ours, three rights—the right to be consulted, the right to encourage, the right to warn, and a king of great sense and sagacity will want no others." Now that Edward VII. has gone beyond the limits thus laid down by one of the most accomplished, and certainly the most enterprising, of all writers on the English constitution, he will be very likely to learn that he has striven after too much for his own happiness. He has forced upon his country an alliance which is distasteful to it, which is even criticised by the conservative friends of the real government. He has taken advantage of the indifference of the premier to arrange a family affair, which, in a moment, threatens seriously to set back all the efforts of English statesmen to win the friendship of this country.

We do not for a moment imagine that the immediate effect of the alliance upon this country will be long enduring. We are too practical to be permanently influenced by a blunder, and too intelligent not to comprehend the difference between an advisory monarch and a responsible and powerful prime minister. The time may come when we shall need a European friend, and then we shall inevitably turn to England. By that time the King will have learned his lesson better, will have learned to follow the illustrious example of his mother, will have learned why Mr. Bagshot could say: "If we look at history, we shall find that it is only during the period of the present reign [Victoria's] that in England the duties of a constitutional sovereign have ever been well performed. . . . We must not reckon," he continued, "in constitutional monarchy any more than in despotic monarchy on the permanence in the descendants of the peculiar genius which founded the race. As far as experience goes, there is no reason to expect an hereditary series of useful limited monarchs."

There is a wealth of meaning in these last words for Edward VII. He can be useful by following the example of his mother, by leading to his ministers his experience, and the advice of his sagacity. He is a very intelligent and tactful man, and is not likely to make the same mistake twice; indeed, if he repeats this German blunder, the Commons will see to it that he has to deal with a premier of sterner stuff than Mr. Balfour. The occupant of the throne once signed all military commissions. The task was drudgery, but it was said to have been invented to keep royalty out of mischief. A cynical statesman is reported to have defended it on the ground "that you may have a fool for a sovereign, and then it would be desirable he should have plenty of occupation in which he can do no harm." Edward VII. is far from being a fool, but ministers may come to the conclusion that the old occupation be revived for him, if he goes on making alliances that treat their majority at home and their friendships abroad.

There are human manners and customs that belong to human nature, and will always be found everywhere. It is said of this or that custom that it is Greek, Roman, or barbarous; for my part, I say that it is human, and that men contrive and invent it wherever the need for it arises.—Joubert.

Work

At Hofsalo, the other day, President Eliot of Harvard reiterated so opinion that he had expressed before about work. "I believe," he said, "that long hours and hard work are best for every man. Work is the foundation of civilization, and work makes nations, as it does individuals. No man can work too hard or hours too long if his health will permit." Sentiments like these, expressed by Dr. Eliot before, had given offense to labor unions, and had brought down a good deal of violent criticism. He stuck to his expressed opinions, notwithstanding. What he said, as quoted above, with the reservation that he included, in sound doctrine, and ought not to conflict with the opinions of other sound thinkers, and probably would not so much irritate the trade-unions, which are all the time working for shorter hours of labor, if it was more fully expounded. He did himself expand his position more fully in a talk to Boston newsmen on February 1. His companion-speakers on that occasion were Mr. William J. Bryan and Mr. Samuel Gompers. He told the boys that the main satisfaction of life, after the affections of home, is in accomplishment, doing something, achieving something, and that this can be accomplished in doing a thing that even in having done it. The work to be avoided was that which required the worker to do the same thing over and over again; the work to be desired was such as involved judgment, chance, and variety. He thought calibrating the more satisfactory as an occupation because the miser could not get together his hoard without bringing down half a ton or four or five tons of coal. He said the limit of health and strength was the limit of work, and if we exceed that we impaired our power to labor in future, and so deprived ourselves of joy and satisfaction.

Now all this is sound doctrine. The only way to have fun that is worth having, and have it pretty continuously, in this life, is to work for it. It is, of course, important to work at the right sort of a job, and to work on satisfactory terms. Men are right in fighting against overwork. They are right in fighting against long hours of dull, monotonous, stupefying labor at small wages, and against too long stretches of work that is exhausting. But to fight against work as an evil in itself is not sensible. To bind capable men with rules that hinder them from working hard while they are at it, and limit them to hours of labor too short for their energies, is revolting. Rules that make able workmen lazy are a ruinous mistake. The theory that the less work a man can give for the money the better for the man is also a mistake. The theory that the more money a man can get for his work the better for him is quite different. That theory, according to our human standards, is pretty sound. To work on that theory inclines a man to bestir himself, but work on the other theory (of the least work possible for the money) leads to the vice called "sodgering," to listlessness, and a dwindling capacity for exertion.

Dr. Eliot's idea of work are all right. They ought to be, for they are the result of half a century of pretty strenuous experiment. To one of his sons, whose health in early life was not good, he wrote that he must take courage, for there was much in life for him, even though he should not be able to work more than five hours a day instead of twelve or fifteen hours. You can take a detached sentence from one of Dr. Eliot's speeches and apply it to something that it is not applicable to, and make it seem illiberal; but no speaker's words can stand that sort of use. He is right about

work; it is the most indispensable, the most helpful, medicinal, and remunerative thing in this world. It may be overdone; it may be underpaid, it may be misdirected; but in itself it is the best thing going, for it makes all the other good things taste good, and without it they either taste bad or lose their taste altogether.

The Law and the Penalty

To each of the students of evil as wish to understand its nature rather than to praise it, there has been nothing more dismaying than the apparent severity and even inhumanity of the law in the case of many offenders against it. Not only the law which is supposed to be administered in what are drily called the courts of justice is of this faltering and erring effect, but the law by which a man of bad conscience judges and punishes himself, when there is no statute made and provided for his misdemeanor, is equally inoperative. It has been noted by those who have much to do with criminals that remorse is apparently more the effect of temperament than of responsibility, and that those feel it most who need feel it least. The guilty man is said to be more concerned in getting off than in lamenting his misdeed; and this fact, if it is a fact, has been turned to account by the agnostic science of a period which seems now closed, in disestablishing the notion of a moral government of the universe. That science discarded the old idea of Come-uppings in the affairs of men, and left the strongest to survive, without regret, by whatever means he would. It concerned itself with the physical and intellectual evolution of the race, and allowed the individual to wander in darkness as to what would happen to him if he did wrong, even what would happen to him from himself, or from the god within him. But there are signs that this sort of science has had its day, and that there is an obvious return to some of the former ideals, especially among the psychological inquirers. These find it their business not only to ascertain new facts, but to revise the conclusions of science in regard to the old ones. The Soul is once more being a rhyme, and Conscience is coming back to its own, at least in the interest of the spectator. Whether it will come back a chastened and instructed conscience, or the sick and wavy thing it too often was, a Bourne that has learned nothing and forgets nothing, remains to be seen. What is certain is that it is meeting the recognition as a moral force which has been largely denied it for a generation past, and that it is being studied with an intelligence freed from theological preoccupations to fresh activity.

We think the pertinence of these apparently casual observations will be felt by the reader who turns from them to a book of extraordinary fascination, if not extraordinary importance, by the late Dr. Benjamin Howard, one of the United States army, the inventor of the system for re-associating those rescued from drowning in use the world over, and a man of rare and wide experiences. Among his experiences one was stranger than his six months' sojourn on the island of Sakhalin, off the coast of Japan, where Russia colonizes the criminals that most other countries put to death, the homicides, namely, of every kind and degree. During his stay he was the eagerly desired guest of the governor, who naturally, in a community of three or four thousand murderers and murderers, knew how to enjoy the soci-

ety of a man who had not shed blood, and welcomed him to all the secrets of his prison-house. These he has frankly and fully imparted in his book, "Prisoners of Russia," together with the observations of a man of science not trammelled by the tenets of agnosticism, if we may so suggest the nature of a bigoted once real enough. He was a man of religious convictions of a sane and scrupulous sort, and in his account of the shipwreck which ended his departure from Sakhalin there is record of a religious incident hardly less than startling in character. But the great value of the book is his testimony to the wisdom of the Russian government in its treatment of the blood-stained colonists of the island, who even when they kill one another cannot be capitally punished, unless hunting is worse than death. From Dr. Howard's description of the single case of haunting which he witnessed it might well seem so, but for the most part the murders among the assassins have to be visited with penalties tempered by a careful study of each case. A woman, for instance, who had killed her husband, had simply to be let alone, and was not even forbidden to marry again. The authorities, except for the military guard, were in fact at the mercy of the colonists, whom they treated with a leniency which was not without a voluntary, leniency in all their relations with them, such as would naturally be inspired by the reflection that on all those occasions when they could not be safeguarded by soldiers their lives were in the hands of their cooks, house-servants, gardeners, wood-cutters, and laborers of all sorts.

Yet the lot of the murderers of Sakhalin, as Mr. Howard saw it, was not a happy one, nor free from those penalties which the sense of guilt was once supposed to inflict. To his eye they were much like other men and women; they did not look the part, but presented the same aspect, varied by temperament and training, as people present everywhere. They did not seem better or worse than the human average, and they apparently did not always suffer in their minds because of what they had done. In their limbs they were as comfortable in body and spirit, while about their work, as the members of any other community; and yet they were not free from the consequences which, in an imaginable moral government of the universe, must follow sin. It was at night that their torment began, after the first sleep of physical exhaustion was broken, and they woke to the memory of their crimes. In the useful chapter on "The Remorse of Murderers," the author of this powerful book offers a picture of anguish and despair which takes the color from anything that the poets have imagined of human misery. In the ward where he passed the nights which he devoted to the study of them, he found the murderers all "light sleepers," and he witnessed the terrors with which they started from their dreams toward morning to take up the burden of consciousness which nothing, but the exhausting toil of the day could lighten for them. He does not give the clinical notes he made of these facts, because they fill a volume, but only his conclusions from them, and he says nothing to raise the horror of the reader to whom he offers them. In his almost coldly dispassionate record, reduced as it is to a few general facts, science comes again to the support of religion, and teaches that within the soul of guilt, if not without it, there is the potentiality of suffering such as no pen or pencil has ever portrayed. It rehabilitates the old notion of remorse, and re-establishes the law to that dread sovereignty which cannot withdraw its own decrees.

Politics in England

By Sydney Brooks

London, January 21, 1913.

PARLIAMENT REASSEMBLES on February 17, to find the political situation still in its transitional stage. The Boer war is over in every sense. There is no South-African issue any longer, either for rictioning or for Parliamentary purposes. True, a commission is sitting to inquire into the conduct of the war up to the occupation of Pretoria; but it needs behind closed doors, its evidence is taken in camera, and nobody gives it a serious thought. The man in the street and the man in politics are equally pleased to have the whole business put out of sight and forgotten. All parties are satisfied with the work of reconstruction; no one wishes to recall Lord Milner, who, I may add, will stay in South Africa until Lord Cromer's place is ready for him; everybody applauds the admirable way in which Mr. Chamberlain is turning his South African tour. There is, in fact, even less difference of opinion among Englishmen on the main lines of South-African policy than among Americans in regard to the Philippines. Politics have again become domestic, and, so far as one can see, will remain so for the next few years.

People turn to them with fresh eagerness, now that the confusing influence of the Boer war is withdrawn. At the next election the government will be judged, not on its South-African record, but on its domestic policy—on its achievements in Ireland, on the corn tax, the Education bill, and so on; and the Liberals, for their part, are refurbishing their old armor and wondering whether "one man, one vote," and the disestablishment of the Welsh Church, and an attack on the House of Lords will prove winning platforms. It is a good time, then, to consider the strength and prospects of the parties and the issues for which they stand.

The question that is really the pivot of English politics is the one that Englishmen least like to discuss—the question of Ireland. Home rule, like free silver, is as dead as Queen Anne—except at election time. Then the Conservatives insist that it is still a leading plank in the Liberal platform, and the Liberals have neither the courage to throw it overboard nor enthusiasm enough to make it a battle-cry. American Democrats will understand and sympathize with their dilemma. They cannot bring themselves formally to repudiate a measure they have once inscribed on their banner, yet they know, and confess in private, if not in public, that so long as it remains there defeat at the polls and failure in Parliament are inevitable. The country as a whole is absolutely against home rule, and never expects to see a third Home Rule bill introduced. Yet official Liberalism, in the persons of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, Sir William Harcourt, Earl Spencer, and Mr. John Morley, insists that the party is still tied to the issue that Mr. Gladstone raised. This is what Lord Rosebery disputes. He takes the ground (1) that Mr. Gladstone's bills of 1886 and 1893 are as universally assent dead and buried; (2) that the Irish leaders have definitely repudiated their old alliance with the Liberals; (3) that Ireland has been given a fuller share of local self-government than even England enjoys, and that time is needed to see how the experiment works; (4) that the Nationalists are now demanding no more than Mr. Gladstone was willing to give them, but an independent Parliament in Dublin; and (5) that Mr. Redmond has just declared that the most important Irish problem of the day is not home rule, but the land question. For

these reasons Lord Rosebery wipes home rule off his slate. He would be willing to inquire into and reform the system of Dublin Castle rule, and he seems to look forward to a time when the whole question may be taken in hand "with the concurrence and patriotism of both parties"—which is about as Utopian as Mr. Roosevelt's idea of "taking the tariff out of politics"—or else to a time when the growing congestion of Parliament makes devolution necessary and a large measure of autonomy is devised, not only for Ireland, but for Scotland and Wales. At any rate, he is against home rule; nor will he consent to sit in any Liberal cabinet that is only able to keep it self in office by a deal with the Irish Nationalists.

Who stand behind him in this resolve? Mr. Asquith does, for one. So do Sir Henry Fowler, Mr. Haldane, and Sir Edward Grey—and these are the men to whom belongs the future of Liberalism. Their programme of some imperialism and social reform is the only one that can make the Liberal an effective party once more. Their strength in Parliament is not nearly so great as the Campbell-Bannerman following; but in the country, among the rank and file of Liberals, I should judge it to be equal, if not greater. Rosebery agents are scouring the country quietly but efficiently, and the "Liberal League," which is their organization, is turning out excellent pamphlets by the thousand. Rectoria come in daily, and there can be little question that Lord Rosebery's effort to educate his party, or at least to lift it out of the rut of Gladstonism, will in the long run prove successful. On most questions he and his follower work side by side with the Campbell-Bannermanites. Both sections, for instance, opposed the Education bill and the tax on corn. Where they differ is in their attitude towards home rule and towards the Empire. Most Liberals answer well enough to the description of "some imperialists," but there exists among them a rabid minority of Little-Englanders, to whom Campbell-Bannerman has often capitulated, but with whom Lord Rosebery will hold no dealings whatever. The taint of pro-Boerism, of indifference to the Empire, and of unwillingness to accept and face its responsibilities, is what, above all else, he is trying to remove from the Liberal party.

Then there is the personal factor to be considered. Lord Rosebery is by all odds the most inspiring and attractive figure in English politics. Campbell-Bannerman is a respectable, well-intentioned man, with about as much driving power and magnetism in him as in a mountain of putty. The country feels a sort of affection for him as for a man palpably trying to do his best in a very difficult situation, but it never thinks of him as a leader, and should a turn of the wheel put him in the Premiership, a good-humored, rather hopeless snail would run from Land's End to John o' Groat's. Nor are his immediate lieutenants the sort of men who win a following. Mr. Lloyd George may become a power in the future, but is not one yet. Harcourt is a first-class fighting man, but his influence has long passed its zenith; Morley is too cold and austere, and Herre too professional, for English taste. On the other hand, in Asquith, Grey, Fowler, and Haldane, who are Roseberites to a man, the country has every confidence; and while Lord Rosebery himself is pretty widely suspected of a lack of firmness, all are captivated by him, admire his brilliant many-sidedness, and prize him as one of the most dazzling noblemen in English history. The personal factor, therefore, makes much more strongly for Lord Rosebery than against him, and if he could only take off his coat a little more

vigorously and convince people that he is back again in politics for good, that he wants the leadership, and means, if possible, to get it, he might, at the next election, if not lead the Liberal party to victory, at least put it on a new footing. But with Lord Rosebery there is always the chance that he may grow bored or disgusted and throw up the sponge at the last moment; and this uncertainty makes it almost impossible to predict the future of English Liberalism with any confidence. Supposing, for instance, the Liberals were returned after the next election in such force that the addition of the Irish vote would give them a working majority, Campbell-Bannerman would at once make a deal with the Nationalists, secure their support by yielding to their demands for Irish legislation, just as Gladstone did, and so form a cabinet. Would Lord Rosebery, Mr. Asquith, Sir Edward Grey, and so on refuse to accept office in that cabinet? They say they would refuse—at least, if they say it in private, and at present it is indubitably their determination. But office is sweet, and the futurity of their position, should they stay outside, would be rather marked—and, on the whole, one may doubt.

The question, of course, is not one of immediate moment. The Unionists still command in the House of Commons a majority of 130 over the combined forces of the Liberals and the Irish Nationalists; and the House of Lords, as usual, where the Conservatives are in office, is little more than a chamber for registering and ratifying, not for revising, the decisions of the government.

But this majority is far from representing the actual strength of Mr. Balfour's ministry in the country. It was from the first a precarious majority, won by appealing to the patriotism of the elements on the ground that the Boer war was over and that the government which had conducted it deserved a new lease of power as its reward. That was in November, 1900, eighteen months before peace was really signed. Since then much has happened to weaken the government's position. The "swing of the pendulum," the reaction after the strain of the war, both tell against it. The Unionists have already had seven years of office; they will have had ten or twelve by the time the next general election arrives. After such a turn in power, the desire to "give the other fellows an inning" is always strongly felt. Moreover, the government has done little to make itself popular. Its two great measures so far are the Education bill and the corn tax, and both are condemned and resented by the bulk of public opinion. It has lamentably failed in Ireland, and it has repeatedly—the Buller episode, for instance, and the alliance with Germany—run full-till against the unalloyed convictions of the country. There are not a few experienced prophets who already talk of the Education bill as Mr. Balfour's Moscow. The people, as I have said, dislike it, believe it, on the whole, to be a measure of retrogression and not of progress, and have a vague idea that it does more for the Church of England than for educational efficiency. There is likely to be more than a little trouble in its working. Not that the Dissenters will carry out their valorous threat of refusing to pay rates. That was mere electioneering, and not worth a moment's serious thought. But the Act makes vast changes in the mechanism of education; it throws fresh and most important, as well as most difficult, work upon the local bodies, and at the start, at any rate, a good deal of confusion and friction is inevitable. Out of all this the Opposition will be able to make a good platform case.

The Book of Months

By E. F. Benson

JULY

I HAVE told you about the May of three years ago, and the June of two years ago, because those two months are so dedicated in my mind to what happened then, that while the months are running, I cannot free myself from them, and live in the present year. Have you not certain such dates in your year, days on which you live not on the day that is passing, but on a certain day in some year long passed? There is a foolish proverb that says that those people are happy who have no history. In other words, it is better to be a cow than a man. I cannot see it. But if it will get here you, and if, in fact, my May and June seem human to you, I will tell you quite shortly a little more of them. If, on the other hand, this does here you, leave out a little that follows.

Believe me, death is not so terrible; what is terrible is the thought that it is so. But here, here, false that thought is, and death will not terrify you; for what lies behind? God, and He who died for us. And, if I am wrong, if it is not so, nothing whatever seems to matter, and we can look on death as a flea-bite. But, believing as I do, that beyond death is God, when lives have ended, as those of Margery and Dick, so utterly without reproach, when two souls have been so splendidly human as they were, it seems that God must have been knowing what he was about when he allowed that bullet, blindly biological as it may seem to us, to end her life as surely as it ended his. I can understand the existence of a life-long regret and bitterness, if a thing had not been well done, if a man died from obvious carelessness of any kind, or from weak persistence in a bad habit—then one might say "if it had been otherwise!" But he had done his duty, and his duty implied death. And his death—I only grasp dimly after what I believe to be true—implied hers. Does this seem to you a stolen inhuman view? Ah, believe me, it is not so. It would have been very easy for one who loved them both to take another point of view, and find life dull, objectionable, without interest or merriment. But—but would that have been better? Would it have been better to have turned aside from all other things, saying, "I cannot," rather than to have steadfastly said, "I can," until—well, until one could? Some day I know, as that day when Slim's kitten stands between earth and heaven in the midst of the four places, and Slim says, "Oh, isn't it nice?" there will meet me one who died on the African uplands, and one on whose grave the sweet press are yearly adorned, and we shall know each other, and God will look on the greeting we give each other, well pleased. How that will be I cannot guess; I am only sure that it will be so. Atheists and dyspeptics (the two are much the same) may laugh; and if they enjoy their laugh, so much the better for them.

So I am living now at the outskirts of the town where Margery and Dick lived together for most of their lives, and on this morning of the 1st of July, I know that May and June have ended, and go back to the ordinary little daily affairs I had been telling you about up till the end of April. Many great little things have happened, and the extraordinary conduct of the jackmanni, which the next-door rat once discontinued, seems to me to claim the first attention. It had been planted against a wash-house on the southwesterly wall, it had been pamppered like an only child; for yards round the soil had been enriched; its dead leaves were dis-

creetly picked off. I really did all I could to make it happy, but instead of being happy it sulked. It did not die—that would have been a reprotable incident, but, anyhow, a proper decisive line of conduct—but I gave it a little for a week, and put out several leaves; then it couldn't be bothered, and the leaves withered again. Then it sent out a long tendril across the gravel-path, instead of climbing up the stick that led to the house wall. I coaxed that tendril gently back, gave it an alternative route to the house wall, but nothing would please it. Finally, I tied it to the alternative route. No it did. I was willing to give the thing every facility for behaving itself, so I transplanted it to a different place, where it got less sun and more wind. Also, I tried watering it less. For a week it appreciated this enormously, and set about growing in earnest. Then one morning I suppose it got bored again, and began to writhe slowly from the top downwards.

Now I could not spend my life in morning one absurd jackmanni from place to place, though I have no doubt that if I had done so, taking it to stay in one place, given it champagne one day, coffee the next, and perhaps some fruit or pudding on the third, it would have flourished. But I was tired of being kind, and towards the end of May I took it up for the third and last time, planted it on a north wall, where it never saw the sun and was starved by a thick growth of ivy. It was further shaded by an apple-tree, growing about a yard from it. Then for a month I carefully refrained from looking in its direction; it had no water, no attention, and was put in the most undesirable situation. To-day, I see it has leapt across to the apple-tree, up which it is diligently climbing, and a cluster of purple buds are showing among its green leaves. Certainly severity is needed when you deal with jackmanni.

To-day, on this 1st of July, a hot day, full on the orders of complete summer, I sat for an hour in the big wooden shelter that stands on my strip of lawn, and squared accounts. It happens to be my birthday, and I am thirty years old, no less, and as I added up profit and loss I was honestly puzzled how to make my affairs balance. For if one sits down by oneself, with no conceivable aid in the world but to see how one stands, it is probable that one is moderately honest with oneself, for to be otherwise would be like cheating at patience, a form of villainy which has never in the least tempted me. With regard to the big item on one page, "What good have you done?" and on the other, "What harm have you done?" I am bound to say I did not much concern myself, for to add up for one's own information, on what rare occasions one has behaved decently, is a primitive sense of which, so I humbly trust, I am incapable, while to add up all the harm one has done would require a great deal of time and would be productive of no good result whatever when it was added. For, short of being wicked, the next worst way of wasting time is to devote one's wits to thinking how wicked one has been. To repeat in a horror of wickedness and a burning fire of contrition is one thing; to sit down in cold blood and count missed opportunities is another. The one is on certain occasions, as when one passionately desires to break an evil habit, inevitable and salutary, but to sit at ease in hell is worse than sitting at ease in Zion.

No, it was not with the big items that I concerned myself. I wanted to see what such had in hand, rather than examine their little accounts, the bank-books or deficit. Where was the small cash of thirty years to be found—and God in His mercy give me a big loss! Indeed, I do not

wish to be profane, nor in intention am I. No doubt it would have been better to have felt an agony of contrition for all the bad things I had done and for all the good things I had left undone. Daily I have thought, which for no sum intentionally would I reverse to say one who respects I in the smallest degree desire to retain; daily and hourly I make some sort of brute of myself, not necessarily in deed, but anyhow in thought. Daily I say to myself, "If only there were not some sort of deceiver to be observed, social or moral, what an excellent time I could have. If only the Ten Commandments—hang them—did not swab some glimmer of reflection in this muddy pool of my soul, I should—" Any one may fill in the next according to their own shortcomings. In the same way, on the credit side, I believe I should be a better man if I lived on the bare necessities of life and gave the rest to deserving charities. I had no earthly business, for instance, to buy the charming table at which I am writing when that table I spent on it would have fed a starving family for months. Even though the jackmanni were not my own work, what with transplanting and castrating, would irrespective of this have given several meals to a penniless man, for it was big when I bought it. All this, in my meditations, I took for granted. I did not concern myself with radical changes in my nature; I did not repeat of the table and the jackmanni, nor of the diners I ordered, nor of the wine I have drunk, nor of the hours I have spent in mere amusement. In the main—it was not in the least an edifying performance. I accepted the general lines of myself as being what they were. What, in fact, I wanted to examine was not my nature, but my policy and to this effect.

Two great things have happened to me,—the one a great joy, the other a great sorrow. The great joy was when Margery thanked me with her dying breath, though Dick's name came after. The great sorrow was when she died. Had she lived, though I do not for a moment believe I should ever have been her husband, nor do I believe I should ever have asked her to be my wife, I should have had some sort of mission, some constant pursuit, namely, to see that she was as happy as it was in my power to make her. Had I been a telegraph-boy I should have done well if I had delivered my telegrams without leitering; had Margery lived I should have done well to have given my life for that. But she did not live, and I am too old to be a telegraph-boy. But I have had a great joy, and it is great because she did not know how hardly it was earned. And that, if for pity's sake we except a sort of suburban reputation as a writer, is my record that I have enjoyed and the credit already given in thirty years. It does not look at all promising when the addition comes.

Hesitatingly as I sat in the shelter, I put down another item to the sum earned, which is this. I still have a childlike pleasure in little things; I can play soldiers with absorbing zest; I can imagine that I am a white man in tropical forests who has to get through with tricks that presuppose an almost pillable stupidity on the part of my enemies. I can devote twice as much energy to the flowering of a nasturtium as Mr. Pierpont Morgan thinks it necessary to give for the formation of a company with a capital of \$30,000,000. That, with all difference to financiers, is an advantage. My nasturtium, in fact, implies as much energy as his colossal schemes, and it does not hurt anybody, except perhaps the nasturtium. Mountains, it loads me of my fear, and, considering what harm force can do, it is a great saving of suffering to expend it

harmlessly. If I was richer I would have a string quartet attached to this villa, and I would spend my force in devising programmes and reconciling the second fiddle and the viola. But I am not, and the string quartet have yet to be engaged. I know who I shall have, and I shall be much disappointed if they have made other engagements. For happiness consists not in getting a thing, but in hoping that one may get it. With satisfaction walks a snail. But to keep your ambition steadily a little ahead of your possibilities is to be constantly eager. There is nothing in this world which, if I get, would make me happy. There are a million things in the world which the desire to get and the hope of getting make me happy. And it is this which a man sets out to seek when he falls in love, which is the best form of happiness desired in the world at large, and, thank God, the commonest and wisest. Men and women who know all of the man and woman they sought would they be content? On the contrary, the world would be full of spinsters and bachelors. It is because man is not certain, because there are "silver lights and dark undrained of" that man seeks woman, and woman man as the ultimate possible happiness. And for the same reason one plays silly games of croquet and bridge.

To want, to want! Do you know Blake's picture of the two little men setting up a ladder on a bare headland towards a crescent moon. "I want! I want!" is what the artist wrote beneath. The two little men wanted—they put a puny ladder up towards the moon. That is the genius of the man, for through all the bad drawing and faulty perspective the "I want! I want!" is clamorous. Others have attained God help them.

Oh, I stretched out unaided arms beyond the limits of the world. Whatever I get becomes in the getting of it dross. It is not dross really; it is the fault of my having got it, which makes it dross to me. It is mine; therefore it is no use. Let the Great Bear tumble down from heaven, and let me have these seven stars lying in my hand, what use is it when they are there? Cast them out, give them to a beggar, and make plans for Sirius. Of all the heartaches that of Alexander, when he signed for new worlds to conquer, is the most human. Yet the typhoid conquered him by Tigris. And his ambition was that of all of us in our degree. The man who has bought an empire or won it, wishes for more empires, and the spinster who has seen her emerald flash out on her egg and set the other, says, "Oh, that there had been two young ones!" Vanity of vanities; all is vanity! And because this preacher is not wise, but knows what is the matter with himself and many others, he gives these lamentable reflections on his thirtieth birthday.

Pray, then, that you may continue to want, not that you may continue to get, for the getting is a manner comes of its own accord, and it is the ability to want that we must keep alive. We may feel quite certain that the world is big enough; there are plenty of things to want if only we have the power of wanting. For wanting means first this, the capacity of growth; to want no longer means that one is old, old not only in years (indeed, such an old age may come to an unwarred lad, in which case we laugh and say, "Look at that cynic of twenty"), but old in fibre, unelastic, set, rigid. No does it, I think, much matter what one wants—again I beg the patient reader to remember that I am not talking of the great spiritual need—as long as it is not harmful. But, for mercy sake, try to be keen about something.

At this point my reflection, to tell the truth, touched me somewhat on the raw, for

what have I wanted every day for the last two years? That which I cannot get—Margery. And yet how shall I say that I cannot get her, when, if I knew all, I might know that these silent daily longings of mine have brought me perhaps a little nearer to that dear spirit, that without them I should have been a little more ill-tempered, a little nastier than I am. Anyhow, I cannot want; for I do not yet acquiesce, I cannot yet believe that the world holds nothing for me but that. Have am I walking along this road of life. All down it I meet every day new faces, new people, new factors. One sees but a few yards ahead; then there is a corner, and round that corner will come others, wishing like myself for that which their soul needs. Oh, hurrying footsteps, coming ever nearer, is there not one among you all that will stop when you reach me and go no further in your quest? Is there someone who will, who shall, who will, who will, strike on my ear as distinct and utterly different from all others? One which I shall recognize, though I have never yet seen her to whom that step belongs. Among those miles of eager human eyes, shall not some day mine eyes seek other eyes, and find there that which has been predestined for me by God? O, Margery, my dear friend, should I find her, how you will welcome her, for her sake—and for mine when we meet in the everlasting habitations!

Another train of birthday reflections led to this conclusion: "Give up the pursuit of anything which seems to you of doubtful gain!" For there are so many idiosyncratically good and real pursuits in the world that it cannot possibly be worth while pursuing what may not be wholly good and may possibly be not wholly real. Here I have a certain small right to speak, for in the last year I have given up something which seemed to me of possibly doubtful gain, and I have found that it was a wise step. That which I have given up is singularly known as "The world." I once thought that it was a good thing to see hundreds of people, to multiply acquaintances, to be able in my "Charming party"—was there, and ———— and ————, meeting people who really concerned me as little as I really concerned them, telling myself (even then I think I had some secret notion of conscience-solving), that to live in the hubbub and roar of the world was stimulating. No so doubt it is, but a stimulant is not necessarily health. This it seemed to me (one can only speak for oneself) to come under the head of "doubtful gain." But it is a quite certain gain to study the habits of the ill-contented jerkman—I am sorry for introducing that again, but I cannot get over it—it is a quite certain gain to read a good book, to try to learn the fumes and pretences—provided, of course, the incidental gain to others is not more than they should reasonably be asked to bear—to be in the open air, and above all, to do your work, whatever it is. If you have none, get some. It hardly matters at all what it is, so long as it is harmless. But merely to go from dinner to dance is a doubtful gain; you would do better—at least I should—to talk to a friend for half an hour, and then if you wish for the crowd merely, as I often do, walk for ten minutes up and down Piccadilly. Now if that does not give you the food you want, you may be sure you will not find it anywhere else.

Another most fascinating hobby, though I expect it is extremely easy to give too much time to it, is the pursuit of health. Certainly it is more easy of accomplishment to most people than the pursuit of happiness, and the one to a very large extent implies the other. For the pursuers of happiness, for the most part, are hedonists;

they think, and herein err very greatly, that to multiply pleasures tends to make one happy. In point of fact, it does nothing of the kind, for pleasure are to some extent obtainable by most people, whereas happiness is almost completely a matter of temperament. And the happy temperament cannot possibly have anything to do with pleasures; no amount of pleasures will foster it at all, whereas if you have got the happy temperament, almost everything by that mysterious alchemy is turned into pleasures, even as a rose-tree, turn that which its root-fibre suck from the earth into bloom. And certainly health is a great help to happiness, for to be well, really well, makes the mere living, as Browning says, a joy, and at times it seems enough to be alive. For which would you rather be, a hollow man with all the pleasures of the world at his disposal, or, well, with "the book of virtues" on which "the bough," and a thrush maybe singing of what should be above you?

Keeness of perception, in fact, I soberly believe to be the greatest cause of happiness (and so necessarily of pleasure, since happiness turns the most trivial incidents and sensations of the moment into pleasure) that is within our reach. And so instinctively the mind and soul bound up with the body, that, apart from great spiritual enthusiasm or ecstasy, this keenness of perception can scarcely be reached except through a certain cleanly healthiness. In fact, it presupposes a temperament of almost divine severity to enjoy a day on which one has influenza, whereas there is a sort of health which is probably within the reach of most people, in which from the heightened keenness of perception it brings with it, the smallest things are causes of joy or laughter.

This may sound a mere vain piece of optimism, but the truth of the matter is that that three-quarters of the world are not nearly so well as they can and should be. Almost everybody, in fact, is greedy and lazy, and laziness and greed are more certain progenitors of discontent than any other ancestors I can think of. To set rather more than one wants, to drink rather more than one should, is to feel dissatisfied for one's work or one's pleasure. And to be dissatisfied for a thing means, with most of us, to miss the pleasure of the doing. But to be involved for work or pleasure implies to find a nugget of happiness therein, for it is this alchemy of inclination which turns trivial incidents to gold, this keenness which turns the dross of mere achievement into happiness.

It is thus that the happy temperament may most readily be cultivated by those who have not naturally got it. Some have it, a royal birthright, worth more to its possessor than the piled crowns of the great powers, but by others it has to be cultivated. And to cultivate keenness of perception by means of health is the simplest and most practicable method. And the region in which ill health mainly resides is, to put it frankly, the liver, because, as a rule, we eat and drink too much, avoid air as if it was strychnine, and do not take enough exercise. Thus my prescription is worth trying—eat and drink less, open your windows more, and, if your work permits of it, be out-of-doors more. It may, of course, be easily possible that to do your work properly you have to sit in stuffy rooms, angrier your health somewhat. If so, let your health take care of itself by all means, and get through with your work. But short of that, let your health receive the attention it deserves. It is a very valued investment, and will yield you excellent returns.

To be Continued.

The Genius of Henry James

The world is not so tardy as it used to be in paying tribute to literary genius. The thoroughness and general method of criticism nowadays enable people to recognize and assess at something like their true value the original thought and art of a writer while he is yet existent, and even to watch with understanding the progress of his work before it reaches its climax and finality. But there are still, and probably always will be, writers who have to wait many years for their due meed of recognition. These are the men of complex and highly individual natures, of uncommon psychological subtlety, of original creative faculty, of innovative manner and method. Of such is Henry James. He has now been before the public for over thirty-five years, and though his potent talent has long been recognized both in England and here, it is only of late that his powers have been adequately estimated and proclaimed. The first month of 1903 must have been one of great gratification to Mr. James, for in it he attained to something like an apothecosis. The *North American Review* departed from its traditions to open its pages to the first installment of his new novel; Mr. W. D. Howells, the foremost of American men of letters, wrote in the same publication a fine appreciation of his qualities; the *Edinburgh Review* devoted a long article to a complete survey and analysis of his work; and the *London Saturday Review* paid him the compliment of discussing his literary delinquencies.

The *Edinburgh Review* article is a good example of English criticism at its best. It is thorough-going, honest, dispassionate, but nearly enthusiastic, incisive, penetrating, full of thought and distinction without bitterness. One's only regret in reading it is that, in accordance with the practice of the *Review*, it is not signed. One is curious to know who could have done such a fine piece of work.

Considering first the mere bulk of Mr. James's writings, the reviewer says:

The amplitude of his work, the sheer power of shell which his novels cover come as a first surprise to the collector. One has somehow regarded him as the reverse of a prolific writer, and the pleasures conferred by his successive volumes have always remained too far apart; yet there have been published for the English reader close upon a hundred novels and tales, and others still are braced negroitally in the elegant harborage of magazines. Such an output is clearly not that of a man who regards literature as an amusement, and it is very interesting to observe that Mr. James's fecundity has increased with every decade of his working life. He has throughout adopted the part of the social recorder, and only for the briefest season has his attention been diverted from his own time. No close indeed has his attention been that the period of which he writes is most often that in which he is writing, an intimacy in association which gives his work a freshness of color like that of a canvas painted in the open air.

Freshness of color would perhaps be by some critics considered the quality most conspicuously absent from his work, but by freshness we do not mean that false air of reality which is the result of superficial imitation, and may be produced so cheaply. The freshness of Mr. James is an effect of atmosphere, not of outline.

The reviewer divides Mr. James's literary career into three periods, the first nine years (in which America supplies the themes), the next fifteen years (in which the interest is mainly European), and the interval up to the present time (in which England is almost exclusively the scene of action).

Of the first period it is written: "In his

earlier stories, which are mostly short, there are but few hints of the line along which his sympathies were to travel. . . . Except the *Phobos*, there is nothing in this nine years that would be seriously missed from the author's work; nothing, despite retouching, which produces its essential features."

The second period is characterized in the following manner: "In this period lies the greater part of the labor by which Mr. Henry James is popularly known, if, indeed, one may without suspicion of irony use such a description. It contains nine of his novels and some twenty-seven tales, and only in some of the slightest of these could the casual consumer of fiction pretend to discover any erotic intention or other obstacle to the enjoyment of an easily exhausted mind. They have just that unreality which the public desires, the note of romance; sentiment and character are fitted with that consistency which gives the novel such an advantage over life; opinions are held with a clarity, and expressed with a security which afford so great assistance in the development of character; and the dialogue has just that aptness and cohesion which our ears are so accustomed not to hear. In short, they have all the qualities that should commend them to a public which is very ignorant and very incurious of life, and one would have expected for them a far greater success even than they commanded. The chief preventive to such a popularity is a delicate and exquisite style which, because it tried to achieve an actuality to which they were unaccustomed, the critics called artificial. Style is every country of the world warned off the 'stupid,' but it seems to possess a particular irritation for English and American readers. It is, to their appreciation, a sort of glitter-lace and whorly, unnecessary development. Indeed, they consider style so distinct from creation, that one might imagine they supposed it to be applied when the work was finished, like varnish to a picture or ' frosting ' to a Christmas card."

The third period was inaugurated in 1890 with the publication of *The Tragic Muse*. "The inauguration," says the reviewer, "will not be apparent to many, for the book is not so much 'free' than any of its predecessors; but it is strikingly aware of the ideal of 'an immense and exquisite correspondence with life.' There is a beautiful looseness, an inexpectancy in the handling. The story wavers, advances, retreats, and ceases in the very fashion of life itself. Its cohesion suffers naturally in consequence. It reads, indeed, in places like a very splendid first attempt. The author seems to be striving to write it in such a way as to be simple as a simplicity, a closeness to life, which is being continually clouded by the charm of form and phrase which he is as yet unable wholly to transmute with his new intention."

"Concerning this same period the reviewer further remarks:

He has in these stories of his later years at last come into possession. He had for long been driving in the wide rut of fiction where so many wheel go. He had done work of a quality which, however superior to that of his competitors, was still of the kind. It portrayed, to use a term which but imperfectly defines it, the outer drama of life, the expression in circumstance of character, the working-out of temperament. But what he now depicted was the inner drama, the impression of circumstance on character, the working in of fate. He had at last "come into possession," and of a field completely his own. The intimacies of his inner presentation, the delicate tracing of motive and impulse, and susceptibility to the involutions of the mind, make his old work seem almost superficial.

One of the most distinctive of Mr. James's later efforts is *The Ashcroft Age*. "The book," says our reviewer, "is confessedly a portrait gallery, and Mr. James brings to the writing of such frames the ultimate development of the art of vision.

How completely such vision is an art, an art acquired from the observations of laborious years, one realizes by studying its evolution. In his earlier work he draws directly from the things, such as the carriage or the clothes, the carriage of a head; he gives the profile, the relief; the exterior as exterior. Gradually as he progresses the outside ceases in itself to interest him; it would be almost impossible to "dress" his figures, there is scarcely a hint of period; he renders the outside only so far as it is significant; the exterior as interior. Finally he almost abandons direct portraiture; rendering by a few lines enough, but only just enough, to keep the figure in its place, and providing everything needful for its realization from recollection only, that is from its effect upon the other characters in his narrative.

Surveying again, in his final pages, the whole of Mr. James's work, our writer says:

It is so various, yet it is so uniform; it covers so wide a space of life, and yet so narrow a space of manner; it is so comprehensive, and yet it is so reticent; it deals with such tremendous issues, and yet seems always to make them small. Often only the intensity of one's admiration makes depression impossible; one's wonder at his method prevents a challenge of his mind. He has done so much, so analogously much, and yet he makes one feel so acutely his omissions. He knows so intimately the human heart, he has unraveled such a complexity of human motive, yet he has only once painted in woman an overmastering passion, and his analyses of motive have taught us chiefly how much we do not know. He has sketched no greater social circle, he has painted the magnificence and the pathetic meagreness of existence, yet he has scarcely drawn across one of his pages the sweep of the struggle, that endless groan of labor which is the ground base of life.

How great Mr. James's achievement is, concludes the reviewer, one is profoundly conscious after traversing, for the purposes of a full study, the entire spread of his work without any sense of satiety or of iteration. "There is no more genuine proof of power, of originality, of imagination, than this unending freshness, delicacy, and variety in remembering work, and against that has been written those qualities in these pages, one can but set a disinclination, perhaps a disability to handle the asked issues of emotion, and too frequent a tendency to immerse his drama in a saturated atmosphere of convention. That, however, is a defect of his qualities, a determination to contrive 'an immense correspondence with life,' and he has so completely succeeded as to have added a new conception of reality to the art of fiction. If he has dropped a line but rarely into the deep waters of life, his somplings have so added to our knowledge of its shallows that no student of existence can afford to ignore his charts. He has lived, as it were, in the chains with the 'lead' in his hands, instead on definite knowledge of the chance and sham of the human hour, where so many another pilot has been content to steer by the mere appearance of the surface water. And to the pleasure he has given by his sketches of the beauty and variety of that enchanting coast must be added gratitude for such a diversity of enlightenment on its perious approaches as he alone, of those who have studied it, seems able to supply."

Books and Bookmen

Mr. J. M. RARRIE is decidedly a writer of surprises. If *Tanny and Grisel* was more in the nature of a painful surprise, the author has certainly recognized himself in *The Little White Bird*. Again he has taken us to the Land of Make-Believe, and verified the saying of a famous French critic that genius is the power to be a boy again at will. Like *The Little Minister*, his latest tale begins to end well; and again he lets himself fall in love with and fondle and smile at his puppets. If we mistake not, the title originally announced was *Idyls in Kensington Gardens*, now the subtitle. Mr. Rarrie has lived in Kensington for a number of years since taking up his residence in London, and the Gardens have been his favorite rendezvous for a silent pipe and a romp with Porthos while ruminating over the Little White Bird's strange adventures. Mr. Rarrie never goes far afield for his subjects. Kensington Gardens with its little nursery governments and promulgations; the Reform Club in Pall Mall, with its retiring officers and inconsiderate waiters; Gloucester Road, where he lived until recently, with its little yards called gardens, so small that if you have the tree, your neighbor has the shade; the dear old Lowther Arcade in the Strand where they went for David's rocking-horse, now vanished; and Porthos, the magnificent St. Bernard which was the pet of the Rarrie household for many years—nothing could be more familiar to the novelist, yet as it comes to us through the novelist's use of his imagination, nothing could be less commonplace. We speak of Porthos in the past, for when we saw him last spring he was reduced to a shadow of his former canine glory, and was not expected to last much longer. "Porthos" he was in actual life, and as Porthos Mr. Rarrie has immortalized him in this fresh surprise of his genius.

Some attempts have been made to trace the germ of Mr. Rarrie's play, "The Admirable Critchton," which is one of the season's stage successes in London. They have been unsuccessful for a simple reason, says Dr. Robertson Nicoll, an intimate friend of the author: Mr. Rarrie's idea is his own. "But if I did not know this I could make perhaps a more plausible contribution to the problem than has yet appeared." In *Bleekwood's Magazine* for August, 1883, Mrs. Oliphant had one of her fluent and pleasant papers on James Ferguson, the astronomer. Ferguson was a Bonifakire boy, and pursued knowledge under great difficulties. However, one of the local lairds gave him a hand, and introduced him to his butler, Alexander Cantley. This butler was in every respect an extraordinary man. Ferguson says: "Mr. Cantley, the butler, soon became my friend, and sustained me to his death. He was the most extraordinary man that I ever was acquainted with, or, perhaps, shall ever see, for he was a complete master of arithmetic, a good mathematician, a master of music of every known instrument except the harp, understood Latin, French, and Greek, let blood extremely well, and could even prescribe as a physician upon any urgent occasion. He was what is generally termed self-taught, but I think he might with much greater propriety have been termed God Almighty's scholar." Mrs. Oliphant goes on to say: "Why should not a butler be an Admirable Critchton as well as a weaver or a shoemaker?" Now the point of Mr. Rarrie's play lies in his deft contrivance of a social situation whereby a great earl and his family are forced by the law of fitness to

change places with their superbly differential butler, who has all the commanding qualifications they lack, and who in consequence, by the natural process of sterilization and ascendency, gains an increasing mastery. The coincidence is certainly a most remarkable one.

There are many readers for whom the study of Dante never loses its zest. Ever since the writer in boyhood made the acquaintance of Rossetti's *Dante* and *His Circle* especially in a circulating library, he has been unable to resist the temptation of begging, borrowing, or buying every new book of Dante that he has encountered. One of the latest is Karl Federa's *Dante and His Time*, which aims to reproduce Dante's intellectual, social, and ecclesiastical environment in an historical sense so that the figure of the great poet may stand out illumined and interpreted not only by the forces of his age and country, but by the force of his own individual genius and personality reacting on his knowledge. While there is no attempt at original research, and nothing of note is added to our knowledge of the subject, the rearrangement of familiar facts and the stimulus of a fresh mind make it an inspiring and helpful work to the general reader who has made no deep study or original investigation of Dante and the times in which he lived. The standard work for English readers is, of course, John Addington Symonds's *Introduction to the Study of Dante*, which has gone through several editions since the book originally appeared as lectures in 1870. Symonds wrote the preface to the third edition in March, 1883, and within less than a month he died in Rome. It was the last of his writings, and thus, in a way, his literary career closed as it had opened two and twenty years previous with his work on Dante.

In the course of a lecture on "Dialect and Dialogue," delivered before the Society of Women Journalists in London recently, Mr. W. Pett Ridge remarked that there are certain circles in which the novelist is highly respected at his own valuation. A Harvard friend of his went to the country in order to take a horse on a farm. He saw the farmer, and conducted the preliminary negotiations with perfect satisfaction to both sides. Presently he asked, "Would you like some reference?" "No, an," said the farmer, gruffly. "You are a gentleman; I can see straightforwardness written across your face. Don't bother about the references. I expect you want to get back to your business in the City." The friend mentioned that he had no business in the City. "Oh, then," said the farmer, "I suppose you have business outside the City." "No," he replied. "I am an author." "What!" cried the farmer, "not an author that writes books?" Yes, he admitted that he had written books. A book of doubt crept over the honest farmer's face. "Well, well," he said, "to turn back to the business, we were talking about. I think, after all, master, I'll have to trouble you for a couple of them references."

Mr. Pett Ridge also told an amusing story about a servant Mrs. Jerome K. Jerome had engaged, and who was only with a few days when she gave notice. Mrs. Jerome remonstrated, but the servant said she was going. "I want to know the real reason why you are going," said the mistress at last, her patience exhausted. "Well, ma'am, if you must know," replied the indignant damsel, with tilted nose. "I thought I had come into the house of a gentleman, and I find that master writes plays." Speaking of the infinite pains the writer ought to

take in representing accurately the dialogue that goes on around us, he cited an example. He heard lately one servant explaining to another how she happened to get engaged. "Two proposals," she said, "arrived by the same post. I liked the one man as well as the other, and I didn't know which to choose." "How did you settle it?" asked her friend. "I accepted the man who had the sense to enclose a penny stamp for a reply." Good dialogue in novels, Mr. Pett Ridge claims, ought to be better than ordinary conversation. "I have never heard people talk as they do in Mr. Anthony Moppe's novels, but I wish I had." Referring to the assistance which one often gets from the experience or observation of others, he said that he had received, the other day, a letter from an ill-gation man, who offered to collaborate with him in fiction. "My correspondent suggested that I would do better in literature if I had a little help. Two heads, he said, were better than one. He had spent twenty-five years in prison, and had accumulated knowledge which had possibly been denied to me. He thought that between us we might turn out a book really worth reading. When I wrote to decline his offer, he replied indignantly that I was completely mistaken about him. It was not true that his whole term of imprisonment had been served for one offence!"

Mr. Pett Ridge now shares honors with Mr. W. W. Jacobs as the foremost English humorist of the day. His novels have deserved a better fate and a wider popularity than they have been accorded in this country. Indeed, the scant recognition of his work with the public is one of those baffling things that are a stumbling-block to the critics. We recall with pleasure the delights of *A Cleric's Wife*, *By Order of the Magistrate*, *Secretary to Byrne*, *M. P.*, *The Second Opportunity of Mr. Staphorst*, and other entertaining stories by this comedian of low life in London.

When Nature showed her coruscation of gifts upon Mr. Eden Phillpotts there was but one lacking to endow him with the attributes of a great novelist of the first rank. In *Lying Prophets*, *Children of the Mist*, *Stone of the Moravia*, and now *The River*, the lyric voice of the poet, the epic strain of the master of prose, have held no as in a thrall, but that highest gift of the mind, the dramatic imagination, is denied him. There are few writers today who can rival these works in the language of beauty and the quality of signifying prose. Perhaps in *Stone of the Moravia* the author erred on the side of rhetorical emphasis and redundancy of phrase. But *The River* is reticent to severity; its beauty of color is chaste to continence. If there is splendor of imagery it is the splendor of setting suns and golden autumns; if there is riot of feeling it is the riot of spring and the turbulent waters. The apotheosis of nature in the River Dart is as complete as Hardy's *Gods Heath* or Blackmore's *Doone Valley*. And, as in *The Return of the Native* and *Loam Doone*, nature is co-ordinated to the spirit of man, and suggests the tragic possibilities of human fellowship and estrangement. The lonely, simple-natured, great fellow Nicholas Edgecombe, in his bewilderment of outraged love and vague ordeal of sacrifice, gains tragic emphasis from his scene of action on nature's vast theatre set upon Dartmoor with its inscrutable and elemental silence. *The River* is a prose epic, rather than a novel—an epic of Dartmoor. The insistent magic and compelling majesty of its beauty invest it with a haunting recollection, which is one of the touchstones, if not the truest touchstone, of art.

Finance

ATTRA another week of dulness and of demutatory price fluctuations, some slight improvement was noted in the securities markets. It cannot be said that there was anything resembling an outbreak of speculative activity. The character of the trading did not change. It remained professional. But it was as though the conviction had become more widespread that the next decisive movement of stocks, having unforeseen disaster, were to be upward. There were no developments important enough to start the tide of values unambiguously in either direction. Such news as came to Wall Street culminated to affect one or another stock was followed by brief and not very important fluctuations, some ripples which had little effect upon the market at large. The strong financial interests gave no evidence of a desire to abandon the passive attitude they have maintained toward the stock-market these many weeks, and the indifference of the outside public was as profound as ever. There remained the professional operators, who turned over from day to day, as is their wont, and in the end left the level of prices unaltered.

The charge, if in point of fact there is any, lies in the growing belief that an extensive decline is more unlikely than a substantial rise. This is due to the fact that several doubtful features of the general situation are clearing up. Not the least important is the improvement in the international credit situation. It will be remembered that during the greater part of last year the enormous obligations of this country to Europe formed the one obstacle in the way of conservative observers of financial affairs to a comfortable frame of mind. This was produced primarily by the enormous borrowings abroad by financial syndicates, and intensified by the failure of the corn crop of 1901, which told so heavily on our export trade last year. Disturbing possibilities were discussed at great length, and many speeches of warning were delivered by some of our semi-public financiers, as it were. That we did not expect gold was due to the extraordinary sagacity displayed by our bankers. Since the critical and speech-making period of last autumn, our indebtedness to Europe has been greatly reduced, until it is estimated to be to-day not more than a third of what it was three months ago, and so experts of agricultural products are made it will shrink further. That our position will not only improve, but be reversed before many months are over, seems altogether likely. At this writing sterling exchange has risen to within a fraction of the gold-exporting level, the congestion of railway traffic having curtailed foreign shipments of grain and there is a possibility, though apparently not a probability, that some gold may go out.

The Street has waited for the December statements of railway earnings with much anxiety, since it was believed they would show uniform decreases in the net, resulting from increased costs of operations, but the statistics of the week have not been all of the same tenor. It must be admitted that such displays as, for example, that submitted by the Pennsylvania Railroad, are significant. Magnificent gross earnings, running largely in excess of the same month the previous year, but even greater operating expenses, and consequent decreases in the net earnings. Nobody fears any immediate reduction in the dividend rates of the railroad stocks, but there is none the less some anxiety to see if the actual or projected advances in rates will offset the higher running expenses which the roads have had to meet. But, it is obvious that they are doing an enormous business, which tells the story of the country's great volume of business.

Correspondence

"TO THE JEWS A STUMBLING-BLOCK."

January 20, 1902.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

As a corollary for the sort of straight talk of last week's editorial, "To the Jews a Stumbling-block," etc. The kinks in the mind of the religious thinker, and of the man behind the subterfuge, are still with us; and perhaps ever must be, while the ethic of to-day feels that it must go back for authority to the words of Christ. The injunctions to wash each other's feet, to give one's possessions to the poor, are "explained" on the ground that "conditions" have changed. Another way of treating many utterances of Christ which do not fit very well into modern life is to declare that he was "laying down principles," or, again, he was speaking metaphorically or poetically or hyperbolically. (This last means almost the same as exaggerating.) Fitted out with these simple appliances, one can make the toughest sayings of Christ fit today's ethics or practices or applications, such as the agent with one curiously moulded tool will drive nails, split wood, lift stove-covers, hot plates, mortgages—anything.

Will the gentle reader please tell us in what sense, whether poetic, metaphorical, distant, or Pickwickian, the injunction is to be obeyed to sell all we have and give to the poor, unless it be—the sense that we are not to do it! That is just it. The boy who does not come when his mother calls him is not disobedient, he merely takes his mother's command as a metaphor, as a beautiful tone-poem; he thinks times have changed, or his mother is only laying down great principles. Well, if some commands of the Lord cannot be carried out, if the carrying of them into practice would put civilization back thousands of years, may we say that in some regards we have grown beyond the first Christian century, and must obey the few deliverances of experience? An article like the one under consideration comes like a clear north wind over a fog-bitten sea: there have been several such on this subject recently in the WEEKLY. Perhaps the independent periodical has a great place waiting for it in the free discussions of such vital points, wherein it may elaborate the way for the more conservative "PULPIT."

READING FOR CHILDREN.

Knox, Pa., January 20, 1902.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

Sir,—An editorial comment in the last issue of the WEEKLY brings up an interesting question which will admit of some discussion. I refer to the matter of reading to children and the suggestions of Mrs. McIntock.

It seems to me that an important consideration is overlooked, namely, that the child of five or six is at what might be called the myth-making period of life, when the childish imagination craves tales of big, big giants and hold, bad villains. Moreover, the chopping off of a head or the shedding of rivers of blood would mean nothing to the child, for such a thing had never been paralleled in his experience. Again, at that age the moral faculties are still slumbering, and they could receive no possible harm from such tales as "Bluebeard," "The Three Bears," etc. In fact, I am not sure but the parable of the Prodigal Son might not have more harmful effects, because the story is so realistic. Might not the child of any age reason that to spend one's patrimony is paltriforosity, since the son who does this is met with open arms, and feasts on fattened calves, while the virtuous son who stays at home presumably feeds upon the lean kind?

Again, I maintain that the boy of ten would entirely overlook the "gentle courtesy" of Robin Hood, and rather seek to imitate the deeds of said worthy outlaw, whose well-known practice was

To bent and to bind,
To rob and to steal.

Is not here a "moral quip"? Let us hope that Mrs. McIntock may not try her theories on any healthy, happy child, and deprive it of that boon—the fairy tale! Did she, I wonder, read the apocryphal tale that wreat the rounds of the newspapers some years ago, about the little German girl in New York who was never allowed to read a fairy tale; so she made up several, to the financial embarrassment of her father?

Might we not have something further in your columns on this subject?

Yours very truly,

LUCIA E. BARNET.

"BRUTALIZED EXPERIMENTERS."

New Haven, Conn., January 20, 1902.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

Sir,—If it be true, in any degree, that such cruelties are practiced by vivisectionists as has lately been stated, were it not better to risk an occasional failure by humane methods than to permit so brutalized a race of experimenters and students to develop? And are not the successes of Dr. Lorenz proof that desired ends can be reached, in various cases, without the use of the knife, once deemed indispensable?

I am, sir,

E. S. PHELPS.

THE next issue of
HARPER'S WEEKLY
will contain, among
other features, the last
portrait of Washington,
drawn from life. It
was made by Dr. E.
C. Dick, his physician,
in 1799. It is published now for the
first time.

Financial

The **Corn Exchange Bank**
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WALTER E. F. R. W., Vice-President
F. T. MARTIN, Cashier
W. M. E. WILLIAMS, Assistant Cashier

CONDENSED STATEMENT

DECEMBER 1, 1902

ASSETS

Loans and Discounts . . .	\$22,827,102.49
Due from Banks	1,809,133.52
Banking Houses and Lots . .	1,524,792.96
Bonds, Stocks, etc.	1,024,125.34
Cash and c/s on other Banks .	9,386,644.23
	\$36,565,818.54

LIABILITIES

Capital, Surplus, and Undivided Profits	\$5,216,107.78
Deposits subject to Check . .	31,349,710.76
	\$36,565,818.54

The Mechanics' National Bank
of the City of New York

(Incorporated 1860)
33 WALL STREET

OFFICERS
GRANVILLE W. GARTIN, President
ALEXANDER K. OWB, Vice-President
ANDREW S. KNIGHT, Cashier
ROBERT U. GRANT, Assistant Cashier

STATEMENT OF CONDITION

(CONDENSED)
Report to the Comptroller of the Currency

APRIL 30th, 1902

RESOURCES

Loans and Discounts	\$12,745,186.54
Bonds	770,629.74
Banking House	545,794.92
Due from Banks	835,829.98
Cash and Checks on other Banks	6,197,320.90
	\$23,193,882.02

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

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ALEXANDER E. OWB, David Dees & Co.
LOWELL LINCOLN, Cashier
HORACE E. GARTH, President
HENRY HEYDE, Henry Heide & Co.
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Financial

Letters of Credit.

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North Dakota
5%
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Salient (a) Twenty years' Features residence; seventeen years' active banking and real estate business in Southeastern North Dakota. **(b)** Personal knowledge of every loan; of the borrower as well as the security. **(c)** Never has there been a foreclosure made on one of my loans. **(d)** Interest and principal collected without expense. Remittance in New York exchange.

The most exacting investigation into my personal and business life is earnestly courted. Correspondence solicited.

WALTER L. WILLIAMSON,
Lisbon, North Dakota.

The Elements of International Law

By
GEO. B. DAVIS

Lieut.-Col. and Deputy Judge-Advocate Gen.
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NEW AND REVISED EDITION

A work sufficiently elementary in character to be within the reach of students, yet comprehensive and of wide scope. It gives essential information in regard to the laws governing the relations of nations—duties of diplomatic representatives, of citizens, alliances, etc.

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LITCHFIELD TRUST BLDG., ST. LOUIS, MO.

THE MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE

COMPANY OF NEW YORK

RICHARD A. MCCURDY, President

STATEMENT

For the year ending December 31, 1902
According to the Standard of the Insurance Department of the State of New York

INCOME

Received for Premiums . . .	\$56,214,000 18
From all other sources . . .	18,490,000 00
	\$74,704,000 18

DISBURSEMENTS.

To Policy-holders for Claims by Death	\$17,219,446 81
To Policy-holders for Deaths, Sickness, Birthdays, etc.	11,386,201 00
For all other Accounts	18,700,000 00
	\$47,305,647 81

ASSETS

United States Bonds and other Securities	\$225,100,000 00
First Lien Loans on Real and Personal Property	81,000,000 00
Loans on Bonds and other Securities	18,275,000 00
Loans on Company's own Policies Real Estate Company's Office Buildings in London, Paris, Berlin, New York, Boston, Philadelphia, New Orleans, Seattle, Sydney and Mexico, and other Real Estate	32,800,000 00
Cash in Banks and Trust Companies	14,977,000 79
Accrued Interest, Net Deferred Premiums, etc.	1,815,000 00
	\$362,957,001 79

LIABILITIES

Policy Reserves, etc.	\$214,798,458 19
Contracted Guaranty Funds	60,219,228 11
Available for Authorized Surpluses	8,900,000 00
	\$343,917,686 30

Insurance and Annuities in Force \$1,021,923,000 00

I have carefully examined the foregoing Statement and find the same to be correct: Liabilities calculated by the Insurance Department.

CHARLES A. FRANKLIN, Auditor

ROBERT A. GRANHOLD, Vice-President

WALTER B. GILBERT, General Manager
FRANK P. FORD, Vice-President
JOSE A. VIDA, Treasurer
FREDERIC CARSWELL, Secretary
EMORY MCCLINTOCK, Attorney

Official Legal Notice

THE CITY OF NEW YORK
DEPARTMENT OF TAXES AND ASSESSMENTS, MAIN OFFICE, BOROUGHS OF MANHATTAN
NO. 80 BROADWAY, STEWART BUILDING

January 11, 1903
NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN AS REQUIRED BY THE Greater New York Charter, that the Social Index, the Record of the Annual Valuation of Real and Personal Estate of the Boroughs of Manhattan, the Bronx, Richmond, Queens and Richmond, comprising the City of New York, will be open for examination and correction on the second Monday of January and will remain open until the

1ST DAY OF APRIL, 1903.

During the time that the books are open to public inspection application may be made by any person or corporation claiming to be aggrieved by the valuation of real or personal estate to have the same corrected.

In the Borough of Manhattan at the main office of the Department of Taxes and Assessments, No. 80 Broadway; in the Borough of the Bronx, at the Office of City Department, 50 Broadway; in the Borough of Richmond, at the Office of the Department, 123 Broadway; in the Borough of Queens, at the Office of the Department, 140 Broadway; in the Borough of Richmond, at the Office of the Department, 140 Broadway.

Applications for correction of the annual valuation of personal estate may be made by the person assessed at the Office of the Department in the Borough where the assessment was made, and in the case of a tax collector carrying on business in the City of New York at the Office of the Department in the Borough where such office of business is located, before the close of the day on which the books are open for correction, when all applications must be made between 4 P. M. and 5 P. M.

JAMES L. WELLS, President
WILLIAM B. COLLIER, Vice-President
GEORGE G. GILLISPIE, Treasurer
SAMUEL STRANDBOUGER, Secretary
RUFUS S. HICKEY, Commissioner of Taxes and Assessments



Arabella (Lester Kinsinger)

Mr. Pickwick (John Wolf Hopper)

Polly (Marguerite) (left)

DE WOLF HOPPER'S PRESENTATION OF "MR. PICKWICK"

In this scene from "Mr. Pickwick," which is now playing at the Herald Square Theatre, Pickwick intervenes, "in a Pickwickian sense," to help the love affairs of Arabella Wardle and Polly. The three are sitting on a log in the forest, when Pickwick's endeavors to persuade the girls to become reconciled with Winkle and Sam Weller cause the log to roll over, with the unexpected result to Pickwick and Polly shown in the drawing.

Drawn by M. C. Edwards



Drawn by H. M. Pettit

THE NEW PASSENGER STATION IN CHICAGO

The proposed Lake Shore Station in Chicago offers many new facilities for handling the great passenger traffic of the city. It will be a thirteen-story building, of which the first two floors will be devoted to waiting-rooms and so on for passengers. There will be direct communication with the elevated roads and with the surface cars. The building will be situated in the heart of the city, and more than two hundred trains a day will enter and leave the station.

Recent Gifts for Education

GENERAL gifts to the cause of education have characterized the twentieth century. In the United States the number and variety of these outpourings of private wealth for one of the noblest public purposes have been phenomenal. The economic standard of our history will find this quite as characteristic of this period of American civilization as is the organization of industrial corporations. There is more, perhaps, than coincidence in the relation between these two developments of the time.

In national significance the incorporation by Congress of the General Education Board, to enable it to receive and administer the great sums of money which have been put at its disposal by Mr. John D. Rockefeller and others, is easily first among these developments. The use to which the funds of the General Education Board are being put negatives elementary suggestion. The school boards in various localities in the

(Continued on page 281.)

ANSWER TO MOTHERS.—Miss Wilson's Selection Sheet is the best thing to send for children's clothing. It enables the mother to select the best styles at half price, more varied color, and is the best remedy for dizziness.—[Ad.]

THE AMERICAN SOLDIER. In the field zone of Alaska or in the terrible zone of the Philippines can enjoy the delicious flavor of Bennett's Pure Brand Canned Milk in his coffee, tea, or chocolate. Established in 1870, it has stood forty-five years.—[Ad.]

Of course you can live without telephone service, but you don't live as much as you might, in your telephone service saves time, and time is the chief of life. Rates for Residents Service in Manhattan from \$10 a year. New York Telephone Co., 15 Day Street, 311 West 30th Street.—[Ad.]

HEALTHY SWEET STRENGTH.—Asbury's, the Original Asbury's Mitten means health. All doctors testify.—[Ad.]

For coughs and colds, Piso's Eye is still the best and most pleasant remedy. 50 cents.—[Ad.]

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MOËT & CHANDON CHAMPAGNE

IN THE YEAR 1902 WERE

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BOTTLES, A FIGURE NEVER REACHED BY ANY OTHER CHAMPAGNE HOUSE.

THE INCREASE IN THE UNITED STATES FOR ONE YEAR WAS

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BOTTLES, A RECORD NEVER BEFORE ATTAINED IN THE HISTORY OF THE CHAMPAGNE TRADE IN THIS COUNTRY, MARKING AN ADVANCE EQUAL TO

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THESE NOTEWORTHY STATISTICS SHOW A FITTING TRIBUTE ENDORSING THE

QUALITY OF MOËT & CHANDON "WHITE SEAL"

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Under the Personally-Conducted System of the Pennsylvania Railroad.

The second Pennsylvania Railroad Personally-Conducted Tour to California for the present season will leave New York and Philadelphia on the Golden Gate Special, February 26, going via Cincinnati, New Orleans, San Antonio, El Paso to Los Angeles and San Diego. Three days will be spent in New Orleans, during the Mardi-Gras festivities. Should a sufficient number of passengers desire to travel under the care of a Tourist Agent and Chamberlain, a delightful month's itinerary in California has been outlined, and a returning Itinerary to leave San Francisco March 21, visiting Salt Lake City (Glendale) and Colorado Springs, and Denver, arriving in New York April 6. Rate, \$45 from all points on the Pennsylvania Railroad east of Pittsburgh, covering all expenses of railroad transportation, side trips in California, and berth and meals during the special train. No hotel expenses in California are included. Tickets are good for return within nine months, but returning cover transportation only. For detailed itinerary apply to Tourist Agents, or address Geo. W. Boyd, Assistant General Passenger Agent, Broad Street Station, Philadelphia, Pa.

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VIOLETTES DU CZAR

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

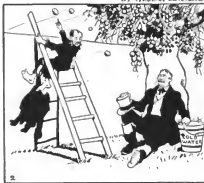
WICKED WILLIE and THE WALL

A timely warning to Kaiser William and Others

BY ALBERT LEVING



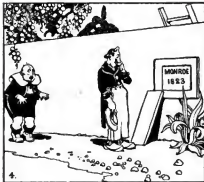
Willie "An, are you about all? Don't be over us market! Look how little he sit! You land in de brickyard!"
Eddy "I got relatives lives there."



Teddy "It's all right yet, Cussy. Let him throw rocks; but you tell me de distance he want to climb that wall!"
Cussy "Oh, I'll do dat, so."



Willie "You got to throw a good score into dere; de die, Eddy. Ol you hit him, dat's a accident!"
Eddy "I got relatives lives there."



Willie "Moose? He's gone worst. I tink I try and go else det wall, yet!"
Eddy "Now, I got relatives lives there."



Cussy "He's account over some, Mr. Roosevelt!"
Teddy "He is, is he? Well, we'll see how far he gets!"



Eddy "Wh, dat's my dear relatives, now?"

(Continued from page 279.)

South, where the general standard of education is most in need of elevation, receive help in proportion as they and representative citizens help themselves. Such men as William H. Baldwin, Jr., who has become acquainted with the needs of the South by personal observation, manage the Board. More than a million dollars has already been put at the disposal of the Board. A million dollars was more than the aggregate of all the gifts to education in the United States in many entire decades. Many millions have been given in this way by Americans in the past two years, and are on record. Of many other personalities of this sort there has been and can be no public record. Many such gifts are made on the express condition of secrecy. "Some givers," writes President Hadley of Yale, "desire to remain wholly unknown, and even go so far as to wish that the amount of their gifts should be concealed. Others, especially when their gifts are of the nature of bequests, leave matters in such a shape that it is impossible to give a plain statistical account of the date at which they occur. We prefer that the simple statement 'incomplete' should be appended to any statistics."

Ceol John Rhodes left by his will endowments for two hundred Rhodes scholarships in the twenty-one colleges of Oxford University, to be given to young men in the United States and in the British colonies. The value of each scholarship is \$1,500 a year for three years. The capital of which the United States will receive the benefit under Mr. Rhodes's will evidently mounts high into the millions of dollars. The first young American scholars will enter Oxford in the autumn of 1904. Two of the Rhodes scholarships have been appropriated to each State and Territory of the United States.

The Carnegie institution at Washington has been endowed with millions by the same lavish benefactor at whose end sixty-five Carnegie libraries are being built in the city of New York alone, at a cost of \$5,000,000. The educational air reeks of millions. All over Great Britain and the United States Carnegie millions are going into stone and brick structures which will house books and readers and some students. The Department of Paleontology of the Peabody Museum, and the Department of Experimental Psychology in Yale University, have just been named as the recipients of the first financial aid from the Carnegie Institution at Washington.

It was said not long since that Columbia University urgently needs \$10,000,000 to round out its usefulness, for the present. Within the lifetime of men now living that much money would have bought all the universities and colleges in the country. President Woodrow Wilson observed casually in Chicago towards the end of the year that Princeton wants \$12,500,000 to make it a great scientific institution, "and probably will get it." Nobody who studies the drift of the day and knows President Butler and President Wilson need have much doubt about Columbia and Princeton getting what they need in the way of money. Millions of money, at that. Even little Amherst—little in size, but great in many things which go to constitute a college—has received gifts of \$272,000 in the past two years. When Henry Ward Beecher went to Amherst, seventy-two years ago, \$272,000 was a bigger lump than ten millions is now. In the last eight years the University of Pennsylvania has received contributions, exclusive of tuition fees and income from investments, in the aggregate sum of \$4,750,161 82. In addition to this amount, there has to be added not less than \$1,000,000, to which extent the treasurer

(Continued on page 282.)



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NEW ELECTRIC LOCOMOTIVES

ALTHOUGH the United States leads the world in most phases of railroad transportation, it has learned many things, especially in the matter of electric traction, from the Old World. The underground trolley was first put in successful operation in Buda Pesth. Trackless trolleys have been in operation for some time experimentally in Germany and France, wagons with freight trailers being guided along certain roads from overhead wires. Automobiles, of course, have received their highest development in France. And now comes the newest development. It is none other than an attempt to abolish the locomotive from steam railroads by establishing automobile trains.

The experiment is to be made in France in June next. An automobile train is to be run from Paris to Dijon, and, if it is successful, will probably be continued to Lyons and Nice. The train is to run the distance from Paris to Dijon, about 181 miles, in three hours and ten minutes, or at the rate of 61½ miles an hour. Special carriages will be built for the train, the present carriages not being convertible for this use. The carriages will be of the size of those in use on the Paris-Lyons Railroad, and each will accommodate forty persons with their baggage. There will also be a lavatory and a refreshment bar in each carriage.

The abolition of the locomotive, whether steam or electric, is regarded as a momentous step in railroad transportation. The roadbed will be relieved of much weight, and it is expected that the trains may be made heavier on that account, allowing more accommodation for travellers. The first automobile trains are to be what are known as *trains de face*. The high speed that will be attained will be equal to the fastest train in the world, now running from Paris to Calais, and it is expected that passengers ultimately will be able to leave Lyons in the morning, spend the day in Paris, and return at night. The motor apparatus for one of these trains will require only one attendant.

It is commonly supposed that this country leads the world in railroad transportation, and it does in matters related to the con-

duct of the passengers. In the matter of safety European railroads are superior. In the matter of safety signals, only 25,000 miles of the 200,000 in use here are equipped with such appliances, while practically all of the railroads in Great Britain, and most of those on the Continent, have such appliances in operation. In England, the safety appliances are regulated by the board of trade under the presidency of Colonel York, who has made a life-long study of such matters. On the Continent, where the state owns most of the roads, the military requirements and precision employed in operating them are displayed to their best advantage in the use of various kinds of safety appliances.

The fastest long-distance train in the world runs from Paris to Calais, at the rate of 61½ miles an hour. On short distance trains have been run in this country at more than 100 miles an hour, but our fastest long-distance trains go at the rate of about 50 miles an hour. Germany has one feature in railroading that this country lacks. It is an ambulance train for use in time of accidents. The cars are stationed at certain points along the line, and when an accident occurs the physicians are summoned, and the train is rushed to the scene. There is an operating room in each car, and a certain number of beds are ready for the wounded victims. The results are said to be most satisfactory in saving life.

The United States has long used the third rail in electric traction for elevated railroads, and, in Connecticut and Massachusetts, it has been put in service for surface systems with success. The New York Central and the Pennsylvania will use this system in their new terminal systems in New York city. The North Eastern Railway of England is said to have no less than thirty-five miles of electric traction on double tracks in operation, four miles of single track, and two miles of four tracks. Fast electric travel on rails has reached its highest speed in Germany, but largely on experimental lines.

With the successful operation of automobile trains, the steam locomotive would seem to be doomed, a momentous thing in travel.



New Type of American Electric Locomotive



Electric Engine in Germany run on the Overhead System

(Continued from page 281.)

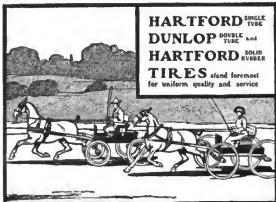
has in his safe-keeping subscriptions soon to be paid, or payable in annual installments in the coming few years, and binding upon heirs, executors, and assigns.

President W. R. Harper, of the University of Chicago, said recently that Mr. John D. Rockefeller had just given another million dollars to that university, part of which would be used to establish a school of technology. Mr. Rockefeller's gifts to this institution now amount to \$12,402,000.

The University of California has received about \$900,000 in money gifts in the past two years. Mrs. Phoebe Hearst is erecting a mining building, which will cost a half-million dollars. The university has two hundred and fifty-two mining students, which exceeds the number of students in mining in any other university in the world. The Hearst Mining Building will have smelting-rooms for copper and lead, a mill for gold and silver, dry-crushing towers, forge-rooms, drafting rooms, university studios for the instructors, and locker-rooms and shower-baths for students. Mrs. Hearst now gives to the university some \$40,000 a year for the support of the Department of Anthropology. She maintains anthropological expeditions from the university, in Peru, in Egypt, and in various parts of Western America. An anthropological museum of novel unusual interest and completeness is being gathered through her generosity.

Great institutions, like Yale and Harvard, whose alumni have been accumulating honors and riches all over the country for a hundred years and more, are in constant receipt of gifts of money, for specified purposes. It is not practicable to estimate the grand total of such sums for a given period, nor do those universities consider it desirable to do so. A single paragraph from the report of the treasurer of Yale University for the year ending July 31, 1901, shows, for example, that the permanent funds of the university had been increased in that year by \$253,827 73, divided among the general university, library, Sheffield, academic, theological, medical, law, and art school funds, while an additional amount of \$345,470 16 had been given in the same period for the hibernian, law-school building and medical-school building funds. In the preceding year the estate of the late Cornelius Vanderbilt added \$100,000 to the general fund, which received also \$110,998 58 from other gifts. In that year also the Forest School was established by a gift of \$150,000 from the Pinchot family. Gifts to income which do not appear in the movements of the permanent funds are constantly received at both Yale and Harvard. The Yale officials have just received a very large collection of Egyptian antiquities, representing Connecticut's share for the year 1902 in the Egypt Exploration Fund.

It is not only great schools and big sums which illustrate the tenacity of the day to these matters. The news columns of the newspapers bear almost daily witness to what is becoming a national habit. The fund of \$300,000 to endow a chair of Economics and Political Science at Washington and Lee University has recently been completed by the generosity of New York men of affairs. Mrs. S. P. Lee, of New York, left the same institution, a few weeks ago, a bequest of \$20,000. Henry O. Havermeyer gave \$20,000 towards a new heating plant for Bryn Mawr College, and nobody would ever have known anything about it had not the real famine come. The estate of A. C. Hutchinson, it is just announced, proves so much more satisfactory than had been anticipated that the Medical Department of Tulane University in New Orleans will profit from it to the extent of nearly a million dollars.



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The Waxing Power of the Journalist

Some one has defined journalism as "the art of disguising your ignorance in order to add to other people's." If so, the United States is growing more and more ignorant. Wendell Phillips said, in 1861, that "types are the fathers of democrats." If so, democracy in the United States is striking deeper and deeper root. The same gifted orator and reformer, defining a Boston audience hostile to his own side, pointing to the representatives of the press before him: "Hear on. I speak to 30,000,000 here." How vastly greater now both population and circulation of the daily newspaper!

There has just come from the Census Bureau a bulletin showing the striking increase in circulation of the periodicals of this country during the decade 1890-1900—an increase certainly not slackened during the nearly two years which have passed since the census was taken.

In 1900 there were published 18,226 newspapers and periodicals of all kinds, an increase of 22.3 per cent. Of these, 2226 were dailies, 12,978 weeklies, and 1817 monthlies. Comparison with the census report of 1890 shows that there has been a marked falling off in the number of journals devoted to special aspects of knowledge—the percentage of decline varying from 42 per cent. in society and art journals to 7.1 per cent. in religious periodicals.

But while there has been this marked falling off in the number—if not in the total circulation—of journals devoted to special provinces of news and opinion, there has been, as might be expected, an equally striking gain in the number of and circulation of daily newspapers and monthly periodicals.

Thus, in 1890 there were 1610 dailies with a total circulation per issue of 8,287,188 copies. In 1900 there were 2226 dailies with a total circulation per issue of 15,102,156 copies. In 1890 there were 1734 monthly periodicals, with a circulation per issue of 10,824,028; in 1900 the number had risen to 1817 and the circulation to 30,318,867 copies per month. Multiplying this by twelve and you have the circulation by the year; multiply this by five, the estimated number of persons who read a periodical, and you begin to have some conception of the place in the intellectual furnishing of the people which the monthly magazines of this country play. The late Rev. Dr. Richard S. Storrs, of Brooklyn, who in his day had few peers among American clergymen as a thinker and orator, said, in 1880, describing the Success and Guarantees of National Progress: "Either one of several of our current magazines is a better exponent of the modern civilization than the Parthenon was of the Hellenic, or the Forum Romanum of that which reared from the Tiber."

The common-school system graduates each year an ever-increasing number of intelligent, acquisitive readers. Applied science has made the process of printing and illustrating large editions possible. Better appreciation of the profit to business of advertising has stimulated income, which makes possible large outlay for attractive contributors, authors, and illustrators. Last, but not least, with the coming of rural delivery and better postal facilities, the area of swift distribution of the product of editor, contributor, and printer has been vastly increased.

The newspaper of to-day, to quote Professor H. S. Nash in his *Ethics and Recreations*, is "the symbol of the widened social responsibility of the race." "Wonderful to him that has eyes to see it right by is the newspaper," is the word of Hester Wilson, in Lowell's "The Pious Editor's Creed," which bit of satire has for its

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prove appendic one of the finest appreciations of the place of journalism in life which have ever been written.

Years after writing this in the immortal *Highway Papers*, when he was representing the United States at the Court of St. James's, Mr. Lowell addressed a company of journalists in London, and to them he said that he felt as if he were talking to the ear of Dionysius, at the other end of which the world was listening. He asked his attractive hearers—journalists—whether they were aware "to how great an extent" they "had supplanted the pulpit, to how great an extent you have supplanted even the deliberative assembly. You have assumed responsibilities, I should say, heavier than man ever assumed before. You wield an influence entirely without precedent hitherto in human history."

About the same time, 1883 (Mr. Lowell spoke in 1884), President Eliot of Harvard University was writing on "The Education of Clergymen," and in his article he pointed out the changed conditions under which the clergyman of that time did his work compared with the conditions of the colonial days. He said that formerly "the weekly sermons and prayer-meetings were almost the sole intellectual exercises in the last century, except for the very few who could afford the luxury of books. In our time, four days' labor of one man will pay for more reading-matter than an ostentatious farmer's family will care to read in a year, namely, a local paper, a religious paper, a magazine, and some cheap editions of current books. The minister in the quietest village, as well as in the manufacturing town and great seaport, is in competition with this new teacher, the press, which, by the regular and frequent mails, delivers its lessons in every household."

In those two quotations from Mr. Lowell and President Eliot we see what the relative influence of press and pulpit seemed to be in the eighties. The most ardent advocate of the pulpit will scarcely claim that its power has increased as much relatively, during the two decades since these expert students of society passed judgment, as has the power of the press.

Nor is the journalist seen to be any less potent when we turn to the art of government and to the realm of statecraft. "If I could not be a king I would be a journalist," said King Humbert of Italy. The two most distinctive gatherings which Prince Henry of Prussia attended in this country were those of the captains of industry and of the journalists, and his deference to the power of the journalist was so obvious that it occasioned remark in Germany. "It is not too much to say," said Justice Simon Baldwin, of the Connecticut Supreme Court, at a recent meeting of the National Bar Association, "that modern government could not exist without its support from journalism, and this less from the direct influence it exerts than from the publicity and close scrutiny of official action which it secures. Until a hundred years ago legislatures the world over sat with closed doors.

With such waxing power in shaping the thought and action of men it becomes imperative that the journalist should stand for the highest social ideals and for the greatest degree of independence of thought and action possible. And it is the testimony of those whose opportunity for observation has extended over the requisite number of years that never was the press of the country so untrammeled by passion, sectarian, and racial prejudices as to-day. If both journalist and clergyman, speaking *ex cathedra* in sermon and editorial, speak with less authority than formerly, it is because the basis of authority is shifting from opinion to fact, and both readers and hearers are saying, with increasing emphasis: "Give us the data of life. We will form our own conclusions."

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Illustrated by Florence Sargent Adams

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HARPER'S WEEKLY

SATURDAY
FEBRUARY 21
1903

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Edited by GEORGE HARVEY

*The President and General Wood
at the White House*

*The Inauguration of President
Humphreys of Stevens Institute*

American Wireless Telegraphy

New 'Round-the-World Time-Table

GEORGE WASHINGTON

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*Sixteen Pages of Comment on
Politics, Literature, and Life*

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FOUR
DOLLARS
A YEAR



HARPER & BROTHERS NEW YORK

HARPERS BOOK NEWS

THE PRIDE OF TELLFAIR

Elmore Elliott Peake, by his new novel, "The Pride of Tellfair," published yesterday, bids fair to outdo the success which was attained by his first book, "The Darlingtons." The business, the pleasures, and the ambitions of a thriving lawyer form a background for a love story told in a way wholly novel. The life of a middle Western town is pictured with photographic fidelity, and the characters introduced are real, convincing, alive—the people one meets to-day in prosperous towns. The book entertains in every line.

THE MYSTERY OF SLEEP

A new edition of "The Mystery of Sleep" also made its appearance yesterday, so thoroughly revised and rewritten as to be practically a new book. Mr. John Bigelow, the author, has put into his work a lifetime of thought and experience; it is his theory that during sleep there is a return of the soul to its source, and that this, and not the mere physical regeneration of man, is the true, final function of sleep. Mr. Bigelow puts his views ably and earnestly, and with a logic that is convincing in its appeal.

THE NEW BOY AT DALE

Another new book published yesterday is "The New Boy at Dale," by Charles Edward Rich. This is a story for boys, dealing with the many adventures that befall the "new boy" at Dale school. The story is full of incident, and the spirit of adventure breathes through it all with strong appeal to the young reader. It is a healthy, clean story of the kind that boys love and with the right sort of ending.

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HARPER & BROTHERS, FRANKLIN SQUARE, NEW YORK

HARPER'S WEEKLY

VOL. XLVII.

New York, Saturday, February 21, 1903—Illustrated Section

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GEORGE WASHINGTON

From a hitherto unpublished painting made by his physician, Dr. C. E. Dick, in 1799

See page 300

'ROUND-THE-WORLD TIME-TABLE

DIRTY-TWO NAGELMAEKERS, a well-known railway official of Belgium, recently announced that within a year it would be possible to go around the world in forty days. This may be accomplished when the improvements in the Siberian railroad, which are being rushed by four-in-ais, are completed, and a fast steamship service from Port Arthur or Vladivostok to Japan is in operation. The quickest available time at present is fifty-two days.

Herr Nagelmaekers gave this schedule as one that might be made: Paris to Vladivostok, thirteen days; to Nagasaki, two days; to Yokohama, two days; to Vancouver, twelve days; to New York, four days; to Cherbourg, six days; to Paris, one-half day; total, thirty-nine and a half days. All this is predicated upon the theory that the traveller would have waiting for him at Vladivostok, Nagasaki, and New York the fastest steamships available.

The usual time from Moscow to the Pacific coast now is eight

or Vladivostok to Yokohama in four days will be the greatest difficulty. With that arranged satisfactorily, and with steamships waiting, it would be possible for the traveller to keep within the forty days' schedule.

As the journey is made at present, one may start from Paris at 8.25 p.m., going by way of Berlin and Warsaw, and reach Moscow at 2.30 p.m. on the second day. Leaving Moscow at 9.33 p.m. the same night, if the departure from Paris is timed to catch the semi-weekly Siberian express, one reaches Irkutsk eight days later. In Irkutsk there is a wait of twenty-four hours, and then an eight days' trip to Port Arthur. Then one crosses the narrow channel to Chefoo, or one may take a steamer direct from Port Arthur. It is a five days' trip from there to Nagasaki, and four days more by steamer to Yokohama. Twelve days later one arrives in Vancouver, six days afterwards in New York, and in another six and a half, or say six, one reaches Paris—a total of fifty-two or fifty-two and one-half days. This is the shortest



Bird's-eye View of Shortest and most Direct Route around the World

ten days, but it may be done more quickly. For example: Prince Komatsu, of Japan, by special arrangement with the Russian government, made the journey eastward on the railroad last year in thirteen and one-half days. This was equivalent to fifteen and one-half days from Paris. To reduce the time to thirteen days from Paris to the Pacific would seem to be entirely within bounds when the Siberian railroad improvements are finished. Four days is too small an allowance, with present accommodations, in which to reach Yokohama, the journey now occupying fully eight days. Twelve days in Vancouver is not unreasonable, and, indeed, it is probable that, with exceptional weather, it could be made in ten days. There is no immediate probability that the journey to New York from Vancouver could be made, except in special arrangement, in less than five days. The traveller would go by the Canadian Pacific to Moscow, thence to St. Paul and Chicago, where a " flyer " could be taken for New York. From New York to Paris, six days and one-half is ample. To get from Port Arthur

time in which it is possible to make the journey now, and that is conditional upon catching steamers at Port Arthur and Nagasaki without the slightest delay. It is altogether probable that, even with the closest figuring, there would be delays of from ten to twelve days in waiting for steamships, and therefore no one could really expect, except under extraordinary conditions, to make the journey in much less than sixty-five days.

It will probably be three years before the Siberian railroad is in a satisfactory condition. By that time the train equipment will be adequate to the demands made upon it, and the roadbed and bridges and tunnels will be all that could be expected. The railroad has already witnessed the strain of transporting large military forces, and, as that is its chief object, it may be said, even now, to be a complete success. Then, if any traveller wishes to spend the money for special steamships and special trains, it will be entirely possible for him to go around the world in forty days or even a few hours less.



Drawn by George Gibbs

THE STRENUOUS LIFE IN THE WHITE HOUSE

At a White House reception the other day the President appeared with his arm bandaged, and it then developed that he and General Leonard Wood, during rainy days, were getting their exercise by having bouts at single-stick in the upper rooms of the Executive Mansion. In these days of vigorous Americanism it pleases the people to think that the head of the nation plays as hard as he works.

STIFFENING THE LIBERALS



SCENE.—A *real* in the *House of Commons*, lighted by *electric bulbs*. The Earl of Roschery, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, and Sir William Harcourt *are seated round a small table*.
 Roschery (*staring*). Who is he . . . who is he . . .
 Harcourt (*shrilly*). Oh, Roschery, shut up!
 Campbell-Bannerman. If we could only think of something. . .
 Roschery (*dolefully*). The world is out of joint!
 Harcourt. Roschery, you are a bird of ill omen. Hrace up!
 Roschery (*still more sadly*). That's just it. If I only could.
 Campbell-Bannerman (*with an air of original discovery*). If we could think of something, and stick to it. . .



Harcourt. "Roschery, you are a bird of ill omen."

Harcourt. Why, you old owl, of course we can't. That's the devil. . . .

[*The Sir William pronounces the last word the shade of the late Earl of Roschery begins to rise up slowly through the floor, in the traditional scarlet costume of Merksburgles.*]

Roschery (*with great severity*). Pardon my appearing thus abruptly, though not unsummoned. Sir William, I think it was my dear old parliamentary confrere Sir William, who mentioned our Chief . . . and as the Chief was busy, he was good enough to send me . . . Pray, command me. . . .
 Campbell-Bannerman (*aside to Roschery*). Ah, uncommonly like . . . ah . . . the late Lord Roschensfeld. . . .
 Roschery (*stringing his beads*). Angels and ministers of grave defend us!

Harcourt. Thought I couldn't be mistaken. . . . Why, at course it's Dizzy. Uncommonly glad to see you, Dizzy. Quite like old times, eh? . . . [*Whisks hands severely with the apparition.*]

Roschensfeld *offers his hand to Campbell-Bannerman, who takes it in a doubtful way, then to Roschery, who hesitates, shakes his head, and finally gives his hand with lapidary smoothness*. So pleased to shake hands with so distinguished a company. . . . And perhaps—I only say perhaps—before we part I may be of use to you. May I be so indiscreet as to ask why my old friend, my dear old friend, mentioned the Chief's name? . . .



The shade of Roschensfeld rises slowly through the floor

Harcourt (*looks at the others, then at Roschensfeld*). In confidence, of course! . . . In strictest confidence! . . .
 Roschensfeld (*stiffly*). Was I in the habit of betraying confidences! [*Then, abruptly*]. Oh, bother dignity! . . . Let's be practical. . . . The fact is, I'm sick and tired of the Buller gang, and want to try and give you boys a helping hand. . . .

Roschery (*doubtfully*). If we could only be sure. . . .
 Campbell-Bannerman (*interrupting*). The trouble is we don't seem to be able to agree on anything. . . .
 Roschensfeld (*with a sneeze of hard, practical sense*). The real trouble is this: Roschery has brains without nerve. Harcourt has nerve without brains. Sir Henry has neither. [*General conversation.*]

Harcourt. Look here. If you'll promise not to tell that to Chamberlain. . . .
 Roschensfeld. Did I not promise confidence? Did I not say I was sick of them? Unscrupulous, yet not strong. Smart, yet without downright. Pig-headed, yet yet resolute. . . . My heavens! . . .

Harcourt (*seriously*). Ahem!
 Roschensfeld. What? Oh, certainly. . . . the expression was inapt. . . . But you know what I mean. If you want a real policy. . . .

All together, Oh, above all things! . . .
 Roschensfeld (*with hard intellectual force*). Then note everything the others do, and do the exact opposite. Landowne has mixed

Roschensfeld. "Principles? Did I say principles?"



you up with Germany against Russia. . . . Very good. . . . Take the side of Russia against Germany. . . .
 Harcourt (*astounded*). Why, Dizzy, and the Berlin Treaty? . . . Your principles! . . .

Roschensfeld (*in the same hard style*). Principles? Did I say principles? . . . You are thinking of *ghosts*. . . . Politics is not an affair of principles; it is an affair of fact. Was I not always with the facts? Go in with Russia. The day of Russia is coming. Drop Germany like a hot potato. And drop this Christianism of Buller's. . . . Get the brains of the snub-nosed Saxons stirred up. . . . Compel your people to learn . . . give South Africa to the Hollanders—they will have it in any case. . . . and if you give it now, they will be eternally grateful. . . . find some way of purifying Ireland. . . . borrow their hoists, instead of driving them abroad. Do this, and you carry all before you. . . .
 Roschery (*staring dully*). It sounds wise, if we could only. . . .
 Roschensfeld (*shrilly*). I was over-accused a fool. . . . I can give you a policy, but can you follow it? You play your cards so badly. . . . [*Audibly sighs*]. Why, that is it! You lack the training. Let us get our hands in at the great American game. . . .

Roschery. The what? . . .
 Campbell-Bannerman. Forming trusts? . . .
 Harcourt. Why, no! Poker!
 Roschensfeld. Dear old Harcourt. He always understands! Yes, poker, of course. . . .
 Roschery. I'm afraid I don't know what poker is. . . .
 Campbell-Bannerman. I always forget the hands. . . .
 Roschensfeld. Precisely. I see you need the training. Well, it grows late, and I have—ah—an appointment. Meet me again to-morrow, and we shall begin.

[*Disappears slowly through the floor.*]



Drawn by Henry McCarver

See page 425

Inauguration of President Humphreys of Stevens Institute

WITH the inauguration of Alexander C. Humphreys, Stevens Institute of Technology enters upon a new era. The inaugural ceremonies were held in the Carnegie Laboratory of Engineering, at the Institute, and were followed by a dinner at Sherry's tendered to the President by the Alumni Association, at which representatives of leading universities and colleges and other prominent men were present. Among the inauguration speakers were President Charles F. Thwing, who spoke on behalf of the universities, and President Henry S. Pritchett, of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, who spoke of the aims and achievements of schools of engineering. Mr. Andrew Carnegie paid a special tribute to the late President Morton, and contrasted the career of a financier with the "infinitely higher" one of an educator. The oath of office was administered by Chancellor Magie, following which the new president made an address outlining his future policy.

The increasing number of students at Stevens has necessitated some changes. While the original endowment, supplemented by the subsequent gifts of Dr. Morton and of the Stevens family, was ample for the number of students formerly accommodated, it is inadequate for the work that the Institute is now called upon to do. Mr. Carnegie's gift and endowment of a Laboratory of Engineering assisted much, but more and larger lecture rooms and laboratories are required. The Morton Chemical Laboratory will shortly be erected with funds subscribed by President Morton and the Alumni. Dormitories are to be built; funds for one have been subscribed, provision made for the erection of two others shall be obtained. The removal of the Carnegie Laboratory apparatus from the main building set free the ground floor which is now being fitted up as a machine shop. The present machine shop will be converted into a much-needed auditorium.

At the dinner Professor Marburg announced that the University of Pennsylvania would shortly confer upon President Humphreys the degree of Doctor of Science. Among the speakers of the evening

were the Hon. Franklin Murphy, Governor of New Jersey, Colonel E. A. Stevens, son of the founder, and the Right Rev. Frederick Burgess, Bishop of Long Island, and many prominent engineers and college representatives.

President Humphreys is a graduate of Stevens. While Superintendent of the Greenville Gaslight Company, of Bayonne, New Jersey, he was allowed to attend certain lectures and recitations at the Institute. His natural abilities and power for work were such that he graduated in four years, with great credit in the Class of 1881, which so impressed the faculty that they passed a special resolution expressing their esteem. He continued in the gas business after graduating, and was Superintendent of the United Gas Improvement Company, of Philadelphia, for ten years, in which position he did more than any other man to advance the practical and commercial state of the art. He finally established the firm of Humphreys & Glasgow, Gas Engineers, for the construction of water-gas apparatus in England, and for consultation business in America. In addition to this he has been successfully connected with many other enterprises. In accepting the presidency in response to the unanimous request of the Faculty, Board of Trustees and Alumni, Mr. Humphreys sacrificed much for the love of his Alma Mater and his interest in the development of young men.

Much has been done to improve the buildings and grounds at Stevens, one feature being the installation in the drawing-rooms of an electric-light system of special construction. A new and improved roster has been adopted, by which more time is allowed for athletics, and some improvements have been made in broadening the course.

The advent of a new President, with marked scientific and business ability and energy, who will carry out the ideas of his predecessor, and devote himself to the advancement of the Institute, is a source of much satisfaction to all who are interested in the best progress of technical education in this country.



Charles F. Thwing, Chancellor Macomber, Henry S. Pritchett, President Humphreys, S. Bayard East

Andrew J. Magie



ALEXANDER C. HUMPHREYS

Who has just been elected President of Stevens Institute

American Wireless Telegraphy

IN the public mind, Signor Marconi and wireless telegraphy are pretty nearly one; he is all of it. And for this there is some reason. Marconi was the first in the field, the first to send a wireless message several miles, the first to reach a hundred miles, and the first to cross the sea. He has had the lead, and he has it now. And this, in the face of a perfect host of competitors, is a big achievement for a young man still under thirty. He deserves all the fame he has won.

Nevertheless, wireless telegraphy would probably be about where it is now, save precedence for crossing the Atlantic, if Marconi had never been, and it is not impossible he may yet be beaten on his own game. If he is, it will come about in this way:

The device which made wireless signaling possible was the very well-known coherer. This was not in the remotest sense Marconi's invention. He merely took it, all ready made, and modified it in a way to make it much more sensitive. In this, and some other details, he secured rather broad patents. The alternative to other aspiring inventors was to go round the coherer, so to speak, or give up.

They went round, and in so doing discovered other devices much more sensitive than the coherer that the latter was left in the shade. It has now been abandoned, for all long-distance work, and by Marconi himself.

What is true of the coherer is more or less true of all the various details of sending and receiving. For example, in the beginning the electric waves were produced with a Ruhmkorff coil. This is essentially a laboratory instrument, and produces waves of enormous "frequency," that is, a million or two oscillations per second. Such high frequencies are not needed, and are ineffective. The induction coil has now been generally replaced by an ordinary alternating dynamo, coupled with a step-up transformer to raise the generating current to the required tension. These are everyday machines that can be bought anywhere. Signor Marconi has followed this procedure in his transatlantic work.

Again, the old Morse "inker," coupled with the coherer, and employed to register the wireless messages, was a very clumsy affair, and has now been replaced by an ordinary Bell telephone. So with many other technical points, such as using large "capacitors"—electrical reservoirs, so to speak, to store large quantities of electricity where they could be suddenly loosed; the employment of the closed "tuned" circuit, instead of the open circuit, as in the old way, and so on.

Now the special point of the matter is that practically all these improvements are of American invention, and are covered by American patents. And two big companies are in the field which will test Signor Marconi's right to employ the new methods. Forced to do new things, American inventors have found better ways; while Marconi, with splendid courage, has been tackling the long-distance problem, and brilliantly bridging the Atlantic. They have gone ahead more quietly and worked out systems which seem more practicable from a commercial point of view. The first of the American systems to achieve a practical success was that originated by Dr. Lee de Forest. He had taken his degree at

Yale on a study of the Hertz waves, so the electric waves are generally called, and so came to wireless with a solid equipment. He employs the ordinary alternating dynamo and transformer, and seems to have been the first to do so. For the rest, his system is based on a receiver, or responder, as he calls it, working on exactly the opposite principle to the old coherer. It is a de-coherer, and altogether an amazing affair. A very weak current is made to flow round a circuit and through the responder. When the Hertzian waves arrive they break this current. In a telephone introduced in the circuit, you hear a buzz, or rather a hum. The break is due to the formation of little air bubbles between the loose contacts of the responder. These air bubbles are instantly absorbed,—so rapidly in fact, that a succession of waves can be made to break the current a thousand or more times a minute. With the de Forest system it is possible to send as fast as in ordinary telegraphy—that is, fifty or sixty words a minute. The messages are taken by an operator listening in a telephone, just as if it were ordinary Morse telegraphy.

It is all so simple that it reads like a fairy tale. But it took a deal of patience and hard work to achieve; and there were weary days when no one could be found to invest a dollar; hospital days, too, when the money did run, and an over-keen young man worked himself to a breakdown.

In recent competitive trials, the de Forest system appears to have won the government's favor, for both the War and Navy departments are equipping stations with its apparatus. It has been successfully employed between Washington and Annapolis—an overland test. Now it is making for the Pacific, and it may not be many months before we shall be in touch, by wireless, with our new possessions in the Philippines.

The second system of wholly American origin is that of Professor R. A. Fessenden, Professor of Electric Engineering in the Western University of Pennsylvania at Allegheny. These patents have only recently been taken out, although the first application dates from nearly four years ago. They cover a comprehensive plan, strikingly new in many details, and altogether the most up to date in the field.

Professor Fessenden's receiver is neither a coherer nor a de-coherer. The electric waves are merely made to heat a marvellously thin wire, through which a very weak electric current constantly flows. The effect of this heating is to vary the current and operate a telephone. It is a good deal on the principle of Professor Langley's bolometer, the tiny machine which will register the heat of a candle a mile and a half away. The heating surface, however, is confined to a bit of wire 1/5000 of an inch thick. It is invisibly small, and is enclosed in a vacuum and a metal shell.

Professor Fessenden calculates that this receiver is about 40,000 times as sensitive as the best types of the coherer. He has operated over fifty miles with a spark 1/32 of an inch across, where it required a flash 3 1/2 inches long to actuate a coherer over the same distance. Probably with a device like this, Signor Marconi would have had no need for the tremendous outpour of energy which he used in signaling across the Atlantic.



Professor R. A. Fessenden



Dr. Lee de Forest



Sketches from the play by Genjirō Yano

DAVID BELASCO

Whose presentation of the Japanese play "The Darling of the Gods," this winter, has put him in the front rank of stage-managers in this country



A NIGHT AT THE METROPOLITAN CLUB

The Metropolitan Club in Washington, whose membership comprises army and navy officers, diplomats, and statesmen, is always a place where the uniforms of foreign nations sit about gossiping with our own army and navy.



AFTER A FUNCTION AT THE WHITE HOUSE

...interesting spot in the capital, but never more so than after some official reception at the White House. Men in the ornate
...in their full-dress uniforms, giving the rooms the color of a European court



MRS. EDSON F. GALLAUDET

On February 14, Miss Marian Cockrell, the daughter of Senator Cockrell, was married in Washington to Mr. Edson F. Gallaudet. Both the young people are residents of Washington, and the wedding was one of the social events of the season.

HARPER'S WEEKLY

JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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COMMENT

At the hour when we write, it is still undetermined just how much of the controversy between the three allied powers and Venezuela will be referred to the Hague tribunal. It is settled, apparently, that each of the three protocols to be signed by Mr. Bowen, on the one hand, and by the representatives of Great Britain, Germany, and Italy separately, on the other, shall provide only for the payment of \$27,500 in cash to each of the allies, and for a reference of the question of preferential treatment to the Hague Court of Arbitration. But how are the validity and amount of the claims put forward by each of the blockading powers to be determined? By negotiation with Mr. Bowen, or by a subsequent reference of these matters also to the Hague tribunal, or by a reference to arbitrators, to be agreed upon by the parties? As the claims include demands not only for pecuniary indemnities for grievances or wrongs, but also for the payment of ordinary debts, some of which are disputed at Caracas, it is improbable that any agreement can be reached between Mr. Bowen and the representatives of the three blockading powers. A reference either to arbitrators selected for this specific purpose, or to the permanent Court of Arbitration at The Hague, will, of course, involve a long delay in the adjudication on the claims.

There is no doubt that the submission of the initial question of preferential or separate treatment for the three blockading powers to the Hague tribunal is a triumph for Mr. Bowen and a rebuff for Sir Michael Herbert, the British plenipotentiary. It will be remembered that the latter originally demanded that thirty per cent. of the customs revenue of La Guayra and Puerto Cabello should be set aside for the three blockading powers jointly, and that this percentage should constitute a first charge on the revenue, other powers, like France, the claims of which had been recognized by treaty instead of being enforced by war, to take what they could get, after the allies had been provided for. Mr. Bowen declined to assent to this arrangement, on the ground, first, that it would put a premium on war as compared with pacific measures, and, secondly, that it would provide a pretext for the maintenance of an alliance between the blockading pow-

ers for a considerable period, which would cover, he thought, at least six years. He was entirely justified in adding that such a prologation of the alliance would be viewed with surprise and regret on this side of the Atlantic. Unquestionably he employed un diplomatic language when he described the proposed arrangement as a "trick" devised in order to secure a continuance of the alliance, and he very properly withdrew the word. The position which he took, however, and which, fortunately, was made public, had a wholesome effect upon the British Foreign Office, which, whatever may have been its original intention, hastened to disavow any wish to prolong the alliance, and agreed that Venezuela's concession should be embodied in three separate protocols, instead of in a joint instrument. That is undoubtedly a great gain; for public opinion, both in Great Britain and in the United States, will compel the British Foreign Office to renounce the alliance with Germany and Italy as soon as the separate protocols are signed. Sir Michael Herbert, on his part, was not justified in insulting Mr. Bowen, the plenipotentiary of Venezuela, by going over his head and proposing that President Roosevelt should decide the question of preferential treatment. The President quickly made it known that he could be no party to the slight put upon a Latin-American republic, and that as Mr. Bowen had not concurred with the representatives of the blockading powers in requesting him to serve as arbitrator, he must decline to act. Under the circumstances there was nothing left for the British ambassador to do but to assent to Mr. Bowen's previous proposal that the question of preferential treatment should be referred to the Court of Arbitration at The Hague.

There is very little doubt in the minds of international lawyers as to the decision of that tribunal. That court was organized to promote peace and to minimize the incentives to war. It would prove false to the purpose for which it was created and would practically commit suicide were it to assert the principle that claims pressed by belligerent powers shall take precedence of claims previously embodied in treaties, or voluntarily recognized by the debtor country in pursuance of pacific negotiations. On the contrary, the Hague tribunal will probably hold that claims which have been previously acknowledged by treaty, or in agreements reached by diplomacy, must take precedence of claims for the subsequent enforcement of which resort was made to war. Undoubtedly, by such a decision, the British and German Foreign Offices would be made a laughing-stock; but that is the opinion of the British as well as the American public, is just what they deserve. We add that, since the divulgence of the Herbert-Bowen incident, the British ministerial press has ceased to lay at Germany's door the whole responsibility for protracting the negotiations, and for the bitterness of the feeling aroused in the United States by the blockade. We shall ultimately learn whether Great Britain or Germany is primarily accountable for the attempt to bully Venezuela, and to extort by war a preference over claims which had already been conceded by treaty or in response to pacific representations.

We have discussed elsewhere the measures to which the anti-trust legislation of the Fifty-seventh Congress seems likely to be confined. We have formerly pointed out that the capitalists connected with the United States Steel Corporation have favored the Nelson publicity amendment to the Department of Commerce bill, which has been adopted by the conferees. We suppose that no greater blunder was ever committed than that imputed to Mr. John D. Rockefeller, who, in the interest of the Standard Oil Company, is reported to have tried at the last moment to defeat the Nelson amend-

ment. On the evening of Friday, February 6, no fewer than six United States Senators are said to have received identical telegrams, signed "John D. Rockefeller," to the effect that the Nelson amendment should be defeated, and that "our" lawyer would be in Washington on the following morning. Whether these telegrams were really sent or not, the lawyer of the Standard Oil Company duly arrived, and saw two of the most influential Republican members of the Senate, but was sent back by them to New York on the first train out of Washington, in the hope of preventing his mission from being known. It further appeared that one of the House conferees had received from an important member of the House of Representatives an emasculated provision for publicity to be substituted for the Nelson amendment. It was also discovered that the emasculated provision had been framed by the attorneys for the Standard Oil Company, and placed by them in the hands of a representative supposed to have sufficient authority with the House conferees to induce them to insist upon it. The result of the discoveries was that the conferees on Saturday agreed unanimously to the Nelson amendment.

The exposure of the course pursued by the Standard Oil Company will naturally make it exceedingly dangerous for any member of the House of Representatives to oppose the adoption of the report of the committee of conferees. Curiously enough, the friends of the Standard Oil Company in the House of Representatives have not only refrained from opposing the Littlefield anti-trust bill, but have favored the passage of that measure. Their motive would be obvious if it be true that Mr. Littlefield's divergence from the carefully framed language used by Attorney-General Knox in his draft of a provision intended to assure publicity would have the effect of making the bill, if passed, unconstitutional. It is reported on good authority that Attorney-General Knox, after reading the text of the Littlefield measure, has expressed grave doubt regarding his ability to sustain it before the United States courts.

It may be taken for granted that the President will not convene the Senate in special session after the 4th of March, provided anti-trust legislation, regarded by him as sufficient to begin with, is enacted, and provided the Panama Canal treaty and the Cuban reciprocity treaty are ratified. There is no reason to suppose that the Senate would be called together in order to secure its ratification of the Alaska treaty, or of the Newfoundland reciprocity treaty. Both of the last-named conventions seem doomed. The objection made by the New England Senators to the Bond-Hay treaty seems to be regarded by their colleagues as decisive, the objection, namely, that the interests of New England fishermen would be sacrificed by a ratification of that agreement. As for the Alaska boundary treaty, the opposition to it is no longer confined to Northwestern Senators, but has extended to Senators from the Middle West. The opponents of the treaty point out that in the proposal made by the Joint High Commission in 1899 to revise the definition of the Alaska boundary to six jurists, three of whom were to be appointed by the President of the United States, and three by the Judicial Committee of the British Privy Council, there was a provision that Skagway, Dyas, and other settlements on tide-water, made under the authority of the United States, should be excluded from the operation of the decision, even if one should be rendered through the concurrence of an American jurist with the three British members of the tribunal. The American members of the Joint High Commission also refused in 1899 to consent to a delimitation of the boundary by six jurists, three from each nation, unless it should be expressly stipulated that where the word "coast" occurred in the treaty concluded between Russia and Great Britain in 1825, it should be understood that the coast of the continent was intended. Neither of these provisions has been taken in the treaty negotiated by Secretary Hay, and the result is that many Republican Senators from the West declined to sanction it.

It is still believed that the Cuban reciprocity treaty will be ratified, either before March 4, or subsequently in a special session of the Senate. Senator Burrows of Michigan and other friends of the beet-sugar interest who opposed the

treaty a year ago are now inclined, it is said, to vote for it, provided it be amended by a provision that for five years the reduction of the Dingley duty on sugar, which is to be conceded to Cuba, shall not be granted to any other foreign country. The Louisiana Senators, however, will do their best to defeat the reciprocity agreement, and it is expected that they will have some supporters, but not enough to carry out their purpose. The ratification of the Panama Canal treaty has been delayed by Senator Morgan of Alabama, who insists that the interests of the United States require the document to be amended in several particulars. We have previously pointed out that, in international law, there is no ground for his objection that President Marroquin is a usurper, and that the present Bogota administration is only a *de facto* government. There is no doubt that a *de facto* government, once recognized by the United States, is qualified to negotiate with us a treaty which would be hindering upon Colombia.

There is no reason to suppose that there is an atom of foundation for another assertion made by Mr. Morgan, that the representatives of our Navy Department on the isthmus bribed the Colombian insurgents to lay down their arms by a promise that they should receive \$3,000,000 in gold. It is quite possible that the Bogota government made such a promise, and that this promise caused it to demand that the bonus to be paid in cash by the United States should be raised from \$7,000,000 to \$10,000,000. But what had or has our Navy Department or our State Department to do with agreements entered into between the Bogota government and the Colombian rebels? There is no doubt that Mr. Hay obtained from President Marroquin a hundred-year lease of a canal strip, with an option of renewal, just as cheaply as he could. Had he not consented to pay the \$10,000,000 bonus which was ultimately demanded, the negotiations would have proved abortive.

A measure of great importance to business men and lawyers—and, indeed, to the whole community—is the bill which was signed by the President on February 5, and by which the bankruptcy law of 1898 was materially amended. We observe, in the first place, that by the new law preferred creditors of a person who soon afterwards becomes a bankrupt are not debared from having other claims passed upon by a failure to surrender the amount received. In pursuance of a decision of the United States Supreme Court, a preferred creditor may now retain the amount paid, provided, of course, the payment was not fraudulent, while at the same time, as regards debts unpaid, he will share the rights of other creditors. Another important amendment provides that the appointment of a receiver for an insolvent corporation shall be deemed an act of bankruptcy, entitling the creditors to choose their own trustee. Among the objections to a discharge which are included in the new law is the giving of a false mercantile statement, or the proof that a voluntary bankrupt has sought to go through bankruptcy more than once in six years. The bill just enacted also adds to the list of debts from which a bankrupt cannot be relieved by a discharge in bankruptcy. Among these additions are debts to wife and children, and alimony; also any sum due under a judicial decision to a seduced woman or for the support of an illegitimate child. We note, finally, that the list of corporations permitted to go into voluntary bankruptcy will hereafter include mining corporations, and that the fees of referees and trustees are to be increased on an average by about fifty per cent. of the fees hitherto allowed by law.

The announcement made on February 5 by J. Edward Addicks to the twenty-one Union Republicans in the Delaware Legislature that he will not be a candidate at this time for either the short term or the long term in the United States Senate has placed the ten regular Republicans in a dilemma. The latter do not want to go into caucus with the Union Republicans because they would be outnumbered more than two to one, and two Addicks men would be made the candidates of the party. But on what plea can they refuse to co-operate with their fellow-Republicans, now that Addicks has withdrawn? Their first excuse was that the withdrawal was a trap, the plan of the Union Republicans being alleged to be that, after the two Addicks men had been

lected to the United States Senate, one of them would resign, so that Addicks himself might be appointed by the Governor to fill the vacancy. This pretext served only for a day or two, because Governor Huan, who is universally respected, announced that under no circumstances would he appoint either Addicks or his chief antagonist in the ranks of the Regulars to fill a vacancy. After this announcement the Regulars fell back on the assertion that what they are opposed to is not merely Addicks himself, but Addicksism. This is a departure from the ground taken by the Regulars two years ago, when they professed that it was only Addicks to whom they objected. Should they now revert to their former plan, they may offer to vote for one Senator (not Addicks) to be named by the Union Republicans, on condition that the latter, in return, will select for the other Senatorship one of ten candidates to be designated by the Regular faction. For a time they seemed disposed to insist that, unless two Regulars should be sent to the Senate through the co-operation of the Union Republicans or of the Democrats, the State of Delaware should continue to be unrepresented in the Federal Senate.

Why, it may be asked, should not the ten Regular Republicans co-operate to send two Democrats of high character and approved ability to the Senate, or, at least, concede one of the Senatorships to the Democratic party? Do the Regular Republicans assume that they monopolize the political talents and the public virtue of Delaware? Time will show whether, in spite of their professions, they have had some other end in view besides the welfare of their State. We repeat that Addicks's withdrawal, coupled, as it is, with Governor Huan's refusal to appoint him to a vacancy under any circumstances, has placed the so-called Regular Republicans in an awkward predicament. One thing is certain, viz., that if Delaware is not represented in the Fifty-eighth Congress by two Republican or two Democratic Senators, or by one Senator of each party, it will be the fault of the Regulars.

A far more extreme view of the impending danger in China than any yet expressed has just been uttered by Dr. Robert Colman, Jr., who has long been connected with the Peking court as physician to Li Huan-Chang and several members of the royal family. Dr. Colman reminds us that at the beginning of June, 1900, he exhorted that a foreign war in China was inevitable, and we all know how swiftly his predictions were fulfilled. He tells us now, with the added weight of that ominous and successful prophecy to support him, that a foreign war in China is once more inevitable unless the powers determine to anticipate it by a rapid advance on Peking, and the immediate deposition of the Dowager Empress. This, he believes, will not be done; therefore his prophecy is one of war, certain, inevitable, and immediate. To feel the full force of his view we must follow the steps by which he has reached it. His closeness to the centre of power and to the Manch court has given him an opportunity to follow the inner causes of things, and he tells us what he has seen. First, and most important, he asserts that the Dowager Empress is still absolute ruler, and that her hatred of foreigners is deep and intense. We can well believe that the armed intervention of the powers did little to diminish that hatred. In her policy the Empress is able and enthusiastically seconded by the Chief Minister, Yung Lu—or Jung Lu, as Dr. Colman calls him. And both are in perfect harmony with the great fighting general Tung Fu-Hsiang, and with the exiled Prince Tuan, now busy drilling hardy Mongolian troops on the northern border of the Middle Kingdom. In other words, Dr. Colman tells us that to the triad of Tung Fu-Hsiang, Tuan, and Yung Lu, whose position we described in a recent issue, the Dowager Empress must be added as a fourth, and that the movement which we spoke of as being under the leadership of the triad is really being carried on under the shelter of the imperial throne. China, or rather the Manchu dynasty in China, has, in fact, determined once more to try conclusions with the foreign devil, and these most formidable personages are acting with a single mind and a single will.

We must frankly admit that the view of Dr. Colman looks very like the truth. The Empress Dowager has no reason to love the foreign devils, while her connivance at the uprising of two years ago was pretty clearly shown, and very generally

accepted and admitted. Therefore it is probable enough that she is once more working with Prince Tuan, Tung Fu-Hsiang, and Jung Lu for a new uprising. As we have said again and again, this anti-foreign crusade is not really a Chinese movement. It is a Manchu movement—a movement of the Manchu family which conquered China in the seventeenth century, and has since held that vast land under a military despotism. For this reason Dr. Colman suggests, as a sequel to his policy of dethroning the Empress, and, we presume, defeating Prince Tuan and Tung Fu-Hsiang, the establishment by the powers of a national Chinese dynasty. This seems to us mere doctrinaire politics. When was a dynasty ever imposed on a nation by a foreign power? And where are we to get our Chinese dynasty? The cold truth is that, if there were at present in China a man capable of heading and founding such a dynasty, he would have founded it already. The Manchus are on the throne solely because for three hundred years no Chinaman has been strong enough to drive them out and take their place. The Chinese character seems to lack the quality of collective intellect and will which enables one man to control the work of a number of others; and this lack is apparent in the civil and military organization of the country alike. If that power be lacking, no foreign action can supply it. As well invade a country to engraft on its inhabitants an appreciation of American humor. We may therefore look to the other alternative, a second invasion of China and an apportionment among the powers. What vast potentialities of trouble this entails a moment's thought will show. And it is a proof of the solidarity of the race that the Venezuelan tangle will definitely affect the movement of destiny in China; for instance, the strong reaction against Germany which has been passing over England will greatly lessen the inclination of Germany to play England's game in the Chinese sphere, and we may soon see the present Venezuelan allies at loggerheads as to the possession of the wealthy valley of the Yangtze-kiang. There is one sentence in the pronouncement of Dr. Colman which we shall do well to hold in mind when the outbreak he predicts shall have taken place. Dr. Colman tells us, in so many words, that the blackmail and general extortion practised by Catholic and Protestant converts upon their heathen neighbors for months after the arrival of the allied armies two years ago have sown seeds of bitter hatred that will reap a harvest of retaliation when the outbreak occurs. This is a side of the question we are too apt to overlook. We are too prone to assume that all the misdeeds are on the side of the heathen; to believe that the antagonism of China towards the foreigner is a piece of sheer perversity, a result of dense ignorance and original sin. It is wholesome for us to be told that he is as often sinned against as sinning.

Though Parliament does not meet for another week, the pressure of public opinion has compelled two Ministers to give voice to the views of the Balfour government. Through a singular coincidence, bothologists are interesting chiefly because they are distinguished sons of much more distinguished sires. Let us deal first with Austen Chamberlain, who is first the son of the Mar of Birmingham, and secondly the English Postmaster-General. On this occasion Austen Chamberlain appeared as his father's representative, at a dinner in his father's city, and what he says, therefore, is more from his father than from himself. And what he says is this: that the policy of coercion against Venezuela was conceived, proposed, and put in force primarily by England, and was not in any sense due to the instigation or overt influence of Kaiser Wilhelm. This thoroughly bears out what we have said, and also drives home the fact that Secretary Chamberlain must bear his full share of the responsibility, even though his present tour in South Africa makes it appear that the responsibility rests on other shoulders. Austen Chamberlain, speaking for his Majesty's Ministers, and especially for his father, the Colonial Secretary, resents the imputation that England has been hoodwinked. He says, in so many words, that every detail was arranged beforehand, and that England was, from the outset, fully aware of her responsibility; and he naturally adds that it would be dishonorable for England to withdraw from the German alliance merely because that alliance has proved distasteful to the United States. Then the adroit youth tries to stand on two stools at once. Having made it quite clear that England initiated that

policy of bullying which has proved so offensive, and having further declared that England would stand in with Germany to the end, he then began to hand bouquets to this country, very much in the manner of the sweet-tongued Baron Speck von Stornburg. He declared that if England's present course jeopardized her good relations with the United States, he would regard this as a calamity to the civilized world, and added that there was no nation whose good opinion Great Britain valued so highly as that of the United States. He went on to say that he thought it incredible that the United States should take umbrage at the joint action of Germany and England, and in every way made it clear that Germany's action had his entire approval, and the entire approval of the Balfour cabinet, including his own worthy sire, the Colonial Secretary.

The British Parliament opens under auspices of gloom. Never in the history of the empire did questions of such gravity loom up together for solution; and hardly ever in that empire's history did there seem to be less of the power to face and solve great issues in the Council Chamber of the nation. The Venezuelan matter offers difficulties formidable enough, and it is clear that the government will be faced by a storm of angry questionings as to the Anglo-German alliance. The speeches of Austen Chamberlain and Viscount Cranborne showed that the Balfour cabinet already feels keenly the pressure of popular disapproval; but the matter goes far deeper than the critics of the government seem willing to admit. To break with Germany over Venezuela, as English public opinion seems to wish, would be to provoke the hostility of Germany in the Far East, and, in all probability, to drive Germany into an understanding with Russia and France as to the disposition of China, thus reviving the conditions which squeezed Eneland's other anti-Russian ally, Japan, off the Asian mainland in 1896. Should Germany, France, and Russia act together in Asia, then England's influence in the Far East, already dimmed, would be finally doomed. And this consummation is hastened by every adverse criticism of the Anglo-German alliance, whether in or out of Parliament. With the recrudescence of the Chinese question, England ought to be doubly careful of offending Germany; yet a liberty of attack against the Anglo-German alliance is shown which is reckless in the last degree. Then there is the question of the Near East, about to be revived in Macedonia—a question on which England has so persistently taken the wrong side, as confessed even by Lord Salisbury himself. The recent protest against the passage of unarmed Russian torpedo-boats through the Dardanelles shows that the old bad spirit remains, precisely where it can do most harm, in the British Foreign Office. Any grave mistake, whether in the South-American question or in the much more serious questions of the Near and the Far East, will bring results to England which will be irremediable; and, unfortunately, the British cabinet seems to have a genius for mistakes.

From several English sources come suggestions that a happy solution of the matter would be the fall of the Balfour cabinet, and a reconstructed government under Secretary Chamberlain. These adherents of the Colonial Secretary seem to think that he had no part in the Venezuelan muddle, and Chamberlain's present visit to South Africa seems to hold him aloof from the South-American tangle. Yet the whole thing is as much his doing as it is Balfour's or Lansdowne's. In fact, the policy of armed bullying, undoubtedly initiated against Venezuela by England and not Germany, is the very essence of Chamberlain's creed and the true expression of his character. And we all remember how he heralded with joy the prospect of an Anglo-German alliance at the beginning of the South-African war, and how Comat van Billow snubbed him for so doing. Armed violence is and has always been the English tradition; and it is not conscience, but apprehension of hostility in this country, which is finding expression in the protests resounding over England. England intervened in precisely the same way in Mexico, in the days of Maximilian, when there was no question of Germany. Also it is largely the influence of Chamberlain which keeps England at odds with Russia, and therefore drives her into alliances with Germany or Japan, avowedly to resist Russia's Asian policy. Nor can we hope that the Colonial Secretary will see more clearly in the Near East, where the Russian hugarbar will

frighten him once more into siding with the Turk, as Chamberlain's political prototype, Beaconsfield, sided in the last Russo-Turkish war. Finally, it is clear that Chamberlain's peace tour in South Africa is largely a failure. If one man more than another incarnated in himself the splendid genius of the Boers, and won for them the admiration of the whole world, that man is the great De Wet; and De Wet has just declared war against the policy of the Colonial Secretary. We know very well that with De Wet words are something more than empty air; and we may confidently expect that if he is driven into a new campaign of agitation, the whole of South Africa will ring with his words, as it has already rung with his deeds. Here also the outlook for British Ministers is full of gloom. The most dangerous symptom of all is that they fail to realize the grave menace of the situation, and are once more drifting vaguely, as they drifted in the South-African war and into the quarred with Venezuela.

One of the anti-canal State Senators has introduced a bill in his branch of the New York State Legislature to strike out the section of the Constitution which forbids the sale of the State canals. The amendment has been introduced before. Senator Ambler's ostensible purpose in introducing it now is to clear the way for a possible sale of the Erie Canal to the Federal government. That plan is an old story, and it has a great deal to recommend it, provided the government could be induced to buy, but its use heretofore has been merely to stave off any serious attempt by the State to modernize its artificial waterway. There is another possible plan for making the antiquated Erie ditch a factor in contemporary life which is more rarely suggested and has been less discussed. The canal might be sold to a private corporation. The opponents of canal improvement declare that it is obsolete, and that no one would buy it, and that no private capitalist in his senses would dream of trying to put it into shape to compete with railroads. Still the possibility of such an attempt is talked about. The city of New York does not wish to see the old canal filled up, neither does Buffalo, and there are big towns on the Great Lakes which have an interest in the matter. There is private capital enough available to modernize the canal if sufficient inducement can be discovered, and it is argued that private capital would do the work a great deal cheaper than either State or nation could do it, and that the canal, as it is, is in such a wretched condition and so out of date in all its methods, that very little idea of its possibilities can be gathered from its present earning power.

Vermont decided by popular vote on February 4 to give itself enlarged discretion about the liquor traffic, and not to be a prohibition State any longer. In place of that drastic and ineffectual plan for snubbing thirst it has accepted local option. Presently the towns and cities of the State will vote, each for itself, whether to grant liquor licenses or not. In the recent election most of the towns favored prohibition, which votes pretty well in the more sparsely populated districts. They will doubtless vote "no license," and will be as well off as before. The cities vote for local option. In most cities, as every one except the prohibitionists knows, prohibitory laws are imperfectly enforced. The choice offered to the Vermont cities was no more than whether they should have liquor sold legally or illegally. They voted for a lawful traffic, and will doubtless decide to issue licenses. Believers in local option say that in Vermont the new plan will result in a smaller consumption of liquor than now, and in bettering the liquor consumed. The State has taken a forward step, which even Maine is likely soon to follow. Prohibition has been thoroughly tried in New England, and has been found wanting. The local-option system is a wiser method of restraint, and has the great merit of being enforceable.

Captain Hobson has resigned from the navy; the Secretary of the Navy has accepted his resignation with courteous reluctance, and the country will have to get along without his valuable services. The Captain is a good deal criticized for his action. He is a fluent speaker, and for four years has been conspicuously before the public. What he has had to say, about himself or anything else, has found ready admission to the newspapers, and it is likely that he has talked for publication somewhat too much. He is a man of sentiment and of enthusiasms, and such a man finds special

difficulties in appreciating the golden qualities of silence. He tried hard to be retired, on account of the condition of his eyes, but the naval retiring board, finding that he was as yet fit to perform his duties, did not feel authorized to retire him. It was then attempted to retire him by special act of Congress, but the bill was defeated. Mr. Hobson says its defeat was due to Congressman Bankhead of his own home district in Alabama, who saw in him a possible political rival. His reason for resigning is that his eyes, though still serviceable, are so much impaired that continuance at his work as naval constructor would probably result in the loss of his eyesight. If this opinion about his eyes is well founded, as appears, his resignation cannot justly be criticised. He is going to lecture, that being an occupation that does not strain the eyesight.

After all, American enterprise as exerted abroad is not yet all predatory. In spite of trade rivalries and imperialistic dreams, there are Americans in foreign lands who are working for the good of the countries where they are sojourning. If we ever get anything like a complete picture of what our soldiers did in the Philippines, there will be lights as well as shadows in it. It has pleased some good people in Boston to have a lecturer—Mr. Gibbs—tell the Twentieth Century Club that it was a common practice in the Philippines for American commanders, as soon as they got a section of country pacified, to open the schools, and detail soldiers to teach them, so that when Superintendent Atkinson got to the islands a start had already been made in teaching the Filipinos English. Not very much has ever been heard of this use of soldiers, but evidently there would have been no special trouble about recruiting school-teachers out of a regiment of American soldiers. Another instance of American altruism has demonstrated its persistence. There was a meeting in Boston the other day to raise sixty thousand dollars for buildings in Madrid for an American school for Spanish girls. This school was started twenty years ago by two American missionaries, and is said to be the only school in Spain for the higher education of girls. It has flourished, and seems to be growing in popularity, especially since the Spanish war. It is a Protestant school in a Catholic country, but its purpose seems to be not to convert Catholics to Protestantism, but to educate women. It seems an odd thing for even missionaries to do, to conduct a school in Spain for the education of Spanish girls, but this school at Madrid seems to be doing good.

The sale of books, manuscripts, and autographs, from the library of John G. Whittier, on February 6, in New York, yielded about ten thousand dollars. The purpose of the sale was to provide necessary funds for the care and permanent maintenance of the old Whittier Homestead, and the sum realized should go far towards making up the amount necessary. An autograph message of President Lincoln to Congress brought the highest price (\$845). The sale was a small matter compared with the great art-auctions which New York has seen this winter, but because of its purpose it is gratifying that it should have gone so well. Some exceedingly interesting letters, books, and manuscripts were offered, and the watchful collectors of this opulent town let none of them pass unappreciated. New York's eminence as a market for all rare and curious wares that collectors covet has been wonderfully attested by the remarkable sales of this winter.

The two-hundred-and-fiftieth anniversary of the reception of a charter by the city of New York was regarded with mixed feelings by the descendants of those who controlled the town up to the great inflow of Irish and German immigrants in 1848. In the Borough of Manhattan, the native whites both of whose parents were born in the United States now constitute only 16.9 per cent. of the population. Even of the native whites born of native parents only about two-thirds were born in the State of New York. The largest contingent of outside natives came from the New England States, and, curiously enough, there were more immigrants coming to the city of New York from the Southern than from the Middle and Far Western States. Not only are the native-born children of native Americans vastly outnumbered by those who are foreign-born or the children of foreign immigrants, but the racial nature of the foreign element is materially changing. Instead

of being almost exclusively Irish and German, as it was fifty, or even forty, years ago, the Irish-born are now fewer by nearly 21,000 than they were twelve years ago, and the Germans fewer by upwards of 5000. The increase of the foreign-born during the last decade has come almost entirely from Russia, Italy, and the Hapsburg dominions. As the birth-rate among the newcomers just mentioned is incomparably higher than that among the native-born who were children of native parents, it looks as if, fifty years hence, the native American element would dwindle to a very small fraction of the metropolitan population. They will doubtless continue, however, to possess a greatly disproportionate share of the city's wealth. As for the so-called Knickerbockers, they are likely to be nearly extinct by the end of another generation. Even now, only a very few of them can be discerned struggling painfully on the surface of society—*rari nates in gurgite vasto*.

The efficacy of formalin as a cure for blood-poisoning is not yet conceded by the doctors. Some of them say that it is the salt-and-water which has been injected into the veins of the patients on whom the formalin solution has been tried that has done good, and that the formalin used was so much diluted as to be of no consequence. Happily it is not denied that a method of treatment has been discovered which is exceedingly efficacious in some cases of blood-poisoning. The public will not stickle for formalin if salt-and-water will work the cure.

John Alexander Dowie, the faith-cure apostle who has entrenched himself so securely in Chicago, and is planning a descent on New York next October, is likely to prove an interesting visitor to this town. He is an organizer, and abounds in method and foresight. He has ample means to do things in a large way. His plan is to bring 2000 (perhaps 4000) of his followers here, and give his kind of religion a careful and comprehensive introduction to the people of Manhattan. Every family on this island is to be visited; every dwelling supplied with Dowieite tracts; every soul, so far as possible, invited to the Dowieite meetings. These meetings are to be held daily in the Madison Square Garden, which has been hired for fifteen days. Special trains have been engaged to bring the Dowie multitude here, and lodgings are being engaged for their accommodation. Dowie is rich. He is in business, and makes money. He has founded a town which has grown in less than two years from a population of 400 to 8000. The Dowieites do not smoke nor drink nor employ doctors, and they all give a tenth of their incomes to the Church. They are busy now practicing the music of their crusade and studying maps of Manhattan. Dowie frankly discloses his belief that in him the prophet Elijah lives again for the third time on earth. He is a remarkable citizen, and will doubtless carry out his plans.

The recent complaint of Mrs. Newdick of Kokomo, Indiana, made in the Mayor's court of that city, was that her husband had assaulted her. She was making bread, she said, and had her hands in the dough, when her husband called her to family prayers. She excused herself, but unsuccessfully, for her husband, with a man's determination to take no for an answer, knocked her down. The magistrate felt that Mr. Newdick had shown excess of zeal, and fined him \$50. Family prayers, which used to be common in this country, are a rare observance nowadays. The reason for the lapse of the custom is not so much the decline of piety as that as life became fuller, and individual engagements and preferences were more and more respected, it became harder to get families together for worship. Family prayers belong to a time when the head of a family ruled it, not by general consent, but by authority. It was a time too when religious observances were more regarded than now, though probably not religion itself; when there were fewer trains to be caught, fewer factory bells, fewer school bells, fewer letters, fewer engagements and duties outside the household. It is like old times to read of family prayers, and of some one who found it inconvenient to be present. The institution is not dead, but it is rare now, and only prevails in exceptional households whose members are not in a hurry. And even in such families it only prevails nowadays by consent. Compulsion as a stimulant to devotion is pretty much obsolete, and Mr. Newdick of Kokomo should have known it.

The Anti-Trust Legislation to be Looked For

We are at last in a position to define with confidence how much anti-trust legislation may be expected from the Fifty-seventh Congress. This legislation is embodied in four bills, one of which has been already passed, while two others will certainly and a fourth will probably become laws. Two of these measures we have already discussed in detail, but, in order to appreciate their importance, it may be well to compare them with certain alternative measures which have been proposed, but now appear to have no chance of enactment. The first of the four measures is the bill introduced at the request of Attorney-General Knox, to expedite the trust cases now pending in the Federal courts. This bill, after receiving a slight amendment in the House of Representatives, which amendment was accepted by the Senate, was passed by both Chambers, and sent to the President for his signature. The second measure appropriated \$300,000 to aid the Department of Justice in prosecuting trust cases and in securing evidence against the trusts. This item has been incorporated in the Legislative Appropriation bill, which is now before a committee of conference, and its adoption is assured.

We come now to the Nelson amendment to the Department of Commerce bill, which is intended to enforce publicity upon the transactions of industrial corporations; and the Elkins bill, which aims to increase the powers of control already possessed by the Inter-State Commerce Commission over all corporations engaged in the business of common carriers. Although at the house when we write the Nelson amendment has not been voted on in either Chamber, it has been unanimously accepted by the committee of conference on the Department of Commerce bill, and there has never been any doubt that it would be adopted by the Senate. We may now also take for granted that it will be passed by the House of Representatives, as neither Speaker Henderson nor the Committee on Rules will dare to sidetrack it, lest grave suspicion be cast upon their motives. In view of the exposure to which we have elsewhere referred of the attempt made by the Standard Oil Company to defeat the measure. The value of the Nelson amendment will be instantly understood if we mark the difference between its essential provision and that of the Littlefield bill, which passed the House of Representatives by a unanimous vote, and to which, naturally enough, as we have elsewhere noted, the Standard Oil Company offered no opposition. The Littlefield bill merely made it mandatory on corporations engaged in Inter-State commerce, hereafter organized, to file returns covering their articles of incorporation, financial composition, conditions, transactions, etc., with the Inter-State Commerce Commission. It is true that the bill gave this commission authority in its discretion to call for similar returns from existing corporations doing an Inter-State business; but what guarantee would the people have that this discretion would be exercised? Obviously, it might be of vital moment to certain existing corporations to bribe members of the commission not to exercise their discretion, and it would, therefore, be an act of folly on the part of Congress to expose a number of Federal officials to tremendous temptations.

The Nelson amendment to the Department of Commerce bill, on the other hand, individualizes responsibility, and concentrates the attention of the country on a particular officer. It gives the Commissioner of Corporations, who is to be at the head of the

New Bureau of Corporations in the Department of Commerce, power and authority to make, under the direction of the Secretary of Commerce and Labor, diligent investigation into the organization, conduct, and management of any corporation, joint stock company, or corporate combination—whether prospective or existing—engaged in commerce among the several States or with foreign nations, accepting common carriers, who are dealt with by existing laws, and, as we have said, by the Elkins bill.

Here are the powers of the commissioner defined? He is to have and exercise precisely the same powers with respect to industrial corporations and combinations as are or shall be conferred on the Inter-State Commerce Commission by the act of February 4, 1887, and by any amendments of that act relating to common carriers, the words italicized plainly including the Elkins bill. That is to say, he will have the right to subpoena and compel the attendance and testimony of witnesses, and the production of documentary evidence, and to administer oaths under the obligations, liabilities, and penalties prescribed with regard to testimony before the Inter-State Commerce Commission. These powers should prove sufficient to compel the production of the testimony required, but, if they are evaded or defied, it should be easy to secure more drastic legislation from the Fifty-eighth Congress. The purpose of investing the Commissioner of Corporations with such extensive powers is that he may gather such information and data as will enable the President of the United States to make recommendations to Congress for legislation for the regulation of industrial corporations or combinations engaged in Inter-State or foreign commerce, or both, and to report such data to the President from time to time as the latter shall signify a desire for it. The bill further provides that the information so obtained, or as much thereof as the President shall direct, shall be made public.

It will be manifest at a glance that by the Nelson amendment the whole responsibility for ascertaining the desired publicity is fixed upon President Roosevelt. He has but to order the new Secretary of Commerce, who will be virtually his clerk, to undertake the investigation of a particular corporation, and the order will be at once transmitted to the Secretary's subordinate, the Commissioner of Corporations, and will be executed by the latter. Should either of the two last-named officials refuse or delay to perform the duty imposed on him, or be guilty of any undue complaisance toward the corporation aimed at, or of any connivance at the suppression of testimony, it will be in the power of the President promptly to dismiss him. It is, practically, therefore, Mr. Roosevelt himself in whose hands this formidable engine for the enforcement of publicity will be placed. Nobody doubts the sincerity and inflexibility of his purpose to find out exactly what the great industrial corporations have done and are now doing, and thereby to ascertain whether they need regulation, and, if so, what kind of regulation, at the hands of Congress. We have said enough to demonstrate that, compared with the Nelson amendment, the Littlefield bill is a sham. Nor is it at all difficult to see why certain existing corporations, whose operations from the outset have been shrouded in mystery, should regard the former measure with an anxiety akin to desperation. Such combinations, on the other hand, as the United States Steel Corporation have absolutely nothing to fear from the Nelson amendment, and have made not the slightest effort to defeat it.

It is well known that the Senate has passed the Elkins bill, which is intended,

as we have said, to enlarge the powers to regulate and control corporations engaged as common carriers, and especially to prevent the giving of rebates by such common carriers to industrial corporations, and thus assisting the latter to establish monopolies. There is a provision against rebates in the Littlefield bill, as well as the emasculated provision for publicity, and until very recently it was feared that Speaker Henderson and certain coadjutors of his in the House Committee on Rules intended to let the Elkins bill and the Littlefield bill pass each other in the corridor between the two Chambers, but never be consolidated into an act of Congress. This lipdip performance is no longer practicable, in view of the exposure of the Standard Oil opposition. There is now no doubt that the House Committee on Inter-State and Foreign Commerce will promptly take up the Elkins bill, and report it favorably to the House. The Speaker has the power to refuse to recognize the bill and to provide for its consideration, but, although the term of his public service is now very near an end, it is most improbable that he will venture to defy public opinion.

Elihu Root on the Negro Problem

No more noteworthy speech has been heard in the United States for many years than that which was delivered before the Union League Club of New York city, by Mr. Elihu Root, Secretary of War. We need not remind our readers that Mr. Root is an eminent lawyer, and one of the two strong men in Mr. Roosevelt's Cabinet. The liberate comments of such a man on any important topic could hardly fail to be interesting and profitable, and if on this occasion he commanded unusual attention, it was because he touched and discussed the most momentous problem by which the Republic is confronted. What is to be done with the negro was the fateful question that he asked, and he did not for the moment undertake to answer it, but contented himself with pointing out that the answer given by the statesmen of the reconstruction period had proved unsatisfactory. The advocates of negro equality at the ballot-box will regard this as a portentous admission by one who has been a lifelong Republican, speaking to an association that from its foundation has been identified with the political party which not only emancipated the negro, but enfranchised him. Startling and almost epoch-making, as such a declaration may well seem when the circumstances under which it was uttered are considered, it provoked so protest from those to whom it was directly addressed, and it has since met with general, though not unanimous acquiescence, on the part of the Republican press.

Mr. Root did not give voice to a conviction which has long been held by Democrats at the North as well as at the South, but now for the first time we learn that the conviction is held also by many candid and thoughtful Republicans. That is to say, it is no longer possible for even the most loyal and stalwart representatives of Republicanism to shut their eyes to the falsity of the assumption made by the framers of the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments to the Federal Constitution, the assumption, namely, that all which was needed to make the black man the equal of his white brother was equal political rights. It was taken for granted that, those rights conceded, the black man would quickly show himself qualified to use them, and to lift himself immeasurably in the social scale. The as-

sumption was based on hope and faith, rather than on knowledge—it was put forward, indeed, in defiance of history and observation—and events, as we have said, have shown it to have been ill founded. The country must face, Mr. Root acknowledged, the failure of the plan adopted in the reconstruction period. It certainly has not availed to give the blacks the suffrage. Something more or something else has to be done. Not for a moment would Mr. Root or any conscientious American disclaim our responsibility for the wrongs of the colored people. Their fathers did not come here voluntarily. They were brought here against their will, and for upwards of two centuries their descendants were held here in bondage. At last we freed them. We gave them the suffrage, but we made no provision for their maintenance, such as the Czar Alexander II did not forget to make for the emancipated serfs of Russia. The Federal government and our people as a whole have done little, very little, to assure to them an education. It is true that we established a freedmen's bureau. It is true that the States Fund exists, and that there are some other funds of the kind. But all such agencies have been of insignificant utility, in view of the immensity of the task. The work of educating the blacks has been devoted almost entirely upon the impoverished Southern States, where by far the greater part of them reside.

Attention was directed by Mr. Root to another fact full of significance, the fact, namely, that we now approach the discussion of the negro problem under conditions utterly changed from those that prevailed in the reconstruction period. At the present time the negro is regarded with less sympathy at the South, and with less sympathy at the North. There is now a vehement outcry in the Southern States against the appointment of negroes to Federal offices by President Roosevelt, although under Presidents Hayes, Garfield, Harrison and McKinley, more negroes were appointed, yet McKinley said: "Anser outcry is now raised, because a few negro occupants of Federal office in Washington attend one of Mr. Roosevelt's official receptions. There has never been a time, as Mr. Root reminds us, since the civil war, when negroes have not held similar offices in the District of Columbia, and when they have not been permitted to attend Presidential receptions, and have availed themselves of the privilege. It is not Executive customs that have changed; it is public feeling and popular sentiment with reference to the negro at the North, as well as at the South. There is not an atom of doubt that a very large majority of Northern whites would now deprecate any attempt to employ the military power of the Federal government so to enforce the Fifteenth Amendment as to assure to the blacks in Mississippi and South Carolina the political prominence to which they are numerically entitled. The truth has been brought home by events to the heart and conscience of a large majority of whites in the Northern States that we did our fellow whites at the South a grievous wrong when we insisted upon giving the negro the suffrage. The suffrage is no inalienable right; the suffrage is a reward of merit. Had it been held out as a bribe for education, thrift, and character, it might, and probably would, have operated as a powerful incentive. Bestowed gratuitously, it has proved worthless to the black man, and dangerous to his white neighbor.

While so much is acknowledged by those who go by the name of fair-minded and unprejudiced Republicans like Mr. Root, there is not even the germ of an agreement among them about a remedy. Nobody disputes that we ought to help the black man to lose a trade, and not condemn him to menial service or

hard labor in the field. That is to say, fair-minded men would like to see applied on an extensive scale the system of technical education which Mr. Locker T. Washington has so earnestly recommended. At the North as well as at the South, however, there is a deep and growing distrust of the efficacy of a liberal education to qualify the colored race, viewed in the mass for political and social equality. The ancient pride of the Aryan race, founded on instinct and buttressed by experience, that pride of race which seemed suspended during the reconstruction period, has revived and resumed its old authority. Nearly forty years have elapsed since the negroes obtained the opportunities embodied in the suffrage, and yet they have not advanced a jot towards social equality or toward the demonstration of general fitness for political functions. Among the blacks, indeed, who had been reared under the regime of slavery, there were more who gave proof of high intelligence and sterling character during the decade following the civil war than can be pointed out to-day, notwithstanding the fact that Northern universities, including Harvard, have been opened to the blacks, and some of them have attained distinction therein.

If, then, negro suffrage has failed, and if the liberal education of negroes, so far as it has been carried, has fallen far short of the results expected, where are we to look for a solution of the problem? That it is a tremendous problem the last census shows. Not only did the United States contain 8,840,789 negroes in 1900, but the increase in ten years had been 1,332,001, or over eighteen per cent. It is obvious, that, at this rate of expansion, not many decades can elapse before the colored inhabitants of the Republic will exceed twenty millions, most of whom will be concentrated in the States south of the Potomac and the Ohio. Can we marvel that the Southern whites regard with grave misgiving the ominous increase of this element of their population, or that they would gladly seek relief, if they could, in the wholesale deportation of the blacks? Compulsory deportation is, of course, impermissible. But it may be that one day the question will be seriously considered whether it might not be expedient for our Federal government to offer a very large sum of money to Mexico—say one or two hundred million dollars—for a cession of Chihuahua and two or three others of the northern and thinly-peopled Mexican States with a view of directing thither a voluntary and assisted immigration of Southern blacks. We set apart a large and fertile fraction of the Louisiana Purchase for the Indians in perpetuity, and neither the Indians nor we have had cause to regret the act. If the northern section of the Mexican Republic could be bought and erected into a Territory for the exclusive benefit of our colored people, and if it were distinctly understood that they not only would receive grants of land and cattle, but would enjoy educational facilities and a monopoly of political privileges, it is by no means incredible that a large body of negroes might be inclined to migrate thither. None of the solutions thus suggested has, as yet, been seriously considered at the North, but we are likely to witness a material change in this respect, now that Mr. Root has brought home to us the gravity of the problem.

Washington

Simple and brave, his faith spoke

Phonograph to struggle with their fate;

Arms no better when he spoke

And out of Chaos sprang the State!

ROBERT BASSON.

The Making Over of a Minx

PROBABLY the greatest difficulty formerly met in changing the spots of the leopard lay in the lack of the leopard's volition. With the great advance of modern surgery there can be little doubt that the spots might be changed, and the leopard come out a very different-looking animal, if it would only lend itself to the operation. The leopard really wished to have its spots changed, it could not change them itself perhaps, but it could trust itself to the hands of a skillful operator, and the work could be done for it, with no immediate suffering on the leopard's part, and without much subsequent shock. It is possible, however, that the change would be only superficial, after all. It may be that the spots go all through the leopard, and that their redistribution on the leopard's skin would not affect them structurally. It may be that they penetrate the leopard's psychical, as well as its animal, economy, and that they reach the will itself, so that the leopard is essentially disabled from co-operation by liking them very well as they are. It may feel that since it came honestly by them, it is not answerable for any harm they may do, and that they actually do no great harm; if they do a little harm, incidentally, they afford, at the same time, a great deal of pleasure. It may observe that many are attracted by them, and that if it rearranged them, it might not make new admirers in place of the old whom it might alienate. It may ask, and not so very impudently, whether its spots were not disposed for some wise purpose just as it finds them, and whether it would not be a sort of flying in the face of Providence to wish them otherwise. This, of course, is supposing that the leopard is introspective, or that its human analogues are so.

Some such reflections as the foregoing will suggest themselves to the reader, if he is the reader we fancy him, of Mrs. Humphry Ward's fascinating story of *Lady Rose's Daughter*, now publishing in a popular magazine issued not many months from these premises. It is safe to say it is good journalistic bait, while one takes breath for a fresh start, which we always like) that the great majority of serial readers, who are the real readers, the best readers, of fiction, have rarely been led with such interest along the course of any novel as this latest novel of Mrs. Ward's, which has for its great allure the figure of a clever and beautiful girl, exceptionally friendly, and exceptionally disadvantageous. In the race she runs, in many of the social things that make for success in the world. She is the child of a mother who left her husband to live with the man she loved, and Julie le Breton has grown up and come to her moral consciousness in the presence of a living protest against the validity of a certain commandment. That she remains practically good and pure whatever she may theoretically be, is one of those miracles of nature by which children are preserved against the evils alike physical and moral of their parents. Her temptations lie in the line of intellectual and social ambition, so that when she becomes the companion of a very worldly old woman, who has a salon in London frequented by the best people of the several great worlds of the capital, she finds herself almost incessantly displeasing her employer as the head of the salon, and drawing to herself the admiration which its founders enjoyed. One might be sure that Lady Henry was not inassurably of the change, and in her recognition and resentment of it she uses the girl with cruel and humiliating outrage before the people of her following, who are not long in ranging themselves in parties with her in her hostility on the side of Julie. But the old woman and the young girl have each used of each other

that it does not come to a hopeless quarrel between them until one night when Lady Henry is laid up with rheumatism, and has left word that she is not receiving that night. Then Julie almost involuntarily admits many of the most brilliant habits of the salon, one after another, and has one of the most iridescent evenings known to the place. The gay talking and laughing make their way to Lady Henry's room, and she comes down, still in bed, to receive the visits of Julie's guests, her former friends out-of-doors. That ends it, and Julie takes refuge with a pretty young duchess, who is much her friend, and sets her up in a house of her own. Here Julie attempts a salon of her own, but it falls on the very first night.

Her friend stands by her, and so do all her friends. She keeps making more and more friends, and as they nearly all have titles, or are by way of having them, it is not so bad. She lives in the society of people mostly related to her through her patrician mother, who had the courage of her class in leaving her husband to live with her lover, but it does not suffice for Julie, who is a woman at heart, after all, and is not satisfied even with the hope of an ultimate salon. She falls in love with a fearless and worthless young officer, whom her interest with statesmen has got appointed to an important post in the service, and whom she follows to Paris, where she is arrested on the brink of ruin, by the fine fellow who loves her. He is within a feeble lie or two of being a duke, but he does not wish to be a duke, and he is really a fine fellow, with that measure of weakness which renders him captivable by such a girl as Julie, who is herself by no means always bad, but only ambitious, and he had only when she forgets to be ambitious.

The rather awful problem which her author and her lover have on their hands at this reading, is how to effect her redemption. It will be one of the greatest triumphs of fiction if they can manage it probably, but can they, is the great question, and we shrink from conjecture; we would much rather wait and see. They get her safely back to London, but that ought only to be the beginning of their difficulty. Perhaps they will be equal to it. Mrs. Ward, at any rate, has never shown greater skill in the handling of material than in this bold and uncommon situation she has created. There is scarcely a more brilliant story than that of Julie in Bretton up to the failure of her attempt at a salon after leaving Lady Henry's house, and setting up for herself. Having lived through a great many imaginary narratives, and associated at a great many good and bad endings, we should ourselves have been easily appeased with a novel that went no farther than such a climax, with no definite ending at all. Hardly a figure up to that point has been freely or strikingly touched. It is our preference for low company, no doubt, that leaves us a little lost in the society studied; but we must own that they seem all very probably high politicians and patriots, with a mixture of human frailty in them that makes them the prey of a charm like that young girl's, for she appeals by the helplessness of her origin, as well as by her talent and beauty, and she has just so much wish to be good as saves her to the liking of her acquaintance. As we say, we should not ask more than to have her left with us at that great moment when the realities come, after all, she cannot conquer the world except upon the world's terms. She certainly puts us in a quiver of sympathy for her first failure. But we fancy her more easily the creator than the creature of great passions, and we feel that her true drama is social and not personal, so that we should like

her to keep on wondering how she will construct a world which she can rule, and what that world would be like, for it would not be like Bohemia.

But, doubtless, Mrs. Ward understands the need of the immense audience which she addresses, and which is formed in but small part of inexacting journalists. She is under a tacit promise to write a story, and not to present a situation from which the reader may imagine such a one as he pleases. She must get so to the end with the creature she has invented, and win her or lose her at last. Which shall it be, for Julie le Bretton: perdition or redemption? If she is redeemed, will it be against her nature, however much with her will? There is the rub; and through the abrasion we seem to find the question of the leopard and its spots; whether they can be changed, and whether it would like them if they were.

The Mix-up in Wireless Telegraphy

On the horizon are signs of war, a very up-to-date sort of a war, a war for right of way in the ether.

The amazing success of Signor Marconi, in crossing the Atlantic has stirred up a host of rivals, and between this country and Europe there are now a dozen or twenty systems struggling for precedence. And the laurels have begun.

In this country the de Forest company is suing the Marconi company for a million dollars damages for certain statements said to have issued from the Marconi company. The latter replies by a suit for infringement against the de Forest company, and asking the latter company to remove itself from the earth. It is to be noted that if the Marconi company's claims are upheld, this will raise hob with any system employing the coherer principle as a receiver of the messages. The de Forest receiver operates on an exactly opposite principle, however, and there seems little likelihood that it will be shut out.

In Germany the Slaby-Arco and the Braun systems have had a clash, with a recent victory for the latter, that it does not infringe the Slaby-Arco devices. In France the government has practically confiscated wireless telegraphy, so that the etch-boomers there have not had much of a chance. Italy, proud of its native genius, seems to have taken up with Marconi, and the English government has also equipped many of its war-ships with Marconi instruments. In America the lead in this line seems to have been secured by the de Forest system, both the War Department and the Navy having, after competitive trials, given the contracts to the latter company.

But by far the most interesting point is the question of transoceanic signalling. Marconi's recent messages across the Atlantic were secured by means of what he calls a magnetic detector. For long-distance work, the old coherer broke down. This magnetic detector, which seems to be far more sensitive than any form of coherer, is the invention of Professor Rutherford, of Toronto, and was exhibited as far back as 1897. It seems to have been taken up independently by Sir Oliver Lodge, in England; by Marconi; and by Professor R. A. Fessenden, of Washington. Their patent applications, now pending, are to interfere.

It is said, however, that Professor Fessenden offers proof of his invention, or improvements, a year in advance of Marconi's application. If this is true, and Fessenden wins, the Marconi company can do business across the Atlantic only with Professor Fessenden's permission, for, so far,

no other form of receiver has been shown capable of taking signals over such a distance.

At present the practical difference between all the different "systems" narrows down to the question of receivers. But Professor Ferdinand Braun, of Straasburg, Germany, announced last week that he had found a new method of sending the electric waves, in any desired volume, and directed to a given point of the compass. These are very broad claims, and further details are being awaited by scientific men with the deepest interest. Professor Pupin, of Columbia, credits Professor Braun with having done the most valuable work in wireless telegraphy after Marconi. Anything he has to say, therefore, will be respectfully listened to. The sparking method of producing the electric waves does seem a rather crude device, and we might hear any day of a new method which would quite revolutionize wireless.

Meanwhile, what is going to happen when a dozen different systems are shooting up poles and bombarding space with electric waves? It cannot but mean the most hopeless confusion. There can be no monopoly in wireless telegraphy. That is settled. The field is free to all comers. Anybody with a common alternating dynamo or an induction coil can set up for business, or to upset somebody else's business. Tuning, or syntonizing, is no doubt possible within limits, but at present these limits are vague. With any extensive use of wireless, there is bound to be a mix-up and a gay one.

What will the lawyers do? Nobody knows much about the ether, and nobody less than they. Will they ask the legislatures for wireless franchises? So far as any one can see now, that is the only thing that can make wireless telegraphy a practical business proposition. The alternative is that the government should take it over, as France has already done.

The Greater Grieg

It is the habit of musicians of a certain stamp to speak of Edvard Grieg with a slightly contemptuous lifting of the brows—an artist, they will concede, of charming and distinguished accomplishment, but restricted in scope and power. A popular legend recounts him to be peculiarly a poet of the chadous, stirring a beauty essentially dim and rare, remote and capriciously fantastic, rather than broadly virile and of deep emotional significance; and this legend is operative, with all the force which the complacent attitude of a half-truth may exert, in the most recent estimate of the Norwegian genius: Mr. Daniel Gregory Mason's study of the composer in his "From Grieg to Brahms." "Grieg," affirms Mr. Mason, with impressive assurance, "is never large nor heroic; he never weaves the luskin. He has neither the depth of passion nor the intellectual grasp needed to make music in the grand style"—a view of his genius which we have no hesitation in declaring superficial, incomplete, and unjust. Grieg is not merely fragrant and exultant, piquant and fragilely lovely; he is all this, but he is very much more; he is also a poet of the tragic, of the largely passionate and elemental. No mere delicate lyricist wrote the "Death of Aase," or certain of the songs, or the superb C minor sonata for violin and piano, or portions of the piano concerto. Here is no dainty romanticism, no frail and lovely dreamer; the voice is the voice of a master of emotional utterance—here are passion, and pathos, and heroic ecstasy, and despair; here, in short, is a music-maker whose place is not, indeed, upon the summit, but certainly upon the upper slopes.

Venezuela's Fate

By William Thorp

DAY by day the newspapers are full of long accounts, more or less accurate, of the diplomatic baggagings at Washington between Mr. Bowen, on the one hand, and Sir Michael Herbert, Baron von Sternburg, and other European diplomats on the other. The profound interest has been taken by the newspapers and the public in the details of these negotiations, but to one who, like myself, has just returned from Venezuela and has had the opportunity of studying the problems of that country on the spot, it is impossible to feel excited as to whether there will be preferential treatment for the belligerent powers for the period of one month or three months, or whether a few thousand dollars will be paid down to them on the nail by Venezuela. The real situation, the real danger, is unperceived by the newspapers and the public.

It may be taken for granted that the custom-houses in Venezuela will be placed under international control as security for the payment of Venezuela's debts. This is inevitable, whether the matter be settled at Washington or The Hague. But what? The difficulties and dangers of the situation will only be commencing. President Castro, at the present moment, is in the direct straits for the want of ready money. His career, from the moment he was swept down from the Andes and captured the government of the country, has been that of a bandit. No international obligations, no common principles of honesty, have stood in his way when he found it necessary to raise the ready cash. When the custom-houses are under the control of the powers and he is driven to desperation by the want of money, nothing is more probable than that he will come down to Guayra, and the other ports, and take these avenues of wealth at the point of the Mauser.

I am not speaking without the book. During many weeks spent in Venezuela recently I had unbounded opportunity to make an intimate study of Castro in his palace at Caracas and during his holiday festivities at La Victoria, when he threw off the Presidential point and became his natural self. It is impossible to conceive a more irresponsible person. He knows nothing of the obligations of statesmanship or the power of foreign countries. When I spent Christmas with him at La Victoria he told me that he was profoundly disappointed at his inability to fight the warships of the Germans, the British, and the Italians. "If Venezuela had a navy, how ever feeble," he said, "we could meet on this matter one way or the other. We would rally out and attack them. If they had the courage to land troops, I would lead my brave soldiers against them, and cut them with terrible slaughter." On another occasion I met him at La Victoria in the middle of an open-air festa. He was dancing under the trees in a very lively and frolicsome fashion with the peasants of the neighborhood and some ladies he had brought with him from Caracas. I had to ask him whether he would apologize to the allies if they demanded an apology. I asked his factotum, General Linares Aicantara, to procure me an opportunity of speaking with the President, and showed him a cablegram which I had just received from Washington. "It is impossible," said Aicantara, with a gesture of despair; "the President dances. He does not do business. He has done no business for a week. He may do no business for another week. Perceive? I have here fifty telegrams from Mr. Bowen, from Washington, and from our government officials in Caracas. They are unopened. The President would not thank me to show them

to him while he dances, and he has danced for a week."

Presently Castro perceived me, with an open cablegram in my hand, and he walked over to me, his partner hanging on his arm, and asked what it was about. I told him that the allies were reported to have demanded an apology from him.

Immediately he struck a Napoleonic attitude, waved his arms excitedly in the air, and declaimed: "General Castro never apologizes. He will not apologize. He has nothing to apologize for. He demands an apology from the allies."

The girl, still hanging on his arm, clapped him on the back, exclaiming, hysterically: "Viva Castro! Viva Venezuela! Bravissimo Cipriano!" The crowd took up the cry, whirling around their partners in an excited fandango, and beating the empty bottles from which they had been drinking on the little iron tables which stood around.

This is the way the important diplomatic question in Venezuela. I mention the incident merely in order to show the absolute irresponsibility of Castro and the possibility of his doing something very outrageous at any moment. Even if he adheres to the terms of the agreement which may be arrived at by Mr. Bowen on his behalf, or to the award which may be given at The Hague, there is the probability that he will be driven from power by another bandit of his kind, who shall come from the recesses of the hinterland with a ragamuffin army and seize the government precisely as he seized it. Nothing is likelier than the repudiation of the agreement by that second Amurath. The political adventurer in Venezuela sticks at nothing in order to get control of the finances, and in Venezuela the custom-houses are practically the only source of revenue.

In the face of such a repudiation of the compact by forces of arms, there will obviously be only one course open to the creditor nations. They must enforce their command of the custom-houses by an international army of occupation, and must establish in Venezuela an institution similar to the *Caisse de la Dette* in Egypt. That will mean the end of Venezuela's existence as a sovereign power. Always, we see that some of the powers are growing tired of interfering in the affairs of that country, just as they grew tired of playing active parts in the Egyptian drama. One power will be left in a lurch to finish the business and play towards Venezuela the part which England has played towards Egypt. The supremely important question is, which power? England already has colonies enough, and any proposition to enlarge her overseas responsibilities would not meet with favor in the House of Commons or among the British public. Germany's ambitions to colonize in South America are well known, and were the theme of conversation everywhere when I was in Venezuela. Castro and his cabinet ministers talked of them freely. He said to me once that Germany was, in his opinion, the only power really anxious to seize territory in Venezuela, and in another interview which I had with him at La Victoria on Christmas day, he outlined to me a great scheme which he had just evolved for a defensive alliance of all the Central and South American powers, backed by the United States, for mutual protection against European aggression in the New World.

The captain of one of the British warships blockading the Venezuelan coast told me he was convinced the ulterior motive of the Germans was to obtain the port of Guanta as a coaling-station, and he said the German officers had admitted as much to him. Guanta is an ideal spot for the purpose. It has an excellent harbor, and could be made impregnable with comparatively little trouble and expense.

Some of the German merchants with whom I conversed in Caracas freely admitted their opinion that the occupation of the custom-houses by the powers would only be the first scene of a greater international drama than the American public dreams of. "They take these custom-houses," said one of these merchants to me, "and they collect the money for a time. But presently the government must have money, and if it can only get money from the custom-houses, it will go down and take the custom-houses."

"And what then?" I asked. He shrugged his shoulders.

"Who can tell? We grow used to anything in this country. I have known twenty revolutions in fourteen years. These people are totally unfit to govern themselves, and there is no chance of their growing fit. The country is the richest in the world in its resources. But the only chance of its development is for it to be despotically governed by a foreign power as the English govern Egypt."

Now, in view of these great dangers of the future, is it not advisable for America to take long views and resolve firmly that if it becomes necessary for any one power to control Venezuela and practically make a colony of the country, she will be that power? All Americans are determined to uphold the Monroe doctrine, but the stern logic of facts is forcing them to perceive that the Monroe doctrine carries with it some unpleasant responsibilities. If Castro or another takes back the custom-houses, there will be nothing for it but the conquest of Venezuela. Shall the conqueror be Germany or America?

Of course, it would be an unpleasant situation to face, but the conquest of Venezuela would not be supremely difficult. An army of occupation could be recruited from the native Indians as easily as the Egyptian native army was recruited by British officers. The Indians are not fighting for freedom here. He is dragged from his home in the hamlet or the forest by Castro's soldiers or by the revolutionists. A rifle is put in his hand, and he is told to march and to fight. He does exactly as he is bid, with the patient endurance of an ox. If he is captured by the other side, he is pressed into the ranks, and fights for them just as faithfully as he fought for his former masters. What does it matter to him for whom he fights? He knows nothing of the issue. He only knows that it seems to be his fate to fight for somebody. He would fight just as loyally for an American or German army of occupation as he does now for Castro and Matos.

Under foreign government, the perennial revolutions by which the country is exhausted could be easily reversed. They always start feebly, and an efficient mounted police force could nip them in the bud with promptness and decision. The task would not be so hard as the repression of decency by the British in Burma, or the conquest of the Indians in the United States.

So far as the military aspect of the question goes, Venezuela is anybody's country. The military power at Castro's command is a slight and shifting quantity. It may seem an extraordinary thing to say, but it is perfectly true that any adventurer, with five hundred men who know how to shoot at his back, can make himself master of a country which is potentially the richest in the world. Castro did it with a slight force, and those who know him are convinced that he will get long ere long being robbed of the fruit of his victories by foreign nations who come down and take his custom-houses for reasons which are totally impregnable to him. He, or another like him, will presently see a Venezuelan situation far more serious than the present one, and America will then be faced with the momentous question which I have indicated.

Rural England

By Sydney Brooks

LONDON, January 20, 1902.

THE "Decay of English agriculture" is a commonplace; and, like most commonplaces, is repeated and accepted without being analyzed or understood. Those who have faced and really grappled with this, the greatest and most terrifying of English problems, are few and far between. Their voices do not reach the powers that be, and the country, as a whole, with unerring complacency regards the death-throes of British agriculture, the disappearance of the yeoman, the depopulation of the villages, and the dispeopling of the United Kingdom for five-sixths of its food-supply upon foreign lands, as facts, distressing, no doubt, but inevitable, irremediable, and in no sense vital. It is to waken England to a sense of the terribly real dangers that underlie these phenomena that Mr. Rider Haggard has recently performed a task without parallel, and to his knowledge, for its scope, laboriousness, and careful finish. Throughout 1901 and 1902 he and a companion travelled through the highways and byways of no less than twenty-seven English counties, inspecting, examining, cross-questioning, looking into everything that might throw light on the conditions and prospects of English agriculture. The results of his investigations are set forth in two volumes of six hundred pages each, which the Messrs. Longmans have published under the title of *Rural England*. I venture to say that so long as the English language lasts this book will last with it.

Not only has it an immense and immediate utility to say in bringing out, without the smallest coloring of the author's own views, the opinions of hundreds upon hundreds of experts of all classes on the state of English farming, but to the historian of the future, who wishes to portray rural England at the opening of the twentieth century and to show the complex sweep of the changes wrought by free trade, it will be not only invaluable but essential. He will be as little able to get on without it as we of to-day are to picture English agriculture at the end of the eighteenth century without the help of Arthur Young. But it is not for posterity that Mr. Haggard writes. The reward he hopes for is less distant and less personal. It is that his labors may contribute their quota to a national awakening, may wake England to the perils into which she is drifting, and spur men on to call a halt before it is too late. Let me add, before passing on to the matter of the book, that it is written in the simplest and most workmanlike style, and by one who all his life and in many countries has been a practical farmer: that it is amply supplied with detailed and admirable maps and photographs; and that the innumerable lists of matters and country sights and sounds that separates the educated man from the uneducated finds an outlet here and there in some charming "land-scapes" and paragraphs of rural lore. So far from being "dry," these volumes appeal with a force there is no escaping to every one, town or country bred, who has within him the slightest interest in the social and economic conditions of his day. Their plan is, roughly, that of the interview. Through the medium of the author's pen each man speaks for himself,—the large land-owner, the squire, the tenant farmer, the agent, the country parson, the doctor, the small holder, the laborer, "the optimist, the pessimist, and the moderate man." Nor is it merely legitimate farming that is here described. Every business that depends on the land, every class that lives on it, is touched in review—the market gardener, the fruit-grower,

the dairyman, the stock-raiser, and the poultryman no less than the grower of cereals. It is, I repeat, a prodigious undertaking most efficiently carried through. Mr. Haggard claims that his labors have been "not unlike those of a royal commission, faced single-handed and without the ample resources, assistance, and lordly leisure of such august bodies," and the claim is one that no one who has read the book will do other than verify. Such a feat has been attempted before, but not for fifty years, not, that is, since the great depression of the seventies, and never on such an extensive scale.

And what an amazing paradox is here unfolded—that in what is still the richest country in the world farming should not pay; that with good soil and skilful workers—the average yield of an English acre in wheat is more than twice the yield of an American acre—agriculture, as Mr. Haggard puts it, should be "fighting against the wills of God"; that land should be going out of cultivation at the rate of over seven thousand acres a year; that "parts of England are becoming as homeless as the veldt of South Africa"; that the villages should be deserted at an ever-increasing speed; and, finally, that the government, in the face of all this, should do nothing. A few figures are needed to bring out the fulness of the paradox. Thirty years ago only a trifle over 13,000,000 acres were under permanent pasture; to-day there are nearly 30,000,000. Farm hands and laborers seem to be leaving the soil at the rate of 8000 a year. The rental value of land has fallen all over the country about 40 per cent. since 1875. A farm of 700 acres in Wiltshire which Mr. Haggard mentions, sold in 1812 for £123,000, and in 1892 for £25,000. In 1874 it was rented at £5000 per acre @800 tithes. Now it is let for £1250, and the landlord pays the tithes. Another farm, which up to 1870 paid a rent of £10,000, let in 1901 for £4125, tithes free. A third farm of 1500 acres, in capital order and with good buildings, that used to fetch £5 an acre, now only brings in £3, out of which the landlord has to pay £1 12s an acre for tithes, all the manure, and one-half of the sowing repairs. Instances such as this might be indefinitely multiplied. England pays away each year to foreign countries over £300,000,000 for grain and flour, about £150,000,000 for dried meat, about £130,000,000 for butter, cheese, and eggs, and nearly £50,000,000 for fruit and hops. Her own food-supply, if all foreign sources were cut off, as they would be if the British navy were to lose command of the sea, might at a pinch last from eight to ten weeks. Such are the main elements of the problem. The great landowners, or such of them, at least, as have no outside income, are practically ruined, and forced to let their estates to shooting tenants, who, in nine cases out of ten, are totally indifferent to agriculture. The yeoman class has been virtually wiped out—over-eighths of the farmers are tenants; and even with the utmost diligence, and cultivating every possible side issue, they are only just able to make both ends meet, and often not even that. The laborers are flocking to the towns in thousands, every year shows more land left down to grass, and the country receives five-sixths of its food from abroad. Here is a national problem if ever there were one.

What are the causes of it? Firstly, of course, there is free trade. The whole without-growing world shoots its surplus supply into England without check; nor is there any guarantee that prices will not fall still lower. Secondly, there is the iniquitous system of differential rates practised by the English railway companies, in spite of Parliament and the law against the domestic and in favor of the foreign grain. Such

a system can only make any one who has looked to the front of that Englishman have the hardihood to speak of "trade" as a peculiarly American invention. Thirdly, there is that strong spirit of individualism, which makes it almost hopeless to expect that English farmers will ever learn the value, indeed the necessity, of co-operation, as the Italians, for instance, have learned it. Fourthly, there is the indifference of a low-grade legislature elected by urban votes. Mr. Haggard is perfectly right in insisting that "English governments look upon the land and its interests in a totally different light from that in which it is regarded by those of most other civilized nations. Here they cannot be brought to recognize that the matter is one of any real importance. Intoxicated with our recent, but now, it would seem, waning success as a trading nation, and for the most part owing their place and power to the votes of traders and dwellers in cities, to them the great questions of the prosperity of agriculture and of that which is dependent on it, the holding of the rural population to the fields and villages when their forefathers have dwelt for centuries, are things of small account. They will not far see the fundamental facts that it is well we should grow all the food we can within the limits of our own shores, and that of this we could grow a much larger quantity than we do to-day; that men are more than money, and deteriorate when crowded into towns; and that without a continually renewed supply of men and women, healthy in mind and body, the greatness of the nation must dwindle. Other countries are wiser; they see and do their best to guard against the danger. Here, if we see it, we shrug our shoulders, say that any party or cabinet that attempted remedial would lose popularity in the cities, and leave things to take their chance."

A powerful indictment, but unquestionably a true one. And beyond all this there is the paralyzing shortage of labor. Wherever Mr. Haggard went he found the same complaint. There is little labor to be had, and what there is, is incredibly inefficient. "The labor difficulty is the blackest shadow of the lot." "Unless something unforeseen occurs, farming must come to an end for lack of labor." "All the young men are draining from the land; no one who is fit for anything stops on it nowadays." "The present race of stalwart laborers is fast dying out, without any prospect of its replacement." "The next five years will leave us without a man." "When the old men die, and only the 'wasters' are left, what is to happen? The land is going to the devil." These are but half a dozen sample opinions from as many counties; they could be repeated ad nauseam. Mr. Haggard himself, in summing up his conclusions, declares that "it is now common for only the dilapidated, the vicious, or the wasters to stay upon the land, because they are entitled for any other life." And yet their wages are higher, the cost of living cheaper, and their accommodations better than ever before. Why do they go? For one thing, their wages, though as high as the farmer can pay, are not high enough. They can earn £7 50 in the cities, and not more than \$4 50 in the country. In the city there is always a chance that they may rise to independence; on the land they begin and end as laborers. In the cities they have the usual Saturday half-holiday, and no Sunday work whatever; on a farm they must be always within hail. In the city employment is constant, in the country fitful. In the city there is light, amusement, glamour, life; in the village an unending round of dullness. The education system, arranged by townsmen for townsmen, tends to fill the country boy with an aversion for the soil.

The Book of Months

By E. F. Benson

AUGUST

I do not think that I have hitherto mentioned that since I came here in the spring the house in which Dick and Margery spent the few weeks together before he went out to South Africa has stood unoccupied, and often during the past months I have wandered slowly by it, noting with a kind of pleasure, I think, that, at any rate, no one I knew lived there. The feeling was, I am aware, utterly unreasonable, but it was of the same childish and instinctive kind as that which prompts us to pass away and not see, or at least not let others see, some little object which has been in any way closely connected with some one who is dead whom we have loved. I do not think this feeling is in the least defensible, for it implies that we cut the dead off to ever so small a degree from the living, and thus tend to keep alive the sting of death. For in that the dead have once been intertwined with our ordinary workaday lives, it is altogether a false sentiment which makes us separate them now. If we believe at all, as I do most truly, that they still are about and around us. All the same, it was with a certain surprise and shock that I saw in August that the sign-board that the house was to let was taken down, and that a few days later a furniture-van was drawn up at the door. In fact, this very natural and very proper event disturbed me to a degree which I was wholly unable to understand. It seemed dreadful somehow that others should be at home there (it never occurred to me at the time that it was highly unlikely that the house had stood vacant for two years), so wholly was it concentrated in my mind to those two. At the same time I realized my utter senselessness about the matter, and instead of trying to combat it, attempted to take a shorter cut and dismiss it as far as I could from the range of my conscious thoughts. Yet for weeks it lurked there in the shadow, and as weeks went on, though I never consciously dwelt on the thought, yet somehow the thought seemed to grow there in the dark of my mind, until I knew that all my subconscious brain was full of it. More especially I desired to remain in ignorance of who the intruders—for so I thought of them—were. As long as they remained utterly vague and unknown, I could feel no definite and incarnated resentment, but if once they were visualized I felt that the growth in the shadow might leap out with poisonous leaves into the sunlight of active and conscious thought.

I have tried to put incoherency coherently, but I feel I am drawing with definite outline that which was necessarily indefinite; yet in no other way except by words of definite meaning can one indicate any impression, however mistlike. Let me say at once that what I have said is overrated, in the sense that if one writes down the actual phantasms of a nightmare they are overrated, because to state them at all is to lose the perishing vagueness for hard outline. On the other hand, again, what I have written down is, I think, understated, since I try in vain to convey by words the vague and sliding disquiet I felt at the thought of the owner of the furniture-van that unloaded at the door. Only, as I have said, this all lurked in the shadow, and though it grew, yet, by persistent refusal to think directly of it and by persistently endeavoring to continue in ignorance of who the new tenants were, the dark growth never emerged into sunlight. But it seems a curious irony of fate that so soon after I have written about the road

to happiness this phantasmal ghost should arise to poison joy. This, at any rate, is not exaggerated language, for the thought of the house tenanted once more lay like a shadow over my spirits. I was wholly unable (or, at any rate, I thought I was, which comes to the same thing) to banish the shadow from my mind, and it haunted both waking and sleeping thoughts with a dull, never-ceasing weight. I, who hardly ever dream, and then only of astounding and marvellous adventures, groped nightly about ill-lit passages, which I believed to be passages in that house, in intolerable apprehension. Sometimes, so it seemed to me, certain rooms were vividly lit inside, and through cracks below the door or through the chink of the door ajar I saw that there were bright lights inside the rooms, which yet cast no filtering illumination into the passages through which I had to feel my way. At other times the whole house was wrapped in a misty obscurity, which was not the light of early morning nor yet the dusk of falling night, but something almost palpable to the touch; it was as if the gray veil of the future brushed across my eyes, some unseen hand stirring it, as if to lift it away, and my dreamt eyes would strain into the darkness for the light that should show me what agencies moved about me. These dreams, which were very persistent and occurred in dim sequence many times during the night, always opened in the same way. On falling asleep I passed straight into the nebulous atmosphere I have tried to describe and was waking up in Margery's house. For the darkness, I never could see more of it than its square shape, a blot against the blotted sky; the door was always open, and the groping in the passages began. I was conscious always of many presences close around me, but the dusk hid them, and into the lighted rooms I never could enter, for it was somehow forbidden. Then one night an entirely new dream came, sandwiched between the dreams of dusk, and in that I was going along the road by the house not wrapped in obscurity, but in brilliant sunshine. Birds trilled in the bushes, flowers of extraordinary vividness grew in the hedges, and I thought, with an upleap of exaltation, that the passages would be blid no longer. Then I turned the corner and came on the house, and though I knew it was the right one, yet it had changed almost beyond recognition. The steps that led to the front door were cracked and moss-ridden, the creepers had so grown that they hung in curtains over the windows; an indescribable air of age had passed over it. But the room over the front door—Margery's room—was untouched by the gray hood of time; the walls were still smooth, and it seemed to me the bricks newly painted; the creepers were cut back from the window, which was wide open, and from inside came a voice singing. It was a song that Margery always loved, and though the voice was like hers, yet it was not quite like.

It was with the wildest hopes and expectation that I entered the house; but, once again, though all was bright outside, the passages were again dark. But I groped my way up stairs, and saw that the door of Margery's room stood open, and a figure, framed in the misty obscurity, stood a figure that must be hers. Like for like it repeated that form I knew so well; the slight bend of the neck, the outward sweep of the shoulders, were all hers. And in that darkness I gazed and gazed, for the veil seemed to brush upwards against my eyes; but it did not lift, and in an agony I cried out, "Margery, Margery, is it you?" And my own voice, I suppose, woke me, for I found myself seated up in bed, and the night outside was still very dark and hot, and I

heard the hissing of steady rain on the slabs.

So I lay down again, and must have gone to sleep immediately, for without conscious pause I was back in the dark passages as usual. But once again on that same night a new factor appeared in my dreams. For the presences, though still invisible, were inaudible no longer, and their footsteps passed about and around me, very close. For a long time I listened, but heard none that conveyed me; but at last there came one which I knew to be Dick's, and with it went another that was Margery's, and they passed over me and went out—I suppose, to the garden. It never occurred to me to follow, for I was outside their lives somehow, and if we came near each other it was that they came near to me. After that the steps of many strangers passed and repassed, and then once more I heard Margery's footsteps alone. But when it came close I knew it was not Margery's, but like it, as the singing voice was like hers. Then slowly, as at the hint of dawn, the dim passages began to grow bright, and I looked to see where Margery was. But the brightness, as it grew, showed me only the walls and furniture of my own room, and then the open window came in the pale light of early morning as the morning breeze flapped the blind.

Now by this time the dreams of the dark passages had lasted about a week, and the days between the nights had been full of a corresponding depression, far by night it was the darkness that troubled me, and by day that shadow of the new folk that were coming to live there. Then came that night which I have described, and simultaneously both the dream of the dark passages and the depression by day ceased entirely and altogether. I went back at once to the dreamless nights to which I was accustomed, and my days were once more a mosaic of happy hours. But the bewilderment of those days and the ill-defined fear of those nights were as Murkiness to the spirit that at the time I soberly thought that some madman had begun to lay his finger on my brain, and now that I no longer fear that, I find myself wondering what could have induced this melancholy. The weather, it is true, was extremely hot and depressing, and for the whole week, it is also true, I was working against time at a piece of work I did not wish to do. Before I had been a day at it, I knew that it was disastrous; before I had been two at it, I was sure it was not worth while to do it at all.

Now being temporarily bored with one's work is one thing; radical disapproval is another. It may easily happen that to bring about a situation rightly several chapters of what seem to me at the time (and very likely so) sorry stuff have to be hammered into shape. This preparation for the situation has to be made without giving the situation away; only when it occurs the reader should say to himself, "Of course it must be so; why didn't I think of it?" But radical disapproval is a far different matter. It is rash immorality to go on spending time and space over what is worthless or worse. And that rank immorality I committed. Then, when the work in question, the oppressive weather, and the disordered dreams, which began simultaneously, also, as they did, faded simultaneously, I felt that it was highly probable that they were all bound up together. Certainly it is more than possible that they all rested on each other,—that the thunder in the skies led to a general depression that made my immorality sit heavy on me, and induced a gloom by day that was carried over into the night; again the fact that I slept in the shadowless bright shadow late in the day, and the fact that I spent the

hours unprofitably, and knew it, predisposed to gloomy visions. At the same time the persistence of the same dreams was curious, and the society that collects nightmares are at liberty to put it on a pin. Such however, is the record of what happened during the first week of August.

Thereafter came to me spoilt days,—spoilt not by outward agencies, but by fussy stupidity on my part. To the ordinary citizen such spoiling means nothing, for in all probability he will never experience it, and thus to him the trial of these three days are senseless. But, great that your household comprises only a plain (very plain) cook, and what would be called in London a general,—though such have no idea of campaign,—it will appeal to the minority to know that the question of what one wanted for ten days at Baireshut and perhaps a week's wandering in Germany was crucial. It was no use saying vaguely—as I suppose one does to a valet—"I shall be away for ten days; pack," but seriously I had to think of all that I should essentially want. The result was that early on the second day I found that I had packed away the necessities of life, and had to unpack them all again. This and the subsequent repacking took the whole of the third day. Even then, since I had to leave at cockcrow to catch the evening boat to Ostend, there were many things inconsiderable. Were there baths at Baireshut, or should I take an india-rubber bath? Were there washrooms, or should I take as much linen as there were days? *Scipicarp, quicquid est!*

Now though I regret these pin-points of indecision, yet I defend them. For if one is going abroad for six months, all that is necessary to do is to put out every stitch and button you have on your bed to take with you, and the grand portmanteau advances. But for ten days at a foreign place, surely such equipment is beyond the mark. Therefore one has to select. Here comes in the case of an imaginative mind. One can readily picture circumstances even in the course of ten days in which one will want such single suit of clothes one possesses. For instance—there may quite easily be a cold spell of weather, and therefore it is necessary to take one suit of thick clothes; also to be worn on the night journey. But supposing one gets caught during this cold spell by a sudden storm! The cold spell continues, but the thick clothes are wet. Therefore one must take two suits of thick clothes. However, warm weather is more likely, and there must be at least two suits of sunnells. Four suits. Then for emergencies of the social kind one must not be found defenceless, and some sort of tailed apparatus must come. Five suits. Dress clothes six. Also, there is excellent trout-fishing not far from Baireshut, and I have been particularly told to bring a rod. That entails some knickerbockers and a Norfolk jacket. Seven suits.

At this point I paused; I was taking seven suits in order to clothe my unworthy body for a space of ten days in a Bavarian village. Yet there was the flaw! Of all things in the world I hate to be away from home and wanting something which I have forgotten to take or, which is worse, decided not to take. Time was when it was so simple to put in that article, but the opportunity is mine no longer, and I sigh for the undressed wardrobe. I seem to reproduce more of these indecisions—I would sooner reproduce French as spoken in the hot bath; and it will suffice to say that, having spent hours which will never return in process of careful selection, I eventually discarded selection altogether and filled all the portmanteau I possess. However, in the future I shall waste no

more time in thinking what I shall want on short journeys, for I know I shall end in taking all I have, and it saves trouble to begin with that.

I do not know whether we are all descended from gypsies, but certainly in most people something of the instinct which loves to wander, to make a journey merely for the joy of going, survives. True it is that punctual trains (the Southerners, however, has a great deal of admirable romance and uncertainty about it) and well-appointed steamboats, which traverse appointed ports at regular and ascertainable times, have taken much of the unknown from travel, and so robbed this instinct of its fruit, but they cannot quite starve it. Even though you travel in a Pullman car, and sit on plush with your head among voluptuous giddings and gaze into looking-glasses which show you the country and the telegraph-poles reeling giddily backwards, yet you still travel, and, at any rate, if you are going where you have never been before, something new and unknown waits for you behind the advancing line of the horizon. Thus the one thing I severest on a journey is a book; it is sufficient entertainment for me merely to look out of the window and see new country, vale and plain, or plain and mountain peak, hurry to greet me in endless procession. So seriously I move that it is hardly possible to weary of what one sees before it is gone; every bend in the line may show something admirable. But, above all things, the heading passage through the station of a large town d-rights me. First comes a mile of sordid house-backs built onto the line, then a short tunnel at which the engine scowms, then a wider glance of the town, with perhaps a gray cathedral tower peering over it all; then, close against the windows, slanting lines of people like rain, on the gray tapering platform, the names of the stations hidden, like a plum in a bun from its own refreshment room, in plaques of advertisement; the signal-box with its rows of glancing semaphores; the mile of sordid house roofs again; and out into the green fields. Then at a stile going onto the line there wait a couple of children whom in all human probability you will never see again, waving their hats at the gray express. For a glimpse only you saw them, but they have their lives in front of them, fraught with momentousness to themselves at least, and perhaps to others. It is even possible that in years to come the line of your life may cross theirs, that tragedy or comedy is already weaving the ropes that will bring you together in love or death or slaughter. For of all phrases "chance meeting" is the most illogical. If chance exists at all, nothing exists except chance. Your most careful plan may be spoiled by chance, as you will say. Then your careful plan was chance too, since chance can wreck it.

The backwaters of life, like the backwaters of streams, have an enormous fascination for me, for both are extraordinarily pleasing to the eye and restful to the mind. The great stream of progress hurries by them, while they nestle gaily under shelter in sedate eddies, and sometimes sticks and straws from the stream get flung aside into them, and at once they join that slow, unburying circle. Such a backwater is Baywater; a tram line and an advertisement of Sunlight Soap are the only trails of modernity I noticed in the town, for the theatre stands apart from it, a mile away beneath the pine woods of the pleasant, varying hills. But otherwise it is backwater of the purest type, not ancient and not modern any more than is a backwater in a stream, but merely existent and an-

hurrying. The inhabitants, we must suppose, buy and sell things from each other; some are richer than others, but it apparently not much; and none, I should think, are either very rich or very poor. Some, also, are letter-locking than others, but not much. Some rather wider awake, but all seem to have set as a seal on their foreheads a ruminating mediocrity in all points and quantities which the human mind is able to conceive. Apart from the festival it is impossible to imagine being either very happy or very unhappy in Baireshut—"very," in fact, is a word which is without meaning there. Yet here by a strange doing of fate is planted the root of perhaps the most "very" mind that ever existed, for the brick theatre on the hillside is the casket which holds that heart of flame and song. Critics have beggared dictionaries to express their feelings about Wagner, and whether it is a synonym for "charlatan" they have searched for, or a synonym for "outrage" none there guess, but it apparently at him the charge of delusion or mediocrity. Indeed, to discuss him at all seems to imply that you are not in that calm frame of mind to which alone can discussion be profitable, and the violence which marks his music and drama seems at once to infect the mind of his critic. Stranger of all, even Tolstoy, who of all great writers seems to be almost utterly devoid of any sense of beauty, though its mastery of soulfulness and ugliness his art is worthy to stand by Shakespeare's, has allowed himself to be drawn into the mad circle, and has given us in his volume on Art a dozen pages which for sheer ineptitude of criticism, complete ignorance of his subject, and utter incompetence to deal with it must rank forever with the colossal failures of the world, such as the Panama Canal and the fall of Napoleon. In the calm frame of mind descends me; discussion is not profitable.

It was after the second act of "Parasol" and from the cool darkness of the theatre we streamed silently out into the brilliant sunshine of the late afternoon. The sun was near to its setting, and the whole plain below us was steeped and stupefied in the level rays. A blue haze of heat mist lay over the farther hills, emphasizing the enhancement of their ridges, which stood out like the muscles of some strong arm. But above the theatre were the quiet pine woods, hardly whispering, so still was the evening, and it was to them that my friend and I turned; for the poisonous enchantment of Kingsover had to be expelled, and we neither of us dared to join in shrill discussions about the exquisite phrasing of Kaudery, that more beautiful, not less phrase, that more occupied us. For an hour the evil flowers had bloomed, and that evil was not of the foul sort that makes one turn from it, but of the seemingly innocent welcome of maidens that were flowers, and of an evil woman who spoke not of evil things, but of sweet things,—a mother's love, and her own love for her who was gone. So we sat in the pine woods and let the fermenting vat of sin lose its effervescence, and waited till the sour-smelling bubbles broke no more on its iridescent surface. And the sun sank till it touched the hills, and where it touched they changed to semitransparent amber, and a crescent moon arose in the east and one bird fluted in the bush. Then the first trumpet from below sounded the *metzif* of the Love-feast, and down we went. From the mad fire of the wood we passed into the cool gloom of the theatre, and the doors were shut, and soon the curtain rose on the last act.

To be Continued.

Books and Bookmen

It is just thirteen years ago since Mr. Edwin A. Abbey began the famous series of drawings in HARPER'S MAGAZINE illustrating the comedies of Shakespeare. The first of the series was in illustration of the "Merry Wives of Windsor," and appeared in the Christmas number of the MAGAZINE in 1880. Curiously enough, Mr. Abbey began the series of drawings, which he is now engaged upon for the tragedies to complete the edition, in the last Christmas number. The tragedy chosen to inaugurate this series was "King Lear," for which Mr. Swinburne, the poet, wrote an introduction. The tragedies will comprise seventy drawings. The comedies, which were afterward published in four handsome volumes, contained one hundred and thirty-two drawings. "The execution," Mr. Abbey told a visitor recently, "occupied me about two years, and during that time I visited everything which would enable me to portray the characters and paint the backgrounds most faithfully. As you know, Shakespeare placed each of his comedies in different countries. In England we have the "Merry Wives of Windsor." I therefore visited the looke of his works. I went to Venice twice so that I might obtain the local coloring for an effective background in the "Merchant of Venice" series. For "The Taming of the Shrew" I went east below Naples, and there pointed out dozens the scenes I wished to represent. In the same way I studied the architecture, manners, and ways of the people of the periods, so as to insure as much historical accuracy as possible."

When the present series upon which Mr. Abbey is engaged is finished, he will have a complete Abbey Shakespeare. In art Mr. Abbey, it has been said, represents the sum of attainment in regard to the delineation of Shakespearean characters which on the stage is held by Sir Henry Irving. Mr. Abbey has two studios, one in his pleasant house in Tit Street, Chelsea, and the other at Fairford, in Gloucestershire. "But," he says, "I prefer the latter for its quiet and freedom from interruption. There I painted the majority of my 'Greil' panels for the Boston Public Library, and the bulk of my other work. Fairford has one drawback in the difficulty I experience in obtaining suitable models. Roughly speaking, I spend two-thirds of my time in the country and one-third in town."

Directly one enters the hall at Tit Street, a series of charming pictures meets the eye, and passing on the stairs to the studio at the top of the house there are on the walls innumerable black and white sketches of Shakespearean subjects. As the visitor entered the fine lofty room of the studio, Mr. Abbey was busy painting, but with that dignified courtesy which is characteristic of him he stopped his work to come and sit down by the fireside to talk to his visitor. Mr. Abbey was asked about his early training. "At the age of seventeen," he replied, "I entered the Academy in Philadelphia, and there I stayed until I was nineteen. The master was an Abolitionist, who, though perhaps belonging to the old classic school, gave most valuable instruction to his pupils. As time goes on, I learn to value more highly the excellence of his teaching. I entered the publishing-house of Messrs. Harper & Brothers in my nineteenth year, and remained with them many years. In 1874 I exhibited a picture at the American Water-color Society, of which I became a member in 1874 or 1875. I continued from that time on to exhibit a picture annually at the Society. One of my earliest efforts

was entitled 'The Coach Office.' Disgraced from his early reinascences for a moment, Mr. Abbey laid down one of his leading principles. All things being equal," he observed, "it is not the brilliant pupil who really succeeds best in the long run. It is the one who has the power of taking infinite pains who gets eventually to the top of the tree, and not the pupil whose work depends upon a good dinner. For myself, I always fear the result of work which is done too easily, and I find that almost invariably I have to do it over again."

Mr. Abbey's career may be roughly divided into three distinct periods. In the first place, there was his connection with the Harpers. Then came his series of Shakespearean studies, which occupied a decade, and, lastly, "The Quest of the Holy Grail" for the Boston Public Library, which kept him busy for twelve years. In answer to the question, "Why did you choose the subject of the Holy Grail?" Mr. Abbey replied, "Because it is the one romance common to all Christendom. The legend, which originated either in Wales or Ireland, spread in various forms over France and Germany, and even as far as Scandinavia in the north and Spain in the south." Mr. Abbey dealt with the romance in a way that won the hearty approval of art critics. Speaking of the qualifications which must go to the mastery handling of so big a theme, Mr. Abbey observed, in discussing the decorative aspect of the work: "I consider that the arts of the painter, sculptor, and architect should accord with each other. Unfortunately, you find in many cases that the painter knows nothing of sculpture or architecture, and is therefore disqualified from completing his decoration to unity with the other qualities of the building. And it is equally essential that the architect and sculptor should be acquainted with the needs of the painter. In America we are just now studying this matter in the hope that the three arts will go hand in hand in the erection and beautifying of public buildings. To some extent this was accomplished in the Boston Public Library. We are now promoting an American Academy in Rome, of which I am one of the incorporators. The academy itself has been in existence for some time, but we hope to place it upon an enlarged and improved basis. It will be in touch with the American universities, such as Harvard and Yale, whose governing bodies are alive to its interests, and are co-operating in the provision of scholarships."

Mr. Abbey was made a member of the Royal Academy in 1898, just a year after the honor had been conferred upon his friend and fellow-countryman, Mr. J. R. Sargent. His principal pictures, apart from the Shakespearean and Greil series, have been exhibited at the Royal Academy. As an illustrator Mr. Abbey has done a great deal of very fine work in addition to his Shakespearean drawings, most of which at one time or another have been published by Messrs. Harper & Brothers. He has also been a diligent contributor to HARPER'S MAGAZINE. Only last year a series of illustrations for "The Deserted Village" appeared in the MAGAZINE, and was subsequently published in book form. The artistic treatment of the theme was characteristically fresh and unconventional. For example, Mr. Abbey pictured the line

"When every rood of ground maintain'd its man"

and gave us a scene that was undoubtedly present in the mind of Goldsmith as he discoursed on Sweet Auburn. The tattered cottage, the contorted laborer, the pleasant-faced mother are all types that the poet

loved. A volume in which Mr. Abbey collaborated in 1885, entitled *Shakespeare's Rome in Holland*, contained the following interesting dedication from the author, Mr. George H. Bouquet, R.S.: "To Edwin A. Abbey, my fellow-rambler and fellow-drawer, to whose delightful companionship may be set down any extra washes of couleur de rose that may be discovered in these pages by the cold and cynic whose good fortune it has not been to ramble with such a perfect fellow-traveller, this writing is inscribed."

A recent visitor to Mr. E. F. Benson's bachelor quarters in the quaint old cathedral town of Winchester found a set of Meredith occupying a prominent place on the novelist's bookshelves. "I place Meredith quite at the top of living novelists," said Mr. Benson. "I have had the privilege of meeting him, and a most remarkable old man he is—old in years, but young in spirit, and still with an intellect as keen as ever." Mr. Meredith himself gave expression to this feeling of personal youthfulness in an interview which appeared the other day in the *Manchester Guardian*. Referring to himself and his work, he said: "I suppose I should regard myself as getting old. I am seventy-four, but I don't feel as if I were growing old, either in heart or mind, but still look on life with a young man's eye. I have always hoped I should not grow old, as some do, with palsied intellect, living backward, regarding other people as anachronisms, because they themselves have lived on into other times and left their sympathies behind them with their years." It is not so long ago that Mr. Meredith, in conversation with a well-known publisher, spoke with enthusiasm of a novel he should like to write with an eye especially to the intellectual needs of the young men of the present day. Yet he has been writing for the youth of intellect since the beginning. *The Egoist*, *Richard Feverel*, *Branca's Career*, *Rhoda Fleming*, *Evans Harrington*, *Harry Richmond* had more to say to the youth of their day than the works of any other novelist. They have more to say to the youth of to-day; and perhaps still more as life goes on. Mark Hawthorne speaks eloquently in one of his books of his conviction in reading a certain writer. "Others may write about science and philosophy," he says, "this one writes about me." Of Meredith, this could probably be said with more truth than of any other novelist by the thinking young man. Robert Louis Stevenson was one of many such who have given remarkable testimony to the heart-searching qualities and self-interpretation of Meredith.

One of the most able and interesting analyses of Meredith's art we have seen is to be found in the sixth volume of the new *Encyclopædia Britannica*. The writer discovers that the secret of the brilliancy of Meredith's style is derived from the combination of the narrator with the creator, or—in its strict sense—the *see*. The reader, by the transference of the interest from the audience to the stage, is transported into the very soul of the character, and made to feel as he feels and act as he acts. "In building up the mind's actions, events, and tragedies, or comedies, of his imaginary personalities, and the selected circumstances and inspiring them with the identical motives and educational influences of life itself, Mr. Meredith has spent an elaboration and profundity of thought, and an originality and vigor of analysis upon his novels which in explicitness go far beyond what had been previously attempted in fiction, and which gives to his works a philosophical value of no ordinary kind."

Correspondence

THE CANTEN FROM THE NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS' SIDE.

San Juan, P. R., February 3, 1903.
To the Editor of *Harper's Weekly*:
Sir,—Being a constant reader of your paper, I regard to the canteen question, I feel that I am justified in answering the gentleman who wrote a letter, published in your issue on the 3d of January.

From my point of view he does not know what he is talking about. He has never been a soldier, while I have had that experience. Although I am not a drinking man I heartily approve of the canteen. It is beneficial in many respects to the soldier, which I intend to name. First, it provides many little things that are not issued to the soldiers, such as vegetables, preserves, milk, and other things not provided in the government ration. I was a soldier in Battery G, Fifth United States Artillery, stationed at Fort Wadsworth, and many in the time I have relished these extras that I speak of, provided from the dividends of the canteen.

A soldier could only get credit for 83, and then he had to wait another month before he could get more. The W. C. T. U. did a very wrong thing when they abolished the canteen: since they have accomplished their purpose, I have seen dives of all sorts spring up like mushrooms, selling live whiskey, vile beer, and all manner of intoxicants to the soldiers, giving them unlimited credit. When pay-day came around they were standing near the paymaster's table like a crowd of vultures, waiting for the soldier to receive his pay, and he had scarcely seen the color of it before it had vanished into the grogshopper's pocket; and still he is in debt; he has not paid for his wash, nor other more pressing debts; the liquor-seller bounds him for many months, in desperation, he takes his best suit of clothes, that he has kept for the various inspections, and gets a loan on it; this also goes to the saloon-keeper. When Saturday inspection comes around he has not got a decent uniform, consequently the officer in charge sentences him to the guard-house, and takes a month's pay from him besides. This is only one of many scenes that I have witnessed.

I have had men under me that, before the Canteen Bill was enacted, never left the fort. The true they took an occasional bottle of beer, but were never drunk. Now, those that have not been discharged dishonorably are habitual drunkards, because they were deprived of their occasional bottle. They saw fill up, and came rolling in at all hours of the night, and raising all manner of disturbances until they are put in the guard-house.

When we were ordered to Porto Rico, and reached here, we established a post exchange, where we kept a sort of beverage called hop ale. It looked like and tasted like beer, but, no matter how much was taken, it never made a man intoxicated. They took that from us, and then the men filled up on the native rum, which can be bought for about thirty cents a bottle (this is the worst kind).

We buried two men from this stuff, and they would have been living to-day if the canteen had not been denied them. One was a soldier that had served his country for over twenty-three years, and had come to Porto Rico to put in one more enlistment before retiring. But rum was his ruin.

Another came up to the fort, eyes popping out of his head, face bloated, and scarcely able to walk; he fell on his bunk, and sank into a drunken stupor, rolled out of bed upon the floor, and when some

of the men picked him up was in a dying condition. These are all true, and I can give you the names, if necessary, and get any abundance of proof, that the canteen is beneficial to the soldier.

The W. C. T. U. is a noble body of women. They have done a lot of good, but I am afraid that they have done more harm than good to the soldiers at home and abroad. They are forever preaching about saving "mother's boy." I know a boy when he enlisted he was as innocent as a babe—never smoke, never drunk, never smoked, used to go to the canteen to get an occasional sandwich. When the canteen was abolished he visited one of those dives that spring up around the different forts, and after running up a bill of over \$50, which he could not pay, he broke open the same saloon and stole a barrel of whiskey, and took to the woods. When found, he was in a dying condition. This is the sad ending of what was a mother's joy, but which turned to a cup of sorrow, through the "old maids" that call themselves "The Purity League" of the W. C. T. U.

In closing, I wish to ask the gentleman whom I was replying to, is it not better to let the intoxicated soldier home, instead of letting him parade the streets and disgracing the uniform that he wears. Let the W. C. T. U. leave the soldiers alone. There is more work for them than they can accomplish without meddling with the soldiers, and taking their little extra from them, and when they give the canteen back to the army, there will be less dissatisfaction than there is at present.

Yours truly,

G. L. HINCOCK,

Formerly Corporal, Battery G, Fifth Artillery, United States Army.

A FOOT-NOTE TO MARK TWAIN ON CHRISTIAN SCIENCE.

Baltimore, February 7, 1903.

To the Editor of *Harper's Weekly*:

Sir,—While cheerfully conceding that "Mark Twain's" dissertation on Christian Science is, in the main, amply sane and convincing, and a credit to the Presbyterian Church, I believe that on one point he is at fault—i. e., in his likening the Christian Scientists, in his exercise of the curative power, to the engineer. It can scarcely be called a mere quibble, but say that the power lies not in the engine, but in the properties of the coal and water. This being so, the healer is rather analogous to the discoverer and inventor, Watt and Stevenson. Watt discovered the power of steam; Stevenson invented the application of that power to locomotion. The faith healer discovered, or rediscovered, the curative possibilities of self-delusion. He also invented a method of applying it, without which the faith scientific that the imagination, under suitable stimulus, very powerfully effects physical conditions, would have been as practically valueless to mankind as the mere knowledge that hot steam will lift a tonweight lid. Any one could have told you that Watt's triumph lay in the application of the fact. And so with the faith healer.

The healer's art is the art of deceit; in plain Anglo-Saxon,—but why call names? But scientifically speaking, that is no discredit to him; he is merely working under psychological conditions, as the chemist works under chemical conditions, and the physician works under physiological conditions. If he lies, he lies effronterly and helpfully. As long as human gullibility remains what it is, the proposition that he is a useful member of society is not entirely indefensible. If the reporter's cure are genuine—and Mark Twain seems to concede their genuineness—the Abernethian

machinery that the faith healer has invented is positively a boon to society,—to that portion of it, at all events, who do not know too much. And if this statement is tomorrow, then there have been other writers of tommy-rot with whom we do not mind being associated. For it is written, and as I earnestly read, "Where ignorance is bliss," etc.

Voltaire's famous criticism of the phrase "The Holy Roman Empire," to the effect that it was neither holy, nor Roman, nor an empire, has been emulated by some critic of Christian Science on the ground that it is neither Christian nor scientific. In the light of Mark Twain's luminous exposition of the psychological basis of Christian Science, the latter contention will have to be abandoned. It is as scientific as medicine.

If this conclusion goes—and the logic seems unassailable—the faith healer is lifted from the status of the more vulgar quack to that of the scientific inventor. The fact that his invention is applied to sordid and selfish ends is beside the mark. The labors of most inventors are cheered by the prospect of making a pile when they "get the thing to work." Their interest in their work is usually so low as little scientific, and properly so—indeed why should we pity Eli Whitney and admire Mr. Vander-bilt? Why, then, should we have bricks at the faith-curl? Because he is making money out of his invention? No, that scarcely justifies him. He is only doing something that nobody else had the imagination to do—or the gall. Our animus is rather referable to that ancient source of strife, the odious monopolism, which makes certain sects of Calvinists object to seeing Arminian theologians in their pulpits, whether they preach Arminian doctrine therein or not. Another source of our dislike is our democratic hatred of trusts and monopolies, whether in applied psychology or sugar. And lastly, and greatest of all, and in comparison with which all others are trivial, and in speaking of which flippancy were unforgivable, are the rage and indignation that choke a man when the thing is carried too far—when some poor, misguided parent sacrifices the life of the helpless little child on the altar of the "healer's" gain! If there is anything in equity to justify a legal "age of consent," it will justify a thousand times an age limit below which the practice of faith healing shall be a felony punishable by death.

I am, sir,

HERMAN SPENCER.

I perceive there is something wrong somewhere in our social formulas; what it is can only be discovered by men or women with greater insight than mine—if, indeed, they ever discover it—at least, in our time. "For who knoweth what is good for men in this life!—and who can tell a man what shall be after him under the sun?"
Thomas Hardy.

We live by desire to live; we live by choice; by will, by thought, by virtue, by the vivacity of the laws which we obey, and obeying share their life—we die by sloth, by disobedience, by losing hold of life, which ebbs out of us.—Emerson.

The human heart is the world of poetry; the imagination is only its atmosphere. Fairies, and gnomes, and angels themselves are at least its insects, glancing with unsubstantial wings about its lower regions and less noble edifices.—Lassler.

Men are God's trees and women are God's flowers.—TENNYSON.

Finance

The improvement in speculative sentiment, to which attention was called in this column last week, has grown. It has been reflected by advancing values, though not all stocks have risen uniformly. There was, indeed, an appreciable increase in activity, but the transactions in the half-dozen issues which were the "leaders" of the market probably equalled the total business done in the rest of the list. The market aver broadens suddenly. The distribution of speculative activity widens gradually. After inertia in the speculative markets for weeks, the first step is not to contravene observers of the wisdom of an aggressive position on one or the other side, but rather to prove the folly of pouring, as in this instance, bear tactics. From showing that it is unwise to be a bear, the next step is obvious: it is wise to be a bull. Then comes the wisdom of having the courage of one's convictions, which means the change from the passive to the active, or to advance from merely thinking that stocks are too cheap, to buying them in order to sell them when they shall no longer be cheap. Wall Street, after becoming convinced that there was nothing on which to sell stocks, is studying whether to buy them at the moment or to wait for the favorable features of the situation to become more clearly defined. But from the very fact that public sentiment is leaning bullward, there has been the irrefragable effort on the part of the professionals, to "discount" still stronger and more widespread convictions of the public in the future. This led to sharp advances in special stocks, which, owing to special reasons, were, so to speak, the ripest for an upward movement. At this writing the market, after a sharp advance, displays the hesitancy that always follows heavy profit taking. That the "improvement" has culminated is altogether undoubted, barring unforeseen accidents of a disquieting or disastrous character, it would seem as though the bear position would be naive for some time to come.

Primarily, the ease in money had the most to do with bringing about a more hopeful feeling. Two months ago he was considered reckless and ill-advised who ventured to prophesy that time money would be offered in abundance to the average borrower at less than 5 or even 6 per cent. The Lake Shore, with its splendid credit, could not borrow below what amounted to 5½ per cent., or much more than bonds or stocks not on-call so gilt-edged as the pledged promise to pay of the Lake Shore road, netted to their holders. To-day, lenders are willing to put out their funds in security at 4½ per cent. for six months. The Pennsylvania Railroad borrowed money on its notes at 4½ per cent. for six months. To be sure, foreign-exchange rates have again risen to within a fraction of the "gold exporting point," but with easy money here, the operation contains nothing alarming, and if gold is actually shipped to Europe, authorities agree that the amount will not be great. In point of fact, the likelihood must be borne in mind that our exports of grain will "make" the necessary exchange to keep rates from rising to the level at which the gold-exporting operation can be profitably carried on. That we shall import gold from Europe later on is also among the possibilities. Moreover, in considering the course of our money-market in the future, Wall Street cannot fail to derive comfort from the prospect of the passage of the Aldrich currency bill. It concerns the present little, since the money-market is not in need of any relief. But some months hence, when the usual autumnal drain of cash for crop-morning purposes sets in, it will prevent the withdrawal of currency from circulation at the very time when it is most needed.

College Athletics and Character

PROFESSOR INA N. HOLLIS, who discussed "Intercollegiate Athletics" some time ago in the *Athletic Monthly*, has been for a good while a member of the athletic committee of Harvard College, and has necessarily devoted much attention to the conduct and effects of intercollegiate sports. He does not regard intercollegiate athletics in their present phase as an unmitigated good, and he is very far from regarding them as an unmitigated evil.

The basis for encouraging them he finds in the claims that they establish the physical vigor necessary to enable the mind to do its most effective work; that they stimulate out-door exercise all over the country; that they form an atmosphere of temperance and moderation in living, and thus restrain students from excesses; that they teach self-control and fairness; that they help to bring graduates and undergraduates of different universities into relations of friendship, and that they promote college loyalty. Discussing these claims he considers that the games which involve elaborate preparation and a tremendous strain on the system are of doubtful physical benefit. He thinks that the strain of some of the boat-races might well be modified by shortening the course, but he is ready, on the whole, to approve all forms of athletics which prevail in the college, except intercollegiate football. He has his doubts about football, which is, he says, in some respects superior to any other sport. Its hazards, its drugger, its spectacular quality seem to him objectionable, and make him feel that the game is still on trial. Some of the roughness

ought to be regulated out of it, he thinks, but considers that the game is improving.

As for the influence of the intercollegiate sports in stimulating the taste for out-door exercises, he thinks they do appeal to the imagination of small boys everywhere, and lead them away from mischief and into out-door games. But he is not sure whether the lively condition of college sport is the cause, or the effect, of a general craving for out-door life.

He finds that the moral influence of the athletes in colleges is good, that they set a fashion of clean living, and help to establish an atmosphere of democratic equality. He grants that athletes teach self-control, be courteous, organized cheering, and doubt if intercollegiate sports head good will between universities. "It is shocking," he says, "to hear what one university will say of another when there is a difference of opinion on some eligibility question."

How far intercollegiate sports have demonstrated their permanent value as part of a college education must be determined in the end by their effect upon character. That is Professor Hollis's conclusion, and most thoughtful people agree with him. "If they can be made to teach self-control and manliness to a large number of students without a sacrifice of the regular class-room work they are worth keeping and assisting." That is the gist of the whole matter. There is no result of training comparable in importance to character. You want your boy to start in his life's work with as good a body as he can develop, with a mind as well furnished as may be, but above all, sound in heart, upright, stout to resist as well as strong to persevere.

It is a matter of record that no part of any journal, here or abroad, is as widely quoted as the editorial "Comment" in HARPER'S WEEKLY.

The illustrated section follows the same lines—American progress, aggressiveness, optimism—why America leads and will lead as a nation and in individual effort. The issue of next week will have, among other features: *The Election of New Cardinals, and the Possibility of American Representation; Proposed Underground Moving Sidewalk for New York; The New Plan for Cataloguing the Heavens, etc.*

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Financial

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Corn Exchange Bank

New York

WILLIAM A. NASH, President
THOMAS T. BARR, Vice-Presidents
WALTER E. FREW, F. T. MARTIN, Cashier
WM. E. WILLIAMS, Assistant Cashier

CONDENSED STATEMENT

DECEMBER 1, 1902

ASSETS

Loans and Discounts . . .	\$22,821,102.49
Due from Banks	1,809,133.57
Banking Houses and Lots . .	1,524,792.90
Bonds, Stocks, etc.	1,024,125.34
Cash and c's on other Banks . .	9,386,564.23
	\$36,565,818.54

LIABILITIES

Capital, Surplus, and Undivided Profits	\$5,216,107.78
Deposits subject to Check . .	31,349,710.76
	\$36,565,818.54

The Mechanics' National Bank

of the City of New York

(FOUNDED 1810)
23 WALL STREET

OFFICERS

GRANVILLE W. GARTH, President,
ALEXANDER E. GIBB, Vice-President,
ANDREW A. KNOWLES, Cashier,
ROBERT U. GRAFF, Assistant Cashier.

STATEMENT OF CONDITION

(CONDENSED)

Report to the Comptroller of the Currency
APRIL 30th, 1902

RESOURCES

Loans and Discounts	\$12,745,106.56
Bonds	176,029.74
Banking House	545,794.22
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

ACCOUNTS INVITED

DIRECTORS

ALFRED E. ORR, David Dow & Co.
LOWELL LINDEN, Catin & Co.
RONALD E. GIBB, E. J. Planchet
HENRY HEITZ, Henry Heitz & Co.
CHARLES M. PRATT, Standard Oil Co.
HENRY TALMAGE, Henry Talmage & Co.
JOHN BRIDGEMAN, John Bridgeman & Co.
WILLIAM B. BRIDGEMAN, Bidwell, Hens & Co.
RODOLPH L. MARSTON, Blair & Co.
GRANVILLE W. GARTH, President.

Financial

Letters
of
Credit.

Bills of exchange bought and sold, Cable Transfers to Europe and South Africa, Commercial and Travelers' Letters of Credit, Collections made, International Cheques, Certificates of Deposit.

Brown Brothers & Co.,

BANKERS, No. 69 WALL STREET.

HASKINS & SELLS

CERTIFIED PUBLIC ACCOUNTANTS

NO. 50 BRADY STREET, NEW YORK

NEW YORK OFFICE: 111 WASHINGTON ST., CHICAGO, ILL. CLEVELAND OFFICE: 111 W. WASHINGTON ST., CLEVELAND, O. C. LONDON OFFICE: 111 W. WASHINGTON ST., LONDON, ENGLAND.

VENEZUELA

A Land Where It's Always Summer

By WILLIAM ELEROY CURTIS

With a Colored Map. Post 8vo, Cloth, \$1.25

Chatty and entertaining, and gives us an interesting picture of scenery, history, and life. An appendix contains the official correspondence between the United States and Great Britain. The book is well worth reading for the glimpses it gives into the ways of South American politicians.

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS, N. Y.

Official Legal Notice

THE CITY OF NEW YORK
DEPARTMENT OF TAXES AND ASSESSMENTS, MAIN OFFICE, 80 BROADWAY, STEWART BUILDING

January 15, 1903.
NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, AS REQUIRED BY THE General City Charter, that the books called "The Annual Record of the Assessed Valuations of Real and Personal Estate in the City of New York, for the Years of 1902, 1901, and 1900," and the books called "The City of New York, for the Year of 1902," will be open for examination and correction on the second Monday of January, and will remain open until the

15th DAY OF APRIL, 1903.
During the time that the books are open for public inspection, applications may be made by any person or corporation desiring to be approved by the annual valuation of real or personal estate to have the same corrected.
In the Borough of Manhattan at the main office of the Department of Taxes and Assessments, No. 80 Broadway.
In the Borough of the Bronx, at the office of the Department, Municipal Building, One Hundred and Twenty-Sixth Street and Third Avenue.
In the Borough of Brooklyn, at the office of the Department, Municipal Building.
In the Borough of Queens, at the office of the Department, Marine Building, Jackson Avenue and Fifth Street, Long Island City.
In the Borough of Richmond, at the office of the Department, Municipal Building.

Applications to correct the annual valuation of personal estate must be made by the person assessed at the office of the Department in the Borough where such person resides, and at the case of a non-resident carrying on business in the City of New York, at the office of the Taxcollector of the Borough where such place of business is located, within the hours of 10 A. M. and 4 P. M., except on Saturdays, when all applications must be made between 9 A. M. and 12 noon.
JAMES L. WELLS, Professor,
WILLIAM S. COGWELL,
GEORGE W. GILLETTE,
SAMUEL STRASSBURGER,
RUFUS L. SMITH,
Commissioners of Taxes and Assessments.

MORTON TRUST COMPANY

38 NASSAU STREET

Capital	-	-	-	\$2,000,000
Surplus and Undivided Profits	-	-	-	\$5,815,982

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THOMAS F. RYAN, Vice-President
JAMES K. COBBIERE, Ad. Vice-Pres.
G. L. WILMERSDING, Asst. Secretary
H. M. FRANCIS, Secretary
CHARLES A. CONANT, Treasurer
H. B. BERRY, Trust Officer

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LEVI P. MORTON, G. G. HAVEN, GEORGE FORTER PEABODY,
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Harper's February Books Include

Six Trees By MARY E. WILKINS FREEMAN

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An inquiry into the mysteries of slumber, physical, psychological, and scientific. New, enlarged edition. \$1.50.

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HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS, NEW YORK

It is one thing to indulge in playful rest, and another to be devoted to the pursuit of pleasure; and gaiety of heart during the reaction after hard labor, and quickened by satisfaction in the accomplished duty or perfected result, is altogether compatible with any, even the severest austerities naturally met of, a deep internal seriousness of disposition.—*Quæritæ.*

APPROVED MEDICINE.—MRS. W. C. WOOD'S **WATER-BURY'S** is a child always be used for children's ailments. It soothes the child, soothes the parent, cures all pains, passes wind, colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea.—*[Adv.]*

INFANTS THRIVE on cow's milk that is not subject to any change of composition. **DR. WOOD'S** **WATER-BURY'S** CONDENSED MILK is always the same in all climates and at all seasons. As a natural household milk it is superior and is always available.—*[Adv.]*

TRUCK, said Franklin, is the staff of Life. Telephone service is a boon. **TRUCK**, said Franklin, is the staff of Life. Telephone service is a boon. **TRUCK**, said Franklin, is the staff of Life. Telephone service is a boon.—*[Adv.]*

ASTORIA'S the Original Astorian Bitter, has the pill between an effective tonic for a run-down system is needed, build-up drink and nerve tonic. **DRUGGISTS**—*[Adv.]*

BEAR in mind that the Champagne you want is **COCO'S** **IMPERIAL EXTRA DRY**. Made in America, but has foreign origin.—*[Adv.]*

FOR coughs and colds **FRANK'S** **CURE** is still the best and most pleasant remedy. **50 cents**—*[Adv.]*

USE **BROWN'S** Compound Superior **DENTAL** **PASTE** for the **TEETH**. **30 cents a jar**—*[Adv.]*

THE GIBRALTAR OF THE INSURANCE WORLD This company, which has "The Strength of Gibraltar" has given you more proof. If you'd were needed, that the strength of the place was well warranted in the Annual Statement now before us.

January 1902 The President has added over one hundred and eight million dollars to the amount of assets for insurance it had in force; it has added to its assets nearly twelve million dollars, to its income nearly five million dollars, and its surplus funds more than two million five hundred thousand dollars.

It has now in hand over eight hundred million dollars of its insurance, divided among every fire, marine, collision, reinsurance, roughly speaking, about one million dollars. This is nearly a hundred million in fire insurance, but only a seventh of nearly seven years to look back upon, or nearly nothing that it has ever before received in the history of American fire insurance. In these days of heavy competition, success runs only by the result of enterprise, coupled with upright business management, and our own and need to be further than this issue to account for the President's great success.—*[Adv.]*

ADVERTISEMENTS

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Pretty boxes and odors are used to sell such soaps as no one would touch if he saw them undisguised. Beware of a soap that depends on something outside of it.

Pears', the finest soap in the world, is scented or not, as you wish; and the money is in the merchandise, not in the box.

Established over two years.

ROYAL L. LEGRAND

GIANT STRIDES
THE SALES OF
MOËT & CHANDON
CHAMPAGNE
IN THE YEAR 1902 WERE
3,733,744
BOTTLES, A FIGURE NEVER REACHED BY ANY OTHER CHAMPAGNE HOUSE.
THE INCREASE IN THE UNITED STATES FOR TWO YEARS HAS BEEN
367,116
BOTTLES, A RECORD NEVER BEFORE ATTAINED IN THE HISTORY OF THE CHAMPAGNE TRADE IN THIS COUNTRY, MARKING AN INCREASE EQUAL TO
564 PER CENT
GREATER THAN THE COMBINED INCREASE OF ALL THE OTHER CHAMPAGNE HOUSES.
(From Bulletin of the United States Department of Commerce, January 1902.)



THESE NOTEWORTHY STATISTICS SHOW A FITTING TRIBUTE ENDORSING THE
QUALITY OF MOËT & CHANDON "WHITE SEAL"
THE CHAMPAGNE OF THE DAY
Chas. A. Remond & Co., N.Y. 1902

COLONIAL GLASSWARE



For the Table and Sideboard

3 & 5 W. 19th Street near 5th Avenue New York

C. DORFLINGER & SONS

Kitchen Utensils
TRADE MARK
AGATE
Steel Ware
ARE SAFE.

NO POISON
Has Ever Been Found in the Material of **Agate Nickel-Steel Ware.**
The **BLUE LABEL**, guaranteed by Distinction of United States Patent, is the only one of its kind.
PROVES IT.
If not used as we advised, with the New Dishless Pan, **Agate Nickel-Steel Ware** is sold by the leading Department and Household Goods Stores, **Caldwell & Stevens, 115 No. 5th St., New York, Boston, Chicago.**

Pride of the West

"My salary is \$2,500 per year. What would become of my family should I die suddenly?" Free Booklet. No opportunity.

PENN MUTUAL LIFE, 921-5 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

MORPHINE and **LIQUOR** are **ADDICTORS** of the body, leading to ruin, and are **ADDICTORS** of the body, leading to ruin, and are **ADDICTORS** of the body, leading to ruin.

Beautiful Bouquet for Wedding Treasures—As fine as roses, as soft as silk. It is made of the finest flowers and perfumes. It is a gift that will last for ever. **TREAT A CONFECTIONER**—100 N. 5th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

THE LATEST SUCCESS OF THE ORIZA-PERFUMERY (Grand Prix Paris 1900)

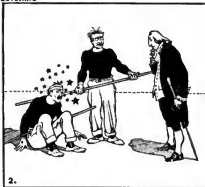
A SURPRISED PARTY

George Washington upon his birthday visits the President and discovers Great Progress

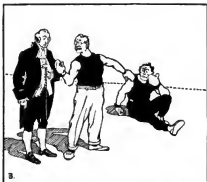
BY ALBERT LEVERING



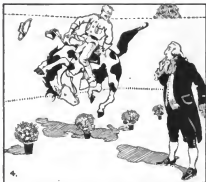
Teddy "Hello, Wash? Come right in!"
George "But, young man—I—"
Teddy "That's all! No scarce now. I'm it—the President!"



Teddy "How was that for a rap? Teachers' en patriotism, too. Look at those stars! Oh, he sees 'em all!"
George "Well—alright—I should have given the matter long and careful consideration."



Teddy "How was that for a neat appearance? Nobody like it to watch one to cut an appearance—eh?"
George "Well, I should have waited—"



Teddy "Vessie, this is a non-horse, all right. Don't be look it!"
George "Occurs to me there is an extremity of action before due thought."



Teddy "Stories of my life,—yes. People like 'em much more 'n the mass; government documents."
George (aside) "Wks, Thosder, I helped write the Constitution."



Teddy "Come on, now, and I'll show you a bunch of Senators that won't make from kind. No? Well, to be, most rash. Sentorial my always scheduled 1/20."



The Equitable

Life Assurance Society

Of the United States.



HENRY E. HYDE, FOUNDER.

Forty-third Annual Statement, for the Year Ending December 31, 1902.

ASSETS.	
Bonds and Mortgages	\$70,006,274.15
Real Estate in New York, including the Equitable Building	21,754,047.44
United States, State, City and Railroad Bonds and other in- vestments market value over cost, \$100,000.00	186,363,110.00
Loans secured by Bonds and Stocks (market value, \$1,000,000.00)	17,621,000.00
Policy Loans	14,108,674.51
Real Estate outside of New York, including 12 office buildings	15,439,521.31
Cash in Banks and Trust Companies at interest	25,852,441.30
Balance due from agents	978,252.97
Interest and Rents (Due \$100,000.00 Accrued \$40,000.00)	367,501.04
Premiums due and in process of collection	4,527,992.00
Deferred Premiums	2,376,723.00
Total Assets	\$359,395,537.72

INCOME.	
Premium Receipts	\$53,932,423.44
Interest, Rents, etc.	15,074,588.81
Income	\$69,007,012.25

DISBURSEMENTS.	
Death Claims	\$15,281,961.73
Endowments and deferred dividend policies	6,537,545.99
Annuities	768,095.09
Surrender Values	2,125,723.83
Dividends to Policyholders	4,477,024.15
Paid Policyholders	\$29,191,250.79
Commissions, advertising, postage and exchange	6,814,540.09
All other disbursements	5,898,104.57
Sinking Fund. Reduction of book values of Bonds purchased at a premium	344,206.00
Disbursements	\$42,248,101.45

We hereby certify to the correctness of the above statement.

FRANCIS W JACKSON, Auditor H E COURSEN, Assistant Auditor A W MAINE, Associate Auditor

LIABILITIES.	
Assurance Fund (or Reserve) \$279,450,753.00	
All other Liabilities	4,817,287.95
Total Liabilities	\$284,268,040.95
Surplus	\$75,127,496.77

ASSURANCE.	
INITIAL POLICIES STATED AT THEIR COMPLETED VALUES.	
Outstanding Assur- ance	\$1,292,446,595.00
New Assurance	\$281,249,944.00

We hereby certify to the correctness of the above statement. The Reserve as per the independent valuation of the N. Y. Insurance Department, is \$27,847,000. For Superintendent's certificate see Detailed Statement.

J. G. VAN CISE, Actuaries R. G. HARRIS, Assistant Actuary

We have examined the accounts and Assets of the Society, and certify to the correctness of the foregoing statement.

WM A. WHEELLOCK, V. F. ENYER, C. LEONARD ELAIR, C. B. ALEXANDER, GEO. H. SQUIRE,
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N. B.—FOR FURTHER PARTICULARS SEE DETAILED STATEMENT.



Your Family

Are they provided for?
Life Insurance in

The Prudential

is the greatest of mediums
for home protection.

Write for information. Dept. T.

The Prudential Insurance Company
OF AMERICA

JOHN F. DRYDEN
President

Home Office
NEWARK, N. J.



Fancy Apples

from the famous Lake Shore section of Western New York.

Kings, Baldwin, Greenings, Northern Spys, Russets, Spitzenburgs, Seek-no-further, Etc.

Each one selected, wrapped with great care, singly in paper and perfectly packed in boxes. In single varieties or assorted.

Delivered at your door, all charges paid, for \$3.00 per box containing 100 to 125 apples according to size and variety, cash with order. Also

Fancy Evaporated Apples

prepared and packed by us, suitable for sauces, pies, etc. Will keep indefinitely. Directions inside. 25-lb. box, \$3.50; 50-lb. box, \$6.00.

Money refunded if not as we state. We are the largest fractional shippers of apples in the United States. Our cold storage capacity is double the rest.

E. M. Upton & Co. Hilton, N. Y.

ASTHMA Cured by the PURELY Health restoring DRUG 24A, FRÉ. DR. HAYES, Buffalo, N. Y.



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FOR HOUSEHOLD USE
Bake the flour and water. 10 lbs. of flour baked in 3 cycles. Sold with the bread and apparatus. Send for booklet. Agents wanted.
Scientific Bread Mach. Co.
1170 N. GREENBERG, J. J.
23rd and Media Sts., Philadelphia

One taste convinces

KORN-KRISP

Best of all modern foods

George Washington as a Father

See illustration on front page

SEVERAL writers have announced that Providence denied children to George Washington in order that he might become the father of his country. This divination of the council of heaven is original with so many that it may be esteemed the general judgment. Yet neither the General nor Mrs. Washington expected their marriage to be childless; for the hopes of a lady who loves her lord may be plainly read between the lines of a letter, dated June 1, 1760, from the mistress of Mount Vernon to her sister Anna, Mrs. Burwell Bassett:

"I think myself in a better state of health than I have been for a long time. I don't doubt I shall present you a fine healthy girl again when I come down in the fall, which is as soon as Mr. Washington's business will suffer him to leave here."

Washington had known little of family life when, in 1759, he began his home at Mount Vernon. Away, at school, from home he did not see the death-bed of his father. He had mingled little with his younger brothers and sisters because he was absent, at school, for most of the year. His letter youth had been occupied with distant surveys; and with his early manhood had come public missions in the wilderness. Then on the sea and in the West Indies with Lawrence Washington, his sick half-brother; at Fort Duquesne; and on the Ohio with Gist and Croghan—all his life had been away from home. Even the home which he had seen at Mount Vernon had been a house of sorrow. Three three of the children of Lawrence Washington had died. Lawrence himself was a constant invalid, and when he died the only daughter he left behind soon followed him to the grave; and then, apparently weary of such scenes, his widow married again and went to live elsewhere.

Five years afterwards, the fruit trees were in bud and the fields were green, and George Washington brought his wife and children to make Mount Vernon a happy home. Almost as soon as they arrived, May covered the hills with flowers.

His affection for the children was a father's true love. His "agony of prayer" beside the dying bed of "Fatey Custis," though unanswerd, turned him for a while to religion. He kept his sagacity busy when over the intruders John Parke were concerned, and his conduct in the upbringing of that somewhat wayward youth developed a lessening of rein and a softness of disposition that were never shown elsewhere than at home. John Parke was led with a tender hand through youth to marriage, and beyond, and had firm support on the path of honor and the ascent towards fame. Tutors attended him at home until he was over fifteen years of age, and then Esv. Mr. Bomber instructed, if not trained, him at his boarding-school in Annapolis. When home for the holidays Washington gave him abundant sport in fox-hunting, and the other manly athletics of the day; but insisted that when at school he should study with something like thoroughness. Instead of this, John Parke's "only books were woman's books." The first news Washington had of him was that the youth, now then nineteen years of age, had courted, won, and was engaged to be married to the belle of Annapolis—the first-risen star of the splendid Maryland galaxy that yet lights the halls of the Naval Academy. He had won the heart and hand of Miss Nellie Calvert, the second daughter of Mr. Benedict Calvert, a descendant of Lord Baltimore.

It was a trying situation. A lad with the finest prospects of any boy in America might be ruined by a mistake. It is said in Alexandria that in his early manhood Washington never saw a coil that he was not able to control. Now he needed all his horse-sense to break in and guide the boy he loved best of men. He trusted his own capacity in affairs of literature and scholarship, but he knew life, and he knew that his stepson would need for a prosperous career all the simple strength that training gives; that was not yet trained, and was disposed to resent training.

Washington never failed to ask advice

when in doubt, and he asked the opinion of John Parke's teacher, Dr. Boucher. Dr. Boucher seems to have advised that the ocean be played between the lovers, and that he be allowed to carry the young gentleman to Europe on a tour of education. The teacher believed that absence conquers love; but Washington saw in this plan a proposal to break the engagement; and for this reason was not a valid plea in his code of honor. So he dismissed Mr. Boucher's plan with a curt readiness that John Parke saw "by no means ripe for a tour of travel." He knew that, sometimes, a good method of training a colt is to drive him with a mate, and he wrote to the young lady's father.

He informed Mr. Culvert that the match would be acceptable to the family of Mr. Custis, who were pleased with the choice, but that the youth, inexperience, and unripe education of the young man were insuperable objections to the immediate completion of the marriage. He suggested, too, that if love cooled it had better do so before marriage than afterwards. That Mr. Custis must keep his trust with his favorite son a man of honor, and he told him in a wandering fancy he would be kept at his books, and "so avoid the little flirtations that might divide his attention and so tend to lessen his first love." This course pleased Mr. Culvert. Washington, understanding that if the lovers were neighbors, the indignation of the lady would draw his stepson from his books, carried John Parke to New York, and placed him at King's College under charge of Rev. Dr. Covert. The wireless telegraph of love's young dream kept New York, and Annapolis in connection, and within a year Washington, whose wife yearned for a son's wife's sympathy in her mourning for her dead "Patey," gave his consent to the marriage, and John Parke, nineteen years old, wedded Miss Eleanor Culvert, of Mount Airy.

The young couple went to housekeeping at Abingdon, beside the Potomac, a few miles below the land that is now the city of Washington. Visits between Abingdon and Mount Vernon were frequent, and it was said in the neighborhood that if any horse of the stables were started from Abingdon, and left to his own free will, it would be seen in due time at the entrance to Mount Vernon. At Abingdon three children were born to Mr. and Mrs. John Parke Custis—Elizabeth (who married Mr. Law), in 1774, and Martha (who married Mr. Peter) in 1777, and Eleanor (who became an inmate of Washington's family), in 1779. Meanwhile John Parke, aided by the influence of his grandfather and the attractive freshness of young manhood, had been elected to the House of Burgesses of Virginia. As the Revolutionary War was advancing, he sent his wife and children to the home of her father at Mount Airy, and followed Washington to fight for independence. At Mount Airy, on the 20th of August, 1781, his first and only son was born and named for George Washington.

On the march from the head of the Chesapeake towards Yorktown, John Parke had just time to stop and embrace his wife, and he tore himself away and hurried forward on a road he was fated never to retrace. The *Journal* news soon came to Mount Vernon and Mount Airy that Lord Cornwallis had surrendered to General Washington. Joy was soon dimmed, for the tidings came that John Parke was sick unto death in his aunt's house at Klitham. His wife hurried from Mount Airy and his mother from Mount Vernon, and met Washington, wept with grief beside the dying bed of the young soldier. Shrouds clouded the Washington family the glory of Yorktown.

As the breeze laid the body of the dying father, Washington threw his left arm around his wife and gave his right hand to the newly made widow, and said, amid sobs and tears, "From this moment I take the two youngest children for my own." So with the loss of his only son, he became the father of a son and daughter. At that time Nellie was about three years old, and the baby, George Washington, about three months. The two children were taken to Mount Vernon, where George Washington, the younger was nursed by Mrs. Anderson, wife of the confidential steward.

The widowed Mrs. Custis resumed her residence at Abingdon, and when the period of her mourning was over she married, in the fall of 1783, Dr. David Stuart. So when



AUTOMOBILES

The following models are entirely new this season:

24 H.P. Gasolene Touring Car

Light Electric Runabout

Special Service Wagon

Hansom

Rear-Driven and Inside-Operated Coupes

Victoria Phaeton

Delivery Wagons and Trucks

of from 1/2-ton to 5-ton Capacity

Catalogue will be sent on request. Also Special literature with complete detailed information for each vehicle separately.

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Washington came back to his home after he had surrendered his commission he found the mourning widow he had left in her weeds a happy bride. She had married a gentleman for whom Washington had high esteem, and to whom he gave no small advancement in the public service.

The renewed family at Mount Vernon had now, like the old one, several years of homely and quiet before its father was called away again into the busy world. The Christmas eve of 1783, when Washington arrived home after independence had been won, opened a season of calm delight for the father and mother and a happy time for the children. "I am solacing myself," wrote Washington to Lafayette. For a while at least he had few cares. Those related to the amendment of his fortune, injured by his absence, and the improvement of the fortunes of his neighbors by promoting better navigation of the Potomac River which rolled by the base of his hills. He was in the prime of life, about fifty years of age, and his wife a few months younger; for he had been born in the February and she in the May of the same year. Little Nellie was about five years old; the baby, George Washington, having finished the first task of childhood, the cutting of his teeth, was toddling around with the prattle through which Nature introduces men to sober speech.

Soon came George A. Washington, the nephew of the General, to be his secretary and adjutant. Miss Frances Bantock, Mrs. Washington's niece, was for months at a time an inmate of the Mount Vernon home. These young people were, of course, thrown continually into each other's society, and while they entertained the children, the children amused them. It will never be known how much courtship they mingled in the innocent pastimes they got up for Nellie and George; but it was not long before the little ones, as well as the children, saw a wedding at Mount Vernon, and on the 15th of October, 1785, the General's nephew and his wife's niece were made man and wife by Rev. Spenser Grayson. Washington gave the bride away, and could not help but have been impressed with the lesson that if absence conquers love, presence carries love on to marriage. Within fifteen years he put the lesson in practice by bringing another marriage close to his heart.

The honeymoon of the new couple was a time of jubilee in the Old Virginia style. During the festivities the bridal party came twice to the Alexandria races, and dined on the first occasion with Colonel Dennis Ramsey, and on the next at the house of Mr. William Herbert. Both the doings are still told.

In those days Mount Vernon was always filled with company, and General Washington's expenses exceeded his income. On the 30th of June, 1785, he writes in his Journal, "Dined with Mrs. Washington only, which I believe is the first instance of it since my retirement from public life." Not long after he writes, "Never till now have I experienced the want of money." He borrowed five hundred pounds, Virginia currency—about \$5000—from Captain Conway, a merchant and shipmaster of Alexandria, and financial stringency ceased at Mount Vernon.

Meanwhile the life of Miss Nellie became especially pleasant. Both the General and Mrs. Washington vied in parental fondness for her. Young people came to Mount Vernon from all the country families round about. Between Mount Vernon and Abingdon, the residence of Mrs. Dr. Stuart, the mother of Nellie and George, there were almost daily visits. The twelve miles between the two seats were easily gotten over in carriages, and oftentimes, as both seats were on the river-side, General Washington's barge, rowed by silken-robed men, made speedy conveyance over the bristling waters of the Potomac River, and when the children were on board the dark crew wore white feathers in their hats. Midway between Alexandria, with its ships, and General Washington would tell them how he had seen it rise on the lines he had laid out with compass and chain in his harbor.

So passed pleasant years, and then Mount Vernon was again abandoned for a period as long as that of the revolutionary war. Washington became the head of the American state created by the Constitution he had

helped to form. The new Washington home was located first on Cherry and Park, and then on Berber Street, in New York, and then at the Morris "hired house" in Philadelphia. There, amid the decorous etiquette required by official position, Washington was as fatherly and kind to his children as he had been at Mount Vernon, to which all hoped soon to return. Mrs. Washington's Drawing Rooms and her Friday nights gave them an outlook on the world of fashion and politics from a place of ease.

Washington was not less careful in his supervision of young George Washington Custis, who was at school in Annapolis, than he was in that of his daughter. The General evidently had the untimely wooing of John Parke in mind, and feared that the Maryland belle might carry him off. He wrote to Mr. Botcher, the teacher, that he wished him to "prevent, as much as it can be done without too rigid a restraint, a deviation of his time to visitations of the families in Annapolis, which, when carried to excess or beyond a certain point, cannot fail to take his mind from study, and turn his thoughts to very different objects. Above all, let me request, if you should perceive any appearance of his attaching himself, by visits or otherwise, to any young lady of that place, that you would admonish him against the measure on account of his youth and incapability of appreciating all the restraints in a connection which in the common course of things can terminate with the death of one of the parties only; and if it is done without effect, to advise me thereof."

On the 23d of February, 1798, Washington's sixty-seventh birthday, Lawrence Lewis and Nellie Custis were married. He gave the bride away, and endowed the young couple generously from his lands.

George Washington Custis tried his patience to the utmost. Skilled in music, painting, literature, nothing came amiss to him; but he loved ease more than all the arts and sciences. "I can govern men, but I cannot govern boys," said Washington; but he loved George to the end.

The life of George Washington Parke Custis during the fifty years he lived after Washington's death was devoted to his memory. The townspeople of Alexandria, in whom he paid visits on every recurrence of the 23d of February, often saw tears on the cheek of the venerable man when the name of George Washington was mentioned. These silent tears were the son's tribute to Washington as a father.

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LEGHORN, ITALY



An Experiment in Drama

See page 299

New York theatre-goers are having another experiment of seeing an Elizabethan drama presented as nearly as possible as it used to be in Shakespeare's time. About eight years ago a similar experiment was made in the same theatre—Mrs. Osborn's Playhouse, then under a different name—and a little later the same play, Ben Jonson's "Silent Woman," was given with the furnishings of the old stage in Saunderson's Theatre, Cambridge. In London, several productions of old dramas under similar conditions have been given by the Elizabethan Stage Society. No ray rises from a dramatic point of view that could come from the new attempt to restore the surroundings of the old stage was to have improved upon what had already been seen in this line. This to some extent has been done. There has been for a long time a difference of opinion among those who know the time of the Elizabethans as to the exact details of a dramatic presentation at that period. Mr. Len Short, who is directing the performances at Mrs. Osborn's Playhouse, accepts the usually recognized plan of having an audience of supers representing the "masters and prentices" in the pit, and puts the usual number of stage gentlemen in the scenery boxes. He has added a doddering old man to change the placards on the stage after each scene, although it is extremely questionable whether such placards were used at all as late as Shakespeare's time. The real step forward is in the accuracy of the setting, which is based upon the old printed reproduction of the Swan Theatre.



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Now we will tell you the history of our proposition and let you decide if there is not money in it for YOU.

This group of mines, consisting of seven full claims, situated in the Cable Cove District near Sumpter, Oregon, has been worked for a number of years by men with small capital, and to-day there are 1600 feet of tunnel work completed and ore enough blocked out to start a mill.

The Oregon Chief Gold Mining Company

was formed in 1902 and purchased the property outright. The Company is incorporated under the laws of Oregon and has a capital stock of

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NOW a second block of 50,000 shares of Treasury stock (par value \$1.00), fully paid and non-assessable, is offered at **twenty-five cents a share.**

In considering this proposition, bear in mind we guarantee every statement in our prospectus. We refer you to Dun or Bradstreet, or any bank in Baker City, Oregon.

Our officers have invested their money as well as their names.

President, J. T. Donnelly, Cashier First National Bank, Baker City, Oregon.

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Secretary, Frel S. Luck, Experienced Mining Engineer, Baker City, Oregon.

It is easy to investigate a proposition that men of this character are associated with. We are arranging a trip for a party of Eastern investors to go in the early summer to the property, inspect the mines, the work accomplished and in process, the books of the Company, the men in charge of the business, and to get an exhaustive, complete, first-hand examination of the entire business. **With this party we will send at our expense any person who agrees to purchase for himself or for a pool which he represents 20,000 shares of stock, if the result of the investigation shows the property to be exactly as we state.**

The present allotment of 20,000 stock, we believe will be quickly subscribed, as was the first block, and in order that you may have an opportunity to investigate our proposition, fill out this coupon and mail it once. These will be filed in the order of the date postmarked on the envelope. Special terms for payment made on 1000 shares and over.

F. W. WHITE,

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Baker City, Or.

Gentlemen: Enclosed please find statement of your lot of ore (3500 Pounds), also our check for \$136.70 in payment of same. Thanking you for this consignment and trusting to receive further shipments from you, we are

Very sincerely yours,
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OPTION COUPON.

Date..... 1902

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Dear Sir:—Please send me one gross portion of Oregon Chief Gold Mining Co., and enter me an option on _____ shares at 25 cents each for 90 days until I have time to investigate your proposition fully. I enclose \$10.00 when you take the stock.

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I must either restrict the number of my pupils or neglect some of them.

I will not neglect a pupil—I certainly have no intention of reducing my income; hence the increase.

My system has always been worth more than twice the amount I have charged and many times as much as any other system.

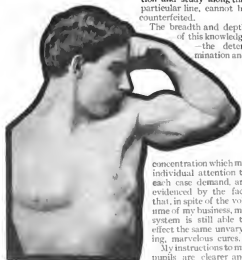
Out of a spirit of fairness to those to whom I have already stated my fee, I make this public announcement, so that they may either enroll themselves at once, or have no complaint at the future increase.

I cannot regard great, swelling muscles, or the ability to snap chains and lift horses, or even a knowledge of the Marquis of Queensbury Rules, as qualifying a man to keep in repair the most delicate of all organisms, the human system.

I am glad when a thinker begins to investigate the various systems for attaining physical excellence, for when a thinking man investigates, MY system is invariably selected. There is no other like it.

It is obviously impossible to imitate my instruction, not only because it differs according to the needs of each individual case, but also because my experience in the successful treatment of many thousands of different cases, my years of investigation and study along this particular line, cannot be counterfeited.

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(Signed) E. L. Kocula.

If you want the names and addresses of others for personal investigation, I will gladly furnish them.

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FEBRUARY 28
1903

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AMERICANS OF TO-MORROW

XXVIII.—FINLEY PETER DUNNE, AET. 35

See page 340—Editorial Section



Monsignor Giacinto Bialelli



Monsignor Duemede Panici



Monsignor Nocella

The Election of New Cardinals

THE belief that new members of the Sacred College of Cardinals will be proclaimed at the consistory to be held in Rome on March 3 rests upon the fact that there are twelve vacant titles, and that a new Pope may have to be chosen at any time. In regular lines of promotion the college are four classes of prelates: Archbishops or bishops of Italian sees, archbishops of sees outside of Italy, diplomats in municipalities of the first rank, and members of the Curia not already in the college. There are four Italian archbishops who are not now cardinals. They are Mistrangelo of Florence, who may be named; Velluti-Zatti of Pisa, who may be if Florence is not; Conforti of Ravenna, who might be advanced had he not succeeded to his see only last June; and Puliciano of Genoa, who stands little chance, because Genoese Catholics are of the liberal kind, not much in favor at Rome. If archbishops outside of Italy it may safely be said that no Frenchman will be honored, because of the French educational difficulties, and no German, unless it be Pritzen of Strassburg, named to spite the French government because of its hostility to the associations. Archbishop Walsh of Dublin may be named, for the Irish metropolis has generally had a cardinal archbishop. Four other possibilities are the archbishops of Grenada, Madrid, and Valencia, Spain, and of Warsaw, Poland, but the Emperor of Austria would be likely to veto a nomination of the last named, he being the only remaining sovereign possessing the power to veto cardinal nominations and papal elections. If an American cardinal be decided on, it might be Archbishop Ireland of St. Paul, but many think it more likely to be Archbishop Riordan of San Francisco, because of his success at The Hague in the Pious Fund case.

There are four nuncios of the first rank who may be promoted, but unless the pontiff is more liberal with jubilee honors than he is expected to be, only Monsignor Rinaldini at Madrid will be advanced. He has had a brilliant diplomatic career, and having now taken part in secession ceremonies of King Alfonso, precedent would indicate his recall to Rome, where he will make an ideal Secretary of State to some future Pope. The other three are Monsignor Tallani at Vienna, who has not served there long as yet, and for

whose recall nobody can think of a reason; Monsignor Aiuti at Lisbon, but there is no likelihood of Portugal being honored at this time; and Monsignor Lorenzelli at Paris, who cannot succeed unless he falls outright and has to be recalled.

It is from the Curia that the college will be recruited at this time. Members of that body of administration who for various reasons stand nearest the honor are Monsignors Azevedo, Bialelli, Cavicchioni, Gasparri, Marzolini, Merry del Val, Nocella, Panici, the elder of the brothers, Pericini, Sarelli-Spania, and Vecchio. Monsignor Azevedo is a Spaniard by birth, but he is an adherent of his Holiness—that is, head of the administration of the Vatican palace. He has spent many years there, but most of them as *Mestre de Cozinha*—that is, steward, with office on the first landing of the pontifical stairway leading from the bronze door to the Court of St. Thomas, where he has been sought out by Americans craving an audience of the Pope. While in this office he wore the insignia of an order presented to him by Emperor William of Germany upon the occasion of the latter's visit to Rome. Monsignor Bialelli is the present steward, to whom Americans must apply for audiences. He comes of a noble family of Perugia, and was known as a boy by Leo when the latter was archbishop of that see. One or both men may be named, possibly both, and their appointments will be in a sense personal, because of long service and close friendship with the Supreme Pontiff. Monsignor Merry del Val, the present head of the Academy of Noble Ecclesiastics, might have come to Washington in place of Falconio had he not been Spanish. Cardinal Suttoli left the head of the academy to come to Washington before he won the red hat, and Merry del Val may be required to do the same. If so, he can wait, for he is young. Monsignor Nocella is a fine Latin scholar, and served many of his three-score and fifty years as Latin Secretary to Pius IX. and Leo XIII. Monsignor Pericini is just now a man of large influence in the Curia. He is in charge of the finances of the Holy Roman Church, succeeding in that position Monsignor Semminelli, who was raised to the cardinalate; and while Cardinal Dreglia would be the nominal Pope, between Leo and his successor, Pericini, as auditor of the Camera Apostolica, would be the real one.



Monsignor Rinaldini



Monsignor De Azevedo



Monsignor Merry del Val



UNDERGROUND MOVING SIDEWALKS IN NEW YORK

An interesting phase of New York's transportation problem is the proposal to construct underground moving sidewalks or platforms. The first one planned, of which the details are shown in the above drawing, is to go from Williamsburg to Bowling Green and is to connect on the way with the surface and elevated cars. The fare will be one cent, and the speed will be from five to nine miles an hour. The reader is referred to an article on page 361.

Drawn by Sydney Adamson



The Sand Desert between Tarim and Cherchen

Sven Hedin's Explorations

THE Swedish Riksdag, which has just assembled, will soon pass upon the request made to King Oscar last fall by the famous explorer Sven Hedin for a grant of \$21,000 to publish the scientific results of his most recent explorations in Central Asia. The national budget contains an extraordinary appropriation for this purpose. It will pass probably without opposition.

Dr. Hedin is now making public from time to time some of the more popular features of his great work from 1899 to 1902. The scientific side consists of a great amount of cartographic material, no less than 113 astronomical determinations, thousands of meteorological observations, vast collections of geological, archeological, and fauna specimens, and something like 3000 photographs.

Dr. Hedin's work has been done chiefly in Central Asia and in Tibet. He has made three visits to Central Asia. His latest trip had two especial objects—first, to map the Tarim River and to solve the mystery about the so-called moving lake

River, the greatest stream in Central Asia, and mapped its course. He found a series of chain lakes along the lower end of the river, a short distance from its banks, and then came to the old bed of Loh Nor. Baron von Richtshofen first set forth the theory that Loh Nor had moved itself many miles across country to a new bed. Dr. Hedin found this to be true. It is a four days' journey around the new lake. The new lake and the old are on the same level, with a slight rise of land between.

The explorer found remains of temples, several pieces of Chinese manuscript, and other evidences that the shores of the lake had once been inhabited. Drawings of fish which are precisely like the fish in Loh Nor to-day were found. In his memorable trips across the desert, characterized by great hard-ships, Dr. Hedin found the ruins of old cities, and evidences that the region had been watered once by streams and a system of canals.

The explorer went south through a large part of Tibet three times on his latest trip. He mapped mountain passes and streams, collected specimens, and when within fourteen days' march of Lhasa left his caravan and, with two companions, came within four days' journey of the Sacred City. At the city of Loh he descended his followers and passed over into India.



Tibetan Nomads

Loh Nor, and, second, to penetrate to Lhasa, the Sacred City of Tibet. He succeeded in the first, but failed in the second, although he got within four days of short marches to the great city.

Dr. Hedin went from the source to the mouth of the Tarim



Canoes on the Lower Tarim



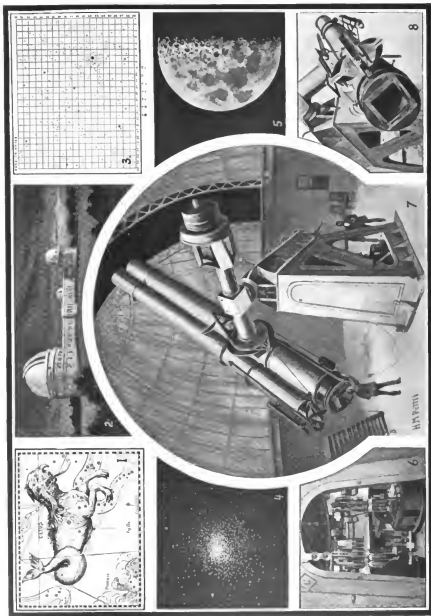
"Stop!"—An Incident on the Road to Lhasa



Langford Adams Nelson The President Foster Sherman Quay

THE "LITTLE SENATE"

The regular morning receptions of the President in the new Administration Offices have lately taken on a new character. Owing to the strong personality of the President himself, and to the Tariff, Trust, and Statehood bills, many an important discussion that has influenced legislation took place in this small room.



See page 363

Drawn by H. A. Pott

NEW PLAN FOR CATALOGUING THE HEAVENS

1. Constellation Cetus,—the Whale (fanciful drawing by Revalius).
2. Yerkes Observatory, Chicago (a modern observatory).
3. Specimen of star chart of the heavens.
4. Photograph of star-cluster.
5. Photograph of Moon.
6. Clockwork of photo-telescope.
7. Photo-telescope.
8. Eyepiece of photo-telescope.



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**New Portrait of
H.M. Queen Alexandra
by William Nicholson**





Frank D. Millet

Exhibit of American Art



"Forget-me-not."—By Frank D. Millet, N. A.



Alfred Parsons

By Two American Artists

ALFRED PARSONS and Frank D. Millet have filled out of the large rooms of the American Art Galleries with a collection of fifty-eight paintings. Mr. Parsons, of all living water-colorists, loves best to paint the garden and the garden flower. Some of his pictures are, frankly, studies of still life, and others, in which the landscape intrudes, as it were, are hardly more. Yet, Mr. Parsons is capable of painting very effective landscapes. Witness, in the present exhibition, number nine, "A Wild Rose-Bush by the Leddon, Berkshire," in which the rose-bush and its companion willows incline over a sluggish stream in a manner suggestive of Corot. Witness also number thirty, similar in subject and sentiment, though not in composition. Number thirty-six, "Cherry-Trees in the Autumn, Salisbury, Gloucestershire," showing a flock of sheep on a green hillside beneath wide-spreading trees half denuded of their brown leaves, is as charming as are his studies of sea-lavender in bloom on the shores of Devon, among the most satisfying compositions in the collection. Mr. Parsons is never more at home than in his Japanese studies, and the exhibition contains two of these,

both worthy of the visitor's attention. Savoy has also claimed his attention, and some brilliant landscapes set against backgrounds of snow-capped mountains have resulted. For the rest, the exhibition is largely made up of English and French gardens, in which fanciful flowers bloom in great masses of color and almost in a plucking. An example of one of the best of these is reproduced on this page.

On the opposite walls hang a group of twelve paintings by Frank D. Millet. Once, in "A Day Dream," the artist has reverted to the classic themes he once chose so often, but the majority of subjects belong to our own colonial period, and his "Forget-me-not," "The Proposal," showing an interior with a Puritan youth and maiden, "The Travelled Man," writing amid a litter of odds and ends from the four quarters of the earth, while a young woman in buff and blue looks on, are ambitious in subject and performance, but not more pleasing than the portraits and studies which complete the collection. Like Mr. Parsons, Mr. Millet always gives the impression of infinite pains. Nothing is slighted. It is all good academic work.



"At Campsea Ashe, Suffolk."—By Alfred Parsons, A. R. A.



YVONNE DE TREVILLE

Yvonne de Treville is an American singer who made her first success here, in light opera, as prima donna of the Castle Square Opera Company. She has lately had still greater success abroad, and is now singing in opera in Paris and in the large cities of France





Drawn by E. M. Ash

THE MARINE BAND AT THE WHITE HOUSE

During the state receptions in the newly decorated White House this winter, a picturesque feature has been the march of the guests, on their way to be presented to the President and Mrs. Roosevelt, past the Marine Band in the main corridor



Drawn by H. C. Edwards

"MR. BLUE BEARD" AT THE KNICKERBOCKER

The spectacular play for children, which has been so successful for years in England, began in this country last year with "The Sleeping Beauty and the Beast." This year "Mr. Blue Beard" has taken the same wonderful hold on children as well as on the older people. One of the charming episodes in the play is "the old woman that lived in her shoe," with its song and chorus. It never fails to bring out the enthusiasm of the children.

HARPER'S WEEKLY

JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

Editorial section for the week ending February 28, 1903

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jects. Venezuela also recognizes the validity of other Italian claims of the same class, amounting in the aggregate to more than half a million dollars, and agrees to pay these without submitting them to a mixed commission. Germany's claims of the same class, that is to say, claims arising from grievances suffered by German subjects, and amounting altogether to \$140,000, are to be paid in five monthly instalments beginning March 15. As for the thirty per cent. of the customs revenue of La Guayra and Puerto Cabello, which is to be set aside for the payment of Venezuela's foreign creditors, it is agreed that the collection of this percentage shall begin on March 1, and that the proceeds thereof shall on April 1 and on the first of every following month be paid over to the representative of the British government at Caracas, who shall hold the said funds in trust to be distributed in pursuance of the decision rendered by the Hague tribunal concerning preferred creditors.

The history of the Venezuela affair led the country, especially by official Washington, to suspect that Germany did not, in truth, accept the Monroe Doctrine, notwithstanding the Emperor's professions; and that it was the latter's intention (first) to make the Monroe Doctrine as unpopular as possible in Europe by forcing, or inducing, this country to take what Europe would consider an extreme position in defence of Latin-American debtor countries which are not able, or willing, to pay the claims against them; and (second) by the same process to put this country in the position of a guarantor of the debts due to Europe. By insisting on preferential treatment, Germany expected to force this government to support Mr. Bowen's refusal. The effort failed, but the intention was good. Germany would have liked to be able to say to Europe, "The position of the United States is that the Latin-American debtor shall not be forced to pay if he is willing to arbitrate, and if he is willing to arbitrate we must accept his own terms under pain of displeasing the United States." Then the German hope was that a new "convert of Europe" would say to the United States: "If you take that position you must also take its responsibilities, and you must stand as endorser of the debts of the wards whom you protect against their creditors." This is the meaning of German conduct as seen by those who are close to the negotiations between Mr. Bowen and the representatives of the allies.

The evidence of Germany's sub-intentions is abundant. If there had been no question except that of debt-collecting, England's alliance would not have been of such value as it was. If Germany had been perfectly fair, the pressure against Venezuela would not have been brought until the revolution had come to an end, and Castro's or some other government been firmly established. Moreover, the blockade would not have been set up so soon; the commander of the *Posadker* would not have been so impolitic at Maracaibo; and, in the negotiations which have taken place at Washington, the demand would not have been so exacting and an agreement so difficult to reach. Mr. Hay met the pressure upon this government with great skill. It is true that Germany has announced an offer, addressed to Venezuela long ago, to refer the controversy to The Hague. Nevertheless, it is thoroughly well understood in Washington that, ever since the present affair began, Germany has tried its utmost to avoid The Hague. This is explicable by the Emperor's well-understood hostility to the tribunal. He would dearly like to see it come to an inglorious end. But Mr. Hay and the President, after some hesitancy on the part of the latter, pushed him to The Hague on the general controversy. It is true that he escaped by suggestion the commission to which he has given so much trouble; but his differences with Mr. Bowen, aided by Mr. Bowen's differences with the British ambassador, once more directed the steps of the allies to The Hague. Although at once Germany began to make efforts to

COMMENT

Oversight and important are the advantages derived by Venezuela from the protocols signed at Washington, on February 13, by her representative, Mr. Bowen, on the one hand, and by the representatives of the three blockading powers on the other. Under the agreement embodied in those documents, the blockade was to be immediately raised, and the ships of war and merchant vessels belonging to Venezuela which have been captured are to be restored, except, of course, the gunboats that were destroyed. Venezuela also secures ample time in which to meet her pecuniary obligations. The three protocols agreed in referring to the international court of arbitration at The Hague the question whether the three blockading powers should have a preference over those powers which have forbore to enforce payment of their claims by acts of war. That is the only question that will be submitted to the Hague tribunal. All claims for the payment of which the protocols do not expressly provide are to be laid before mixed commissions, which in each of the three cases will consist of a Venezuelan and of a subject of the blockading power concerned, and in the event of a disagreement between the two, an umpire will be appointed by the President of the United States. The three mixed commissions will have jurisdiction of ordinary debts, by which we mean debts due to the holders of government bonds or of Venezuelan railway securities, and all debts growing out of contracts, and also of all claims based on alleged wrongs or grievances. As regards the last class of claims, the commissions will have to determine, first, whether the alleged injury took place, and, secondly, what amount of compensation is due.

It is, of course, understood that the sums which under the protocols are payable in cash, or in bills maturing at early dates, are not ordinary debts, but liquidated damages, for which the Caracas government acknowledges itself to be liable. Thus the two sums of \$27,500 each to be paid to Great Britain and Italy respectively, the one when the protocol was signed, and the other sixty days thereafter, are offered and accepted as reparation for injuries suffered by British and Italian sub-

escape submission to the tribunal, it is to the steady refusal of the President, under the prudent advice of Mr. Hay, to play arbitrator himself, that is due the chance of employing the tribunal at all.

The movement of Germany to escape the agreement to refer to The Hague the question of preference is the most illuminating of all the Emperor's actions. Mr. Bowen having refused to recognize the right of the allies to a preference over other creditor nations, it was agreed that they should submit to The Hague, after Mr. Roosevelt's second refusal to act as arbitrator, the question of their right to insist upon the preference. The submission of this question to such a tribunal will necessarily be a great step in the development of international law. Do acts of war give to a nation resorting to force a right to demand a preference over other creditor nations, in the event of the debtor nation's surrender to force, and its promise to arrange for the payment of all its debts? Does the common-law rule, that the first to hale his debtor into court shall receive the reward of his diligence, apply in international proceedings? Is war to be thus encouraged? The decision of these interesting questions will form a precedent and will perhaps become a new rule of international law, one of those beneficent rules which, since the days of Grotius, and most frequently on the initiative of the United States, have so well marked the progress of civilization.

It is an interesting fact that Mr. Andrew Carnegie volunteered to advance without security \$340,000, the whole sum needed to satisfy the German preliminary claim on Venezuela. As it happened, Mr. Bowen did not need to avail himself of the loan proposed, but the incident suggests a new and important field for the employment of large private wealth. It is evident that Mr. Carnegie might have averted the blockade if the three blockading powers would have specified the sums which they would be willing to accept by way of reparation for alleged grievances, and if President Castro would have consented to accept Mr. Carnegie's kind offices. Philanthropy has often been exhibited in palliating the sufferings caused by war, but now it is evident that a philanthropist, if he be rich enough, may sometimes prevent a war from breaking out. If Mr. Carnegie's offer had been made and accepted before the blockade began, a good many lives might have been saved. It is well known that Mr. Carnegie offered, if our government would give independence to the Philippines, to pay into the Treasury the \$20,000,000 which, under the Treaty of Paris, was given by the United States to Spain, and which is commonly regarded as the price of the Philippine archipelago. Used as on the two occasions named Mr. Carnegie has been disposed to use it, a colossal private fortune may become a political factor of great magnitude. Such a man, for instance, might suddenly and materially add to the strength of the American navy by presenting to the United States the four war-ships that are being built in Europe for Chile and Argentina, and which Germany has declined to buy, mainly on the ground of a lack of means. Such a man, had he been living in 1776, might, without impoverishing himself, have given to the thirteen British colonies more pecuniary aid than they received from the governments of France and Spain put together. No doubt the Rothschilds have long been recognized as political factors. They are not philanthropists, however; they lend money. Mr. Carnegie gives it.

Mr. Poulton Bigelow has quite convinced himself, and has tried to convince the members of the League for Political Education, that it is a very good thing for this country that the Venezuelan matter has ended so well, if it can be said to have ended; and that we are particularly fortunate that we found Germany in an amicable mood, and not inclined to fight about trifles. For, had Germany been at all inclined to fight, this good gentleman tells us, the "Americans would have got licked out of their boots before they got their wind." And he goes on to tell us in what way the Kaiser would be our undoing. The war would not be carried over the ocean to Germany; that much is certain; nor would it mean an invasion of our own coasts, the event which was so seriously apprehended at the beginning of the war with Spain, that the outside hotels were deserted for the mountains. No; the war would be carried into the South-American continent, and would be fought out in Venezuela. Mr. Poulton Bigelow

assures us that it would be quite an easy matter for Germany to land a hundred thousand well-drilled soldiers in Venezuela, and that after that it would be all up with the Monroe Doctrine and our influence in South America. But this good critic seems to know very little of the real problems of modern war. England, with her centuries of seamanship, did not find it so very easy to land a hundred thousand men in South Africa; and, what is more important, she did not find it quite an easy matter to keep them there. And this with an enemy disinclined to fight, and with not even a rowboat for a fleet. While we are not so well supplied with first-class battle-ships as we might be, and much less well supplied than Germany, we could, nevertheless, put up some kind of a bluff at keeping those hundred thousand German troops from landing in Venezuela, and we could make their line of communication somewhat precarious if they elected to stay. And it is, of course, foolish to think that Germany could use her entire fleet to convoy her troops, while less than her entire fleet would not assure their safety. In fact, it would be in the last degree difficult to do as Mr. Bigelow suggests, and, when done, it would be useless. For unless our fleet were annihilated outright, Germany's commerce would be carried on at some risk, and the food-supply of the home country would be liable to curtailment; while we should certainly not let the matter rest, if we had to turn our entire national energies into that one channel and devote them to nothing else for a term of years. Altogether, it was a foolish lecture, foolishly conceived.

The passage of the act creating a Department of Commerce and Labor directs attention to the gradual evolution of the cabinet. The word "cabinet" does not occur in the Constitution, and only in one place—Article II, Section 2, Clause 1 and Clause 2—are there references to "heads of departments" and "the principal officer in each of the Executive Departments." There is also a provision, Article I, Section 9, Clause 6, that a regular statement and account of the receipts and expenditures of all public money shall be published from time to time, but the Constitution does not state that this statement shall be made by a "Secretary of the Treasury." When Washington's first administration was organized in 1789, the cabinet council consisted of four officers, to wit: a Secretary of State, a Secretary of the Treasury, a Secretary of War, and an Attorney-General. There was a Postmaster-General, but he was not at first regarded as a member of the cabinet. Up to 1798 the management of the infant navy of the United States was intrusted to an official of the War Department, but in the year named the office of Secretary of the Navy was created. About fifty years passed before the next enlargement of the cabinet; the portfolio of the Secretary of the Interior was created in 1849, and functions previously discharged by the Departments of State, Treasury, and War were devolved upon the occupant of the new post. Forty years more elapsed before the Secretaryship of Agriculture was founded. The ninth and last seat in the cabinet will be taken by Mr. Cortelyou, who has risen from the post of stenographer in one of the Departments to be Secretary to the President, and who, it has been for some time understood, will become the first Secretary of Commerce. Even with nine members the American cabinet is smaller than its British prototype, or than President Louhe's.

We have, as yet, no Minister of the Colonies, though, unquestionably, the importance of the Philippines and of Porto Rico and Hawaii would justify the creation of such an office. We have no Minister of Railways and Telegraphs, either, because our Federal government does not engage in the railway or telegraph business. If it should ever acquire the telegraph lines, these would undoubtedly be managed by the Post-office Department, as they are in Great Britain. We scarcely need recall the fact that the order in which the cabinet offices were created has become a matter of great moment since the passage of the Federal statute regulating the succession to the Chief Magistracy in the event of the death or disability of both the President and Vice-President. In such a case the Presidency would devolve upon the Secretary of State, provided he were otherwise eligible; if he were dead, disabled, or constitutionally disqualified, on the Secretary of the Treasury; then on the Secretary of War, and so on, according to the date at which the office was authorized by Congress. Although this law has been on the statute-book for some years,

very few persons seem to be aware that if Mr. Roosevelt were to die before March 4, 1905, Mr. John Hay, who never held an elective office in his life, would become President of the United States.

To the bewilderment of those who had taken part in the opposition to the Alaska Boundary treaty which had been evinced in the Northwestern States, that agreement was ratified by the Senate, although subsequently twenty-five Senators co-operated in a vain attempt to get the ratification reconsidered. The original vote for confirmation seems to have taken the most vehement opponents of the treaty by surprise. Other Senators who had been looked upon as neutral were influenced, apparently, by a desire to avert a long debate which might have occupied the time of the Senate and prevented the ratification of the Panama Canal treaty and of the Cuban Reciprocity treaty during this session of Congress. At the hour when we write, it still seems almost certain that both of the conventions last named will be sanctioned. Mr. Morgan of Alabama has carried his opposition to the Canal treaty from the room of the Committee on Foreign Relations to the Senate Chamber, but, although some of the amendments proposed by him are intrinsically commendable, the adoption of them would compel our State Department to resume negotiations with the Bogota government, and might defer the conclusion of an agreement for a long time to come. Nobody pretends that our negotiators secured from Colombia all that we should have liked to gain; but they got all they could. It is true that, while under the treaty the hundred-year lease is renewable at our option, nothing is said about the rental to be paid under the second lease. We will cross that bridge when we come to it. Before the United States have occupied the Isthmus for a hundred years, it is extremely probable that the State of Panama, which will profit immensely through the construction and operation of the waterway, will secede from the Colombian confederation and request admission to our Union. Such an outcome of the treaty seems to-day quite as probable as the eventual occupation of Egypt seemed to far-sighted persons when Lord Rosemfield bought the Khedive's shares in the Suez Canal.

The selection of the members of the Alaska Boundary Commission is naturally attended with much interest. We may take for granted that one at least, and probably two, of the three members to be appointed by King Edward VII. will be Canadians. So far as those members are concerned, they are not likely to be convinced of the soundness of our view of the right construction of the treaty of 1825 between Russia and Great Britain. It is equally probable that our construction of the treaty will be upheld by the three American members of the commission, who, it is predicted, will be Mr. Ellhu Root, the present Secretary of War, Senator Henry Cabot Lodge of Massachusetts, and Mr. George Turner, who is now, and will be till the 4th of March next, one of the United States Senators from the State of Washington. The views of all three regarding the boundary are known, and so are the views of almost all Canadian jurists. There would, therefore, be scarcely any hope of an agreement but for the fact that a British jurist will be selected for one of the places in the gift of King Edward VII. To him the boundary question will be new, and he may be expected to approach it without prepossession. On the ability of the counsel for the United States to convince the British member of the commission seems to depend the chance of reaching any definite agreement. The commission is to sit in London, and for this with other reasons the appointment of commissioner is looked upon as one of the prizes at the disposal of President Roosevelt.

As an angel of peace, the Man of Birmingham must be written down a failure. The halo was lost somewhere between Mafeking and Kimberley, and the olive branch, somewhat bedraggled, is now withdrawn from business. We have already recorded the open declaration of war made by Christian De Wet, which, in view of that redoubtable hero's past performances, must have sent a cold shudder down the Man of Birmingham's back. It now appears that Louis Botha and Delorsay are also on the war-path, while the Cape Dutch have with difficulty been restrained from mobbing Joseph and his brethren at Graaf Reinet, which has so many unpleasant memories already for the British lion. The trouble seems

to have arisen in this way: Following very much the same train of reasoning which commended itself to Benedict Arnold during certain historic days up the Hudson, some of the Boer leaders went over to the British at various periods towards the end of the South-African war. It will be remembered that for these men De Wet reserves his deepest damnations, just as certain historic worthies did for Benedict Arnold, whose treason was far less damaging to their cause than that of the renegade Boers. These men have now been rewarded by Secretary Chamberlain with seats on the Legislative Council of the Transvaal and Orange River governments. And, with infinite tact, Secretary Chamberlain seems to have asked Delorsay and Botha and De Wet to accept seats beside the men whom they regard as damnable traitors. The result was a foregone conclusion. The three heroes of the war refused point-blank to have anything to do with the Legislative Council, and are now the open and avowed enemies of the whole present system of things in South Africa. The English at the Cape have once more been clamoring to have the Constitution suspended, and to have government by martial law practically revived, though under civil forms; but a perpetual veto has been put on this course, chiefly by the Premiers of Canada and Australia, who are fearful of creating a precedent that might be used against themselves. The result of the whole thing will be to consolidate all the Cape Dutch, Transvaalers, and Free-States into a single strong anti-British party; and, judging from their prowess in war, we may anticipate at least a like effectiveness in the constitutional fight which will now rage, until the Afrikaner element definitely gains the upper hand, as its numbers and stamina decree that it presently must. In a word, the real struggle for South Africa, far from being ended, is only beginning; and it can have but one result.

An attempt to minimize the threats of danger in China has been made by Mr. R. W. Rockhill, who went as special envoy to Peking during the negotiations which followed the Boxer uprising. Mr. Rockhill seems rather to miss the point, and apparently sees no Chinese question at all, beyond the mere matter of readjustment of tariff, and the abolition of certain internal duties which hinder free communication between the different parts of the interior. Mr. Rockhill speaks at some length of the negotiations, now pending at Shanghai, between the British and Chinese, as to the reduction of internal duties and the extension of certain trade privileges, as though the settlement of these details would bring love, joy, peace, and all the fruits of the spirit to the Celestial Kingdom. This seems to us a kind of color-blindness. The Boxer movement of 1900 had nothing in the world to do with internal-revenue duties. It had root and growth in a deep and fierce hatred of foreigners, partly due, perhaps, to over-zealous missionary enterprise, partly due to the position taken in civil disputes by native Chinese converts, but due in far greater measure to the habitual attitude of the powers, who assume that in every difference China must be in the wrong, and should be coerced by armed force. This fierce anti-foreign spirit has had little to still it in the last three years, with their invasions and slaughters of non-combatant Chinese and the open looting of Chinese property. On the contrary, it is quite certain that the flames of hatred for the foreign devil must have been fanned into a brighter blaze. All this Mr. Rockhill seems to ignore. He also ignores the persistent reports that China's one effective fighting general is massing a great band of men on the Mongolian frontier, openly co-operating with Prince Tuan, the fiercest of the Boxer leaders, and secretly co-operating also with Yung Lu, and perhaps with the Dowager Empress herself. In fact, the more we examine the views of Mr. Rockhill, the less genuine consolation or reassurance can we find in them.

Count Cassini has had incomparably better opportunities to see below the surface of things in China, and, with all due deference to Mr. Rockhill, has shown himself to be far more astute and subtle in dealing with political tangles. Count Cassini was, as he himself reminds us, for five years Russian minister at the court of Peking, and, what he himself is too modest to tell us, during these five years he practically built up in China that predominance which Russia at present possesses in the Celestial Kingdom. The secret treaty between Russia and China, with its string of conceded areas handed

over to Russia from one end of Manchuria to the other, is one evidence that Count Cassini knows his China exceedingly well; and, in truth, his presence at Washington is the reward of his admirable work at Peking. What does this first-class expert on Chinese matters say of the present menace of war in the Far East? He practically confirms the warning we recorded last week, endorsing what was said as to the fierce hatred of the foreigner, and the imminence of danger. Count Cassini asserts that a great additional element of menace lies in the fact that practically all the European nations, as well as America, are at this very moment importing arms into China, and that these arms are certain to be used against the very powers which imported them, should an uprising take place. The Count differs from the view we recorded in one most important particular; he believes that the Empress Dowager wishes well to the foreigners, and was instrumental in restraining Prince Tuan when the legations were besieged three years ago. This would seem to confirm the first form taken by the reports of danger in China, the statement that Tung Fu-Siang and Prince Tuan were causing an uprising, aimed against the court and the foreigners together, with the intention of placing Prince Tuan's son on the throne. But apart from this difference, the truth as to which can only be decided by the event, Count Cassini fully supports the gloomy view of the Chinese outlook which we recorded last week; and no man living is entitled to speak with greater authority on a question like this.

It is not without significance that Germany is beginning to worry about the matter of trusts and syndicates. Such organizations have played a conspicuous part in her inner development and in her trade relations for several years past. A special commission of the Reichstag is now at work investigating and then reporting on the existence, formation, and influence of trusts, domestic and foreign, upon the nation, with a view to possible legislation for their restriction or regulation. Another special commission, but made up of government officials, is busy on the same task. Both bodies are expected to visit this country in the course of their labors. A painstaking and unbiased work on trusts in Germany and elsewhere, written by Professor F. C. Huber, of Stuttgart, a noted economist, has just been published. It makes an amazing exhibit of the enormous recent growth of trusts in the empire. What is perhaps even more interesting are the speeches being made by Dr. Müller, the Minister of Commerce in Prussia, before leading chambers of commerce. Before a gathering of the prominent merchants and shippers of Bremen he declared, "Trusts and syndicates are a necessity." He elaborated this idea, and pointed to this country as a striking proof of its soundness, adding, "Germany will have to pay close attention to all these things, especially as they unfold themselves in America." Before the chamber of commerce in Hanover, Dr. Müller spoke even more plainly, saying: "The United States is hereafter Germany's most dangerous competitor in the world's markets. We must learn from them their business principles, above all the successful concentration of capital and manufacture, and must adapt it to our conditions." To further these aims, the imperial government is about to send two additional commercial experts here, one to Chicago and another to San Francisco. Professor Huber's book shows that already whole and important branches of German industry, such as beet sugar and alcohol, are completely under the control of trusts.

At the hour when we write the attempts to bring about a compromise on the Statehood bill seem to have definitely failed. The Republican supporters of Senator Quay's measure would have been willing to admit Oklahoma with or without Indian Territory as one State, and New Mexico and Arizona together as a second State. This proposal, however, was rejected by Senator Quay's Democratic allies, who rely upon Arizona to furnish two Democratic Senators. If the suggested fusion were adopted, the Democrats might get no Senator. Nobody denies that Senator Quay has strength enough to carry his bill, which, it must be remembered, has already passed the House, provided he can bring it to a vote. He has already attached it to two Appropriation bills, and on Saturday, February 14, he introduced a resolution that a day and hour prior to the 2d of March should be fixed for a final vote upon the bill and all amendments that are offered

or may be pending thereto. It is generally believed that Senator Quay can force the Senate, either to vote on his bill or else postpone the adoption of the Panama Canal and Cuban reciprocity treaties, thus rendering a special session of the Senate after March 4 unavoidable. That from this point of view the situation is critical has been acknowledged by a member of the Senate steering committee, who was heard to express the conviction that something must soon give way. It remains to be seen whether the Quay bill, if passed in its original form, will not be vetoed by Mr. Roosevelt. He is understood to be impressed by the weight of the arguments against the admission of Arizona and New Mexico as separate States.

It will be a disgrace to the Fifty-seventh Congress should it adjourn *sine die* without passing some bill improving the currency of the Philippines, and without ascending in one way or another the present Philippine tariff. There is no reason good in equity why the Philippines should not be treated as generously as Hawaii or Porto Rico. There is absolute free trade between the two last-named islands and the United States, and the result has been in each case an astonishing growth of prosperity. We are practically asking Governor-General Taft and his associates to make bricks without straw when we insist upon subjecting the Filipinos to oppressive tariff restrictions. The Philippine tariff bill as it was passed by the House reduced customs duties on all products of the Philippines to twenty-five per cent. of the Dingley rates. In the Senate Mr. Lodge has proposed to make the tariff on sugar and tobacco half of the Dingley rates, and to admit all other articles duty free. The sole excuse for the amendment is the assumption, founded, no doubt, on inquiry, that the bill cannot pass the Senate in the form which the House gave it. If that be true, the amendment should be adopted, for, even as amended, the bill will present a marked improvement on the existing state of things.

Those responsible for the refusal to give the Philippines the privileges which already have been conceded to Hawaii and Porto Rico are the representatives of the beet-sugar and domestic tobacco interests who, during the last session of Congress, opposed a reciprocity agreement with Cuba. If the anti-imperialists would stop demanding political independence for the Philippines, and would insist upon their obtaining free access for their products to the markets of the United States, they would render a substantial service to the people whose welfare they profess to have at heart. The opposition offered by Senator Teller of Colorado to the adoption of the Philippine tariff bill as it came from the House is based on the assertion that, before our war with Spain, the Philippines produced four hundred thousand tons of sugar, and could easily produce enough of that comestible to supply the whole of the United States. All this should have been thought of before the Treaty of Paris was confirmed. Having once been acquired by the United States, those islands are unquestionably entitled to be dealt with as liberally as is Hawaii or Porto Rico. As Senator Forsaker said, the sugar industry of the Philippines since the islands became American territory has as much right to be fostered as has the beet-sugar industry. All it asks is liberty of access to the home market, and that, soon or late, it will get from the sense of justice which governs the American people. We did not annex the Philippines in order to subject their inhabitants to glaring economical as well as political disabilities.

As we pointed out last week, Chief-Judge Alton B. Parker, of the New York Court of Appeals, has received a great many invitations to public banquets since his eligibility as the Democratic nominee for the Presidency in 1904 has been the subject of widespread discussion. Up to the present date he has accepted only one of these invitations. On the evening of Saturday, February 14, he was present as the guest of honor at a dinner given by the Colonial Club in the city of New York. In the speech which he delivered on the occasion he made not the slightest reference to politics, but confined himself to a discussion of the courts of New York State. Mr. William J. Bryan, who was in the city at the time, was not a guest at the dinner, and, apparently, was not invited. It is hard to say whether the occasion was intended to have any political significance. On the one hand, Mayer Low,

who is a Republican, responded to the toast, "The city of New York," while, on the other hand, such representatives of the Cleveland Democracy as Mr. Wheeler H. Peckham found themselves in the company of Tammany-leader Charles F. Murphy, the Hon. J. A. Gorman, Grand Sachem of Tammany Hall, and Mr. John Fox, president of the Democratic Club. It is pretty evident that all of the factions in the Democracy of the metropolis would like to run Judge Parker for the Presidency in 1904, but it remains to be seen what view of the matter will be taken by ex-Senator Hill and his followers in the rural districts. There is no doubt that Mr. Hill will be strong enough in the next State Convention of New York to prevent Judge Parker from receiving the unanimous endorsement of that body, but why should he want to exert his influence to that end? He must know that his own nomination for the Presidency is out of the question, and that the utmost he can look for is the post of Secretary of State in a Democratic administration. He can play the part of William L. Marcy, but the White House he will never reach.

The polar-exploration habit is strongly fixed upon Commander Peary. It was understood that his long effort to reach the pole, which ended last spring, was to be his last appearance as an explorer. He had promised his wife not to go again, the papers said. But such meagre traces of frost as we have had this winter seem to have sapped his resolution, for it is now reported that he is ready to make another farewell tour of the arctic regions, provided that the Peary Arctic Club can raise \$150,000 to send him. The verdict of his last trip was that he was an exceedingly well-qualified explorer. Unless he is thought to be past the polar-expedition age, there is probably no American who is so likely as he to conduct a successful expedition.

A service in memory of Bishop Brooks was held in Trinity Church in Boston on January 23. Dr. Edward Everett Hale was present, and joined his trinitarian brethren in the communion service. To him with the rest of the two bishops who administered the sacrament gave the bread and the wine. Whereat the *Living Church*, the High Church, Episcopal organ, makes grievous protest. Dr. Hale, it says, is a good man, but a Unitarian, and to give him the sacrament was sacrilege and inexpressibly deplorable. Remarkable people are the Ritualistic Episcopalians. Nothing that any one knows about Jesus Christ makes it seem probable that if the Master sat at the head of His own table, Dr. Hale would be excluded. That seems significant, but, after all, nothing that any one knows about the High Church Episcopalians makes it seem probable that the Master's toleration of Dr. Hale in such a case would seem to them a governing precedent.

Mr. Parko Benjamin, writing in the *Independent* about Constructor Hobson's resignation, discusses that episode somewhat more suggestively than most of the other commentators. He says that Hobson, being promoted for gallantry, should have been promoted as a fighting-man and not as a naval constructor; that his lift of ten places in the short list of naval constructors was a "gold brick," which merely brought him duties which he had not the requisite experience to perform, but no increase of pay. He talked too much. Being young, he lost his head to some extent, and he worked hard and damaged his eyes. If he had been a line officer, he could have been assigned to duties which would not have strained his eyesight, but being a constructor, there was no help for him. Mr. Benjamin ridicules the Retiring Board, which could not see its way to retire Hobson until his eyes gave out entirely, and urges Congress to empower the President to put him on the retired list at once. This conclusion seems sound. Our dealings with Captain Hobson seem to be a good deal of a fizzle. The country made a hero of him, somewhat to his detriment, and now appears in the light of grudging him his reasonable dues. Whatever Hobson's defects of discretion may have been, he was unquestionably a deserving officer, who had earned generous treatment.

It is interesting to have ex-Mayor Ames of Minneapolis run down, and to know what had become of him, but his further punishment seems hardly worth much effort or ex-

penditure to accomplish. From being the profligate robber-Mayor of a large city—the man who laughed at prosecution and defied punishment—he has come in two years to be a broken-down refugee, prematurely aged, hiding in a New Hampshire village, in the house of his wife's ministerial brother-in-law. He has had his punishment, whether he goes to prison or not. A more brutal and disgusting scamp than Tweed, he has come to an end not unlike Tweed's. His case, his present deplorable situation, and his prospects are commended to the consideration of Mr. Addicks of Boston and Delaware. Addicks is still bold and confident. Justice has not got him on the run yet. He still presses his attacks. His money still rolls out on Delaware, and debauched voters in that little State record his will. He has not yet been proved to be a criminal, but bribery is a crime, and it is only a few months since Ames of Minneapolis, with money in hand and years of successful tripitade behind him, was as insolent and confident as Addicks is still. The ice is pretty thin under Addicks. As one thinks of him there comes to mind the story of Ames after his indictment; the story of a man who had jumped his bail, riding all night in a smoking-car, his face gray, his head sunk on his chest, and an unopened cigar in his mouth, riding through the night with staring eyes, without stirring in his seat. There is an old dame that Addicks ought to know about. Her name is Nemesis, and she arrives when least expected.

A contemporary suggests that Smoot, the Mormon apostle, is an unsuitable a person to represent Utah in the Senate as Cardinal Gibbons would be to represent Maryland. It would not be convenient for Cardinal Gibbons to be a Senator, and he would doubtless decline an election. But if he were elected and proposed to serve, the Senate would not dream of excluding him. There must be better reasons for excluding Smoot than could be produced against Cardinal Gibbons, or Smoot will take his seat.

Discussing the negro problem at the Press Club dinner in New York, February 14, Senator Tillman said, "The only solution of this problem, my friends, is for you people of the North to take your share of these niggers if you love them well enough." At present fifteen States harbor (in round numbers) seven million negroes, and thirty-seven States and Territories give homes to two million. If the negroes were redistributed, giving to every State its share, New York would get about 600,000 new colored citizens, Pennsylvania about 450,000, Illinois about 400,000, Massachusetts about 250,000, Georgia would lose about 800,000 negroes (nearly half its population), Louisiana 575,000, Mississippi 840,000 (more than half), and South Carolina 750,000 (more than half). Missouri, with 3,000,000 whites and 165,000 negroes, comes nearer than any other populous State to having the two races in the right proportions, but Missouri is still 150,000 negroes short. The idea that the negroes, if more equally distributed throughout the country, could be more readily assimilated is sound enough, but there is no sign that the Northern and Western States want their quota of negroes badly enough to send after them, and no sign as yet that considerable bodies of Southern negroes want to move. Southern negroes, individually or in small groups, will doubtless settle in the North and West, as heretofore, whenever they are able and disposed to move and think they can improve their condition by doing so. A good many have moved. There were few negroes in the North before the civil war; now there are two million. If the negroes don't like the South, they can get out, provided they can learn of a better place to go to, and can save the money to go with. That may not seem a great boon, but it constitutes one of the important differences between liberty and slavery. The conditions of residence which the South seems to offer to negroes nowadays include restricted suffrage, social separation, and inability to hold office. In the North they will find the social-separation idea less clamorous but almost equally effective, and though they may vote and hold any offices that they can get, they will find a more restricted labor field than in the South. Negroes who could make their way in the North are probably welcome to stay in the South. Negroes who cannot do well in the South would probably starve to death in the North. The bulk of the negroes will stay in the South because they

are there now, because the climate is advantageous to them, and (possibly) because social disabilities press less heavily upon them they are widely shared.

Cotton manufacturers and cotton operatives in New England have in the past few months entertained several notable groups of foreign visitors, but among their guests none have been more interesting than Thomas Ashton, the president of the English Amalgamated Union of Cotton Spinners, and William H. Wilkinson, secretary of the English Northern Counties Union of Weavers, who have been spending some days in each of the Massachusetts cotton-manufacturing cities. Those who have conceived of the typical labor-union leader from what they have read of the doings of some of the offensively radical strike promoters would hardly be convinced that these studious, thoughtful men, highly versed in the technicalities of their trades, and with broad outlook upon social problems, could be representative trade-union officials. They are not very young men, as labor leaders in America are apt to be. Both are apparently well past fifty, and both are manifestly men who appreciate their responsibility to the full. That such men should be at the head of two great trade-unions is not so surprising when it is discovered that they are the products of rigid selection. No doubt they are both pushing, ambitious men; but it is more certain that they are both capable men. The executive officials of the English cotton operatives' unions must demonstrate their fitness for office not alone by their faculty for leadership, but also by their proven mastery of their trade. Thus a condition of their candidacy is subjection to a rigid examination, answering to the civil-service examination for governmental places.

The unions in England have discovered, what some unions in America have not, the value of brains as exceeding that of brawn. So while these men are intense unionists, they are unionists classified by superior intelligence. Something may, of course, be conceded to their desire to please their hosts in this country; but the compliments of these two experts for the methods and the mills of Fall River and New Bedford are evidently by no means mere idle phrases. Both of them have made careful studies of the best factories in these cities, and both agree that England can show nothing that is better. A delegation of employers who came to this country not long ago, and who visited some of these mills, was reticent of comment, but these practical workers have not hesitated to say that American cotton-mills had disclosed to them surprising superiority. Mr. Ashton does not believe that England is losing, or is going to lose, her commercial prestige, but he thinks she must be alive to what America teaches in the line with which he is most familiar. Like all labor leaders of the best type, both these men are strongly averse to strikes, and hope to see them abandoned, though each represents a union which maintains a large defence-fund. The spinners have \$2,000,000 in reserve, drawing interest; and the weavers, in their amalgamated association and their locals, a million—both sums large enough, when associated with experience, to have a balancing effect. Mr. Ashton told an audience in New Bedford that if an operator was worth only \$1 he should not be paid \$2, and that if he was not capable of running a machine he should give place to one who was; but, he added, "God knows that the average operative gets all out of a piece of machinery there is in it"—a remark which is very mild compared with much current labor-union talk. The visit of a man like this to America may be valuable to him and to his association; there is no reason why it should not be equally valuable to Americans.

The Civil Service Commissioners are wrestling with two problems in connection with the classified service. One is that of promotion, and the other the prevention of superannuation. It is now found that the so-called "efficiency ratings" are inadequate and misleading; that individual fitness cannot be accurately expressed in mathematics; and that the marking has no value beyond the personal view or prejudice of the marker, who is sometimes anxious to give his force of clerks as high an average as those of other officials. The commissioners believe that the present system of promotion means nothing, since increase of salary does not change the charac-

ter of work, and the clerk who gets \$1600 or \$1800 to-day may be doing no more than, and perhaps the same work, he did when he got \$750. It is maintained that there should be a re-classification of clerical work so as to make possible promotions from one grade to another and the proper compensation of clerks who are thus transferred from one rating to another. In the same way, examination for promotion is not regarded as of special significance, since the examination, competitive or otherwise, outside of technical places, means very little.

A kindred question is the disposition of the clerk who has grown too old in the public service. The percentage of government employes in Washington over 70 years of age is 1.97, or 312 out of 15,566. The old clerk may be a better one on account of his service, but sooner or later the best veterans furnish a problem of the "evil of superannuation." The remedy which the commissioners proposed fixed terms of office, forced retirement at a certain age, and removals made at intervals, together with a civil pension list and a retirement fund made up by deductions from salaries. The clerks have been for some time seeking legislation which shall give Congressional sanction to retirement for age and service, at a fractional salary for the retired to be obtained from the pay of those in active service. It would take only about two per cent. of the average salary of those in the departments at Washington to pay full salaries of those over 70 years of age.

An important duty of the army and navy, of which most people have little knowledge, is the exchange of official courtesies. Some idea of its magnitude is imparted by the issue, recently, of a 13-page pamphlet from the War Department addressed to the coast artillery, as instructions to those at sea-board or other forts in the matter of salutes and ceremonies. A board has recently revised the system, which anticipates every conceivable situation calling for the manifestation of official cordiality and respect. In the first place, there are some twelve personal salutes, from 9 guns for consul-generals to 21 guns for a sovereign, and running the scale of personages between. The national salute and the salute to a flag are 21 guns. No salutes are fired before sunrise or after sunset, and not on Sunday, as a rule. The salute to the flag is the only salute that is returned. There are numerous rules to govern the exchange of courtesies, and the infraction of any of them is sometimes a serious matter. When a foreign ship visits a port, the post commander must send a suitable officer to offer civilities and assistance. This is known as a "boarding visit," and must be returned. Then within twenty-four hours the visiting commander must make his call on shore, and this must be returned within twenty-four hours. There are numerous rules applying to these visits, regulating their duration, who shall call first, and other details, and there are equally voluminous and specific requirements of funeral honors.

Mr. Finley Peter Dunne is a typical American of To-morrow. He began his work in Chicago as a reporter on a daily paper, and had the sense to look beneath the surface of the assignments that came to him as to others in the course of the day's work. He found the human quality in what fell to his consideration; he saw the humor and the sense and the pathos of every-day life, whether in "Arlie Road" or on the Lake Shore Drive, and he had the rare wit to realize their universal significance. All this became a concrete result in his conception of Mr. Dooley, whose consideration of questions of the day embodies all that is really American—the wit that seems to belong alone to this strange mixture of nationalities called the American people, the keen sense of justice and the quality of being able to grasp the essential point in any matter that have long since been identified with Abraham Lincoln, and the ability to hit hard without being mean or unkind that has been confined until now to Mark Twain. The result is that Mr. Dooley is a national character. We all know him; we all respect him; we all wish we had his clear brain. As Uncle Sam is himself typical of the Yankee, so David Harum is the type of the American countryman, so is Mr. Dooley as thoroughly an American of another sort—the Yankee shrewdly mixed with the Irish immigrant. And thus Mr. Dunne, at the age of thirty-five, takes his place as the creator of a distinctive American personage, and promises to extend his sphere of usefulness.

The President and Congress

The attitude of the Republican Senators and Representatives toward the President is a subject of ever-recurring remark by visitors to Washington. Never since the days when Mr. Cleveland was endeavoring to secure the repeal of the purchasing clause of the Sherman Silver Act has there been so much hostility expressed by party leaders against a party's President as is now to be heard from Republican Congressmen against the President. If Washington speaks for the country, and it seldom does, Mr. Roosevelt's political extinction would be near. As it is, however, he is holding his place because, as we recently pointed out, he is in reality following the policy of Mr. McKinley. Wherein he has failed to preserve the friendship of his party friends and leaders, it has been due to certain wanderings, temporary or momentary, from that policy, wanderings natural to a man of strong feeling and of impulsiveness.

Whatever may be the outcome of any impulsive effort of the President, his way to his end is pretty generally to be marked by slaughtered friendships. While he apparently retains his popularity among the people, he has been facile in making enemies among the politicians. He came into the Presidency with the outward seeming friendship of nearly all the politicians, although some of the harder-headed among them were, to say the least, not certain of him. The sad ending of the halcyon days of the amiable McKinley softened men's minds, and the promise of maintaining the policy of the murdered President expanded and deepened the friendly feeling for the new and untried successor.

The breach between Mr. Roosevelt and the politicians was, however, inevitable. His rigid insistence upon the maintenance and the extension of the merit system alone assured the discontent which precedes dislike. The era of patronage-mongering in the petty offices ceased suddenly, and spoilsmen had the right to say that, in this respect, the policy of Mr. McKinley had not been followed. Spoils-mongering, however, continued, and still continues, in the higher grades of the service, and the right of the organization to the plunder is recognized at the White House. But the President does not give the Senators a free hand in choosing his nominees; he insists on character and capacity, and, in many of the State organizations, the necessary qualities and accomplishments are difficult to find. The consequence is that while the President has compelled the criticism of the sincere friends of good government, he has not gained the affection of the thorough spoilsmen. These are angered because the complete control of patronage is drained from them. To the needy and hungry, half a loaf is doubtless better than no bread, but the gnat that insists on all the plum-pudding that he asks for, and stinging him, enrages him quite as much as denying him. So the President has become an object of dislike to every spoilsmen in Congress, except a few personal friends.

Another trait of character understood by Mr. Roosevelt's friends has resulted in bringing down upon him a storm of wrath. The President is exceedingly, perhaps extravagantly, sympathetic, both toward individuals and toward ideas. His mind is receptive, and he listens with the interest of appreciating what his visitor is saying to him. If he has fully determined upon a course of action, or has reached a conclusion, he is likely to state his own view. In this event, there is no chance of a subsequent misunderstanding. Sometimes, however, the President speaks impulsively, and subsequently his acts do not agree with his promise or his assertion. Then those who

have depended on him are disappointed; but much the larger class of those who are astonished by acts which seem to belie the President's words is composed of men who have mistaken sympathetic audience, occasionally accompanied by expressions of assent, for complete agreement. These men are convinced that the President has deliberately deceived them; that he has led them into action and then deserted them; that he has given them substantial reason to expect his support, and that he has then gone over to the enemy. Mr. Littlefield, for example is convinced that the bill which he prepared, and which was passed by the House of Representatives, was endorsed by the President; consequently, he is quite as fully convinced that his overthrow is due to dishonesty on the part of Mr. Roosevelt.

Besides the personal antagonisms due often to Mr. Roosevelt's insistence upon good government, and often to misunderstanding of his manner and nature, we have intense and hurtful antagonisms arising from the fact that the President, from the very first, has tried to force unwelcome policies upon the party. He has in the end yielded to the forces with which Mr. McKinley was always in agreement, but he has been apt to go astray at the outset. It has been said more than once in these columns that Mr. Roosevelt is popular for reasons that have led to the unpopularity of his party organization.

He was facing the future, for example, and the party leaders were for marking time. The popularity which he has gained has been both of advantage and of disadvantage to him. It has enabled him to force Congress to take action which Congressional leaders did not wish to take, and this has not increased their liking for him. What he gains for Cuba, for instance, will be against the will of the party leaders. He began his career as President with the hearty liking of the Western Congressmen, and especially of those who favored radical trust legislation. These were his natural friends; but now they are confident that he has turned away from them, and that he has surrendered to the high-protection leaders of the East, who, a year ago, were doing everything in their power to thwart his policy, who have stified the general reciprocity treaties negotiated by Mr. McKinley, have yielded sullenly to the popular demand for Cuban reciprocity, have given half measures of Philippine tariff concession and of army reform, and who have slyly and, at the same time imperiously, emancipated the anti-trust programme.

At the end of his second session of Congress Mr. Roosevelt has hardly any sincere friends in Congress. The party machine is the most perfect that we have ever seen. It governs absolutely, and its decrees are embodied in legislation. For the moment the country is governed by the edicts of an oligarchy, and not by laws which are the result of discussion and deliberation. The oligarchy gratifies the President with some legislation, denying him attack and denying him in some respects. What it grants is for the sake of harmony. The independent, thinking Republicans, who are averse to this rule, who had hoped for help from the White House against the tyranny of the oligarchy, are hurt and angry. The President may retain the affection of their constituents, but he has lost the friendship and the confidence of the representatives. The President is now the ally of the ruling oligarchy, whose leaders do not agree with a single principle which he announces. They are satisfied, however, with his ultimate surrender, but they would throw him over if they dared. This is the precise truth as to the President's relations with the Republican politicians at Washington.

The History of the Anti-Trust Legislation

Mr. Roosevelt began an agitation looking to the curbing of great combinations when he was Governor of New York. From that time until the present he has insisted that the Executive authority should be empowered by the law to prevent over-capitalization, discriminations in freight charges and prices, and to restrain and punish all corporations violating such statutes as Congress might enact for the attainment of his object. The chief remedy which he proposed for the evils, as is well known, was publicity; that is, the authority of the government was to be extended for the purpose of gathering information for the public which, being published, would protect intending investors from putting their money into what are said to be over-capitalized enterprises. The movement was directed against private corporations, as well as against public service corporations, and, finally, the Attorney-General suggested that the Federal government might reach and restrain private corporations through its inter-State commerce powers. Mr. Knox thus took the position that, while the general government had no power to enact legislation affecting producing private corporations, the creation and the extension of trusts, it might circumvent this condition by indirectness. Before the announcement of this doctrine, the President had approved of the adoption of a constitutional amendment bestowing upon the United States the power of direct control, but in the end he accepted Mr. Knox's device, and urged its adoption in his message.

The President's and Mr. Knox's speeches greatly excited the country. They assumed positions that seemed to threaten the very existence of corporations. The country believed, as it had the right to believe from the President's utterances, that he would insist upon the enactment of laws which would give the government control of practically all its business interests, which would make what is called over-capitalization impossible, and would compel private corporations to cease over-selling, as it would compel railroads to cease discriminations in favor of one shipper against others. The country, as a whole, believed that, if the President had his way, the government would take charge of corporations, and put an end to what economic rhetoricians and poets have declared to be their evils. The capitalists and practical managers of the corporations themselves believed the same, and they trembled for their very existence. Conservative men of all classes realized that we were facing an industrial and political crisis; that if the interpretation generally put upon the President's words was just, the country was facing dire industrial and commercial calamity. A further step toward state socialism was inevitable if the programme which the President seemed to favor was carried out.

The meeting of the Fifty-seventh Congress for its second session was a moment fraught with danger. The most radical Republican opponent of trusts in the House of Representatives was Mr. Littlefield, of Maine. It was with him that the President had consulted during the campaign of the fall, and it was he who was made chairman of the committee to draft anti-trust legislation for the House of Representatives. The session opened in a flurry of radicalism. Bills were introduced, by Mr. Hepburn in the House, and by Mr. Proctor in the Senate, which, if enacted into law, would have compelled the reorganization of all business, would have disbanded capital, and would have brought

upon the country a panic comparable to none in our history since 1873. Senator Hoar, thinking that he spoke the views of the Administration, introduced a bill so extravagant in its purposes, so unconstitutional in its provisions, that it was laughed out of court. At once there appeared on the scene the conservative Republican leader, who is incarnated in Senator Aldrich more than in any other public man of the time. The Administration grew alarmed at the frenzy of those who thought they were carrying out the President's wishes, and who had excellent reasons for thinking so. The Knox bills were prepared, and were introduced by Representative Jennings. It is unnecessary, at this time, to consider these measures, for they are dead as the bills of Mr. Littlefield and Mr. Hoar. Confessedly Administration measures, they found a lodgement in Mr. Littlefield's bill, and they all went to death together. The Jenkins bill, pure and simple, would no more pass the Senate than can Mr. Littlefield's.

Time went on, and the popular agitation which the President had aroused would not down. The spirit was out of the bottle, and could not be forced back. The Senate took the question up. The Elkins bill, making more difficult discriminations and rebates by railroad companies, was prepared. It passed the Senate and went to the House of Representatives. In the mean time the bill creating the new Department of Commerce had passed both Houses, and was in conference. The Nelson amendment was inserted in it, providing for a certain amount of publicity. The President learned from the conservative leaders of his party that the adoption of even these measures was doubtful. While all this was going on, Mr. Littlefield was keenly realizing that his own measure, much more radical than any proposition that had originated in the Senate, was doomed. He made a vigorous and ugly effort, and compelled the House to vote upon it. The vote in its favor was unanimous. The opponents of any trust legislation at this short session felt that this vote was sufficient, for there was never the slightest intention of permitting the bill to pass the Senate. When the President realized that it was likely that nothing would result but a record vote on the Littlefield bill, he made a supreme effort. The Standard Oil Company, or some of its officers, undertook to secure a modification of the Nelson amendment, simply for the purpose of protecting its trade secrets from the knowledge of its Russian competitors. The effort was considered to be perfectly proper, but as the story was told in the daily press it was transformed into a scandalous attempt to threaten and command Congress. The exposition, inasmuch as it was to the corporation and to the Senators who received its communications, had the desired effect. The President was enabled to secure a programme. It consisted, besides the bill advancing cases against combinations on the credit calendar, of the Elkins bill and the Nelson amendment. These measures have been passed, and represent the sum of the session's achievement as to trusts.

The President has not gained the object at which he set himself. He has obtained from Congress precisely what the Senate was forced by public excitement to concede, and legislation passed at the behest of public excitement is likely to be deceptive. Nothing that will harm industrial and commercial interests is to be feared from Mr. Roosevelt so long as he follows the advice of the men who have controlled the situation this winter. For the moment the country has escaped a peril, while not the first effective step has been taken to remedy the real evil of the partnership which exists between corporations and the government.

The Future of Latin America

It would be hard to exaggerate the seriousness of the questions raised by the Anglo-German-Italian demonstration against Venezuela as regards their bearing on the future of Latin America. Here is the greatest prize left upon the earth, a prize which the Spanish and Portuguese possessors had failed to turn to adequate account. Here is a vast oceanic region, many times larger than Europe, almost the whole of which is a white man's country because such, even of the tropical and sub-tropical sections, is situated at altitudes favorable to the duration and activity of Caucasian life. With the exception of comparatively small areas in Africa, south of the Zambesi, or in mountainous districts of the interior, Latin America is the sole remaining part of the surface of the planet wherein the surplus millions of overcrowded Europe might find a fitting habitation. How thinly peopled the Latin-American republics at present are is imperfectly recognized. It is absolutely certain that, as the pressure upon the means of subsistence becomes insupportable in Europe, the inhabitants of that Continent will not consent to be barred out of the New World by the *brutum fulmen* of the Monroe Doctrine. They can only be barred by the exhibition of superior force on the part of the United States. It is conceivable, moreover, that the force may be applied too late. It is possible to acquire practical control of a country, and to make of it a suitable field for European colonization without any ostensible violation of Mr. Roosevelt's fiat against the dismemberment of territory. The Anglo-German-Italian demonstration against Venezuela was undoubtedly devised for the far-sighted purpose of learning whether the Monroe Doctrine might not be evaded by the reduction of a Latin-American country to the condition of Egypt. Nor can it be denied that, if the dangerous agitation of American public opinion should be overlooked, and attention should be concentrated on the outcome of the diplomatic negotiations at Washington, it might be mistakenly assumed in European Foreign Offices that the demonstration has been successful. For, what are the facts? No less than thirty per cent. of the revenue of the two principal custom-houses of Venezuela, during an indefinite period, to be confiscated for the benefit of foreign creditors. Moreover, should any default occur in the payment of the current thirty per cent., the revenues of those custom-houses are to be collected by officials appointed by the Kingdom of Belgium, and upheld in authority, should there be any cause or pretext for such intervention, by European war-ships. Now, when we remember that the Caracas government is almost entirely dependent on customs duties for its support, we must recognize that the condition of Venezuela for many years to come will differ from that of Egypt only in degree. In Venezuela only thirty per cent. of the customs revenue will be withheld from the control of its own government, whereas in Egypt the whole revenue is withheld from the direct control of the Khedive. The principle admitted in both cases is identical; the only difference regards the extent of the application. Having got the principle accepted, however, in the case of Venezuela, where her interests were small in comparison with those of Germany and Italy, what is to prevent Great Britain hereafter from demanding the co-operation of her late allies for the purpose of applying the same principle on a tremendous scale to Argentina? The amount of money invested by British subjects in the Argentine Confederation considerably exceeds a billion dollars, to provide for which

it may one day be needful to follow the precedent established in the Nile country, and to sequestrate the whole of the Argentine customs duties for the benefit of British creditors. We know, indeed, of no Latin-American country, with the exception of Chile, Mexico, and Brazil, which, even at the present hour, would not be threatened with the fate of Egypt, if the American people held themselves committed to the principle accepted in the case of Venezuela, the principle, namely, that the revenues of a Latin-American republic may be set aside, not only for the redress of grievances, but for the payment of ordinary debts due, or alleged to be due, to the subjects of European powers. The only question to be referred to the international court of arbitration at The Hague is that of the preferential or separate treatment of the claims of blockading powers as against those of non-blockading powers. All other questions, including claims, not only for the redress of grievances, but also for ordinary debts alleged to have arisen out of contract and to be due to European creditors from the government or citizens of Venezuela, are to be referred to three mixed commissions on each of which the debtor country and the creditor country are to be equally represented. The principle thus accepted, without any apparent regard to the dangerous consequences thereof, seems to have been sanctioned in advance by Mr. Roosevelt in his second annual message, when he said that, so far as the Monroe Doctrine is concerned, a European power may go to any lengths, short of the permanent occupation of territory, for the purpose of enforcing "just obligations" on an American commonwealth. Whether the phrase quoted was intended to cover ordinary debts, and thus to open the way to the eventual confiscation under easily conceivable circumstances of the whole customs revenue of a deeply indebted republic like Argentina, is the very question upon which the Anglo-German demonstration against Venezuela was intended to cast light. From that point of view the joint blockade of Venezuelan airports must be regarded as a temporary success. The desired precedent has been established, without a word of protest on the part of President Roosevelt or of the State Department. We call the success only temporary, however, because Mr. Roosevelt himself—much less his subordinate in the State Department—has no power to bind the American people to the recognition of the precedent. If it be true, as Mr. Balfour has publicly asserted, that our State Department, in reply to an inquiry from the British Foreign Office, sanctioned the joint expedition against Venezuela many months before the blockade was instituted, it must by this time be evident to Mr. Hay that the position said to have been taken by him is not approved by his fellow-countrymen. It is the American people by whom in the last resort the Monroe Doctrine will be interpreted. The excitement provoked in the United States by the Anglo-German proceedings in Venezuelan waters has convinced every careful observer on both sides of the Atlantic that American citizens are not disposed to ratify the definition of the Monroe Doctrine propounded in Mr. Roosevelt's second annual message. On the contrary, they are now convinced that the permanent occupation of territory is not by any means the only mode of "oppressing" a Latin-American republic and of controlling its destiny. They will not allow any convenient commonwealth to pass into the hands of European receivers for an indefinite period. They regard, in a word, the Venezuela precedent as one fraught with the gravest peril to the independence of the New World.

The Death of Children

There is great complaint about the scarcity of babies in the families of native-born Americans. There is no need to quote statistics. Every one knows the conclusion that the statistics lead to, which is that the native Americans seem less and less inclined every year to replenish the earth with new individuals of their own species. As concerns them, the birth-rate is constantly falling. Writers in foreign reviews—British reviews especially—comment on it as the sign of an awful defect in us and our civilization. Married Americans who ought to raise eight children, raise four; those who ought to raise four, raise two; those who ought to raise two, raise none, or content themselves with a single lonely sample of offspring. Also, a great many Americans who ought to marry, don't. The consequence is that the statisticians take gloomy views of the future of our race, and that thoughtful observers discuss the reason for American sterility, and possible methods of alleviating it.

President Roosevelt has recorded his views on the subject. Americans, he says, who are so cold-hearted and so selfish as to dislike having children, "are in effect criminals against the race, and should be objects of contemptuous abhorrence to all healthy people." President Eliot of Harvard has been thinking about it too. In his annual report he tells of looking up the records of the six Harvard classes which have been graduated from twenty-five to thirty-one years, and finding that the married members had no more than two surviving children each, and that twenty-eight per cent. of the members had not married. He thinks college graduates should marry earlier in life, and to that end is trying to get his young men out of college and through the professional schools sooner, so that they can earn money to marry on.

But men who don't marry until they are thirty have time enough to raise families as large as the country experts of them, if they do it, and their wives have the will and the good luck. The trouble is that both men and women who defer marriage until late form habits which they cannot reconcile to full nurseries and limited incomes. Youth is rash and imperfectly provident. Maturity has more prudence, and in the matter of children is apt to have too much. There need be no regret that people who cannot provide decently for large families do not have them. Such persons may have too many children as it is. The trouble is with people who can well afford to raise families of a decent size, and who regret that privilege for fear that they will come to want, or because they want to spend their time and their money on other things.

The great thing that keeps the size of American families down is social and pecuniary ambition. There are a few thrifty parents in the land—farmers, miners, mill workers, and the like—who look upon children as a potential source of income, and raise a good many because their keep costs little, and their labor is valuable. We don't approve of persons of that way of thinking. Our American feeling is that the parents should work for the children, but not the children for the parents, except in cases of special necessity. Almost all of us want our children to be better off than we are ourselves. We would rather have two children and give them what we consider special advantages of nurture and education, than have five and be unable to do for all of them what we want done. We are impatient of the common lot. Unless our children can rise above it, we think it a doubtful advantage to have secured them an entry in this world.

Now that is not altogether a bad characteristic. It makes for progress to a certain extent, but we carry it too far. We are too prudent, too selfish, for both ourselves and our offspring. It is by no means the children who have the most "advantages" that do best in the world, but those, rather, who are born with the best brains and bodies, and are hardest prodded by the spur of necessity. For the sake of pampering two children we forfeit the chance of drawing a great prize among the three others that we might have and don't.

It is too bad about us Americans. The hope of our amendment lies in the possibility that we may come to a better appreciation of the pleasure there is in raising good children as compared with any other rival interest that attracts us. We never will raise large families for the good of the country; never. The race may go hang, for all of us. But if none of us can come to feel, what is true, that the right kind of children pay enormously in love, in entertainment, in all things that make life desirable, we may come to raise more of them.

Our National Genius and Our National Art

The question of the great practical enterprise and success of our American life and its relation to our national literature is one that is always coming up for discussion. We are told that this practical life is in itself bound to produce an art, because it is producing a national character with its own distinct spiritual traits, and we are reminded that the robust, practical life of Elizabethan England was one source of the vitality of Elizabethan literature. Certainly a nation with plenty of active and healthy interests is bound to nourish a different kind of genius—of imaginative genius—from that of a nation which has socially exhausted itself. And yet any inference from Elizabethan England to contemporary America and its artistic possibilities is likely to be misleading. Elizabethan England was not only a society with active economic interests; it was a society still very deeply under the spell of spiritual influences, with all the subtle reflective inheritance of mediæval Europe at its heart. Imaginative interests were as intense as the practical interests at just that happy time, when the warriors and the adventurers and the statesmen were numbered among the literary men of the nation—not among the historians and sociologists necessarily, but among the poets—men with the quick instinct for beauty, and the speculative passion that counts for so much more in art than the merely practical aim. One might say that, in Elizabethan literature, the spiritual genius, while it certainly drew strength from the active, practical life of the nation, dominated it imaginatively. The intellectual passions of the Renaissance and of the Reformation were potent forms of national self-consciousness.

In contemporary America, on the other hand, the practical interests are altogether in the ascendant, and the fact is not without its influence upon the writer. In no European country is literature so thoroughly journalistic as it is in America. We have capable writers by the score; but, in our latest school of novel-writers, while we have clever reporters and plenty of sociological adventures, we have perhaps produced no genuine novelist of American life, such as the Mr. Howells of *Siles Lapham* proved himself to be. As a notice of novel-writers what we lack is psychological depth. We do not live the inner life intensely enough for

that. Certain plus types of character we are able to distinguish; but the wonderful, accurate history of inner motives—such, for instance, as Tolstoy lays bare to the reader, and which is the real interest of the novel—this is not within the power of our present art. Our realistic novels reproduce what one might call the body of our civilization. But its heart, in its deepest sense, still eludes them. How crude, too, is the criticism of life in the contemporary American novel. It is a myth, in fact. One would say that it has been borrowed from the last book the author had read, not that it was the ripened fruit of personal life. It is not personal life of the intense sort exactly what one misses from our contemporary art! When we try to touch the depths of our experience we betray our weakness. We become self-conscious and artificial. Our spiritual life seems to have grown in a thin soil. The only opportunity that we have of new writers that have been written with in the last five or ten years. It may be partly the result of the journalistic pressure upon authorship, which has certainly increased. It may be partly the effect of the romantic vogue. But both the journalistic pressure and the romantic vogue, as at present cultivated, are symptoms of the fact that underneath the surface of American life is a spiritual consciousness truly national, but hardly aware of itself, in what the American who knows the history of his country is bound to believe. We have the blood of old and mature civilizations in our national genius. The question of our art is whether the spiritual experience of such civilization is in any way to leave the cradles of our material life, and its idealism in turn to be shaped by the more hopeful social conditions of the new country. There is a very interesting article in a recent number of a magazine which describes the psychological effect of his own environment upon the emigrant Jew. It appears that his environment strengthens all his practical faculties. On the other hand, his national idealism is depressed by it. Whether that depression of the more idealistic faculties is the price to be paid for our successful commercial civilization is, of course, the crucial question of our literature.

Meanwhile the approaching centenary of Emerson's birth is a very fitting time to remember that not only is America solving the feeding problem of the world by her practical enterprise, but that during the last century she made her typical spiritual contribution to literature. The peculiarly ripe and modern character of Emerson's genius was never clearer than it is to-day; and perhaps here and Hauptmann and Tolstoy and Maeterlinck, who confess their debt to him, understand better its character than the England of half a century ago understood it. Yet into this mature and intensely speculative genius there also entered the blood of a strong, young, physical civilization, with its reaction of hope and courage upon the mind. There is a sanity, a realism, in Emerson's philosophy which we miss from the European mystics, and which is distinctly the contribution of the New World to Old World thought. Emerson is thoroughly native, not only to New England, but to the country at large. Yet though his optimism is partly the instinctive American optimism bred of hopeful conditions, there is something deeper in it, something of the spiritual faith, which also, at crucial moments, proves itself alive as the soul of our national life. That faith has been the inspiration of all that we have so far produced of genuine art. For a nation merely absorbed in money-making, merely interested in practical results, cannot grow a literature.

Dwindling France

By Sydney Brooks

LONDON, February 4, 1902.

There has been sent to me—why, whence, and by whom I cannot guess—a pamphlet on "The Depopulation and Repopulation of France." Its author is a M. Arthur Le Creps, of whom I know only that he is a delightfully French crank. One always guesses somehow that in France cranks flourish with a less than English or American exuberance, that there is something in the atmosphere of that laughing, prudent land that effectually heads them off. However that may be, here is M. Le Creps who has a crank of the first water, but a French crank, a crank who can write, a crank with humor. The result is anything but Bostonian or Exeter Hall-ish. M. Le Creps is painfully moved by the spectacle of a dwindling France, and his pamphlet is addressed to the Senate and Chamber of Deputies in the hope that they may be stirred thereby to action. But he is not so moved, his emotions are not so excessive, that he cannot give up a few pages to gossiping in the most blimpish French, about his school-days, about his neighbors in Fergipenn, and about his troubles with his wife. What those troubles precisely were we do not learn. Perhaps his views on the population question had something to do with them. M. Le Creps puts the decline in the French birth-rate down to four main causes—the Civil Code with its principle of forced testamentary division of property, the "deplorable condition" of French morals, the "Anti-Christian Maltheism" which separated by the people, and finally to "the gnawing cancer that corrupts, devours, and destroys the French nation"—the *faucism*! All this he would counteract by allowing the head of a family to bequeath his property as he chooses, by permitting girls to marry without the consent of their parents at eighteen instead of twenty-one, and men at twenty-one instead of twenty-five, by giving the vote of three children two votes, of six three votes, of ten or more four votes, by restricting the numbers and increasing the taxation of *café-concerts, bars, and saloons*, by forcing *la fille de joie*, after the old Roman fashion, to wear a dress as conspicuous as her life, by doubling the taxes on all bachelors above the age of twenty-five, and on all couples who after three years of married life have no children, by exempting the father of ten children from all imposts whatsoever, and lastly, by employing none but married men and women in the service of the State. He has a few more suggestions to make, but they are of rather too domestic a character to be discussed freely by any one who lives outside the spacious air of France. Besides, I have said enough. Boston will at once recognize in M. Le Creps a man and a brother.

And yet there is a good deal in what he says. The French census of 1901 showed that in the preceding five years the population had increased by only 350,000; and even this increase, small as it was, had to be largely discounted—Paris and its environs being responsible for 220,000, of whom a considerable proportion were foreign immigrants. All the rest of France put together had thus only added some 38,000 to its numbers since the census of 1896. Taking the figures for the last thirty years one finds that while the average increase of the United States, of the United Kingdom, of Germany, Italy, Austria and Hungary worked out at twelve millions apiece, that of France was less than 2,500,000. Norway, it has been estimated, doubles her population in 51 years, Austria in 62. Eng-

land in 63, Denmark in 73, Sweden in 80, Germany in 88, and France in 134. The birth-rate in France, which stood as high as 38 per 1000 between 1770-1780, and at 32 during the first decade of the nineteenth century, has steadily fallen since to 22, its present figure. Between 1811 and 1829 the average annual surplus of births over deaths was 57 per 1000; between 1891-1899 it was 47, and the census of 1901 showed it to have decreased again. To whatever column of statistics one refers, the result is the same. Not only has the birth-rate fallen, but marriages are fewer and less productive than they were. Twenty years ago the average of births per marriage was three; to-day it is not more than two. In spite of a moderate death-rate, France is dwindling.

This is an old problem and an old society with the French. All sorts of causes have been brought forward to explain it, and all sorts of remedies proposed for its solution. It is a difficult matter to generalize on, as the phenomenon is unevenly distributed. Out of the eighty-seven departments into which the country is divided, the population is increasing in twenty-four, diminishing in sixty-three. Where the Church is strongest and her teaching most faithfully obeyed—in Brittany, for instance—there the birth-rate is highest. But practically it is only the poorest and most backward districts that are prepared to accept the clerical mandates on all points. The prosperous farmers of Normandy and Picardy rearing themselves to at most two children, while in less well-to-do regions, such as Brittany, Lorraine, and the Haute-Loire, the increase in population is continuous. One might deduce from this that prosperity and small families go hand in hand in France, and as a rough generalization it would stand. In the industrial districts and among the working classes it is the poor who are the most prolific, in France as everywhere. So that, on the whole, one might say that the deplorable poor in the towns are the real saviors of the French birth-rate. How matters have come to such a pass there has been a variety of conjectures to show. Conscription, the growth of intemperance, the increasing burden of taxation, the "modern aversion to marriage," the spread of luxury, and the new set thrown into the pursuit of personal comfort and pleasure, even "a painful lack of fecundity in the French race"—a surprising assumption which Canada, Louisiana, Mauritius, Brittany itself, join in disapproving—have all been accused of being agencies of depopulation. But these phenomena are to be found in other lands; some of them are of universal application, operative over the whole area of civilization; and yet nowhere do they produce the effects ascribed to them in France. Obviously some higher and more general cause, and one peculiar to France alone, must be looked for.

All political roads in modern France lead back sooner or later to Napoleon, whose most enduring work was the reconquest of his country. To the Napoleonic settlement of the Revolution all that is sound and stable in the France of to-day may be traced, as well as such that is unhealthy and blighting. Among other things the depopulation of France is largely his work.

The principle of forced testamentary division of property among the children was not, of course, original to him. He took it, as he took much else, from Montesquieu, and established it in France as part of the framework of the land. As this is determinative to this day, with results both good and bad. No single enactment

has ever perhaps cut more deeply into the social life of the French people. It has caused an immense diffusion of private wealth.

It has turned France into a nation of small landowners. It has thus made for stability and content, checked the possibility of a "submerged tenth," and prevented the growth of *industrialism* with their accompanying masses of agrarian socialists. On the other hand, by making most Frenchmen capitalists or property owners to some extent, it has also made them unambitious. They need but a little more to provide themselves with a competency, and they get it by entering the service of the State, where they can be sure of a settled salary and secure advancement with the minimum of personal effort. A Frenchman's ambitions turn as naturally towards the dignity of an *fonctionnaire* as an American's towards trade. Consequently, wholesale creations of unnecessary posts and offices at the expense of the taxpayers.

Moreover, the Napoleonic enactment has given birth to a peculiarly territorial form of patriotism, an intense passion for the actual soil of France. This is a feeling inevitably engendered when a large proportion of the people are able to measure their stake in the country in acres, rods, and perches. The result is, however, that France is made so comfortable and pleasant a place to live in, there are so many ties binding the citizen down to his share in the national heritage, that the ordinary Frenchman, robbed of much of his initiative in the schools which turn out excellent functionaries but inadequate men, and finding himself in happy possession of an income from his property or whatever it may be his father has left him, has no ambition to better himself by emigration. If the French do not colonize, it is because there is too much ready money in France.

But the most direct effect of this law is to be seen in the necessity it entails of limiting the population. After several generations of constant dividing and parceling out of estates, whatever their dimensions, peasant proprietors, if they would head down more than a square yard of land, are forced to renounce all hope of large families. There comes a time when even the largest estate may be so subdivided as to afford adequate support to no one. The thrifty, prudent farmer, as M. Le Creps sees, has therefore no option but to limit the number of his offspring. This has now become a habit, and has encouraged the idea that the land is incapable of supporting even those who already dwell on it.

Thus a new impulse is given to the migration of rustics to the towns, and as life in the streets is soon discovered to be no easier than life in the fields, the refugee peasant, according to Mr. Bodley, carry out and spread abroad the Maltheism doctrines which they know to be the salvation of the countryside, and hope to see adopted as the remedy of all social ills. Then, again, there is the dour system. A French father cannot get his daughters married except by giving each a portion, and the amount of the dot has risen considerably since the charity of American women took to gilding even the battered dukesdoms of France. Over every French cradle hovers the disenchanted ghost of a dowry. In all countries an extra child means extra expense; in France it means an extra fortune, and that is a very powerful reason why the French have few children. "The social conventions," as M. Demolin says, "make their task an impossibility; and then, not being able to destroy the conventions, they destroy the race."

The Book of Months

By E. F. Benson

SEPTEMBER

THE barren, sterile emotions which art gives us, though they have this advantage of harmlessness over the emotions of life itself, that free of sweet and bitter fruits, bear within them the latent defects of their unreality; and whereas there is hardly an emotion of life which does not leave us stronger and more vivified, there is hardly an emotion of art, where one's senses are stirred not by actual events of joy or sorrow, but the imagined scenes thereof, which does not leave us flat and unbreathed in proportion as the emotion excited was keen.

Love and death, the two great motifs on which the drama of life is based, whether they are whispered on the shivering strings, or piped on resonant flutes, or thundered with the blast of trumpets and the clink of cymbals, leave us when our actual experience has touched us, the richer for it, and stronger and more vivified. But such is not the case in the collection of experience which art gives us. Vivid it may be—so vivid, indeed, that reality after it seems shadow-like and unreal—but its life is temporary; we thrill with ecstasies that are not really ours, our soul in its secret place shivers with sin or withers with remembrances which are not its own, and when the mimic spectacle is over and we awake again from the storm or sunshine of a colored dream to a gray morning, and have to take up again the dispiriting thread of uneventful hours, it is with an intolerable sense of flatness that we at first look out over the undistinguished landscape of life. For a week, perhaps, or a fortnight, we have agonized with the throes of Titania; monstrous joys and sorrows have been our portion, the minute. We have been burning with alien fire and passions not our own; the temptations of Kundry have shaken us; the sorrow of Wotan, as wide as the world and as bitter as the sea, has for the time been ours. We have been laid to sleep on a mountain-top like Brünnhilde, and like Siegfried have dreamed in the green shade of woods until the voice of nature has become intelligible, and the twittering of birds articulate through the murmur of the forest. The quintessence of human emotion in all its terror and beauty has shaken and enthralled us. Then—then the curtain comes down, and we go out again into the real world, which for the time art has rendered shadowlike, where a hundred petty duties await us, in no way refreshed or strung-up for their accomplishment, but impatient, irritated, and bored.

Such, at least, were my own feelings when on a morning I awoke and remembered (what at first seemed incredible) that there was to be no opera that day, and that the curtain was down on the stage at Bairesh at two years. The little back-water of a town which on arrival had seemed so distinct with such sweet repose and tranquillity was insupportable; its tranquillity was stagnation, and decay, its tranquility a creeping death-trance, with gray nightmare to ride its rest. Instead of finding that the fever dream of the last fortnight had glided its streets and woven themselves into its gardens and trellises, it appeared to me merely the most dismal little unshaken suburb I had ever seen. A glorious leap had burned there, but the leap was quenched, and instead of a reflection of its light lingering there, there was only a smell of oil. But the immediate and vital question was what to do and where to go.

I could not imagine myself finding existence tolerable anywhere, and least of all, perhaps, could I imagine myself back in England in my own quiet little house in the country town, since for the time being, at any rate, all the mimic pleasures which had built up that delightful life and made it so full of happiness were incomprehensible. Not long ago a quiet morning of work with glances into the garden to see what new plant had flowered, a game of golf over the brook, the face of a friend, the hundred details of my life which I have tried to describe in these pages, were overwhelmingly sufficient to make me more than content. But now there was exasperation in the very multitude of them. And all the time there were, so to speak, images of glorious brightness shut away in some dark place in my breast. The Valkyries were there and Parsifal; Hans Sachs, mellow and unembittered, looked on the love of others and smiled, and Walter sang of spring-time, and everywhere was melody.

Here, if you please, is a specimen in exebia. For I solemnly told myself that instead of going back home, like a sober and average person, I was bound—no less—to go somewhere and to do something by which I could the more fully apprehend and crystallize these images; and the ground on which I put this to myself—this is my only excuse—was genuine. For I believe that one of the main duties of man to God and to himself is to realize beauty and understand it, and that one of his main duties to his neighbor is to produce beauty in some shape or form, moral, mental, or artistic, if, indeed, there is any real difference between them. The last fortnight had given me new material; that part of me which is capable in its small way of feeling beauty had been shown wonderful things. If I went back to the ordinary routine of daily life, I felt that I should do my part in it exceedingly ill, and also that the monotony and triviality of it would tarnish and dull the brightness of my new possessions. In other words, I began, a solemn prig, to think about my artistic temperament and make plans for its well-being, and, that confusion made, in the hopes that *quod s'cessus s'cessus* in some small degree—the mind narrative can go on as its way. My body—after an effusion of telegrams—sped south to the house of a friend in Capri, where it arrived two days later.

Here is this remote island, separated by a few leagues of sea from that vividly modern and restless place called Naples, sea be recaptured without effort something in the early days of the world, and from the steamer one steps off out of all the responsibilities and codes which the stupidity and wickedness of mankind have built up, into paganism and fairyland. The gray walls compounded of priggishness and Puritanism (yet united together with the mortar of good intentions and morality) with which this civilized country has fettered itself, fall as walls of Jericho fell at the blast of the trumpet, and there are sunlight and sea, and the beauty of the seven days of creation, which was pronounced by God to be good. The red wax-like flowers of the pomegranate are in full bloom, and as evening falls they glow like hot coals over the rough street walls that bound the path up in Capri, where the green heads slip in and out. The smell of the vines is in the air heavy and warm, and once or twice as I walk through the dusky trellises my heart hammered in me, for I knew that but a little more and I should see Dionysus himself with the vine leaves in his hair, and delicate hand holding the cup that brimmed with purple, and

at noonday often have I all but seen in the briar-decked everts of rock the great god P'an himself, to the music of whose luting the whole world dances. Up and down these steep paths, with head over beneath the vine-jars, walk the maidens of Capri, and something of Aphrodite lives in their wind-petted faces and moulded bosoms; and young Apollo, barefooted and splashed to the knee in the trodden vats, strips the nut-bucks off with his gleaming teeth and looks at the passer-by with brown, soft eye. He has perched a pomegranate flower behind his ear, and his shirt is open so that the smooth brown breast is seen.

What thoughts fill day by day that gay, lazy Italian brain? He is not religious, although he goes to mass most regularly, for from mass he passes back again to paganism. He only goes there because he is a child, and is vaguely afraid—or would be if he did not go to mass—of what the priests have told him about a remote heapy (for so God seems to him) who has made him born is unquenchable fire if he does not. Nor does he weary his mind with any question of morality or code of ethics; the sun is warm to him; or if the sea be hot, the shadow is cool and the almond fruit is sweet, and the fumes of the fermenting vats mysteriously exciting, and the maidens with whom he is in treaty to wed very fair and loving, and her dove is good. And for passers-by he has his bright smiles and the expressions of his hope that I have enjoyed my bath. No, he has not bathed to-day, for the work of the vintage is heavy, and he is paid well by the hour. Ah, a cigarette! The signor is too kind. Will not the signor take his pomegranate flower? Indeed the signor will.

Day by day this sunny and innocent paganism gets more possession of me, and day by day the beauty of that white man at Bairesh glows more brightly. Yesterday about evening a sudden summer squall came storming over from Posilipo, gleaming with lightning and wore large rale and riotous with thunder, and to me it was Wotan who steered from the north. On Monte Solaro the Valkyries awaited his coming, and when the whirling winds had passed over our heads, while the house shuddered, and the moon again rose in a velvet sky with stars swarming thick round her, I knew that on the mountain-top Brünnhilde slept within a ring of fire, waiting for the man who should claim her with his kiss. But the morning again to-day was very clear and hot, and instead of going up Monte Solaro as I had intended, I went as usual down to the Bagno, a white pebbly beach with pockets of sand to lie on.

I took with me a basket of figs, and a flask of wine stoppered with vine leaves, and my friend took a book which we often read and a straw cone of cigarettes, and together we swam through the chryseogone of sabbat sea far out to some seaweed-covered rock. The water was very deep round it, and fathoms down something shone very brightly with waving sub-aqueous gleam; and half laughing at myself, I dived and dived, for I knew it was the Rhinegold that some there, until I could dive no more, yet still I could not get deep enough. Then having rested, we swam back and lay on pockets of hot sand and drank from the leaf-stoppered bottle and ate the purple of the figs, and I read in the book which he had brought, beginning at the seventh chapter, to this effect:

"Did I seriously believe that that contemplation of God which is the prime duty laid on us by religion must or even could legitimately give us any touch of sadness of whatever kind, I would throw religion

away as headlessly as I threw away a smoked-out cigarette, for I have no use for it. Yet, although on every side, and most of all in every pulpit, I see the lamentable Puritan jaw and hear the lamentable Puritan whine which bids me look with horror on the sin of the world and with sorrow at its sufferings, yet I do not for a moment believe that this impious gabble is the result of religion, but rather of the grossest irreligion on the part of its exponent. For I know that the contemplation of God is my duty, and if I make it my whole and absorbing duty I cannot go very far astray. For about all things is God love, and above all things is the beauty, and the love which engirdles Him joins without break to the human love, which it is our duty always to take and take, giving with both hands and taking by the armful. So, too, His beauty joins without break to the beauty of all He has made, and in the golden hair of women and in the rose petal, in the smooth, swift limbs of youth and in the faceted diamond in the curves of a girl's lips and in the rose-faded clouds in the blue ether of the sky of morning, equally and everywhere must we look for and absorb the beauty which is implanted there. It is here that Christianity with its beautiful and unadorned morality has gone so far astray from its Founder that many Christians turn from beauty as if beauty was evil, instead of ever seeking it and worshipping it, and it is here that the gross minds of their gross minds is burned up in that fine fire.

Hence, too, springs—by hence I mean from impious Puritanism—such phrases as the "temptations and dangers of physical beauty," whereas to the man whose mind is set on God it is by and through beauty that the uttermost deathstroke is dealt to the writhing earthworm of carnalism. For the truth is that no beauty of soul and no completeness was ever framed on the mutilation or starvation of self, and at the last day the gray and pallid ascetic will find that what he thought was a virtue and what he taught as self-control were mere darkness of soul and perurbed vision. It is in this that must be cast away; we are people that sit in darkness, content that our religion should make us sad, and as such we have a lesson hourly to learn from paganism, and in particular from the paganism of the Greeks, whose hierarchy of gods were enthroned in brightness, and name whereof was beauty. And that beauty, the search of which to them was worship and prayer and praise, they found everywhere,—in the sunlight and the blue dome of heaven, in the crisp curling sea-anemone leaf which they set to twine in the capitals of their marble-bewn columns and in the necks of the vases of the dead, in the radiance of jewels and in the tragedies of heroes, and above all in the beauty of the human form. Disfigured and astray their worship often went, and it were strange garb, but through all its sin and its misconceptions, its thousand errors and distortions, we can see gleaming deep below the bright shining of its truth. And this, to my mind, gleams less brightly in the colder worship of to-day. For I doubt very much whether anybody was in the least less flayed by the actual sorrow or repentance of any one, though no doubt such—especially to our and brooding natures—is necessary.

But the best repentance, if one has sufficient vitality, will be momentary, a fiery sword-thrust which will leave no scar or throb behind. It is better, I dare say, that a man should suffer the fire of remorse for years, rather than that he should not suffer them at all, but I think that the

man who is capable of throwing his remorse off and starting fresh and surrounded by the more galling craters, for the reason that it is infinitely better to be happy and smiling than to go frowning through the world. For sin is seldom born of a happy impulse, save as you may, unless from a happy impulse which has been, so to speak, shut up in the dark and has gone putrid.

"And here in this divine place" (the book and a quilling from was written at Athens) "where beauty is thrown broadcast over all one sees, and happiness is so easy, it seems to me to follow as a corollary that things which a northern and gloomy people consider wrong are less wrong. For supposing in foggy London every shopkeeper tried to cheat one, one would say that the middle class was going to the dogs. Quite so—it would be. But the middle class is not in the least going to the dogs here. Why not? For a variety of reasons: partly because there is more sun here and no fog, and because the Parthenon is near at hand. Ah, yes, indeed it is so, gayety covers a multitude of sins, and while they are covered beauty blots them out.

"O beautiful God of this beautiful world, let me make somebody laugh to-day. Amen."

At that point I laughed.

"So his prayer is heard," said my friend.

"Have you eaten all the figs while I have been reading?"

"Yes, but don't be unhappy. Remember it is your duty to be happy. You may have the last cigarette."

"No, we'll toss for it."

"I'll be shot if we do," said he.

"Well, I'll cut it in half."

"So that neither of us gets any," said he. "Give it me!" and he very rudely snatched at it. Hence ensued a scuffle, and the contents of the cigarette were scattered about the beach, and neither of us got any. The occasion gave rise to more reflections. Also immemorial ones. Then peace and plenty descended again in the shape of a friend, also coming down to bathe, with a supply of fresh ones, and the sun was warm again, and the sea blue. Then my friend, whom I must call Jack, because he objects to his real name being known, saying that I am certain to keep all the beautiful remarks for myself and give him all the idiosyncrasy.

"The man is shallow," he said; "it is only a gospel of surfaces he preaches, and you think it profound merely because he loads it with grave words. I've done for years exactly what he preaches. I have succeeded in being always happy and unusually gay, and I spend my whole life looking for what I consider beautiful. Yet what did you call me last night? A second-hand sensualist, I think."

"Very likely. That is because you are not strenuous, and the pursuit of beauty must be passionate. The pursuit of beauty must be an act of worship, but yours is not; it is more like smoking cigarettes."

Jack laughed loudly and idly.

"Or eating all the figs," said he, and the discussion ended.

It is close on noon and only the faintest breeze is stirring.

The sea is silent and waveless, except that at intervals a ripple falls like the happy sigh of some beautiful basking creature on to the hot white pebbles of the beach. There like a living sapphire lies the dear sea, the thing in this world I love best and understand best, though I don't understand it at all. Never have I seen it so innocuous as it is to-day; you would say that the twilight of centuries had been lit

in its depths. Grey ducks run out from the precipitous bank, fringed with seaweed. Under the water the seaweed shows purple.

A brown-sailed fishing-boat lies becalmed a mile out, and under the bay Naples sparkles white and remote, and only the thin line of smoke streaming upward from Veuvrins speaks of the fierce and everlasting stir of forces which underlie the world. In the thickets which come down to the water's edge of this tideless sea there is now no sound of life, though an hour ago they were resonant with the whispering of the cicadas. The lizards have crept out in the stillness and back on the white stones, as still as if once more Orpheus charmed them, and high above as a hawk with wings motionless floats slowly, in seeming sleep, down some breeze of the upper air.

And what if the nameless author is right? What if this is the upshot—happiness is our feet duty? It is certainly not true that if you are good you are happy, but may it not be true that by being happy you are in some degree good? The Puritan idea of Christianity has had a fair trial, and indeed it seems to have made but a poor job out of it, for what is the result of all their sadness and renunciation—nothing but starved minds and marred ideals. Such self-denial is touching, beautiful in theory, and based, of course, on Christ's teaching. But it is based avarice if it brings sadness with it, if it sees in beauty only a snare to lead the soul astray, rather than the sign-post which leads by no winding road, but by a royal highway straight to God. And that road rounds with praise, and the birds of St. Francis sit in the pleasant boughs of the trees that grow beside it, and the dear saint smiles at them and says, "Sing, my sisters, and praise the Lord." And at his bidding they fill their throats with bubbling song and thank God for their warm feathers, and the green habitation he has built for them. Then St. Francis, so the legend tells us, sits down at table with St. Blaise and Oswald, the friends of St. Francis, and feels them so that they become very strong. Those saints are more to my mind than that foolish fellow Stylites or the dear St. Bernard, who, being plagued with the flies on a hot day, excommunicated them, and they all dropped down dead. For love, joy, and peace are the gifts of the Spirit, but we are too much given to let the joy take care of itself, to check it, even, as if salvation was clothed in sack-cloth.

Happiness is a home product; we cannot import it into ourselves, nor by multiplying our pleasures can we come one whit nearer to it. But by being dull, by being slow to perceive, or, having perceived, to re-arrive, we can and we often do succeed in raising the doors of our souls to it. Yet, though it comes not from without, nor is it the sum or product of any pleasure, yet our soul must sit with doors and windows open to catch it if but one-millionth of the myriad sweet and beautiful things that stir and shine about us, or else, as in the darkness and stagnation of some closed house, dust and airlessness overlay us. For there is nothing in the world, except only that which the sin or folly of man has wrought, which is not wholesome and innocent. It is our grossness which makes things gross, our rebellion which makes as say that in beauty there lurk any seeds or germs that are ripe into or go to form anything that is not beautiful.

O world as God has made it, all is beauty. And knowing this is love and love is duty. What further can be sought for or declared?

To be Continued.

Canada's Naval Project

CANADA has decided to have a navy of her own. Whether or not this is her first move towards "cutting the painter" that binds her to England, the fact is very significant, following as it does upon her refusal recently to contribute to the upkeep of the imperial navy. When the Colonial Premiers were in London last summer for the Coronation, they held a conference with Mr. Chamberlain, and the maintenance of the navy, for colonial as well as home defence, was among the subjects considered. All the colonies except Canada agreed to subscribe annually fixed sums towards the Naval Fund, Australia's contribution being placed at \$250,000, and Newfoundland's at \$15,000. Canada, however, absolutely refused to give a cent, much to the chagrin of the British government and press, who are pointing out that the hardest task the navy would have in war-time would be to defend and protect Canada's commerce, towards which protection Canada pays nothing.

The Ottawa administration has now determined on a Canadian navy. This is to be, at sea, the counterpart of her militia. Sir Frederick Borden, her Minister of Defence, recently announced the formation of the naval force in the near future, and he has just despatched as expert to Newfoundland to study the organization and working of the British naval reserves in that colony. This expert is Captain Squire, Commodore of the Canadian fleet of fishery-protection cruisers, which ships have so unenviable a reputation for seizing American fishing-vessels for alleged encroachments within the three-mile limit along the Nova-Scotian coast. These cruisers are to form the nucleus of the Canadian navy, and the men are to be recruited chiefly from the fishermen of the Maritime Provinces who travel on the Green Banks.

With the Alaskan boundary dispute now submitted to arbitration, the next issue which will call for settlement is that of the Atlantic fisheries. This is a most awkward complication, because Great Britain and the United States and Canada and Newfoundland are all concerned, and each has her own interests which clash with those of the others. Canada has always been for shutting out the Americans from her waters and cancelling the *modus vivendi* under which they now obtain an entry, and her object in forming this naval force is probably that she may be able to make her patrol of her seaboard so perfect that no daring Yankee fisherman can break through. She will also require to use her navy to guard the St. Lawrence route if war breaks out, though of what service such ships as hers herself is not very clear, as they would be unable to meet the attack of the gunboats which constitute the navy of some South-American republic.

It is not to be supposed that Canada entertains any idea of using her new toy—for such it must prove—against the United States. At the same time, the disposition to do so is there, if the time and the material sufficed. Canadian dissatisfaction at the arrangement arrived at for the settlement of the Alaskan difficulty is profound, and there is much caustic criticism over England's "hardships," but the unanswerable argument is embodied in the query: Why should England risk a rupture with the United States for the sake of a country which will not help her with a dollar or a man to fight their joint battles on the ocean? For this reason, England has suited herself in the Alaskan tribunal, and Canada is to have the naming, but one of the three jurists who will represent Great Britain. In the case of the Joint High Commission, on the other hand, England had

only one out of six members on that side of the tribunal. But that has all been changed now.

At the session of the Canadian Parliament opening on March 12, the necessary legislation will be introduced to create this naval force. Little, if any, opposition is looked for. The government is strong, and Premier Laurier is a potent force, especially in the province of Quebec, where this proposal will be most welcome, because it will be accepted as the beginning of an independent nation, which is the earnest wish of every Quebecer. The details of the plan have not yet been worked out, but it is understood that the organization will be modified, as far as possible, on the Newfoundland Naval Reserve, which Captain Squire is now studying.

This force has been a most complete success. Although urged for some years to extend to the colonies the Naval Reserve organized in the British Isles, the Admiralty always refused, until in 1906 its need was compelling it to make the experiment in its oldest, as well as nearest, colony, Newfoundland. The large fishing population of that island, and their well-known daring and indifference to hardships and tempests, formed the main inducements for the selection of Newfoundland. Almost the whole 220,000 inhabitants are descended from English and Irish stock, so blended as to make a class of fisherfolk who nothing can daunt. The Admiralty enlisted fifty young men in the fall of 1906, and sent them to cruise in the Caribbean Sea for the winter in H.M.S. *Charybdis*, a modern warship well adapted for the purpose. The men did so well that forty-four out of the fifty were given first-class certificates at the close of their training. Another fifty were taken last winter, of whom forty-seven passed out in the first grade, and eighty comprise this year's contingent, who are now serving in the *Charybdis* in Vancouver waters, having participated in the active operations there in concert with Germany and Italy. The volunteering is so general that the Admiralty has stationed permanently at St. John's the corvette *Clypeo*, for the training of the young fishermen. The regulations provide for five years' service—six months' sea-drill in a cruiser in one year, and a month's sea-drill in a training ship each year of the remaining four. Hundreds are taking the monthly training this winter so as to qualify for the cruise next fall, and it is expected that 200 men will join the ships of the North-American squadron then for the winter's work. The Admiralty has agreed to have at least 600 men enrolled in the Newfoundland branch, but it is probable that the number will be doubled.

The home training of the Newfoundlanders is most valuable to them in this connection, making them altogether superior to the British recruits. In the handling of boats, anchors, and schooners, every Newfoundland boy is an expert; he can row, steer, sail, and con these craft; he can manage canvas, ropes, and compass, and in every sailorly art he is proficient. Nor is he unfamiliar with diversions, because the sailing fleet of twenty stout steamboats takes out 5000 men every spring to sea-fields, and while there is a great difference between a sealer and a cruiser, the elementary features are the same. The Newfoundland Reservists have proved their efficiency and fitness beyond all rival, and their officers have reported most favorably of them. There are 70,000 men and boys engaged in the fisheries on the island, and out of that number it is calculated that fully ten per cent. should be available for the purposes of the Naval Reserve. The Admiralty expects to have 2000 in training by the end of the five

years, and, if necessary, a second drill-ship will be sent out. In physical strength and nautical experience the men are exceptional, and the intention is ultimately to fortify St. John's and convert it into a naval base, thereby rendering it possible for British war-ships to refuel there in war-time and augment their crews from among the Reservists.

Consequently, it seems a feasible step on Canada's part to take the Newfoundland force as a model. The fishermen of the Maritime Provinces are of the same type, but less hardy, because they have not to face the same storms at sea or risk their lives on the lee-shore after storms. If the Canadian scheme is acceptable to the people there, it should result in a large enrolment, but it is doubtful if they will take it seriously. In Newfoundland the whole organization is an imperial one, the colonial government having divested itself of all authority, and the result is that the movement, controlled only by the Admiralty and the naval officers, is accepted as a serious and important mission by all. The intention in Canada is to have her force under her own control and distinct altogether from the royal navy. This will mean that it will be regarded much as a pastime, an opportunity to secure a cheap pleasure trip in a government yacht instead of the sobering fact of a cruise and active duty in a real war-ship.

The Operatic Situation

THE much-vaunted question of the future directorship of the Opera seems finally to have achieved the happiest of possible solutions—the selection of Mr. Heinrich Conried, of the Irving Place Theatre, as Mr. Gran's successor. For those who have at heart the best interests of the lyric drama in New York, few things could be more gratifying than the event of Mr. Conried's succession to the post vacated by Mr. Grau. There can be no reasonable doubt that Mr. Conried is very nearly the ideal man for the position. His long and brilliant record as manager of the one playhouse in New York in which the artistic rather than the commercial principle prevails, inspires the conviction that he will provide the most justly balanced and intelligently organized performances that the Metropolitan Opera House has ever seen. What direct experience of operatic management he lacks he can readily acquire; and he has abundant energy, tact, and executive talent; above all, he has an admirable quality of artistic intelligence. Mr. Conried has announced that he will aim, in planning his productions, at securing excellence of ensemble rather than brilliancy of individual performance. Whether he can make that system workable to a public habituated to the bewildering splendor of such "all-star" casts as have become a commonplace under Mr. Grau's magnificently lavish régime is somewhat questionable; but since Mr. Conried owes to so laudable an ambition, the least we can do is to hold up his hands. Excellence of ensemble, however,—particularly in the case of the Wagner music-dramas,—necessitates the co-operation of a conductor of the first rank—a point which we are not at all sure that Mr. Conried realizes. We have had no assurance as yet that he plans to secure the services of Mr. Alfred Hertz—a conductor whom it would be in the last degree deplorable to lose, now that we have fortunately discovered him. To ignore the opportunity of engaging the one conductor who has proved himself a worthy successor to Mr. Seidl—a musician of superb temperament, skill, and authority—would be a lamentable and incurable blunder.

Books and Bookmen

MR. CLEMENT SHORTER, in his latest Literary Letter to hand in the *Sphere*, notices the publication, by the firm of Routledge, of a work by John Boyle O'Reilly called *Moodys*, and complains, with good reason, because it contains absolutely no indication as to whether the book is a new one or a reprint of an old one. *Moodys* is a stirring tale of convict days in Western Australia, its hero being an escaped convict who rides triumphant among the rich and the great, continually exercising a beneficent power. Traces of the influence of Henry Kingsley's *Geoffrey Hamlyn* and of Victor Hugo's *Les Misérables* are evident, but much of the vivid and picturesque power of the story was due to O'Reilly's own experiences as a convict. Born near Drogheda in 1844, he enlisted in the Tenth Hussars, and became an enthusiastic rebel at this time when the Fenian movement was arousing the national sympathies of Young Ireland. In 1860 he was arrested, charged with treasonable practices, and sentenced to be shot. The sentence was commuted to twenty years penal servitude, and the next year O'Reilly was sent at the age of twenty-three, to a convict settlement in Western Australia. Two years later he made his escape and reached this country on an American whaler. It was these incidents in the career of a romantic youth which inspired the fascinating story of *Moodys*, published in 1883 by Messrs. Roberts Brothers, when the author had risen to a place of honor and distinguished citizenship in Boston, and had become the editor of the Boston *Pilot*. O'Reilly was a man of quick sympathies and generous temperament, and he did not forget the men who had been with him in the convict settlement. In 1876 he fitted up a whaling vessel which carried off from the coast of Western Australia all the military political prisoners. It gives one a thrill to remember that this act of piracy and romance took place at no recent date in our own times. O'Reilly died from an overdose of chloral in 1890 at the premature age of forty-six. His generosity showed itself frequently in the encouragement and help he gave to young writers. He had a poet's nature and romantic temperament, and published not less than four volumes of verse, though, by some strange oversight surely, neither Mr. W. B. Yeats's *Book of Irish Verse* nor Mr. Stopford Brook's *Treasury of Irish Poetry* contains a single line of his poetry. He himself edited an anthology entitled *Poetry and Songs of Ireland*. O'Reilly, indeed, is much better known in America than in England. One of his closest friends in Boston was Mr. F. J. Stimson, whose debonair hero Miles Courtenay in *King Vossell* was drawn on the lines of his lamented friend's character, and the lines quoted on the title-page of the novel were from one of his poems:

For whom God gives to us the clearest sight,
He does not touch our eyes with Love, but
Sorrow.

In the adventurous quest of Miles Courtenay, his Irish wit and humor, his true and knightly fashion, his love for Carver, passing the love of women, we get as near perhaps to a spiritual portrait of John Boyle O'Reilly as we are ever likely to possess.

The last work done by the late Julian Ralph was in HARPER'S MAGAZINE. It consists of a number of articles on American subjects, undertaken for that Magazine and to be printed during the present year. The first of these posthumous papers appears in the March HARPER'S, and under the at-

tractive title, "Our Tyrod and its Types," there is cleverly characterized the Green Mountain regins, and some of its original ood types, from the old spiritualist who lived alone and performed his own house-work to the head waiter of the hotel, who was a Yale man of gentle birth and breeding. Another paper, to appear later, describes a trip made by the author through parts of New England in company with a his-poidler. Mr. Ralph had but recently returned from a trip to Kentucky, made in the interests of HARPER'S for the preparation of an animated description of those lonely, remote "cabin" Kentuckians who seem to live quite apart from civilization. This will be illustrated by Lester Ralph, a son of the author.

Dr. W. Robertson Nisoll is not only one of the best and most up-to-date editors and journalists in London, but more than any other English editor he has always evinced a lively and hospitable interest in American writers. What he has to say of the late Julian Ralph, whom he knew personally, is therefore worth listening to, especially as it touches the reasons for Mr. Ralph's success in one way, and his failure in another. "Through circumstances I am late in the day," Dr. Nisoll has just returned from the Riviera, "but I hope not too late, in paying a tribute to the memory of the late Julian Ralph. I did not know him intimately, as I knew Harold Frederic, a man of whom I reminded me in two respects. But I have had long and confidential conversations with him, and cherished a sincere regard for his many excellent qualities. Mr. Ralph was one of the many Americans who cherished a cordial friendship for this country, and his influential position as journalist, both in the Old World and in the New, gave him many opportunities for showing this, opportunities which he never failed to use. In a way Mr. Ralph was very successful. He was acknowledged by journalists to be one of the ablest of their number. He was completely up to date. He never spared himself. He knew what was required, and he shrank from no effort and no sacrifice in order that he might supply it. Both in London and in New York editors were eager to avail themselves of his services, and he made a sufficient income. Yet he felt himself that he had not been really successful. Julian Ralph ought to have been at the head of some great paper, and he knew it. But there was something in him—I do not know what—which made it easier to obey than to command. And eminent as he was in his own line of things, he knew many men of abilities far inferior who were much more successful. If money is the test of success. Again, while he liked his work, and was proud of it in a way, he had great ambitions to be known as an author of books. These were never fulfilled. He had great hopes of the success of his South-African correspondence when issued in volume form. I ventured to suggest to him that he should rewrite everything and fill up blanks. Mr. Ralph found that this was impossible. In a very unusual way it was true of him that what he had written he had written. Some of the South-African correspondents had many things to say about the war in talk which they did not put into print. Mr. Ralph had very little. He had done his duty to the full, and given away all that he possessed, and though here and there he might emphasize a judgment, he had no more to tell. The comparative failure of his books to secure a large popular audience was a matter of some disappointment to him, though his buoyant temper soon shook it off. Like most Americans, Mr. Ralph was

an admirable speaker. He was indeed a man much to be honored in every phase of life, and his early death has been deeply regretted by many friends."

One of Dr. Nisoll's prime pleasures during his holiday on the Riviera was in frequenting the old circulating library in Nice. In such a library there is almost always something to tempt the collector or book-buyer. The remains of scarce first editions are often found lingering on the shelves. In the Nice library, Dr. Nisoll found a first edition of *Under the Greenwood Tree*, long ago, in Exeter, he came upon a very rare first edition of *Far from the Madding Crowd*, in a wretched state unfortunately, but his recent find had evidently been little read, and was in good condition. Dr. Nisoll recalls how Mr. Frederic Greenwood told him years ago of his picking up a copy of *Under the Greenwood Tree* at a railway station, attracted whimsically by its name. Mr. Greenwood read it and liked it, with the result that he gave Mr. Hardy a commission to write *Far from the Madding Crowd* for the *Cornhill*, which was then a flourishing magazine. With the serial publication of this novel began Mr. Hardy's popularity.

Who is there nowadays that has read that quaintly curious book of Harriet Martineau's—*Society in America*? Yet it is full of good stories and bon mots. Here, for instance, is a dialogue between two Western settlers which she reports:

"Whose land was that you bought?"
"Moggy's."
"What is the soil?"
"Bog."
"What is the climate?"
"Fog."
"What do you get to eat?"
"Hogs."
"What do you build your house of?"
"Logs."
"Have you any neighbors?"
"Frogs."

On one occasion Miss Martineau met a dressmaker who was anxious that she should write something about Mount Auburn Cemetery, the being interrogated as to what kind of article she had in her mind, she said that she would have Mount Auburn considered in three points of view; as it was in the day of creation, as it is now, and as it will be in the day of resurrection. Miss Martineau liked the idea so well that she got the dressmaker to write the essay herself.

When Mark Twain was a young man and a struggling newspaper writer in San Francisco, a lady of his acquaintance saw him one day with a cigar-box under his arm, looking in at a shop window. "Mr. Clemens," she said, "I always see you with a cigar-box under your arm. I am afraid you are smoking too much." "It isn't that," said Mark: "I'm writing again."

Among the autographs and manuscripts collected at the recent Whittier sale were the following lines evidently intended for an album:
As one who writes upon sand or frost,
I write, and the letters will soon be lost,
And the Spider, Forgetfulsness, weave and
wind
His web over all I leave behind.
Yet I faintly hope for a lease of time
From the thousand albums that bear my
name!
And, that empty locket in some spinster's
chamber,
Or grandma's trunk, like a fly in amber,
My name will be found somewhere in the
City or
Country, the name of John G. Whittier.

Finance

The promise of improvement in the security-market results in promise and nothing more. Moments of strength have been followed by periods of hesitation and decline, but in no instance decisive or important. In other words, the stock-market has relaxed into the dullness and monotony of "professional" trading. That the advocates of lower prices have not made much headway is only half comfort to those whose profit lies in rising values. On the whole, the situation at large is satisfactory, and it would seem as though the next important price-movement would be upward rather than the reverse. But while this opinion may be held by the majority, it is also true that such a movement is not expected to start for some weeks yet; and that is a very long time for your professional speculator to spend in idleness. The believers in the anxiously-expected bull-market are great and small. The great—the financial giants—are not willing to inaugurate an aggressive campaign just now, preferring to reduce to a minimum the chances of failure, by waiting for certain favorable features of the situation to become more pronounced. The small are men who follow, but do not lead, and therefore have not the courage of their convictions. For that reason such advances as have taken place lately were usually in special stocks, in which special forces were at work. On the other hand, the bears have lacked solid ammunition. Indeed, for many days the argument most frequently heard in support of the bear position has been the dullness which obviously results from the absence of manipulation for the rise by the strong interests of the Street and from the continued apathy of the outside public. Only the professionals are bullish just now, and they concern themselves with conditions to-day and to-morrow, technical rather than general. At this writing a depressing influence is the imminence of gold exports. It is not questioned that there is nothing serious in the shipment of gold to Europe, but the gold-exporting operation has a sentimental effect always, and, moreover, as the Treasury has been absorbing money from the banks, the additional loss in cash which the exportation of gold would entail certainly would not facilitate stock speculation, which must be carried on with borrowed money. This country has greatly reduced its obligations to Europe, but that a great deal is still owed is obvious from the strength of foreign exchange rates. Gold would have gone ahead months ago had it not been for the efforts of our bankers to avoid it. The necessity for preventing such exports to-day is not vital. Indeed, it seems altogether the wisest thing to pay off the remaining indebtedness to Europe now, when the money-market here is in position to stand it, rather than to wait until the domestic demands upon bank credits will be greater and when the settlement of the balance might be awkward. In other words, the outgo of gold will not be of serious proportions, and this country can lose some gold to-day without harm. The real importance of such a movement, from the stock-market point of view, lies, as has been said, in the fact that the bank reserves would shrink, as they normally do, in March, owing to the demands for money from various quarters, and that the return movement to this centre does not take place until April. It is for this reason that the "bull market" is not vital. Indeed, it seems altogether the wisest thing to pay off the remaining indebtedness to Europe now, when the money-market here is in position to stand it, rather than to wait until the domestic demands upon bank credits will be greater and when the settlement of the balance might be awkward. In other words, the outgo of gold will not be of serious proportions, and this country can lose some gold to-day without harm. The real importance of such a movement, from the stock-market point of view, lies, as has been said, in the fact that the bank reserves would shrink, as they normally do, in March, owing to the demands for money from various quarters, and that the return movement to this centre does not take place until April. It is for this reason that the "bull market" is not vital. Indeed, it seems altogether the wisest thing to pay off the remaining indebtedness to Europe now, when the money-market here is in position to stand it, rather than to wait until the domestic demands upon bank credits will be greater and when the settlement of the balance might be awkward.

depressing influence was found in the proposed issue of bonds by the Erie Railroad. The wisdom of the company's action was not questioned—save by a few reckless speculators who had had "bull tips" on the stock—but what caused comment and uneasiness was the fact that so many railroads were borrowing huge sums of money at the very time when they are declared to be enjoying unexampled prosperity. Mr. James J. Hill, a great phrase-maker as well as a master of railroading, is credited with the designation of the Erie as "a financial derelict." Whether Mr. Hill be responsible or not for the uproar, it is well known that the Erie needs money, and a great deal of it, for improvements. Such betterments are not in the nature of luxuries, but of vital necessity to the Erie. Moreover, the credit of the road is by no means on a par with that of the Lake Shore. But if the Erie needed money, what of the enormous borrowings of roads popularly believed to be in first-class physical condition, whose credit is of the highest and whose earnings are truly stupendous? The Street asked when this practice would end, and spoke of extravagance. There is food for reflection in this "tendency," beyond doubt. But, in point of fact, even such railroads as the Pennsylvania, despite enormous expenditures for betterments, motive power and rolling stock during the past five years, are unable to handle the volume of business thrust upon them to-day. More properly, they are unable to handle such business economically. None foresaw the extent of our prosperity. Much business is good and profitable. So much business that there is serious congestion of traffic is bad and unprofitable.

That condition of affairs has been commented upon in this column. It is something to think about when the president of one of the greatest railroads in the country devoutly prays not for more business but for less, so that his road may show bigger profits to his stockholders. It is difficult to see that "conservation" has been thrown to the winds, when roads raise money for indispensable improvements, and issue bonds to increase permanently the efficiency of their operating department.

Harpers for March

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE'S brilliant critical article on Shakespeare's "Richard II.," accompanying Mr. Abbey's pictures in color, is the opening feature of the March number of HARPER'S MAGAZINE. Professor Cullin contributes an interesting paper giving new proofs that America was the earliest home of man, and Professor Boul tells of some important discoveries recently made under his direction among the ruins of the Roman Forum. Robert W. Chambers writes of the unexpected doings of animals. There is both humor and pathos in Julien Ralph's article on New England types, and E. S. Martin writes with all his usual charm on the child's view of life. Maurice Hewlett's two-part Italian romance is concluded in the March MAGAZINE, and there are eight complete short stories in the number. Among the illustrations there are fourteen pictures in color, by Mr. Abbey, Miss Green, and Miss Cory. The number is an uncommonly interesting and important one throughout.

HARPER'S WEEKLY for next week will have, among other features, the two latest paintings of the President and of Grover Cleveland, with a drawing by Nast, the cartoonist, of one of their first meetings when Cleveland was Governor of New York and Roosevelt was a member of the New York Assembly; a character sketch by Peter Newell of the German Emperor; an article, with pictures, on Diaz, the President of Mexico, and his successor; the present situation and outlook in Russia; the opening of the Canadian Parliament, with a forecast of the questions to be considered and their bearing on our own interests; the first woman composer to have an opera produced in America—full-page painting by John S. Sargent; results of the investigations of the President's coal commission, with new portraits.

40 Pages 16 pages of Editorial Comment
24 pages Illustrated Section

financial

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WALTER E. FREW, }
F. T. MARTIN, Cashier
WM. E. WILLIAMS, Assistant Cashier

CONDENSED STATEMENT
DECEMBER 1, 1902

ASSETS	
Loans and Discounts . . .	\$22,821,103.49
Due from Banks	1,809,133.52
Banking Houses and Lots . .	1,524,792.96
Bonds, Stocks, etc.	1,024,125.34
Cash and c'ks on other Banks .	9,286,664.23
	\$36,565,818.54

LIABILITIES	
Capital, Surplus, and Undivided Profits	\$5,216,107.78
Deposits subject to Check . .	31,349,710.76
	\$36,565,818.54

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STATEMENT OF CONDITION
(CONDENSED)

Report to the Comptroller of the Currency

APRIL 30th, 1902
RESOURCES

Loans and Discounts	\$12,745,106.54
Bonds	770,029.74
Banking House	545,792.96
Due from Banks	835,829.80
Cash and Checks on other Banks .	6,297,120.00
	\$23,193,883.02

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

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Official Legal Notice

THE CITY OF NEW YORK
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January 11, 1903
NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, AS REQUIRED BY THE Greater New York Charter, that the books called "The Annual Report of the Assessed Valuation of Real and Personal Estate of the Borough of Manhattan, The Bronx, Brooklyn, Queens and Richmond organized The City of New York," will be open for examination and correction on the second Monday of January, and will remain open until the

1ST DAY OF APRIL, 1903.

During the time that the books are open no public instruction application may be made by any person or corporation claiming to be aggrieved by the assessed valuation of real or personal estate as here the same corrected.

In the Borough of Manhattan, at the main office of the Department of Taxes and Assessments, No. 115 Broadway in the Borough of The Bronx, at the office of the Department Municipal Building, One Hundred and Seventy-ninth Street and Third Avenue.

In the Borough of Brooklyn, at the office of the Department, Municipal Building.

In the Borough of Queens, at the office of the Department, Municipal Building, Jackson Avenue and Fifth Street, Long Island City.

In the Borough of Richmond at the office of the Department, Municipal Building.

Corporations in all the Boroughs must make applications only at the main office in the Borough of Manhattan.

Applications in relation to the assessed valuation of personal estate must be made by the person assessed at the office of the Department in the Borough where such person resides and in the case of a non-resident carrying on business in The City of New York, at the office of the Franchisee of the Borough where such party of business is located, before the latter of 10 A. M. and 5 P. M. on January, when all applications must be made between 10 A. M. and 12 noon.

JAMES L. WELLS, President.

WILLIAM S. COCKFIELD,

GEORGE J. GILLESPIE,

SAMUEL STRAUBOURGER,

HERSCHEL SEVITT,
Commissioners of Taxes and Assessments.

THE
NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW

EDITED BY GEORGE HARVEY

MARCH, 1903

- The Monroe Doctrine and the Venezuela Affair, A JEFFERSONIAN DEMOCRAT
Sanity in Fiction HAMLIN GARLAND
Mrs. Eddy's Relation to Christian Science . W. D. McCrackan,
of the Christian Science Publication Committee.
The New Nile Reservoir FREDERIC C. PENFIELD,
Formerly United States Diplomatic Agent to Egypt.
Our Actual Naval Strength, Rear-Admiral G. W. MELVILLE, U.S.N.
Legal Penalties and Public Opinion JULIAN HAWTHORNE
Reciprocity between the United States and Canada,
The Hon. J. W. LONGLEY,
Attorney-General of New South.
Rights and Methods of Labor Organizations, ALBERT S. BOLLES,
Lecturer on Commercial Law in the University of Pennsylvania.
Philosophy and Science at the Dawn of the Twentieth Century,
The Rev. JOHN T. DRISCOLL
Police Methods in London JOSIAH FLYNT
Polygamy in the United States: its Political Significance,
JOSEPH SMITH,
President of the Reorganized Church of Latter-Day Saints.

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PROMOTED works every statement of the Sustainable Life Assurance Society and the forty-third Annual Statement for the business of 1902 is no exception in the rule. Growth in assets, surplus, income. In fact, and with handsome large increases in premiums and total income, and in profits paid to policy holders, indicates a steady climb by death, together with an increase rate maintained at a minimum as in former years. These are the features which show that the Society moves forward with every year, and that it has reached a position of remarkable magnitude and stability.

In every respect the statement just presented contains evidence of successful growth and security. The assets have increased to \$100,000,000; the liabilities, including the reserve, calculated by the company, at \$70,000,000 to \$90,000,000,000; and the surplus, which constitutes the margin, is now \$10,000,000. This is an increase during 1902 of \$3,000,000. It is also added to the surplus fund this large amount, the Society paid during the year \$1,457,000 in profits on unexpired policies. The total earnings for policy holders, therefore, during the year were \$4,170,000.

During the year and ended, the premium income amounted to \$10,000,000, and income from interest, rents, etc., to \$10,000,000, making the total receipts for the year \$20,000,000. From these receipts \$15,000,000 was set aside for death claims, and the total amount to policy holders aggregated \$20,000,000. After providing for the total expenditures of \$12,500,000, the Society was able to increase its invested assets by \$7,500,000. This raising of the income to 30 per cent. of the total income.

The amount of new business written was the largest ever issued in a single year for the company, amounting to \$20,000,000. As a result of this enormous new business, the outstanding reserve amounts to \$1,000,000,000, showing the greatest increase in the Society's history.

Although this latest statement of the Sustainable shows that the Society (from up to its motto, "Not for a day, but for all time.")—[Advt.]

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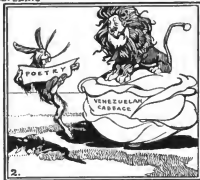
THE MENAGERIE OF MARCH

THE LION, THE LAMB, AND THE MAD MARCH HARE

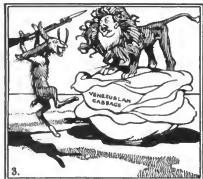
BY ALBERT LEVERING



King: "O great King, sit to the music of the hosen-bow-to-rule! I would a word!"
King: "You make me tired!"



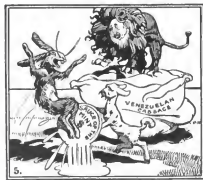
King: "Then I will a hosen-made-by-me epic to you read. Here I see ears and eye!"
King: "That's clunk, by Yee! You may proceed!"



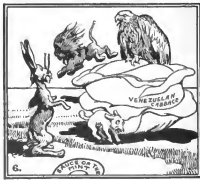
King: "There is a mussy lamb which we will peacefully assault—for no reason!"
King: "You have vex me! I insist!"



King: "No! speak lamb! How dare you withhold from us that King! I smelt dish there!"
King: "Tam-to-to-to-um!"



King: "A del! Away with your zester! I'll have the cabbage now!"
King: "Godsook! The thing is mad!"



The Bird: "Back to the Baku, or I'll make Wisconsin out of you!"
The King: "A jabbur. I must fly."

Moving Sidewalks for New York

See page 333

A NEW transit problem is now confronting the city authorities. It is how to connect the Manhattan terminals of three great bridges over the East River with one another, and with the Subway and Elevated railroads, as well as the leading surface lines running north and south. In this problem lies the solution of most important transit methods from Brooklyn to Manhattan Borough. It must be solved in order to relieve the great congestion of the present Brooklyn Bridge, and to make the Williamsburg Bridge, now approaching completion, and the Manhattan Bridge, which is well under way, do their share of the work.

There have been suggestions of special Subway and Elevated Railroad loops and the like, with an enormous expenditure for new street openings and plazas, but exactly how to make these bridges of the greatest use in transit work and at the least cost has not yet been settled.

The newest proposition to solve this problem is now before the Board of Estimate, which has referred it to the Rapid Transit Commission. It is popularly known by the misnomer, "Moving Sidewalks." It is really a system of moving platforms or continuous trains. Also like the Continental, Stuyvesant Fish, E. F. Ripley, and others are interested in the new plan, and the engineers not only pronounce it feasible, but extremely economical. The moving platform is simply the improvement of the continuous trains that were in operation at the Chicago and Paris Expositions, and that carried millions of people along at a good rate of speed and in absolute comfort without accident.

In a general way the plan is to start at Bowling Green, at the inner end of New York, and run this continuous train in a subway under certain streets up to the Williamsburg Bridge, which is in view, the moving platforms returning to Bowling Green along the same route. This is a distance of six miles all told, and there are now no satisfactory transit accommodations for the vast population of this great region on the East Side of Manhattan Borough, as well as the crowded Williamsburg region. At Bowling Green the platform trains would connect with the tunnel to Brooklyn. Running up Pearl and William streets to Centre Street, they would connect with the present Brooklyn Bridge and Third Avenue Elevated Railroad. Passing through Canal Street to the Bowery, they would tap the outlet of the new Manhattan Bridge. Then going through Delancey Street, they would reach and cross the Williamsburg Bridge. They would connect with all the leading surface car lines on the East Side as well.

The plan is to dig a subway under three streets from twenty-five to thirty feet wide. Stations will be opened every two blocks. The continuous trains are simply flat platforms with seats on one side and a space on the other, so that one can stand or sit at his speed by walking if he wishes. There will be no more congestion than on the sidewalk of an ordinary street, for the reason that there will be no waiting for trains. There are no heavy locomotives or engines to be hauled and no housing for the cars. The tunnel will be lighted and will also be heated moderately in winter. The plan is to charge one cent in rush hours and two cents at other hours for transit. It will require something like 10,000 cars or platforms all looped together to make up the great train.

The method of operating these platforms is well known. There are two so-called "stepping platforms" running alongside the train platform. The passenger steps on one platform moving at the rate of three miles an hour. He then steps on one moving at the rate of six miles an hour. From that he steps on the train going at the rate of nine miles an hour, where he finds a seat. Three seats are to hold, say, four persons, and are to be three feet apart. To alight from the train the passenger simply steps from one platform to another at diminishing speed, and finally gets off at his station. There is great elasticity of carrying capacity, and the cost of operation is declared

(Continued on page 342.)



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Size, 4, 6, 8, and 7 feet. Weight, 20 to 70 lbs.

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The Father of a family should defend and protect his family, not only while he lives but after he dies.

This can best be accomplished by Life Assurance. An Endowment policy in the Equitable will protect your family in the event of your death, and will provide for your own future if you live.

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NEW AUTO-TRUCKS

THE racing type of motor-car has been thrust into great prominence, on account of its remarkable speed records, unusual appearance, and rather exaggerated sanguinary halos when in haskilled hands, and little attention has been paid to the very rapid development of its plebeian relation, the commercial motor. Powerful traction-engines have

for some years been satisfactory for use in the vast farm lands of the West, and in countries where railroads have not yet spread a network of communication. Perhaps the most radical development of the traction-engine is found in the peculiar motor which is here presented. The subdivision of the driving-wheels into sections not unlike the feet of an elephant is claimed to give a more powerful grip on rough surfaces than anything that has yet been devised. It climbs over logs and boulders with as much ease as when on a well-made road, and it is not affected to any extent by mud two or three feet deep. This freak-like engine, curiously enough, reverts back in its appearance to some of the earliest attempts to use steam as a practical propulsive force, when the inventor was made to construct motors whose tractive mechanism should imitate the exertions of men or animals. It also bears a resemblance to the various attempts which have been made by which the machine should carry its own rails, these being in some degree flexible, or in sufficiently small jointed sections to allow for their passage around the engine, thus presenting a smooth surface for the wheels irrespective of the character of the ground.

The most recent development in the heavy motor vehicle has been unmistakably in the production of the future successor of the trolley-car. The lower illustration on this page shows a car capable of ascending a forty-per-cent. grade with its maximum load. The essential benefit of this species of vehicle lies in the possibility of its use in districts where the severity of inhabitants makes a trolley impracticable; in such cases a line of motor vehicles, which could be reduced or increased in number when traffic warranted, would obviate the need of a heavy outlay for the construction and maintenance of roadbed and power-house. It will undoubtedly be a long while, however, before motor-

cars can be profitably adapted for use on, or in competition with, steam railroads, in spite of the experiments in this direction, which are being made in France and England.

The greatest stimulus towards the use of auto-trucks will be an electric battery which will be strong enough, and of such construction as to reduce the tremendous depreciation which at present cuts down the life of the battery and limits the radius of travel for the motor to an ever-shortening distance. With batteries now in use as enormous weight is required in order to produce sufficient power for heavy work; the effect of use is constantly to increase the weight which will give out the same amount of horse-power; i. e., a battery, when new, may weigh (say) sixty pounds per horse-power hour, but the effect of charging and discharging is to increase the rate, so that, after some time, one hundred pounds of battery may be required to give the same horse-power per hour. It is said that the much-talked-of Edison battery will be ready for general use this spring, and, if it is as efficient as it has been described to be, it will be of great service. It is claimed that there is practically no depreciation in this battery, even after the most severe test; if it is made of corrugated steel plates held in a steel case. It has been well tested at the factory, and is considered fool-proof, but, in order that the most complete working knowledge of it may be had, batteries are to be distributed among the firms which use motor-wagons, and the drivers will be urged to give the batteries the most severe handling. It is therefore expected that when it is put on the market the battery will be as nearly reliable as human ability can make it.

Very fortunately the noisy automobile seems to have had its day, and the prevalence of electric vehicles for city use has hastened the passing of this unnecessary public nuisance. It has been found, moreover, that quietness is quite compatible with motors of high power, and the gasoline touring-cars of most recent construction have an almost inaudible exhaust; it is also possible to run the engine with greater economy of power and of oil consumption. This result has been obtained chiefly by means of improvements in the carburetor.



New Style of Traction-Engine for crossing Obstructions



Trial of new Automobile-car on Heavy Grade



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Shredded Whole Wheat Biscuit contains a food property in equalled each and every element of the digested body. Foods made of part of the wheat, such as white flour bread, cannot do this, and the result contained in them results in a more waste in the stomach. There is an extra yeast or healthful working ingredient of every nature in *Shredded Whole Wheat Biscuit* and in our famous wheat, *Club Biscuits*.

Shredded Whole Wheat Biscuit contains the digestive tract, and consumption is unknown to those who eat it regularly. It can be prepared in so many tempting ways that the feeble appetite is almost attracted by the goodness and the eating habit quickly responds to its all-satisfying benefits.

THE NATURAL FOOD CO., RIVERSIDE, N. Y.

(Continued from page 361.)
to be much lower than in the ordinary kind of municipal transit.
It is estimated that on the system as planned, and now before the city authorities, not less than 50,000 seated passengers could be carried at a speed of nine miles an hour.

Cataloguing the Heavens

See page 338
SCARCELY twenty years have elapsed since an entirely new idea took shape, an idea destined to be of far-reaching importance to astronomical science. This is the idea of scientific co-operation. Why should not astronomers combine forces under the general supervision of a single governing body, and thus organize a more perfect plan of attack upon the problems of celestial science? Commercial undertakings are not the only ones that yield increased results from a proper organization upon a large scale.

In the year 1882 a very bright comet appeared in the southern heavens. It was, of course, most conspicuous to observers in the southern hemisphere, and was watched almost continuously by the astronomer of the Cape of Good Hope observatory, the day, tall, chief of that famous institution, conceived the idea that it might perhaps be possible to photograph the comet. His observatory was not provided with photographic apparatus at that time, so he enlisted the services of an enthusiastic local photographer named Allis. The latter brought to the observatory a large portrait camera of the metal type, and this was fastened temporarily to the tube of one of the telescopes. It thus became possible to aim the camera easily at any point of the sky by simply turning the telescope tube with the camera attached about the pivots or axes always supplied to telescopic mountings for that purpose. The very first trial resulted in thoroughly successful photographs of the comet; but it is a curious illustration of the manner in which new discoveries and inventions are sometimes made, that something entirely different from the comet photograph became the principal result of these remarkable experiments.

Gill noticed that his photographs showed something in addition to the comet with its great tail. The entire surface of the picture was everywhere thickly studded with little bright star-dots; for the photographic plate had picked up and recorded faithfully every tiny star situated in the field, the background of the sky behind the comet and around it. This opened up a vastly suggestive possibility. Why should we not be able to chart the entire starry heavens in this way? Why not substitute for the feeble human eye and feeble human senses the astutest truthful powers possessed by the photographic plate? These obvious ideas suggested themselves to Gill at once, and he acted upon them. It seems almost as if great advances in scientific method are not made,—they make themselves. The time becomes ripe, and it required but the attention of some man having the necessary influence among his professional brethren, and disposing of suitable large means to bring the new method into use. Gill is but one of several men who have made preliminary experiments in astronomical photography,—epoch-making experiments, the allusion to Gill brings the credit of first hitting photography to its proper place among astronomical observational methods. Gill at once entered into correspondence with prominent astronomers, the work over. His proposition to thus chart the entire heavens met with instant favor, a congress of representative astronomers was called to meet at Paris in 1887, and it was resolved there and there that the work should be completed at once, to be left as a rich heritage to witness of the future from science at the end of the nineteenth century.
But the work was far too vast to be undertaken by any single institution. No less

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It is the Charm of Hospitality and the Tonic of Health.

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than eighteen important observations agreed to co-operate. The entire sky was divided into eighteen sections, and these were assigned to the eighteen observations to be photographed. The work has now progressed so far that we may say the actual photography is about finished, and it remains only to digest and publish the results obtained.

We propose here to state very briefly some of the purposes for which the arc chart will be most useful, and also to describe in a few words the machinery by which it has been constructed. Ever since the time of old Hipparchus, who made the very first catalogue of stars, men have recognized the importance of an accurate "directory of the heavens." Hipparchus was himself led to make his stellar catalogue by the sudden appearance of a new and brilliant star in a part of the heavens where nothing had been visible before. It was evident at once that such phenomena as this are of vital importance, if we desire to acquire accurate knowledge as to the beginnings and endings of the stars. And he saw that the only way to make sure of deciding whether supposed new stars are really new was to make at once a complete list of all existing stars, together with their exact positions on the heavenly vault. Even down to the present day this principle is still in force; it is safe to say that material advances in stellar science are accomplished only by a search for change. The slightest alteration in the face of the sky is what the astronomer is eternally seeking; this is the cause of vigil by night, and laborious computations during the day. For this, elaborate records of observation are preserved from generation to generation, so that the infinitely slow development of celestial phenomena may be noticed by our remote descendants, even if they shall escape our own ordinary scrutiny.

The great photographic chart is simply a part of these records of the skies. Only, unlike Hipparchus's old catalogue, it is made on a much more magnificent scale, and possesses a degree of precision surpassing anything he could ever have imagined. Nor is the discovery of new stars the only object of the arc work. Modern science has shown the existence of many other forms of change no less important to the serious student. Our theories of the universe are based on a statistical study of stellar catalogues; terrestrial maps and charts depend upon them for their ultimate precision. Finally, navigation of the sea, and even the regulation of our ordinary clocks, also depend in great measure on astronomical observations, for whose proper interpretation star catalogues are imperatively needed. But it is not necessary to say much at the present day as to the importance of any great scientific undertaking; these have at last come to be recognized by every one at their proper value.

The new photographic work is to combine the advantages of a chart proper into those of a written catalogue such as Hipparchus made. The entire sky has been photographed twice, once with a series of pictures intended for accurate reproduction as a printed map or chart of the stars, and once for purposes of accurate measurement under the microscope, so as to furnish a printed catalogue. Into this it is estimated that on less than two million stars will enter. The illustration No. 7, on page 336, shows the telescope with which these celestial photographs have been made. The tube is built double, not unlike an ordinary opera-glass; one part is provided with a lens suitable for pho-



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THIS LIQUEUR TAKES PRECEDENCE AT ALL FIRST-CLASS HOTELS AND CAFES AS INCORPORABLE THE HIGHEST-GRADE CORDON—THE ONLY ONE MADE BY THE CARTUSIAN MONKS OF THE GRANDE CHARTREUSE, ORENABLE, FRANCE. NO AFTER-GINNESS CORDON IS IN QUALITY AND FLAVOR.

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These bags are not made of any sort but quality hand-made and leather, are made on rubber and leather, and have heavy brass corners and handles. They are made in a variety of sizes, and are especially made for travel, and are made in the factory by hand, and the work is entirely done by hand. They are made in a variety of sizes, and are made in the factory by hand, and the work is entirely done by hand. They are made in a variety of sizes, and are made in the factory by hand, and the work is entirely done by hand.

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The new Pennsylvania Railroad, Personally-Conducted Tour to Washington leaves Thursday, February 26. Rate, covering railroad transportation for the round trip accommodations, and transfer of passenger and baggage, station to hotel on Washington, \$12.50 from New York, \$12.50 from Trenton, and \$12.50 from Philadelphia. These rates cover accommodations for two days at the Arlington, Normandie, Riggs, Ebbitt, Shoreham, Cochran, Gordon, Burton, or Hamilton Hotels. For accommodations at Regent, Metropolitan, National, or Colonial Hotels, \$2.00 less. Special side trip to Mt. Vernon.

All tickets good for ten days, with special hotel rates after expiration of hotel coupons.

For itineraries and full information apply to ticket agents, Tourist Agent, 41, Fifth Avenue, New York; a Court Street, Brooklyn; 715 Broad Street, Newark, N. J.; or address Geo. W. Boyd, Assistant General Passenger Agent, Broad Street Station, Philadelphia.

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tography, and the other is really nothing but a modification of an ordinary visual astronomical telescope. The two tubes being exactly parallel, it becomes possible to examine through the visual one that part of the sky which is being photographed through the photographic tube. This visual examination can continue even during the photographic exposure, so that the astronomer can "see what he is taking." Such an arrangement is necessary, because the stars are always moving up in the sky or going down, and it is essential to have the telescope "follow" them, even during the comparatively short period of exposure. By means of the visual instrument, astronomers can make sure that the following is correct, and if not, they can adjust it.

This following is accomplished by means of a large clockwork situated inside the telescope's supporting pier. The illustration of this clockwork, No. 6, is from a photograph made by the writer at the Cape of Good Hope, where one of the participating photo-telescopes is being operated under Gill's direction. No. 8 is from an actual photograph of the "eye-end" of the same instrument. It indicates plainly the square hole where the photographic plate is attached to the tube, and next to it the eye-piece of the visual tube. The small third telescope is a "finder." Nos. 1 and 3 give an idea of a part of the finished chart, and, for comparison simply, a fanciful figure of the constellation Cygnus as drawn by old Hevelius in his *Prodromus Astronomicus* (1680). The illustrations 4 and 5 show what photography can do with a close star-cluster and with the moon. Such results cannot be attained at all by mere visual methods; they show most clearly the possibilities and actualities of photography as applied to the skies, and justify the hope that by this new method of observation will be revealed some of those secrets that have baffled the eye of man throughout so many generations.

The Lover's Almanac

Oh, hearts that wear the willow,
To you I tell my woe,
Why thus uncered, unguarred,
And all so pale I go.

Come, you wan lovers sighing,
Who too have felt the thorn,
But let your heart-whole linger
To laugh my grief to scorn.

Demure in church on Sunday
My love I chanced to see,
Amidst her pious praying
I vow she looked on me.

On Monday in the meadow
I lingered by the stile,
She did but touch my fingers,
And passed me with a smile.

On Tuesday, mute and rosy,
I stood upon her way,
My heart it nigh betrayed me,
"Good-morrow," did she say.

With blushing cheek on Wednesday
Her path she went all slow,
How fared I such a fair maid—
I could not move to go.

On Thursday, brave and daring,
I vowed I'd speak her fair,
She turned her glance from me,
And passed me, head in air.

All pale on Friday morning
I waited by her path,
She flashed her eyes upon me,
And pierced me with their wrath.

On Saturday, if that day
Should ever dawn for me,
I'll die for cruel Chloris
Beneath the hemlock-tree.

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Dr. Roberts Bartholow, former Professor *Materia Medica* and *Genera Therapeutica* in Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia, and author of "*Bartholow's Materia Medica and Therapeutics*" and other well-known medical works, says: "It is used with great advantage in Gouty, Rheumatic and Renal Affections."

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TRY A RED TOP HIGH BALL

To Make a Whiskey Cocktail, fill tall glass with ice, add about one or two level spoons of Red Top Whiskey, pour in one-half glass of Soda Water, mix lightly, and garnish with a slice of lemon. Red Top Whiskey, and come to the front of the bar, and you will know our rye whiskey. Always keep an iced or hot drink.

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TOURS TO LOS ANGELES

ON ACCOUNT OF THE
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Under the Personally-Conducted System of the Pennsylvania Railroad.

For the Presbyterian General Assembly at Los Angeles, Cal., May 21 to June 1, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company has arranged three trans-continental tours at extraordinarily low rates. Special trains of high-grade Pullman equipment will be run on desirable schedules. A Tourist Agent, Chaparral, Official Stenographer and Special Baggage Master will accompany each train to guarantee the comfort and pleasure of the tourists. All Sunday travel will be avoided.

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Special train of baggage, Pullman dining and drawing-room sleeping cars will leave New York May 13, going via Chicago, Denver, and the Royal Gorge, stopping at Colorado Springs, Salt Lake City, and San Francisco, arriving Los Angeles May 20, leaving Los Angeles, returning June 1, via the Santa Fe Route and Chicago, arriving New York June 5. Round-trip rate, including transportation, Pullman accommodations, and meals on special train, \$148.50 from New York, \$108.75 from Philadelphia, \$109.75 from Baltimore and Washington, \$126.00 from Pittsburgh, and proportionate rates from other points.

Tickets for this tour, covering all features until arrival at Los Angeles, with transportation only returning inland, on regular trains via going route, New Orleans, or Ogden and St. Louis, are good to stop off at authorized Western points, will be sold at rate of \$105.50 from New York, \$107.75 from Philadelphia, \$104.75 from Baltimore and Washington, \$99.00 from Pittsburgh, returning via Portland, \$11.00 more.

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No. 3. HOME MISSION TOUR.

Special train of baggage, Pullman dining and drawing-room sleeping cars will leave New York May 19, going via Chicago and Santa Fe Route, Grand Cañon of Arizona, and Riverside, arriving Los Angeles May 26, leaving Los Angeles, returning June 1 via Santa Barbara, San Jose, Salt Lake City, Royal Gorge, and Denver, arriving New York June 12. Rate, including all necessary expenses except hotel accommodations in Los Angeles and San Francisco, \$142.00 from New York, \$126.75 from Philadelphia, \$129.75 from Baltimore and Washington, \$144.50 from Pittsburgh, and proportionate rates from other points.

Tickets for this tour, covering all features until arrival at Los Angeles and transportation only returning independently via direct routes with authorized stop-overs, will be sold at rate \$121.00 from New York, \$118.50 from Philadelphia, \$116.00 from Baltimore and Washington, \$116.00 from Pittsburgh, returning via Portland, \$11.00 more.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY



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MARCH 7
1903

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Edited by GEORGE HARVEY

THE OUTLOOK FOR COAL

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A Chance to increase our Navy

WILLIAM THE TEUTON

Character Sketch of the German Emperor by Peter Newell

Sixteen Pages of Comment on
Politics, Literature, and Life

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HARPERS BOOK NEWS

IN THE GARDEN OF CHARITY

Basil King, the author of "Let Not Man Put Asunder," has written a new novel, published recently under the title of "In the Garden of Charity." It is a study of one phase of marriage, but is totally unlike the author's previous success, dealing not with worldly men and women, but with the simple folk of the Nova Scotian coast. The heroic figure in the story is Charity, who works out her destiny under what are, perhaps, the most trying circumstances in which a woman could be placed, the story advancing through a series of strong, dramatic situations. It is all very human and very sincere.

SIX TREES

Mrs. Mary E. Wilkins (Freeman) has given us another example of that deft art by which she presents her inimitable pictures of New England life and character, in "Six Trees," another recent publication. In these etching-like stories of New England life she makes use of a novel theme, telling of the influence of environment on her people as typified by their relations to the six trees that form the central figures in the six stories.

The book is especially pleasing in appearance, and is illustrated with twenty-two wash drawings in tint.

THE INTRUSIONS OF PEGGY

Mr. Anthony Hope's presence here at this time has directed public attention to his most recent publication — "The Intrusions of Peggy." Peggy is certainly one of the sprightliest of Mr. Hope's characters and one of the most mischievous. Not even the far-famed Dolly, of the "Dialogues," had quite such a penchant for harmless social intrigue. Peggy really seeks trouble—and finds it! But she has ready wit and a never-failing resourcefulness with which to get out of her many embarrassing positions, and all ends well.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY

Vol. XLVII

New York, Saturday, March 7, 1903—Illustrated Section

NO. 4411

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WILLIAM THE TEUTON

Who is not afraid of the Monroe doctrinaires



Clarence S. Darrow

Attorney for mine-workers in coal-mines hearing

THE OUTLOOK FOR COAL

THE investigations of the commissioners appointed by President Roosevelt for the purpose of investigating the conditions that produced the anthracite coal strike, and of reporting a remedy for those conditions, are ended. It now remains for the commissioners to formulate and publish their conclusions.

The union mine-workers demand more pay and less work; they also deny that they are responsible for the savage persecu-

tion, often carried to the height of homicide, of which the union workers were the victims. Let us say at once that, as regards the demand for an increase of wages, the miners carried their point. This is evident from the fact that Mr. Buer, speaking for the Philadelphia and Reading Company, himself proposed a slight augmentation of the existing wages on a sliding-scale basis. We may, therefore, take for granted that an increase of wages will be recommended by the Strike Commission. On the other hand, it is doubtful whether the demand for a reduction of the hours of labor in anthracite mines will be approved. The community at large, which has come to regard the coal-mining as a necessary of life, is, at times, vitally interested in securing the largest practicable output. Obviously, this desideratum would be best attained under an elastic system, whereby a miner's earnings would be proportioned to the amount of work performed. Until very recently the production of anthracite exceeded the consumption, and, consequently, miners' wages were limited by the opportunities to work. For the last two years, however, an opposite state of things has existed, and, if the mines could have been operated continuously, the earnings of the workers would have mounted to the highest level that the industry could afford. Here we should dispel a current misconception touching the facilities for accumulating in summer a stock against the winter's demand. The impossibility of storing coal at a reasonable cost prevents that regularity of labor at the mines throughout the year which would be desirable. It was proved, moreover, that even in winter, although the demand may greatly exceed the supply, the union will not permit miners to work to their utmost capacity, however much they may wish to do so. This systematic restriction of output on the part of the union men was denounced by Mr. Buer as a wrong done to the individual, a violation of sound economic principle and an injury to society. He contended that the ultimate effect of restricting production is to distribute employment more evenly by dividing the wage-fund as often as new men seek to be employed. The process cannot inevitably lead either to a refusal on the part of capital to prosecute the industry or to a reduction of the wages of the individual worker to a sum barely sufficient to sustain life. Mr. Buer maintained that wages can only increase when each individual is left free to exert himself to his fullest capacity, thereby creating wealth, which, in turn, gives new em-

ployment, creates a demand for commodities, and a corresponding demand for workmen to produce them.

The question of wages is manifestly complicated with the question of methods by which a miner's work shall be measured, shall it be measured by the ton, by the car, by the yard, or by time? The union mine-workers insist that payment shall be made in every instance by weight. The operators answer that no single method of measurement is applicable to all collieries; that one system would suit one colliery; another, another; and that the difficulty of applying the rule of measurement by weight would be insurmountable, while, in others, it would prove unsatisfactory to the workers themselves. This matter of measurement is one of the most knotty problems which the commission has to solve, and we doubt whether they will attempt to solve it by propounding a single principle rigorously applicable to all collieries. They are more likely to suggest that in each colliery or group of similar collieries the question of measurement shall be left to arbitration.

Jimmie Gallagher

A miners' witness, and one of the hearing



John Mitchell

President of the United Mine Workers of America

to enmesh the coercion which the law prohibits. It would make them the sole arbiters of right and wrong in their own case. It should be obvious that the principle could justly engender capital in employing force to compel strikers to return to work.

Mr. C. S. Darrow, the counsel for the mine-workers, took the ground that the boycott was a natural and permissible weapon of partisan warfare. As testimony on the question of the union was admitted, it is probable that the report of the commission will embody a decision upon it. At the present writing the price of coal is about what it was before the trouble in the mining districts. It is most probable that the commission will grant sufficient concessions both to the miners and to the operators to make their decisions accepted without question even by the labor leaders, and so to secure to those of us who have to buy a reasonable price, and a plentiful supply of coal during the coming year.



The Launching of the new Chilean Battle-ship "Constitution" at Newcastle-on-Tyne

A Chance to Increase our Navy

TWO battle-ships, the *Libertad* and *Constitution*, which are being built for Chile in England, and two armored cruisers, the *Independencia* and *Parguesedo*, which are being built for the Argentine Republic in Italy, are on the market. They are for sale by reason of the treaty of peace signed by these countries last July, whereby each nation agreed not only to sell these vessels, but to take off some of the small arms on their present war-vessels. Chile also agreed to sell its well-known armored cruiser *Capitán Prat*.

Both the *Constitution* and *Libertad* have been launched—the *Constitution* having only recently been sent into the water from

the yards of a British ship-building company, at Newcastle-on-Tyne. She is rated as a first-class battle-ship, but is really of the second class, being slightly larger than the *Albatross* of the United States navy. Chile has offered her two ships to Germany, and the offer has been rejected for two reasons. One is that the vessels were not made in Germany, and the other is that special ammunition would have to be made for them. Great Britain has not yet put in a bid for them, and probably will not do so. In spite of the many difficulties in the way, it has already been proposed that we take advantage of these conditions, and add to our navy at least two of the four new war-ships.

Possible Russo-Turkish War

St. Petersburg, February 14, 1905.

IN the last few days there has been a sudden change in the tone of our newspapers towards the Balkan troubles and Macedonia. And, to those who understand the meaning of the change, it is ominous of war, while outwardly promising peace. Until the last few days all our Russian papers, beginning with Prince Ukhtomski's official *Ms. Peterburg Gazette* and *Novoe Vremya*, and ending with *Novoye Slovo* and *Pravda*, were full of the most outspoken attacks on the Turkish government for its part in tolerating, if not inciting, the Macedonian horrors. In this renouveau of the pen, Prince Ukhtomski took the lead, and we all know that, since their trip round the world together twelve years ago, Prince Ukhtomski has been deep in the outskirts of the

modus vivendi, some compromise, some peaceable settlement, if that be at all possible. And in order to give this plan of peace every possible chance of success, it has been decided that every effort must be made to coordinate the Turks; that hostile criticism must cease, that gentle means must be tried, and sincerely tried, before sterner measures, which must bring incalculable suffering to all parties, are finally and irrevocably undertaken.

If war must finally be resorted to, the refusal of Rumania to allow the passage of Russian troops through her territory puts the matter strategically in a new light. In the Russian invasion of 1877, the lines of force ran from Kishineff in Rumania through Rumania to the Danube, and then across the Danube and further south through Turkish territory, since



Tour. So that we may justly infer that the Tour himself feels as much indignation and horror at the Balkan atrocities as does the most outspoken editor in the land.

For weeks the columns of the papers, beginning with the official *Ms. Peterburg Gazette*, were full of reports of Macedonian outrages. A few days ago all hostile criticisms of the Sultan and his policy, and all reports of the outrages and disturbances in the Christian provinces of Turkey suddenly ceased, and were succeeded by articles of a much milder tone, containing promises and hopes of a pacific settlement for the Macedonian difficulty. The cause of that sudden change is this: the Tour and the Russian government, with the whole nation behind them, have made up their minds that the Turkish horae must be rebled; and therefore they have had to face the prospect of a most terrible war. For the Turks are most formidable soldiers, powerful, courageous, determined; they are admirably trained and splendidly armed, with Manners of the latest make; and they will fight on the defensive, on their own soil, if this war breaks out. This means, for Russia, the most tremendous sacrifices, with the certainty that she cannot indemnify herself at all for her losses, and that her one reward will be a duty done. Therefore, before taking the step which must bring upon her so many evils, Russia is determined to make the greatest possible effort to attain to some

become the principality of Bulgaria. Plevna was the first strong center of Turkish resistance, for there were gathered the Turkish troops that had been operating in Servia to the west; and these threatened the Russian line of communication. Therefore it was necessary to dispose of Plevna before the Russian line could be continued towards the south. The thrice-repeated storming of Plevna has passed into history, adding the splendid figure of Skobelev to the heroic roll of immortals. But the storming had to be changed to a blockade before Plevna fell, late in the year, when the Balkan passes to the south were already choked with snow. Through those snow-clad passes the Russians then fought their way, carrying the line of force over the Shopka, through Adrianople, and on to Stambul. There was signed the San Stefano Treaty, which set not only Servia and Bulgaria, but also Macedonia, free.

These were the lines of force in 1877-8. But the refusal of Rumania to allow Russian troops once more to pass through her territories will divert the next invasion to another path. This will run from Odessa and Sevastopol, the great ports of Southern Russia, to Varna and Burgas on the Turkish coast, where the Russian armies will have to land. The gate of the Bosphorus will meanwhile be held by the splendid battle-ships and cruisers of Russia's Black Sea fleet, which will advance as far south as the formidable Turkish fortresses of the Bosphorus permit.

Opening of the Canadian Parliament

THE Congress of the United States adjourned at midnight of March 4. The Dominion Parliament begins its yearly session next week. The relationship of the two events is obvious. It suggests the intimacy existing between the interests which so artificial boundaries separating the two countries do or can, after all, divide. By any disturbance of the industrial equilibrium on this side, the conditions on the other are bound to be more or less affected. Readjustment is often necessary, and an immediate or early session is for this reason expedient.

This session of the Canadian Parliament is to be of more than usual interest. What will give the Canadians themselves most concern in its deliberations is the proposed redistribution bill. This does not immediately affect their material interests, but threatens to disturb present internal political values. The maritime provinces, which have already serious grievances, will suffer in this reorganization, while Manitoba, British Columbia, and the Northwest Territories, which have grown relatively in population, will gain. But the protest which comes from the mid provinces is probably the loudest echo of the fiercer racial cry of the former struggles.

What will more deeply concern those who look on from this side the border is the Parliament's legislation with respect to the tariff and railroads. It is authoritatively announced that no increase in the tariff need be expected or feared. A strong Conservative opposition, reflecting the growing manufacturing interests of Canada, will make strenuous fight to counteract the effect of the tariffs which we have kept standing against them. With the Conservatives in this effort to promote a "national policy" are associated many Liberals, prominent among whom is Mr. Turin, who last year resigned from the Laurier cabinet because his advocacy of increased protection for Canadian industries did not harmonize with

the views of Premier Laurier and his cabinet. It is confidently predicted, however, that if any change is made it will be in the direction of lowering the schedules, and not of raising them. It is more probable that Mr. Wilfrid, himself ill, will not undertake the task of making any readjustments this year, but leave it to his successor, who, it is reported, may be the Hon. W. S. Fielding, present Finance Minister.

The Conservatives are at present without an efficient leader, but it is likely that Mr. Foster, ex-Finance Minister, now candidate in a by-election in Ontario, will be returned, in which event a material strengthening of the party is anticipated.

Another matter of our neighborly concern is the Canadian government's railroad policy. The projects of trans-continental propositions and of international importance which will receive the attention of this Parliament must affect our own economic interests, and eventually determine our future "moves." And whatever the immediate action of the Dominion's Congress may be, it is certain that the projects indicate that there is believed to exist a basis for great growth and prosperity. These enterprises, as reported from Ottawa, include not only a new transcontinental line, for which the government's assistance will be asked, but numerous minor roads, including one which is to reach Hudson Bay, and open the way, perhaps, for that once visionary route to Europe through this great inland ocean. There are indications of Canada's increasing attractiveness to manufacturer and agriculturist, which the government itself is doing much to enhance.

The Canadian question most conspicuously in the mind of the people of the United States is that which relates to the settlement of the Alaskan boundary. It is to be hoped that the Parliament will make possible the reconstitution of the commission by the appointment of its representatives at this session.



Sir Wilfrid Laurier, Premier of Canada

Roosevelt and Cleveland

THE historic cartoon by Thomas Nast reproduced here is significant as indicating the early political relations between the President and Mr. Cleveland, who is now our only living ex-President. Mr. Nast called his cartoon "Reform without Bloodshed." The meeting took place in Albany when Cleveland was Governor of New York and Roosevelt was a member of the Assembly. The topic of discussion was the reforms in State and county politics where corruption had been

in many ways the corruption of the famous "Tweed" ring. It was largely through Mr. Roosevelt's investigations and Mr. Cleveland's co-operation that the details of the frauds were made public, that the "citizens were aroused to active support of measures of reform, that offenders were brought to trial, and that laws, correcting the abuses, were passed by the Legislature." It is also a significant fact that Mr. Roosevelt was first invited to the White House during Cleveland's administration.



Theodore Roosevelt
Copyright 1913 by Graham



"Reform without Bloodshed"
From the cartoon by Thomas Nast



Grover Cleveland
From the latest printing



Reindeer Sledges in Northern Asia



The Kamias Ceremonial among Asiatic Tribes



Transporting the new Asiatic Collection to New York



A Native Yakut Girl



A Shaman Priest



In Ceremonial Costume



Details of Priest's Costume



José Ives Limantour

PRESIDENT DIAZ



President Porfirio Díaz, of Mexico



General Bernardo Reyes

AND HIS SUCCESSOR

THE rumor that President Díaz is about to resign has attracted wide attention. He assumed the reins of government when Mexico was in worse state than in Colombia to-day. Revolutions had occurred annually. There were never less than two presidents at one time, each with an armed following, and issuing proclamations. In a short time he thoroughly suppressed organized civil strife. But the great country he governed was pillaged and wasted. Dullifying towns were strongholds of constitutional revolutionists who wanted no era of peace. Armed bands of men, remnants of the armies of forgotten periclers, roamed the country, making banditry and black-mail the law of the land. "Lots of administration," said Díaz. And one of his first acts was to issue a pardon to all bandits who surrendered themselves within a certain time, with a uniform and a horse and a salary greater than any sum of money they could make dishonestly. Hundreds came in, and thus arose the "Rural Guard" of Mexico—wonderful riders and wonderful shots. Set a thief to catch a thief. He sent these out, "assuming," as he has since said, "all kinds of responsibilities," and they cleared the country of bandits, shooting on sight, with the result that to-day the unsettled country of Mexico is the safest unsettled country in the world.

With security obtained, prosperity was to be sought, and President Díaz definitely set about the encouragement of foreign capital. He offered, first of all, heavy subsidies to railroads; he then gave away public lands; established liberal mining laws; remitted taxes when desirable; and chose for members of his official family the most liberal statesmen and most skilled financiers in the land.

The President has some enemies and many opponents—and they may truly be classified. First, are the friends and relatives of agitators who have "disappeared," and the many who must needs feel that a personal injustice has been done them in one way or another. These latter are not lacking in a real republic. Second, are still recent members of the old "Church party," who demand the restoration to mother church of her buildings and lands confiscated under Juárez, and of her lost prestige. Yet this group is not large enough to be dignified with the name of party. Third, are men of certain highly developed communities—Monterrey, Guadaluajara—who insist that Mexico is ready for more liberty, and who are fretted by the periodic furore of a popular election. Not a vast group of opponents—certainly not a party of the opposition—and rarely all warm in their enthusiasm for the man whom they oppose in principle.

One criticism of President

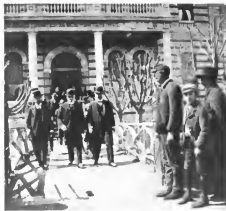
Díaz, however, is hard to answer—unless within the mind of the man himself there are plans that prove it groundless—namely, that he is training up no successor. The accusation of petty jealousy, brought by many against the General, seems hardly justifiable, though based on this and on lesser acts. Whatever the underlying cause, thoughtful friends of Mexico within and without her borders believe that it will be more than unfortunate for the country, stable as she now is, if a successor should enter into office without the power and wisdom of Díaz at his side to start him on his course. Until recently two men were considered to be the logical and rival candidates for the succession. These are Mr. Don José Ives Limantour, and General Bernardo Reyes.

Limantour, Secretary of the Treasury in Díaz's cabinet, first gave his services to the administration in 1893, as Assistant Secretary under Melián Romero. He received the best education that wealth could procure.—Paris in Mexico and in France. He was at one time professor of political economy in the School of Jurisprudence, and later undertook for the government a special mission to Europe in connection with certain delicate financial matters. On the departure of Señor Romero to the United States he was appointed to the Secretaryship. Next to Díaz, the Mexico of to-day owes her prosperity to Limantour, a broad-minded specialist, a practical theorist, and a far-sighted statesman. "Progressive" as from Limantour as President," is the remark of many of our countrymen in Mexico, "he is anti-American." Whatever may be Limantour's personal prejudices, he is, officially, above all, impartial, and would have no desire to dam the richest streams that flow into his country. As a man handicapped by wealth, the

Secretary has not always that Latin humility which hides the feelings of his chief. And if he has at any time given expression to a personal dislike for American, it is in no way indicative of policy.

General Bernardo Reyes, the popular Governor of the wealthy state of Nueva Leon, General of Division in the Mexican Army, and Secretary of State for War, was recently widely held to be the probable successor of Díaz. He had that important key to popularity—cross buttons—and a way round. He had, superficially at least, a more engaging personality than his rival; and he had control of the army. His mistake was to show his desire too plainly as an aspirant to the Presidency.

Though it is improbable that Díaz will soon resign, it is a safe prediction that two years from now will find José Ives Limantour occupying his place. He will find the wild spirit of modern Mexico not broken, but subdued to the will of one man.



President Díaz leaving the Custom-House of the City of Díaz, named in his Honor



The Tin Woodman (D. C. Montgomery)

Dorothy Gale (Anna Laughlin)

The Scarecrow (Edw. A. Stone)

Cowardly Lion (John J. Stone)

"The Wizard of Oz"

A MUSICAL extravaganza which is both tuneful and comic in the best sense is "The Wizard of Oz," now playing at the Majestic Theatre. It is frankly burlesque of the broadest sort, but it has the great merit of being free from vulgarity, and tingles with life and spirit from first to last. Apart from its elaborate scenic effects and wonderland pictures, which carry the mind of the old theatre-goer back several decades to the days of the so-called "transformation scenes" that so delighted the youthful eye of other times, the extravaganza is notable for the opportunity it gives two excellent vaudeville artists, Messrs. Montgomery and Stone, to display their talents in rich measure. New York has not for many years seen anything quite so exquisitely droll as the antics of these two indi-

viduals in the rôle of the Scarecrow and the Tin Woodman. To be sure, it is horse-play, but it is horse-play of the finest type, and he would be indeed a dull-pated, morose creature who could not be moved to laughter by it. The Cowardly Lion and the Curly-haired Lion also add materially to the swift-running current of fun which never for an instant flags or pulls upon the audience. It has been the lament of certain observers of stage conditions that the rare of clouds of the artistic sort has passed into history, but "The Wizard of Oz," with its uproarious quintet of fun-makers, proves the happy falsity of such a contention. The "Wizard" is certainly an enterainment amply able to chase away the most persistent of blue devils, and as a purveyor of delight for the children should be heartily welcomed in every home that is blessed with a nursery.



Drawn by John S. Sargent

MISS ETHYL M. SMYTH

This portrait of Miss Smyth, whose opera "Der Wald" is soon to be produced at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, is from a sketch by John S. Sargent made while the composer was singing at the piano. Miss Smyth is well known abroad, and her work will have the distinction of being the first opera by a woman ever produced in America.



THE LOU

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In which it is

Palm Beach, St. Augustine, and other Florida winter resorts are now in the full swing of their seasons the South early in the winter, and stay until the close of



Drawn by Charles Hope Frowd

S-EATERS

to into a land,
ways afternoons"

ery year there seems to be a larger number of American pleasure and comfort seekers who migrate to
tation, which comes about the first or second week in April



"Any place is big enough for me to use as a desk"



"I keep few books, and those for reference"



"Come in and see my rooms"



"In spite of some contemporary reading, I get most of my material from observation"



"I may live in the North, but my heart is in Dixie"

WILL N. HARBEN

An exponent of the South of to-day in fiction

HARPER'S WEEKLY

JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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COMMENT

This commemoration of Washington's birthday this year was distinguished by the remarkable address which Dr. S. Weir Mitchell delivered before the University of Pennsylvania in the Philadelphia Academy of Music. Dr. Mitchell did not profess to have acquired any new information concerning Washington; what he undertook to do was to place the old facts in a new light, and to draw sound and just deductions from data already known. In the case of the men who have played illustrious parts in American history, it is needless from time to time to recur to broad generalizations. The microscope must be laid aside, lest, by fixing our eyes too intently on minute details, we fail to appreciate character in the round and achievement as a whole. Dr. Mitchell gave us the right perspective. It is refreshing to turn to his judicial summing up after a perusal of such books as *The True George Washington*, *The True Benjamin Franklin*, and *The True Thomas Jefferson*, which purport to give us more correct conceptions of the men by revealing to us their minor shortcomings. We are told, for instance, that Washington could not spell. Neither could the Duke of Marlborough. Accurate spelling was not characteristic of British generals in the eighteenth century. The best speller was Burgoyne, but perfection in orthography was not the accomplishment most needed at Saratoga in 1777. It is also true that Washington received only a common-school education, and that what tuition he had, ceased when he was fifteen. As Dr. Mitchell reminds us, he was self-taught, and his self-teaching went on, as it did in the case of Lincoln, all his life. He never stopped growing. He was constantly assimilating knowledge and, what was of infinitely more moment to him and to others, wisdom, from books, from men, and from events.

Of the many questions discussed by Washington's innumerable biographers, there are few which Dr. Mitchell did not illuminate, and two of them he is the first to answer in a satisfactory way. Was Washington a reserved, cold, self-contained, unempathetic man? Reticent he unquestionably was. Like the great Prince of Orange, to whom he presents other points of likeness, he was a silent man. Not easily did his thoughts or feelings find oral expression. On the other

hand, no soldier ever lived who was so communicative with the pen. Of all American writers, George Washington was the most productive. He has left about 10,000 letters, not one of which is a mere note; this although the letters which would have been most interesting because most confidential, those to his wife, were destroyed. That among a myriad letters penned under the most various conditions many should show signs of haste was to be expected. What is less seldom noticed is a fact upon which Dr. Mitchell lays due stress, namely, that some of the letters are examples of virile English not surpassed in quality and force by any of the writer's contemporaries, although these included Johnson, Burke, and "Junius." Dr. Mitchell directs special attention to the page or two of satire on General Conway contained in a letter to General Gates. As for his alleged incapacity for friendship, we are reminded that Hamilton called him a kind and unchanging friend. His letters bear witness that he was not only kindly, but affectionate. Benedict Arnold was one of the generals for whom he seems to have felt a warm affection, the remembrance of which stung him when he learned of Arnold's treason. Another question that has puzzled biographers is, How did it happen that a man who, in his youth, had been exceptionally robust and vigorous, succumbed at the age of sixty-eight to a disorder which, even in the absence of proper medical treatment, ought not to have been fatal. Dr. Mitchell considers this question from the view-point of a physician, and he arrives at the conclusion that not even the massive frame of Washington could be subjected with impunity to exposure and privation through the long years of the Revolutionary contest. It is his belief that, when the war ended, Washington was a breaking man, and older than his years.

President Roosevelt in his latest utterance, the address delivered by him on February 21 at the laying of the cornerstone of the Army War College, reaffirmed the truth which events are driving home to the American mind, the truth, namely, that readiness for war is the only guarantee of peace. By war, of course, Mr. Roosevelt means, not aggressive, but defensive war. The war against Mexico was the only one ever undertaken by this country for spoiliative purposes. The resolutions which, in April, 1888, committed us to the contest with Spain, would never have been passed by Congress—on every one present of the time in Washington is well aware—but for the self-denying ordinance with regard to Cuba which they embodied. If we need to make our navy at least as large as Germany's, if not as large as that of France, and if we need to place our military resources and preparations on such a footing that a sudden augmentation of our regular army and a skilled direction of it would be practicable, it is obviously because these weapons may be at any hour required for the protection of our sister American commonwealths, which would be unable to defend themselves against any first-rate European power. The creation of a great navy or of an efficient military system is the work of many years, during which there must be no interval of relaxation or indifference. It is fortunate for the country that Mr. Roosevelt's personal experience has made him keenly alive to our naval and military shortcomings. When he was Assistant Secretary of the Navy, adequate measures were taken to improve the gunnery practice on our ships, with results that were memorably attested at Manila and at Santiago. He has been quick to observe that at present our naval gunnery is not what it was in 1898, and he has taken the requisite steps to restore its efficiency. It is well known that the whole influence of the Administration was employed to secure the passage of the bill creating a General Staff, and laying at least the basis for a better organization of the National Guard, from which the regular army must be recruited in the hour of danger. It will have been noticed that

Mr. Roosevelt in his speech on February 21 frankly admitted it to be undesirable that the standing military force of the United States should be other than small in proportion to the country's population. On the other hand, it is indispensable that the force, while relatively small, should attain to the very highest point of efficiency reached by an army in the civilized world.

It is to be hoped that the Fifty-eighth, if not the Fifty-seventh, Congress will adopt the naval-construction programme recommended by the General Board of the navy headed by Admiral Dewey. The programme is warmly advocated, not only by Secretary Moody, but by President Roosevelt. Before marking the proposed additions to our naval strength, we should recall the fact that we now have in commission, or under construction, nineteen battle-ships and eleven armored cruisers. One of these vessels, however, the *Texas*, was originally a second-class battle-ship, and is now out-of-date, while three others, the *Indiana*, *Massachusetts*, and *Oregan*, will soon need to be modernized. Although we have more seacoast to defend than any other country except Great Britain, we are behind Great Britain, France, Russia, Germany, and Italy as regards the number of our war-vessels. Moreover, the German navy is increasing at such a rate that in 1908 it will comprise thirty-eight battle-ships and twenty-six armored cruisers. What the General Board of the navy advises is that naval construction shall be forthwith authorized, and begun on such a scale as to give us by 1909 forty-eight effective battle-ships and twenty-four armored cruisers, besides forty-eight protected or unprotected cruisers, and forty-eight torpedo-boat destroyers, together with torpedo-boats, submarines, colliers, and supply ships. The completion of such a programme would make us the second naval power in the world, and would enable us, in conjunction with Great Britain, to enforce peace upon the ocean. There is no doubt that the programme could easily be carried out, so far as the resources of our Federal exchequer are concerned, for it is computed that the cost would not exceed \$40,000,000 a year for eight years. When we consider the enormous amount of money levied yearly upon pensions, we cannot reasonably object to devoting about a fourth as much to the increase of our navy, without which the maintenance of the Monroe Doctrine against a European coalition would be plainly impossible.

The negro problem having been forced into the foreground of discussion by Secretary Root's admission, in his speech at the Union League Club of New York city, that the blacks had failed to profit by the ballot to the extent expected, we naturally hear very different opinions expressed in the Northern press regarding the practical disfranchisement of the negro in Louisiana, Mississippi, Alabama, North and South Carolina, and Virginia. As to the constitutional consequences of the disfranchising measures, there is a great deal of misconception current. Since not one of those measures disfranchises negroes as such, the result being reached indirectly, it is for the Supreme Court of the United States to decide whether the Fifteenth Amendment of the Constitution is violated or evaded. That Amendment undoubtedly declares that the right of 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. It is obvious that this Amendment does not prohibit a State from enacting a property qualification for the franchise such as recently existed in Rhode Island, or an educational qualification such as exists in Massachusetts to-day. There is, on the other hand, no doubt that even an educational or a property qualification for the franchise is prohibited by the first section of the Fourteenth Amendment, which declares 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; and, moreover, that no State shall make or enforce any law which shall abridge the privileges or immunities of citizens of the United States. What penalty is provided for the violation of the Fourteenth Amendment? It is a mistake to suppose that the penalty attaches only to the withholding of the right to vote for President and Vice-President and for representatives in Congress. On the contrary, the second section of the Fourteenth Amendment expressly states that, when the right 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 officers of a State or the members of a Legislature thereof, is denied to 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 crime, the basis of representation therein shall be reduced in the proportion which the number of male citizens thus excluded shall bear to the whole number of male citizens twenty-one years of age in such State. How is the proportion to be determined?

It does not follow, because in the six Southern States that we have named very few negroes go to the ballot-box, that all of the abridgers are disfranchised by the State laws. It is probable that the proportion could be ascertained with a close approach to accuracy by a census taken for the purpose, and the fifth section of the Amendment authorizes Congress to enforce by appropriate legislation the provisions of the second section just recalled. But there will be no such legislation on the part of Congress until public opinion in the Northern States demands it, and, up to the present time, Northern opinion has not been favorable to the infliction of penalties on the Southern States enumerated by reducing their representation in the House of Representatives proportionally to the number of negroes practically disfranchised. It is evident, from the reception given to Secretary Root's speech, that the infliction of the penalty prescribed in the second section of the Fourteenth Amendment would not now be favored by a majority of white citizens at the North. So long as this state of feeling lasts, the Fourteenth Amendment will be practically a dead letter.

Since we last referred to the disgraceful state of things in Delaware, the so-called Regular Republicans have tried to give their State its just representation in the Senate, by proposing to vote for any one of the Union Republicans (except Addicks), providing the latter would in their turn vote for the candidate of the Regulars. The offer was refused, the Union Republicans adhering to their original declaration that, if the Regulars would agree to be bound by the outcome of a Republican caucus, Mr. Addicks would not be a candidate. As the whole number of Republicans in the Legislature is thirty-one, to which the Regulars contribute but ten, it is obvious that the result of a caucus would be the nomination of two friends of Addicks. As we go to press, the signs are that the Regulars will combine with the Democrats for the purpose of sending one Democrat and one Regular to the United States Senate. To such a course there can be no reasonable objection, though there are Republican partisans who would rather see the State of Delaware unrepresented in the Federal Senate than represented, even partially, by a Democrat. It is believed that the strength of Mr. Addicks at the ballot-box will be materially lessened if his opponents in the Legislature succeed in repealing the law which has permitted an illiterate voter to have an attendant at the voting-place. The purpose of the existing law is said to have been to give assurance that a bribed voter would stay bribed. Colonel William J. Bryan is perfectly right in saying that the discreditable political methods imputed to Mr. Addicks cannot be condemned with a good grace by those Republicans who have nothing to say about the man whereby certain Republican Senators are believed to have obtained their seats. We have heard no outcry on the part of the Regular Republicans of Delaware against Senator Quay or Senator Hanna.

Whether the Panama Canal treaty will be ratified by the Senate before the expiration of the Fifty-seventh Congress is still, at the hour when we write, uncertain. Nobody disputes the purity of the motives which have impelled Senator Morgan of Alabama to oppose the treaty. He honestly believes that the Nicaragua route is preferable to the Panama route; and, also, that terms more favorable to the United States can be procured from Nicaragua and Costa Rica than from Colombia. It is questionable, as he says, whether the hundred-year lease given by the treaty, even when coupled with the option of renewal, is technically equivalent to the "perpetual control" which the Sponner act appropriating the money needed for the purchase of the property of the French Canal Company required the President to secure. There is no doubt, however, that a lease renewable at the lessee's option for an

indefinite number of centuries is substantially tantamount to perpetual control. Some of the amendments proposed by Senator Morgan are, as we formerly said, unobjectionable, and even desirable, in themselves; but, if the treaty be amended in the slightest particular, the whole subject might be reopened at Bogota, and nobody can predict with confidence what the Marroquin government would do. There are two parties to a bargain, and concessions on both sides are unavoidable. Nobody pretends that the Panama Canal treaty is ideally perfect from our point of view. It is simply the best that our State Department could obtain at the time. Moreover, time presses. The option given to our government by the French Canal Company is about to expire, and at the hour when we write we have no reason to assume that the company will extend it. As for Senator Quay's opposition to the canal treaty, it has been attributed to the influence of the transcontinental railways, but for the present we prefer to think that he is desirous of coercing his Republican colleagues into the support of his Statehood bill in some form.

According to the latest reports from Washington, the advocates and the opponents of the Statehood bill have agreed upon a compromise. It is said that almost all the Republican Senators, including Mr. Quay, are willing that New Mexico and Arizona shall be admitted as a single State under the name of Montezuma, with a proviso that, when that part of the new commonwealth contributed by the present Territory of Arizona shall have 300,000 inhabitants, and when a majority of the voters in that population shall have expressed a wish to be set off from Montezuma, the President shall, by proclamation, declare Arizona a separate State. If the Democrats, some of whom are unfavorable to this proposal, see fit to filibuster against it, the passage of a Statehood bill in any form will be impracticable in this Congress. One of the Democratic objections, however, that, namely, that Arizona would have to wait until after 1910 before a test of the number and wishes of her inhabitants could be made, might be met by a provision for a special census of the area interested, to be taken at an earlier date. To the admission of Oklahoma there has never been any serious opposition, but some weighty objections have been urged to the inclusion of Indian Territory in the new State. In the first place, we have contracted treaty obligations toward the Indians, and, in the second place, there are in Indian Territory no school lands from the sale of which a school fund might be created. It is suggested that both of these objections may be parried by a proviso that Indian Territory shall not be added to Oklahoma until 1906, when our treaty obligations will be no longer binding, and by a stipulation in the bill that a trust fund applicable to public schools in Indian Territory shall be created by the Federal government. From a party point of view the Statehood bill as reconstructed is, of course, a disappointment to the Democrats, who had hoped eventually to gain four United States Senators, if Arizona and New Mexico were admitted as separate States.

There is no backward movement toward bimetallicism in the amendment to the Philippines Coinage bill which was accepted by the Senate, and which authorizes the President to propose to Great Britain, France, and Germany some arrangement by which a fixed rate of exchange between gold and silver might be established for the benefit of Mexico, China, and other silver-standard countries. The proposal will not be received favorably in England, if we may judge from the opinions expressed in newspapers which are regarded as authorities on economical and monetary questions. The Economist points out the failure of previous attempts to create by law a stable ratio between the yellow and white metals, and insists that silver must be left to find its market level, disastrous as the results of the process may be to the few countries which still have a silver currency. The Statist thinks that Mexico, should she undertake to redeem her old silver coinage, even at the invariable rate of 32 to 1, would risk ruin; and the paper is quite convinced that England should not attempt to force any given ratio between the two precious metals upon the Strait Settlements and other British possessions in the East which have not yet adopted the gold standard. So far as the Philippines are concerned, it is to be hoped that the Senate Coinage bill will become a law. The present

chaotic state of the currency in the archipelago presents an insuperable obstacle to that inflow of capital which is indispensable for the development of the islands.

As we have indicated more than once, the labor question in the Philippines is scarcely second in importance to the coinage question. The Filipino will not work steadily at any kind of labor indoors, and he cannot even be trusted to work continuously in the open air. He tills the soil as little as possible; only a small fraction of the land is under cultivation in even the most densely peopled islands. Significant is the fact that in the rural districts the houses of the peasants seldom have garden plots attached to them. What market gardening is done is done by the Chinese. They alone can be relied upon for hard, persistent labor. For example, they are stevedores in the seaports; they are the lumbermen, wood-sawyers, ship-builders, and carriage-makers. They are the merchants, tailors, and domestic servants. If the insular government hesitates to recommend the wholesale admission of Chinese, it is for the same reason which has led the Dutch government to exclude them from Java, the knowledge, namely, that natives of Malayan stock could not stand the competition. The Javanese, however, are less averse to manual labor than the Filipinos. It looks as if a certain amount of Chinese labor would prove indispensable, and it has been suggested that the dangers apprehended from immigration on a large scale might be lessened if no individual Chinese were permitted to remain in the islands for more than a definite term of years.

We are reluctant to believe that the Dominion of Canada intends to protest to the Imperial government against the appointment of Senator Lodge and Senator Turner on the Alaska Boundary Commission. The pretext for such a protest, if any is made, will be, we presume, that the two Senators named have formed, and have repeatedly expressed, definite opinions regarding the boundary. It would be difficult, we imagine, to find any eminent American citizen interested in public questions to whom a like objection may not be made. Nor would it be easy, on the other hand, to pick out for the Canadian members of the commission men who are known to have a perfectly open mind upon the subject. We have no reason to doubt, however, that both the American and Canadian commissioners will attach due weight to new and conclusive testimony, if any such can be produced. The fact that at least one of the British commissioners is expected to be a native of Great Britain constitutes, of course, the basis for the hope that, even on the old and familiar evidence, a majority of the commissioners will be able to arrive at a decision. It is a significant fact that Chart No. 787 of the British Admiralty—a chart drawn in 1901, three years after the Quebec conference on the subject—marks the Alaskan frontier so as to concede the whole of the claim of the United States. Nor have we ever seen it asserted on the part of Canada that previous to 1884, when the Canadian claim was first put forward, there were any maps or charts in existence which did not give the United States a continuous strip of territory along the mainland above fifty-four degrees, forty minutes.

Will Canada have a navy of her own? It will be remembered that Canada, alone of all the colonies represented at the London Conference of Colonial Premiers, declined to make any contribution to Imperial naval defence. The ground for the refusal was that the Dominion did not desire to be entangled in the mother-country's naval wars; a position which would have been reasonable enough but for the aid given to England in her contest against the Boer republics. It was also announced by Sir Wilfrid Laurier in London that Canada did not purpose to rely for the defence of her own shores exclusively upon the British navy, but intended to create a naval organization of her own. As a first step in that direction the Ottawa government has sent the British Naval Commander in charge of her fisheries-protection squadron to St. John's, Newfoundland, with a view of modelling the proposed Canadian naval battalion on the Newfoundland Naval Reserve. The Newfoundland force, it should be noted, is not a provincial, but an Imperial, body, and is intended to augment the number of thoroughly trained seamen at the disposal of the British Admiralty in certain exigencies. There is in Newfoundland a seafaring population of about 75,000, and the intention of

the British Admiralty is to train 600 men a year, which, at the end of ten years, will produce a thoroughly drilled body of 6000 men, from which the British navy may at any hour secure recruits. The Dominion of Canada also has a good many men that might be recruited for the navy in time of need; more, probably, than New England, though not so many as Newfoundland. That is to say, there are about 20,000 deep-sea fishermen in the maritime provinces, and some 20,000 other men employed in the coast fisheries. The Naval Battalion, however, which the Ottawa government thinks of recruiting from this source will not be an Imperial, but a domestic, or garrison, like Canada's militia. As a matter of fact, Canada already possesses the nucleus of a navy in a flotilla of sixteen fishery cruisers, twelve of which are stationed on the Atlantic, two on the lakes, and two on the Pacific. They are all steamers, and collectively carry not far from 800 officers and men. The plan is to increase this number to about ten thousand, who will constitute a naval reserve. The existence of such a force of well-trained seamen would be useful to Great Britain, because, although Canada declined to make any stated contribution to the Imperial defence fund, there is no doubt that the mother-country would, in case of need, easily procure recruits from the Canadian Naval Reserve.

Mr. Joseph Chamberlain has not accomplished the impossible in South Africa, but he has done quite enough to justify his visit, and to command his example to successors in the Colonial Office. When Canada had a grave problem to solve after the suppression of the Papineau rebellion, the Ministry of the day sent an agent, Lord Durham, who, however open-minded and far-sighted he might be, did not possess the influence at home that belongs to a member of the cabinet. Mr. Chamberlain, on the other hand, being next to the Premier, Mr. A. J. Balfour, the strongest man in the Union government, went to South Africa clothed with more than the authority of a Roman proconsul. He was absolutely certain that whatever solution of South-African problems might seem to his mind desirable would meet with the approval of his colleague. The knowledge of that fact placed upon him a tremendous responsibility. Even his enemies must admit that his self-imposed task has been performed up to the farthest limit of practicability. He has declined to remove Lord Milner from the posts of Governor-General of Cape Colony and Lord High Commissioner. He has declined to make to the Boers of the Transvaal and the Orange River Colony any material concessions in the way of amnesty or self-government beyond those which were agreed upon when the Boer generals surrendered. Consequently, he has not won over the more implacable bachelors of the conquered republics, and it is probable that no concessions, however dangerous, would have sufficed to do so. Neither has he made much impression on the Afrikaner element in the Cape Colony, for the obvious reason that the Afrikaners are already politically preponderant there, and have nothing to gain from the Colonial Secretary, except the dismissal of Lord Milner. It must also be admitted that Mr. Chamberlain has not yet found a solution for the labor problem. He will not, and dare not, sanction the reduction of the Kaffirs to a state of peonage; he does not know how to attract white laborers, and he hesitates to authorize the importation of Chinese labor on a large scale. On the other hand, he has induced the mine-owners of Johannesburg to pay \$150,000,000 towards the cost of the war and also to pay their share of the interest and sinking-fund needed for a second loan of \$150,000,000, the proceeds of which are to be applied for the benefit of the conquered republics. That was by no means an easy thing to do.

Since the reassembling of the British Parliament the spokesmen of the Foreign Office have evinced a disposition to return quibbling answers to two interesting questions, namely, Was it England or Germany that proposed the joint blockade of Venezuelan seaports, and, secondly, was our State Department informed beforehand that such a demonstration was intended? As to the former question, it is now asserted in the House of Commons by the political Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs that the first formal proposal of a joint blockade came from Germany in the last week of July, 1902. The word which we have italicized betrays an attempt to disguise the truth, for, as we have formerly pointed out, the recently published Blue Book shows that early in July Lord

Lansdowne made known to the German ambassador in London England's purpose to blockade Venezuelan seaports, and invited the co-operation of the German Empire. It is useless to palter with the words *formal* and *informal*, for the dates prove that the communication received from Berlin late in July was a reply to the overture made by Lord Lansdowne early in the month. As to the second question, the British Premier, Mr. A. J. Balfour, declared in a public speech delivered just before Parliament met that our State Department was consulted by Great Britain at every stage of the Venezuela affair. To the American people it is entirely immaterial whether the consultation was technically formal or informal. What we want to know is whether our State Department, having been consulted, signified approval of the blockade which was to have deplorable results, and which wrought American citizens to a pitch of excitement scarcely less intense than that produced by the destruction of the battle-ship *Maine* in the harbor of Havana. After the Venezuelan gunboats had been sunk and Fort San Carlos had been bombarded, there were but few men in the United States who would not have rejoiced to see the fleet under Admiral Dewey ordered to La Guayra. It is well known that only with the utmost difficulty was Congress restrained from giving expression to the public feeling, and it is certain that the development of cordial relations between the United States and England has experienced a decided check. In Washington there are many indications of a desire to suppress the truth with regard to the position taken by our State Department when it was informed in advance of the Anglo-German intention to bombard Venezuela. If it be true that Secretary Hay told the representatives of Great Britain and Germany, or either of them, to go ahead and do what they liked with a Latin-American republic, so long as they stopped short of the permanent occupation of territory, he should have the courage of his convictions, and boldly avow the fact.

One great piece of luck has fallen to the Balfour cabinet, in the probable solution of the Irish land question. For the first time in centuries, all parties in Ireland, and, what is more important, both the great English parties, are of one mind on this central question of Irish politics. As we shall have much of this during the coming weeks, it may be well to get the first principles clear in our minds, as a clue to what will otherwise be obscure. The beginning of the difficulty arose under the Stuarts, for whom many Irishmen most foolishly fought in later years. These worthies confiscated nearly all the estates in Ireland, and bestowed them on all sorts of persons who had no wish to settle down as a resident nobility, but were determined to get the most out of their property, and to give the least in return. Hence came the worst land-laws in the world, under which leases were renewed from year to year, so that whenever the tenant improved his holding even a little, he was compelled either to pay a higher rent or to get out at the year's end; the most perfect expedient for destroying initiative and progress ever devised. The result was that it ceased to be the interest of any Irish tenant to improve his land, so that he naturally sank to the margin of starvation, and ended by cultivating only a single crop. With a temporary failure of the crop, he was confronted by the historic famine which started the great tide of Irish immigrants towards this country, and gave us the nucleus of one of the brightest and most gifted elements of our heterogeneous population. The twenty or more millions of Irish birth and race in this country are one side of the Irish land question. Then came the Land League agitation under Parnell, who used to say that when they made the landlords as eager to go as the tenants were to get rid of them his goal would be reached. It is reached now, though Parnell has not lived to see it. For the great confiscation of the Stuarts, which began while Shakespeare was finishing "The Tempest," is being reversed, and the Irish cultivators are once more being put into possession of their native soil. As that same poet said, "Tis thus the whirligig of Time brings in his revenges."

It seems to be now pretty well understood that Mr. Wyndham, the chief secretary to the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, will adhere to the main lines of the scheme which has been agreed upon in advance by the representatives of the Irish landlords, as well as by those of the tenants. We say representatives of the landlords because, although at first the

association of land-owners, headed by the Duke of Abercorn, would not accept the plan sanctioned by Lord Mayo and Lord Dunsraven, they have since given it their hearty approval. The new Land Purchase bill will not be compulsory, nor does it need to be, because it is framed upon the principle that the landlords shall receive considerably more, and the tenants pay considerably less, than the market price of landed property. That is to say, if a given estate is worth in the open market sixteen times the rental last fixed by the Land Commission Court, the land-owner shall receive twenty times the rental, whereas less than sixteen times the rental will be paid by the tenant converted into a peasant proprietor. Who pays the difference? The Imperial Exchequer. Mr. John E. Reimond has calculated, however, that the annual interest on the sum needed for the purpose will not exceed \$1,500,000, and the Duke of Abercorn does not put it above \$1,000,000. Part of this outlay would be counterbalanced by the saving that could be effected in the cost of the Irish constabulary if the country were tranquil. It should further be borne in mind that, according to the almost unanimous report of a royal commission, Ireland has for many years been paying much more than her due proportion of the taxes levied for Imperial purposes. Even if there were no offsets to the disbursements required for permanent land settlement, it would be well worth England's while to spend two or three million dollars a year for the purpose of putting an end to the troubles that have made Ireland the scourge of the United Kingdom.

While his Imperial Majesty the Kaiser is still seated on the cathedra of ecclesiastical authority, or perhaps we should say remains astride the Delphic tripod, there are a great many questions we should like to have settled. Having established the point that not only the three great Hebrews Abraham, Moses, and David were inspired, but that the same inspiration extended to the three great Germans Luther, Goethe, and Kant, and even to two men who were neither Hebrew nor German, to wit, Homer and Shakespeare, we should dearly like to know whether all the works of these latter are strictly canonical, or whether we should, for each, draw up a list of apocrypha, and even of controverted and perhaps spurious works. For instance, in the case of Luther, the inspiration of the celebrated Declarations is undoubted; but are we to include under the same canon the famous saying: "Wer nicht liebt Wein, Weib, und Gesang, Der bleibet ein Narr sein Leben lang! And, if "Faust" is wholly inspired, how comes it that there is so little coherence and general savvy in the second part; and what are we to say about "The Sorrows of Werther"? Personally, we admire the latter work immensely, as the most eloquent expression of a certain mood; but our view is cavilous to the general; which brings us to the other recipient of inspiration, the bard of Avon. How about "The Merry Wives of Windsor," and a certain line of jokes in the Falstaff plays; and how does the dogmatic-theological position of the Kaiser as to the great English poet agree with the researches of the Shakespeare Society, on the doubtful plays? Furnivall used to tell a good story in this connection: one day he was telling Tennyson about the new instrument of research into Shakespearean authorship afforded by the weak and light endings, the end-stopped lines, and so on; Tennyson declared that by ear alone he could tell the genuine passages in the collaborated plays. They turned to "Foriotes," and Tennyson declared that only the Marina passages were Shakespeare's, exactly the conclusion Furnivall had already reached by his algebraic formula. Can the Kaiser see that and raise it? The worst of it is that, before we can submit these queries, his Majesty will be off at a tangent, designing a new automatic sight for big guns, or solving the problem of trisecting any angle, or something else, — Heaven only knows what.

We are tempted at times to think that Mr. James Bryce, the author of the *American Commonwealth*, and Professor Goldwin Smith, the author of an admirable political history of the United States, are the only Englishmen alive who have ever read understandingly our Federal Constitution, and who have remembered what they read. On February 21 the Right Hon. Leonard Henry Courtney, who has been Chairman or Deputy-Speaker of the House of Commons, declared in a public speech that the difficulty of arranging permanent

arbitration with the United States lies in the extremely democratic character of our Constitution. There is nobody in our country, the speaker said, who can bind anybody to anything. The history of the relations between the United States and Great Britain should have taught Mr. Courtney better. It is just as easy to bind the United States as it is to bind Great Britain. In the first half of the sixth decade of the nineteenth century we entered into a treaty with Great Britain whereby we made large tariff concessions to Canada. That treaty was obligatory on both parties for ten years, after which either party was at liberty to denounce it. Odious as the treaty became to us, after England's desire to witness the disruption of our Union became evident we never dreamed of violating the compact, but adhered to it for the prescribed term. The Clayton-Bulwer treaty contained no denunciation clause, and, therefore, secured upon its face to be perpetually binding. Although England took advantage of our civil war to violate the treaty by erecting the Woodcutter's Settlement in the Belize into a crown colony, on our part we never repudiated the agreement, but submitted to it for half a century, and we resorted to diplomatic negotiations in order to procure the supersession of that most objectionable convention. Mr. Courtney should look nearer home for countries that cannot be bound by treaties. Within fifteen years after the conclusion of the Treaty of Paris, which, ostensibly, was to be perpetual, for it contained no denunciation clause, Russia announced that she would repudiate one of its most important provisions, that, namely, which forbade her to maintain a war fleet in the Black Sea. As for England's fidelity to treaties, how many years elapsed before she carried out the promise contained in the treaty of 1785 to evacuate the forts on the American side of her Canadian frontier?

Mrs. George Cornwallis-West, who was Miss Jennie Jerome, and who first married Lord Randolph Churchill, directs attention in the last *Pall Mall* magazine to the number of American women who have married in England during the last thirty years. For more than half of the nineteenth century the record of the three Ceton girls, granddaughters of Charles Carroll of Carrollton, remained unapproached. It will be remembered that those young ladies married, respectively, the Duke of Leeds, the Marquis Wellesley, and Lord Stafford. Since then two Dukes of Marlborough, two Dukes of Manchester, and the present Marquis of Dufferin and Ava have married American women, to say nothing of earls, viscounts, and barons. Nor is it by riches alone that coronets have been acquired. The present Duchess of Manchester had by no means a great fortune. Lady Dufferin's dowry was not large, and Lady Essex had scarcely any money. It is largely, though, of course, not wholly, by wit, attractiveness, and charm, that American women have challenged and acquired the influence which they now undoubtedly possess in English smart society. At least two American girls have married French dukes, namely, the Duc de la Rochefoucauld and the Duc Decazes. From the view-point of the *Ateneuch de Gotha*, however, none has made quite so brilliant a match as Miss Lee, the daughter of a New York grocer, who married, first the Duke of Augustenburg, and, secondly, the General Count von Waldersow, who was the Generalissimo of the allied forces in China during the Boxer rebellion. We may mention, also, that a high place in the Golden Book of the Roman and Neapolitan aristocracies belongs to the Prince Colonna, who married an adopted daughter of Mr. John W. Mackay. Whether, as Mrs. Cornwallis-West opines, such marriages have a tendency to promote international friendship may be doubted, for American women married to foreign nobles are apt to adopt in manners, sentiment, and sympathy the country of their husbands.

The post of private secretary to a prime minister, or even to one of the latter's colleagues, is looked upon in England as a guarantee of political advancement. The private secretaries of both Mr. Gladstone and Lord Beaconsfield attained high positions. Mr. John Hay, who began his public career as an assistant private secretary to President Lincoln, subsequently held minor positions in the diplomatic service, and, finally, on Mr. McKinley's accession to the Presidency, he became ambassador to the Court of St. James, and Secretary of State. Mr. George B. Cortelyou, also, has moved con-

tinuously upward since 1869, when he was a stenographer out of work. At the date named, however, he became private secretary to the inspector in charge at the New York Post-office, and was afterwards transferred to the White House as stenographer to President Cleveland. Three months later he became executive clerk, and discharged the functions of that office until he succeeded John Addison Porter as secretary to President McKinley. Meanwhile, he found leisure for studying law, and has been admitted to the bar of the District of Columbia. He is now the first Secretary of Commerce and Labor. His experience shows what may be done in less than fourteen years by an intelligent, faithful, and efficient man starting in a modest capacity.

They passed a law in Iowa last year permitting the confinement of confirmed drunkards in lunatic asylums. It made little stir, but within eight months three hundred alcoholic patients were under restraint and treatment. An Iowa despatch says that inebriates continue to flow into the State asylums at the rate of about fifty a month, and that an Iowa court has just ruled that their constitutional rights are not violated by their detention. Some of the inebriates don't like to be shut up, but the treatment they get seems to be humane and salutary. Their liquor is stopped, and they have to work on farms, and are encouraged to improve their habits. When they seem to be cured they are discharged, and report says that, so far, about seventy-five per cent. of the cases have so resulted. This seems like excellent management of drunkards. Men who cannot, or will not, control their thirst ought not to be left at large to get themselves and others into mischief. Neither should they be sent to jail. If they are irresponsible because of their propensities, they should be shut up and looked after until they are cured, and while under restraint they should be made to work for their living. The Iowa method seems a good deal more enlightened than the New York plan of keeping up an endless chain of dipsonomies between Manhattan and "the Island." An easy, legal method of securing timely periods of abstinence for unmanageable drunkards ought to make for the peace of families and the diminution of drunkenness. Men have no moral right to be drunk. If they have demonstrated a dangerous and continuous lack of self-restraint, some other sort of restraint should be substituted for it. The Iowa idea seems pretty sound.

A gentleman's gardener came to him one day last month and desired audience. Said he: "You use me well, sir; I have nothing to complain of; but the under-gardener bought a house two years ago, expecting to be able to make payments on it. He did make some payments, but subsistence—coal, meat, rent, and the like—has come to be so dear, that he has fallen behind and is like to lose his house and all that he has paid on it. I think, perhaps, sir, you would think it well to give him some help." The gentleman assented, and agreed to increase the under-gardener's pay by a sum which the gardener thought would be sufficient. Then said he: "How does it go with yourself, James? Do you get along well?" "Oh, I get along, sir; I have been able until lately to put aside part of my wages. I cannot do that just now, but I am hoping for better times." The obvious moral of this true tale from real life is that the times are not equally good for all persons, and that those whose incomes have long been fixed are not embarrassed by the riches which are advertised to be inundating the country. The better times which the gardener hopes for are likely to come by the automatic working of processes now operative. The general rise in the cost of labor and all products of labor must work in time the restriction of all constructive enterprise, until prices, declining to meet a lessening demand, makes it feasible again for a thrifty gardener who has a good job to save something out of his pay.

When Colonel Bingham told Congress that there was more entertaining than usual in the White House this year, he spoke what was true, though it did not explain the increase of \$35,000 in the appropriation asked for. That increase, for maintenance of the White House, seems to have been chiefly a consequence of alterations and refurnishing. Presidents from New York have usually set a pace in hospitality. Mr. Van

Buren entertained generously and handsomely; so did Mr. Arthur; and President Roosevelt has lived up to, and somewhat beyond, their traditions. There is every reason why a President should keep a hospitable house if it accords with his taste. More people that are worth seeing come to the White House in a given season than come to any other house in the country. They make a society that is varied, distinguished, and prodigiously interesting. The temptation to scud a constant stream of guests at the White House table is quite comprehensible, and Mr. Roosevelt, having a liking for company, has yielded to it. But it is an expensive pleasure. Taken by itself the President's salary looks large; taken in connection with such hospitality as the White House has seen this winter and last winter, it looks small. The government by no means pays for the President's hospitalities. It defrays some expenses of maintenance and service, but the wages of nearly all of his household servants, and the checks for the butcher, the baker, the grocer (wet and dry), the caterer, the confectioner, and the other purveyors of entertainment, come out of the President's own bank account. If a President is going to save money he must restrict his household expenses. That should not be so. The way Mr. Roosevelt lives at the White House is a very good way for a President to live if he likes it. The President of the United States should not have to economize. He should be able to live generously and without undue thought about the cost of it, and at the same time to lay aside a good part of his income. When the present salary of the President has been doubted, it will not be a bit too large. Even then no President will be able to save too much out of it, even in eight years.

The typhoid epidemic at Ithaca is attributed to the unsanitary condition of the watersheds which supply the creeks which provide the city with water. With a population of 14,000, Ithaca has had between 400 and 500 cases of typhoid. The effect of the epidemic on Cornell University gets attention from all parts of the country. There were about 2700 students at Cornell this year. About one-third of them left town. Among those who remained in Ithaca seventy-five were reported on February 24 as ill with the fever, and fourteen had died. Other students are sick at their homes. The epidemic is extremely serious, but it is thought at this writing that the worst of it is over. In the matter of typhoid, as in most other troubles, it is easier to be wise after the event than before. But Ithaca is a centre of scientific knowledge, and it seems astonishing that it should have required so fatal a scourge to warn it that its water-supply needed looking after. There are cases of water-poisoning which no reasonable foresight could have prevented. Ithaca's case may be of that sort, but it does not appear so.

Mr. Newell has drawn for this number of the WEEKLY the Kaiser, I'm afraid. It is a characteristic attitude of the Kaiser. He is a man of courage, bold even in the face of bogies. Witness the resolution with which he has spoken his mind on the subject of the Scriptures and religion. These are days when the Bible is being weighed, scrutinized, and diseased with zealous candor by the wise men of science. Explorers keep digging in the superannuated parts of the world and turning up documents thousands of years old, from which they get such information as they may. There is much new knowledge of very old times, and some of it seems to have a bearing on some of the Bible stories. But the Kaiser is not disposed to sit quietly and see the Bible's prestige undermined. He has mentioned the German Oriental Society that Professor Delitzsch is unwisely polemical in his discussions of the Bible's origin. The professor, one of the most learned of contemporary Germans, seems to doubt the need of using the theory of a special divine revelation to account for the books of Scripture, and sees a prospect of being able to trace them all back to historical sources. "Step lightly!" says the Emperor. "If we upset the Old Testament too rudely, we shall lack a form to use in teaching our children about God. The Old Testament will be substantially modified under the influence of research, but it will always remain the great record of God and His works." That is moderate, and it is interesting to know the state of the Kaiser's mind on such a subject. If he has views on "race suicide" and the comparative capacities of the various races, it would be interesting to us Americans to have him speak on those subjects also.

The Democratic Tendency

Democratic politicians of the more serious kind are manifesting a good deal of interest in the forthcoming Presidential campaign, and there is much talk of both candidates and policies. Moreover, there are manifested signs of wisdom and of a certain sense of responsibility which are gratifying and encouraging. The talk of candidates is directed toward conservative men, and that touching policies indicates that there is a general disposition on the part of Western and Southern men to turn their backs upon the past, to accept realities, and to cease flying after shadows. How deeply this change of mind reaches down among the masses of the party time alone can reveal, but the outlook now is that the next Democratic national convention will be controlled by a very different sentiment from that which was manifested at Chicago in 1892 and at Kansas City in 1900.

It seems to be apparent to the Democrats who are expressing themselves on the policy which their party ought to pursue, that they must win the confidence of the conservative people of the country. This in itself is an enormous advance for the good of the country, for it betokens at least the release of the old party of conservatism from an unnatural alliance with the redoubts of unrest and of despair. Events have crowded upon one another so rapidly since the past year 1893, and changes in political theories have come with such marvellous swiftness, that the slow tendency of Democratic leaders back to sane conservatism has hardly been noticed. Even if the movement had been more definite than it has been, it would have been obscured by the counter movement of the Republican party, or at least of that small but obvious part of it represented by the President, toward radicalism. Nevertheless, from time to time, we have had evidence of this changing Democratic sentiment, until this winter we have seen the party which for a moment advocated free money and declared against banks, the sounder party of the two on financial legislation.

The lesson of defeat has been learned by some of the most influential of the Democrats who followed Mr. Bryan away from old party traditions and against old party principles. From the Western States which went for Cleveland in 1892, and from the Southern States, one story is borne upon the wind. It is, that the Democratic party should put itself in position to carry the next election, by deserving success, and, in order to deserve success, it must accept the verdicts of 1892 and 1900 as a final judgment of the country. The mere desire for victory, however, is not the motive for this change of opinion. Recent defeats, expressive as they were of the country's utter disapproval of Mr. Bryan and his platform, called a halt and compelled reflection. The result was the conviction that, in dropping the tariff issue on which it carried the country in 1892, the party had stood against its own traditions and against right. Thus the leaders are pulled back naturally to their old beliefs, while the movement is aided by the instinct for a real opposition party. Any effective opposition to the President's policy must be conservative, and opposition to his party's policy must be anti-paternalism. So we have the basis for the change, and for the rehabilitation of the Democratic party.

If we can judge of the future by the opinions expressed to-day, the Democratic party will go into the Presidential campaign with an Eastern State candidate on the tariff question. From leaders of the South and those who are talking seriously on the subject, we hear only of Judge Parker, or

Mr. Olney, or Mr. German. That the tariff is to be the main issue, and that the lowering of duties on trust and other products is to be urged as the best instrumentality for the curbing of what are called trust evils, were plainly set forth in Mr. De Armond's speech on the Littlefield bill. Only one hostile voice breaks in upon the apparent harmony, and that is the voice of Mr. Bryan insisting that no one shall be nominated in 1904 who was not openly for the platform and the candidate in 1896 and 1900. In other words, Mr. Bryan has apparently become one of those unfortunates being known as irreconcilables. His obsession is unfortunate for the country and for the party. His personal attractions have given him a large following. Although not large enough to control the next Democratic convention as to its platform, which can be adopted by a majority, it may be able to prevent the nomination of any individual whom he especially dislikes, for, in choosing a candidate, the two-thirds rule continues to govern in Democratic national conventions. Mr. Bryan, however, will doubtless find it impossible to dictate the nomination or the character of the nominee. The Democratic party might just as well go feckly out of business for good and all as to yield any essential point to the man who seduced it from its principles and led it to humiliating defeat. There is much kindness still left among Democratic leaders for Mr. Bryan. When Mr. Bryan reflects upon the consideration which has been shown him, despite the injury he has done the party, despite the valley of the shadow of death through which he has led it, he might well pause before dictating to it, now that it will see to behold a gleam of hope. He is treading on ground that is dangerous. Some of his closest followers differ with him. Most of them are for "sweat reconciliation" with those Democrats who could not follow with them. They say that if the leaders of 1892 and 1900 are to call upon these men to repeat, or if they are to humiliate them, or to deny their leadership commensurate with their ability, their character, and their standing before the country, the hope of Democracy is a delusion. The Democratic party is on its way back to its old camp; all that Mr. Bryan can do is to weaken the forces, and thus aid its and his ancient enemy, the Republican party.

Has the Monroe Doctrine Been Weakened?

We have several times expressed the opinion that the American people have been deluded in the matter of the joint blockade of Venezuela, and that, by the solution of the affair, the Monroe Doctrine has not been strengthened, but weakened. We pointed out, in other words, that the original pronouncement of President Monroe, that the United States could not permit a European power to oppress a Latin-American republic, or in any way control its destiny, was a much broader declaration than that made by Mr. Roosevelt in his second annual message, to the effect that a European power might do anything it liked to a Latin-American republic, provided it refrained from a permanent occupation of territory. It will have been observed that Mr. Roosevelt did not even define the word *permanence*. The British government has repeatedly declared that it has not contemplated a permanent occupation of Egypt; but there it is, and there, apparently, it purposes to remain forever. But let that pass. The outcome of the Venezuela affair has been to establish a principle, which, if applied to a heavily

indebted commonwealth like Argentina, would involve the sequestration of most, if not all, of its customs revenue for an indefinite period. Inasmuch as all the Latin-American republics depend for the most part, if not solely, upon customs duties for the maintenance of order and the support of their civil and military administrations, it is obvious that, if their customs revenue were wholly or largely confiscated, anarchy and chaos would result, and, ultimately, the inhabitants of the mortgaged commonwealth would inquire the creditor nation to annex them outright, so that at least a portion of the confiscated revenue might be expended for their benefit, as is the case in Egypt. With what show of decency could we oppose such a demand?

While this problem, if not inevitable, result of the Roosevelt definition of the Monroe Doctrine has been repeatedly pointed out by HARPER'S WEEKLY, we did not expect a native of Great Britain to take at the outset a similar view of the situation. As a matter of fact, Sir Robert Giffen, who, beyond dispute, is the greatest statistician and economist in the United Kingdom, addressed, on February 23, a letter to the *London Times* in which he condemned the British government's co-operation with Germany in the Venezuela business, on the express ground that the effect of the arrangement extorted for the payment of foreign claims (including ordinary debts as well as the redress of grievances) is to put Venezuela into the hands of a receiver, the security for the payment of the claims to be liquidated by mixed commissions being an international mortgage on the customs duties levied at the principal seaports. It is a timely and just criticism that Sir Robert makes when he says that an arrangement more skillfully calculated to enlarge European actions in South American politics, and to bring them into collision with the United States, could not be devised. It is perfectly true, as Sir Robert says, that soon or late Venezuela, or Argentina, or some other mortgaged South American commonwealth will fall, owing to internal troubles, to keep its engagements with the mortgagee. Then, under the precedent established by the Venezuela protocols, it will be lawful for some European power to take possession of the debtor's custom-houses and appropriate the duties there collected to the mortgagee. Would the American people consider themselves bound by the dangerous definition of the Monroe Doctrine announced in Mr. Roosevelt's second annual message, they will recall past speculators of the reduction of Latin-American republics to the position of vassalage now occupied by Egypt. No clear-headed man will deny that Sir Robert Giffen is entirely right when he asserts that the Monroe Doctrine has been seriously weakened, if not nullified, by our approval of Venezuela's agreement to put its customs into commission. This mortgaging of customs duties is to all intents and purposes a partial occupation by foreign states, and is, therefore, inadmissible. As a fact, though it may be in name, from the former occupation forbidden by Mr. Roosevelt.

Sir Robert Giffen concurs with Professor Goldwin Smith in thinking that, as regards debts amounting under absolute freedom of contract, and alleged to be due from the government or citizens of a Latin-American republic to the subjects of a European power, the latter must be relegated for their remedies to the courts of the debtor country, and must in no case be permitted to collect ordinary debts by acts of war.

All this has for some time been plain enough to sharp-eyed Americans, but we did not expect to see the truth so quickly discerned and published by an Englishman of weight and influence.

The United States Supreme Court Decision in the Lottery Cases

A question of tremendous importance was temporarily answered in the decision announced on February 23 by the Supreme Court of the United States in the so-called lottery cases, which have thrice been argued in the course of the last two years. That question is, Does the power to regulate commerce among the several States, which is given to Congress by the third clause of the eighth section of the First Article of the Federal Constitution, involve the power entirely to prohibit inter-State commerce in a particular commodity? The lottery and express companies immediately concerned have contended that the question must be answered in the negative, and their position was defended by some of the ablest lawyers in the country, including ex-Senator George F. Edmunds, ex-Secretary John G. Carlisle, and Mr. James C. Carter. Nevertheless, the highest Federal tribunal, by a majority of one, has decided that the question must be answered in the affirmative. The opinion of the majority was delivered by Justice Harlan, and Justices Brown, White, McKenna, and Holmes concurred with him.

On the other hand, Chief-Justice Fuller and Justices Brewer, Peckham, and Shiras dissented in an opinion, the character of which presents a striking contrast to the cold, dispassionate tenor of most decisions rendered by the court; an earnestness that shows how heavily alive were the judges composing the minority to the magnitude of the issues dependent on the construction of the clause of the Constitution above named. It is now the law, and will remain the law until and unless the Supreme Court itself shall reverse its decision, that the power of regulating inter-State commerce given to Congress is plenary, and carries with it the right utterly to prohibit such commerce in a particular commodity. We need not point out what a stupendous instrument of control over all industrial corporations engaged in inter-State commerce is vested in Congress by this decision. So long as this decision shall stand upon the statute-book, Congress will be absolute master of the trusts. Endowed henceforth with a giant's strength, it remains to be seen whether Congress will use it like a giant.

That efforts will be made to convince the Supreme Court, as the composition of that tribunal shall from time to time be modified, that this decision ought to be reversed is as certain as it is that the earth revolves upon its axis. It is, therefore, a matter, not of academic, but of urgent, interest, to mark, on the one hand, the principal grounds on which the decision is based, and, on the other hand, the reasons which have impelled four of the ablest justices to take a very different view of the constitutional power of Congress.

Justice Harlan, who read the opinion of the majority of the court, admits that the Constitution does not define what is to be deemed a legitimate regulation of inter-State commerce, but he holds that the power to regulate logically involves the power to prohibit, since otherwise in many cases regulation would prove futile. Can it be possible, asks Judge Harlan, that, if the lottery traffic is carried on through inter-State commerce, and is, therefore, a matter of which Congress may take cognizance, and over which it may exert regulative power,—can it be possible that Congress is helpless to suppress such traffic altogether, so far as it is carried on through inter-State commerce? Congress, of course, would not presume to pro-

hibit the sale of lottery tickets within the boundaries of the State wherein such tickets were printed; but the moment an attempt is made by independent carriers, like express companies, to convey such tickets from one State to another, then, according to Justice Harlan, the power of Congress over the tickets so conveyed across State boundaries must amount to prohibition, for, otherwise, its regulative faculty would be a farce. Elsewhere in his opinion, Justice Harlan pointed out that the Supreme Court had previously held in other cases that the power to regulate inter-State commerce involves the power to prohibit. For example, the Sherman Anti-Trust Act of July 2, 1890, which, of course, was founded on the power of Congress to regulate inter-State commerce, had for its object the protection of such commerce against unlawful restraints and monopolies. To attain that end Congress declared certain contracts to be illegal, and the effect of that declaration was to prohibit the doing of certain things. Now those prohibitory clauses have been sustained by the United States Supreme Court in several cases as valid under the power of Congress to regulate inter-State commerce. We take for granted, however, that the four justices who now dissent from Justice Harlan's opinion would hold that the prohibitory clauses of the Anti-Trust Act are unconstitutional.

It is to be observed that even Justice Harlan seems appalled by the possible consequences of the decision rendered by the majority of the Supreme Court, for he undertakes to draw a distinction between plenary and arbitrary power. He denies that the present declaration of the court, that Congress may exclude lottery tickets altogether from inter-State commerce, leads necessarily to the conclusion that Congress may arbitrarily exclude from commerce among States any article, commodity, or thing, of whatever kind or nature, or however useful or valuable, which it may choose, as matter with what motive, to say shall not be carried from one State to another. The lottery cases did not require the court, Justice Harlan thought, to define the full extent of the power that Congress may exercise in the regulation of inter-State commerce; nevertheless, he and the four concurring justices deemed it expedient to assert that the power of Congress to regulate commerce among the States, although plenary, cannot be arbitrary, since it is subject to such limitations or restrictions as are prescribed by the Constitution. In other words, the validity of every statute that may be enacted under the commerce clause of the Constitution must be separately examined and separately decided by the court.

Justice Fuller, who read the dissenting opinion, insisted that the suppression of lotteries, considered as a harmful business, falls within the police powers reserved by the States to themselves, and never surrendered to the Federal government. It is with profound solemnity that he condemns the decision reached by the majority, as inconsistent with the views not only of the framers of the Constitution, but also, and even, of John Marshall, its great Federalist exponent. He evidently regards the principle, now temporarily established, that the regulative power of Congress over inter-State commerce may be carried to the extent of prohibition as a fatal solvent of State rights and of the liberties and privileges of individual citizens. He would not, of course, assert that the outward forms of Republican government may not survive the most dangerous legislation or judicial decision, but he reminds us that it is with governments as with religions—the form may long outlive the substance.

A Personal Question

This Family Man came in where the Higher Journalist was trying to think of something to write, and began at once: "I don't know whether I should like to be called, even potentially, 'a criminal against the race,' or 'an object of contemptuous abhorrence.' Then the higher journalist knew what the family man was talking about, and began to listen with interest. "It seems to me that this is not a civic question, or a social question, but a personal question. It is not a question between a man and his chief magistrate, but between a man and his Maker. As I understand the case, we are not here to perpetuate races or nationalities, but to save our souls alive, and one way to do that is not to take responsibility that we are afterwards tempted to shirk."

The higher journalist went so far as to assent, warily. "There seems to be something in what you say."

"Thank you! There is a good deal. Nobody denies that 'the greatest of all joys spring from home life, from the having and bringing up of many healthy children.' But suppose they are many and not healthy? Suppose they are most of them sickly? Their health is something you can't forecast. I won't go so far as to ask what about the highest of all joys when you hang over the little bed where a small sufferer lies gasping out his last breaths; but that is not an impossible case, and if it happens in your experience, you probably don't plume yourself so much on having put aside 'mere ease, mere vague pleasures, mere avoidance of toil and worry', on the contrary, you probably ask yourself some questions that you don't get ready answers to. But we'll leave that, and take the case of a father who walks the floor most of the night in the interest of a simple colic, with a hard day's work behind him, and a hard day's work before him, tossing the rolls up and down, waving it to and fro, cooing to it, cursing to it, and trying to keep his patience with his poor wife, who is crying in bed, and pitying him, and advising him, and generally driving him mad. She has been up the night before with one of the other children which has overreared itself, or hurt itself, or has the measles or chicken-pox, and he doesn't blame her. Oh, I know you'll say that I mustn't be so squealish, but that is what the thing comes down to in odd facts. It isn't an abstraction, it isn't a matter of public duty, it isn't an affair of 'racial qualities.' It's concrete, it's private, it's inelastically personal. It's whether you want to chance all those things that go with having a large family of children, whose health you can't insure. It's whether you want to face the incessantly recurring bills for rent, and coal, and groceries, and butcher's meat, and gas, and clothes, and the other contingencies of the highest of all joys. If you have unlimited leisure, so that all your next days are days of rest; or if you can afford acres enough, trained and untrained, to take the work and worry of the highest of all joys off your hands and your wife's, go ahead. But if you are the average middle and lower-middle class American father,—the best of jobs in the world, and the kindest husband,—and have your way and your children's way to make, will, wait!"

"I don't resent the President's attitude, though I wish he wouldn't call names. I don't think it's undignified for him to turn aside from the trusts, and the Venezuela question, and the rest of them, and talk to us face to face about our duties as husbands and wives. I like to have him do it. It shows that he feels the Americans to be one family, and that he knows he can talk openly to the whole nation and not

be misunderstood. It's the kind of thing that makes the people believe in him, and love him, but I wish he would measure his words a little, and measure his thoughts too. There is a good deal to be said on the other side, and I should like to say it."

"What is to hinder?" the higher journalist suggested.

"A great deal: delicacy, Anglo-Saxon shyness, misgivings about what it is best for your people to hear."

"Ah, there is that!" the higher journalist admitted.

"The man with a small family may be reasonably sure of weathering a storm, and not be such a bad fellow, either, but the man with a large family can't see any port ahead, and yet he may not be worthy of any particular praise. Suppose, in addition to the small colic that you are carrying up and down the room half the night, you are carrying a note that comes due in the morning, and you have nothing to meet it with! Or suppose that you have been laid off your job. If you are one of those poor hand-to-mouth fellows who are so mindful of their race obligations, and do more than any other sort to swell the census! Is the President prepared to advise some sort of legislation that will support the large family which is coming to want, and still save the self-respect of the patriotic parent?" In the silence of the higher journalist the family man went on: "I suppose you think that was a very witty answer Napoleon made to Madame de Staël, when he told her the greatest woman in France was the one that had borne the most children?"

"Not necessarily," the higher journalist temporized.

"Ah, you don't! Then I needn't remind you that Napoleon also sometimes spoke of that sort of mother's children as cannon's meat—*à chair à canon*. I don't associate him with the President in his ideals; I was thinking of those economists who regard wars and pestilences as the providential means of reducing the redundant populations which are the concomitants of large families. A man who avoids marriage, and the woman who shrinks from having children, may be criminals against the race, or they may be people whose sober second thought is too much for their inebriate emotions. It will not do to defend them, however, even to those who are like them, for a large family is an old American ideal, like taxation based on representation, and government by the consent of the governed, and brotherly equality, and some other things that seem to have gone by the board. There are some queerly-minded people so awed by the dreadfulness of life's mysteries, that they have not the courage to bring beings into life, even for the sake of continuing their particular race. But I leave them out. I prefer to consider only those who are anxious to secure the future for their children before they launch them into the present. This anxiety is now the American ideal. Our conclusions fathers and mothers would rather deny themselves the highest of all joys than forego privation or destitution for their little ones, or blindly shut their eyes to the possibilities. I know that the large families struggle through somehow, and get there, but it is a bitter struggle, and we seem to have so often seen the righteous forsaken, that we cannot very gladly trust ourselves to Providence in the matter. I suppose this is rather shocking to you?"

"I feel that it ought to be," the higher journalist said. "I am sure that it will be to our readers."

"Well, I prefer to clear my mind of rust, and I am at the point of checking the superstition that the children you cannot take care of will be mystically looked after

by the moral government of the universe. They won't. They will suffer on and up, or they will suffer on and down. If you regard this life as a school of experience, in which we shall be made wise and good enough for another, very well. But that is not clear. What is clear is that we are here on earth, to do the best and kindest that we can; and we ought to think twice before we go in for the highest of all joys for ourselves, which may be the lowest of all miseries for others. Until the state is prepared to say that it will look after the large families which the parents cannot support, and rear them in comfort, and educate them so that they can earn a living for themselves, and then give them the chance to earn it, the state has no right to demand large families from parents. It had better leave that matter between them and their consciences, their God. No doubt He will look to it which way he had best serve, and if the other old American ideals have gone—"

"Oh, oh!" the higher journalist interrupted, thinking it best to check the family man at this point.

"I don't say they have hopelessly," he hedged. "But I will ask you whether this aggregation of millionaires, this riot of luxury, this amission of foreign titles among our women, and this love of sport and adventure among our men; this aristocratic society; these palaces and villas, and steam-yachts and private cars, are the vision of republican simplicity which the fathers beheld when they founded the republic?"

"Come now," the higher journalist said, "you are getting off the track." Then the higher journalist paused a little space, and came out of his musing with an inspiration which he thought would rather get the family man. "How many children have you yourself?" he asked.

"Eleven," said the family man, with dismayed promptness.

"Ah!" the higher journalist hunched, as if this were not quite what he had expected. Then after some time he asked, "Why not an even dozen?"

The family man went out without replying, but he came back directly, so far as to put his head in at the door, and to say: "When some society leader, or some prominent rich woman, or some average American wife who keeps one girl and has the wash done at home, or has the wash done at home without keeping the girl, comes forward and declares for a large family of children, with the chance that they shall be healthy or unhealthy, it will be time for the men to accuse themselves of contemptible criminality and race suicide. Till then, I think they can possess their souls in peace."

"But that," the higher journalist retorted, "is just what you don't seem able to do. Like all our cowardly sex, you want to put the blame on the women." Then, with the family man's seal going out, the higher journalist thought of something at last, and he wrote a walking and ringing article on the cowardly behavior of Adam in attempting to throw the responsibility on Eve in that affair of the apple.

Some Sensible and Pleasing Praise

We Americans are accustomed to adulation, and the people of New York especially are fairly sure not to lose sight of their disposition toward rich splendor, so much is it talked about by foreign visitors. There is a kind of praise-to-one's-face which brings not only the blush and awakens a longing for a hiding-place, but also leads to doubt

as to whether the compliment be generous flattery or subtle irony. In the *Metroplitan Magazine* for March, however, Edouard de Reuske treats us to commendation with genuine good taste, liberally, but not too profusely, for virtues which we are glad to possess, and our possession of which we are glad this admirable gentleman recognizes.

When the usual traveler from Europe talks about our country's millionaires, their achievements, and their bank accounts, we inevitably want to send for Mark Twain and give him another Rosquet to skin. We are always quite sure that Mark could make the most dazzled European see that our millions have a good side, or, failing that, could silence the critic. Here, however, is a commentator who needs no silencing, and to whom we listen with pleasure.

That which interests Edouard de Reuske among the many characteristics of our country leads us to think the more of him. He is not caught by our glitter; he is not under the influence of our stupendous power; here is a foreigner who realizes that we have something besides material prosperity and grandeur. First, he rejoices in the uplifting of the people of his own Poland, who have come here. "I rejoice to know," he says, "that they are in this great free country, where they learn to carry their heads like aristocrats, and look every man straight in the eye. . . . I compare them with the poor peasants in my own country, and I thrill with gratitude toward this new country, that has transformed in a few years the senseless peasant to the thinking man."

Next he is pleased with our "self-supporting women," with her appearance, her manners, her intelligence, her character, and her home, which he has visited. Americans who are proud of their virtues more than of their splendor will rejoice that this visitor and friend, who has so inspired us with his art and so exalted us with his beautiful voice, takes us seriously. For he loves his kind, both his countrymen and the rest of humanity, and he feels that in America people are able to adhere for themselves a social attitude to which, in Continental Europe, men and women are usually born.

This little article in the *Metroplitan* is full of suggestions of the difference between the New World and the Old, differences which have appeared to Mr. de Reuske in more ways than one. The story of his own struggle, told in all simplicity, is a fine tribute to the democracy of our wealth; to the far-reaching blessings which are carried by its generous distribution. After fifteen years of a successful career in all the art centers of Europe, Mr. de Reuske rebelled against his fate. With all his toil and all his fame, he had not saved a penny. He had barely earned what he calls "the living of a gentleman." The education of his children had been paid for from the private fortune which had been left him by his parents.

"Much has been said," he continues, "of the great fortunes foreign artists make in this country. As a matter of fact, there is exaggeration in this matter. But America is generous and just—to both the active and the foreign artist. I have found a welcome here, and a recompense for the effort it has cost to come and the work that I have been able to do. When I return to my own country and my family it will be mine to show, not a great fortune, but a result—a fair return for my labor. In America the artist as well as the artisan works, but both work with hope and assurance of reward, and therein lie the glory and the prosperity of the country." There was ever a finer tribute than this paid to the country, nor could there be to any country.

The Motor-Car in England

By Sydney Brooks

London, February 11, 1905.

Enthusiasts were travelling daily to the Crystal Palace to see the Automobile Show. It is a good exhibition, not perhaps quite up to the standard of the Paris exhibition of 1904, when 637 varieties of cars were on view, but still very good. It proves that England is at last beginning to make up for lost time in the motor-car industry. Manufacturers here have not yet reached the American and Continental level of excellence, but they are approaching it. They have had to fight their way through obstacles unknown in other lands. The history of this great new industry, if properly analyzed, would be found to contain the secret of England's commercial decline. Here was an industry that had obviously come to stay, that promised enormous profits and a world-wide trade—already there are motors in Bulawayo and the Malay States—and that sprang up so suddenly as to place practically all countries on an equality in regard to it. How has England borne the trial? Roughly speaking, she is still behind both France and the United States, and very little, if at all, in advance of Germany. The causes of her inferiority are both public and private. English manufacturers will tell you they are wholly public, due to the local government here, the hostility of rural authorities, the state of the law, and so on. But this is not quite correct. It is true that before 1896 the law did make it virtually impossible for Englishmen to turn out horseless carriages on the same scale as the French. As lately as 1895 inventors were being prosecuted for driving their cars at a speed of four miles an hour and for daring to appear on the high roads unattended by a man with a red flag. But after the law was altered a good deal of time and money was wasted in experimenting with models that had already been discarded on the Continent. Parliament can hardly be held responsible for this. Legislative conservatism and the national preference for profiting by English mistakes rather than by French and American successes combined to give the industry a poor start. English cars got a bad name to begin with, and they are still engaged in living it down. A few years ago every smooth-running, compact, and efficient machine was suspected at once of a non-British origin. Even to-day English imports from abroad over 40,000,000 worth of motor-cars a year, and all the foreign firms that have established themselves in London are working overtime. That does not mean that English firms are slack. On the contrary, they are doing an enormous business. It is almost impossible to get a car delivered in less than eight months. All the leading English firms have already closed their order-books for 1905, and except through an agent who may happen to have a supply on hand, there is practically no chance of obtaining a first-class English-made car in under a year. The supply, in short, is not equal to the demand.

Within the last twelve months the general public attitude towards motors has turned a complete somersault. Not that all prejudices have vanished. You may still in all parts of England be forced to listen to heated harangues on the small, noisy, dust, reckless, and unreliable of motor-cars and their drivers. But, on the whole, as the crowds at the Crystal Palace prove, the average man is converted. The motor has successfully weathered the toy stage, and is now regarded by the majority of Englishmen with positive sympathy, as a

pleasant and permanent addition to the world's means of locomotion. The business man, too, is being rapidly won over. Light delivery wagons, run by petrol, are making their way, slowly but surely. Several of the largest firms in London have joined with the manufacturers, and the Automobile Club is promoting a series of trials for thoroughly testing this class of machine. Mr. Hanbury, the president of the Board of Agriculture, rarely makes a speech in which he does not urge the importance of a motor-car service to farmers, and especially fruit-growers, dairymen, florists, and market-gardeners.

An agricultural motor has been lately invented that can be used for mowing, reaping, binding, ploughing, chaff-cutting, grinding, and hauling load along the highway. I have seen it plough nine inches deep on heavy land with two ten-inch furrows—and that without imbedding the land in the slightest degree. In London there are three public services of motor-cars now running, and if they were to succeed in driving the diabolical maimliness off the streets, Londoners would not grumble. At present there seems little hope of that. A really dependable and comfortable vehicle for this class of work has not yet been devised, and though the cars are well patronized, there is not nearly enough of them. The battle between the horse-drawn bus and the motor-car can hardly, therefore, be said to have really begun. So far as I know, Eastbourne, a watering-place on the south coast, is the only town in England that has a well-organized motor service, and deliberately and officially prefers it to cable or electric cars. A syndicate is being formed, though with what prospect of success I do not know, for the purpose of linking up towns and villages with the main trunk lines of railroad by means of motors. This is an idea which has taken healthy root in Ireland. Lord Doolley, the Lord-Lieutenant, who is an ardent and experienced motorist, recently came out strongly a few days ago in favor of motor-cars as being better suited to Ireland's industrial and agricultural needs than even light railways. One or two of the county councils in England have placed motors at the disposal of their surveyors. The Post-Office has also taken them up. A motor postal service between Liverpool and Manchester is in running order, and in London alone there are over fifty motors in Post-Office employment. Several of the London borough councils use steam-torries for the conveyance of building materials and other mechanically propelled vehicles for the removal of street refuse. There are nearly a dozen towns where motor fire-engines are operated. In South Lancashire a company has shown that with skillful organization heavy loads can be transported by road more cheaply and more expeditiously than by either railway or canal. It is now handling at a profit over 5000 tons of merchandise a month.

With all this, Parliament remains immovable. The Act of 1896 remains on the statute-book unamended. That Act did away with some of the most absurd restrictions on the building-up of the motor industry; but it had one cardinal, vitiating fault. It tried to lay down the lines on which motor-cars were to develop. It is a sound rule that legislation should follow an industry and not precede it. If the Act of 1896 had been content to prescribe only broad conditions, perhaps the fact that it was attempting to regulate something that had hardly even its existence might not have mattered so much. But instead of that, it went into details, and concerned itself with a number of technical minutiae, such as the limit of the "tare" weight, the width of the wheels, the number of brakes, and the

speed of travel. Being a non-expert body legislating for a new industry, in which fresh inventions were being made daily, Parliament naturally failed to achieve finally. It fixed, for instance, the maximum of speed at twelve miles an hour. No body from the King downwards takes the trouble to observe this rule, and unless policemen are detailed off to fine every delinquent in the country, the law is unenforced. In some parts of the provinces, on the road, for example, between London and Brighton, this practically is what is done. Rural magistrates are whimsically conservative, and the village police force is converted into a band of motor-car hunters. Automobilitists argue that the real object of legislation should be to protect the public from the "scourge", and that this can best be done by abolishing the legal speed limit, but at the same time enforcing responsibility by issuing licenses and having all motor-cars properly numbered and registered. If this were done, a conviction for furious driving would involve the loss, or suspension, or "magisterial endorsement" of the license; and drivers, it is urged, would become as prudent as captains of yachts. Bills proposing these and other reforms have been introduced into Parliament, but without result, and the Act of 1896 remains in the anomalous condition of a deterrent that does not deter.

It is of course in the country that the development of the motor can best be seen. Practically no country house is now complete without one. The rural doctor uses it on his rounds, the country surveyor on his tours of inspection, the sportsman to convey his shooting parties and hesters to the covert, the butman to attend a distasteful meet. For the country gentleman it has enormously widened the area within which he can "get about." For the City man it means that he can live away from the smoke and grime of London and yet be within easy reach of his office. Indeed, since the rise of the motor-car, the value of property along the highroads leading out of London has advanced twenty per cent. It is even possible that the dastardly condition of country and provincial hotels in England may in time be reformed under the pressure of motorists. The Touring Club de France has done excellent work in improving French inns, and the Automobile Club of Great Britain, with its 3000 members, is devoting itself to the same task not unhelpfully. Lamp-makers, furriers, tailors, and opticians are all profiting by the "motor boom." But its greatest surprise has been the revolution of the exceeding badness of English roads. As a system they have remained practically unaltered for the last fifty or seventy years, even since the railways dispossessed them. No new main thoroughfares have been built, and even the maintenance and repair of existing ones have fallen far short not only of the French and Italian, but even of the German, standards. It is one of the prime results of the extension of motors and motor-cars that public attention is being called to the whole subject of highway administration. A Road Improvement association has come into active life, and is vigorously preaching the necessity of reform. Whether it will move the government remains to be seen. The work needed is work that only the government can undertake. The local authorities are too scattered and too ill connected to be able to evolve anything in the nature of a systematic plan of road construction; and without good roads and plenty of them, the social revolution of which the advent of the motor was supposed to be the prelude, must remain, so far as England is concerned, very largely a dream.

Raising the Venezuelan Blockade

(With Sketches made on the Ground by our Correspondent)

LA GUAYRA, February 13, 1903.

THE harbor of La Guayra is an open roadstead of crescent shape. Perpendicularly almost from its water's edge rise mountains, some of them some feet high. What little room there is left between the deep sea and, if not the devil, the deadly fever-laden clouds



The Main Street in La Guayra

that hang and float around the mountainside, is occupied by the town of La Guayra. Some five hundred houses are here scattered along the water-front in shape of half a "frankfurter," a few dozen more are clustered about on rocks and crags above. To-day at sunrise, as every morning for five long and weary blockade-weeks, half-starved fishermen come down from these old stone houses of sixteenth-century pattern. Sick and red in hand, they wander lazily to the water-front, bent upon fishing to provide for a noon meal.

Negroes, mulattoes, mestizos, and ranchos they are. Some show a complete mixture of all these varieties, strongly reminding the observer of Darwin's "missing link." But different as may be their hair and skin, common to all these children of a mongrel race the same carelessness, aimless, shiftless way. Shoulder by shoulder and elbow by elbow they sit slowly down on the long stone



The American Merchant-Ship "Maracaibo" entering La Guayra Harbor with a Cargo of Flour and Provisions

wall built as a breakwater to shelter the harbor from the swell of the sea. Lighting the cigarette, without which the picture of no Venezuelan would be complete, they begin to discuss the political situation before they drop the bait. "Un momento!"

The big British cruiser *Tribune* is still there at the end of the mole, but, as everybody assures his neighbor, the blockade will be raised to-day, for—such is the general view among them—the German war-ships have been wrecked by the guns of Fort San Carlos, and the kings of Italy and Great Britain have, terror-stricken, appealed to the United States to arrange for peace at any cost.

In three any news from the revolutionary camp! Of course there let Fighting has been going on all eight near Caracas. It is a habit here, adhered to even by the foreign merchants, to tell you in the morning that battles raged while you slept. Venezuelan politicians then express itself.

By seven o'clock the general desire for information seems to be gratified. Everybody lights a fresh cigarette, gathers his rage about himself, and drops the bait. Patiently waiting sits the long line of men. Soon all seem to doze, some yawn, a few even snore: few of the small white fish are caught. Then they will sit all forenoon in burning sun and blinding light, their silence only interrupted by an occasional splash in the water when a dizzied or sleepy black



La Guayra's Market-Place

head, followed by a scantily clad darky who has lost his balance, drops or rolls into the deep. The others don't even laugh while he paddles ashore. They only yawn longer.



A Landmark—the Tower of El Carmen

Next time it may be their turn to swim, *Jusos* is completely at a standstill.

Eight o'clock sounds the bell from the church tower, and one of the daily star performances of this merry war-operetta begins. The consuls, including those of the nations at war with Venezuela, enter a shore-boat, are rowed into the harbor, and meet a steam-launch from the *Tribune*. A lieutenant from the cruiser receives telegrams arrived overnight for the captain, and exchanges with the gentlemen in the row-boat news, letters, and purchases a cigar.

A "peaceful" blockade it is indeed! One day the Prefect, a man with a fine sense of humor, asked the consuls best on this daily errand if they would not beg the captain of one of the men-of-war to send the band ashore to play on the plaza. He might return the favor by sending the sorely missed fresh vegetables for the officers' mess. In the cable-office the telephone is kept ringing all day, and "not yet!" is the reply to all inquiries.

Six o'clock finds stores and warehouses closed and all hopes deferred for the following day. Night falls, and unhappy-looking men retire to their homes, while mosquitoes begin to enjoy life. Now and then the moonless darkness is lit up by the search-light of the *Tribune* sweeping around the horizon, playing on the harbor, and fastening its rays on the half-destroyed torpedo-boat *Ocean* in the inner bay.

Eleven o'clock! At last! The steam-launch of the *Tribune* rounds the cruiser and makes straight for the shore, a lieutenant mounts the few stone steps and hands a letter to the British consul, who soon turns to the Prefect and announces in Spanish, "The blockade is raised!"

Wild shouts go up, the dances dance, the foreigners shake hands, the Venezuelans embrace each other. Then the Prefect hastens to the cable-office, writes out two messages, one of thanks to Mr. Bowen in Washington, the next congratulating Castro "upon his splendid success and victory!"

The Book of Months

By E. F. Benson

OCTOBER

I AM back again to the level uneventfulness of these pleasant days, with a great sense of having "come home" contentedly with me. This little steeved house, with its little garden, has become to me my "angulus terra"; the deep vibration of "home," incommunicable and to many unpermanently, is here; I can no longer imagine myself permanently anywhere else. All day long I continually find, as it were, intimate glances. The line of the doorns, a group of trees, or a corner of my own room catches my eye as one catches the eye of a friend across a roomful of acquaintances. That glance says nothing in particular; it only says—"I am I, you are you," but it is only between friends that such a glance can ever pass. For I belong to soul, with gesture invisible to others, and a smile answers it. For it is friends who are our anchor in this swift rushing stream of days and years; secure there, though time eddies in froth and flying spray about our bows, it does not whirl us away, strewn and steamed, down the racing flood. And above us, when we look up from our anchorage through the flying wreck of storm-cloud and torn fringes of wind-swept vapor, there glimmer the steadfast and immutable stars.

I left Capri, as you will have guessed, somewhat in a hurry; in fact, I firmly and speedily ran away as hard as I could. All September, so I see now, I had been living in the finest paradise of a fool. I had thought it was possible to detach oneself so utterly from the joys and facilities of the human race that one could take any liberties one liked at and live in beauty and ease to be man. Then suddenly the seaek twitched me, and like the flowers of Killarney's garden my sexless paradise fell in red ruin of autumn leaf about my ears. For me anyhow such a Paradise was not possible, and I had—only just—the woe to see that it was better to live decently and dully than otherwise.

So I took ship at Naples and came home by sea; for why one should shut oneself up in a grillage-box of scarlet velvet and grind along a steel path to the din of rolling wheels, when the divior waterways are at the door, is more than I ever could imagine. Two moments of the voyage I shall never forget. Out in the Bay of Biscey we had a couple of days of heavy gale, the wind blowing from the west like a solid thing. The sea, which till then had been calm, gradually began to get up. There was no sun, and from a gray and infelicitous fatness it grew streaked and wrinkled. Then the wrinkles began to amalgamate, every two or three wrinkles turning themselves into one definite furrow, and the streaks formed themselves into sprayd wave-caps. When I went to bed the ship was still fairly steady, but full of wandering creaks and groans, and clothes hanging up on my cabin walls whispered against the woodwork and oscillated backwards and forwards. During the night, however, we began to pitch and roll in earnest, and wakened once, I heard the scream of the screw whirling impotently out of water, and the jer of straining wood and rivets. All next day the riot of the ships and din of the sea grew greater, until coming on to deck after dinner one had to dash at suitable moments over the open to gain hand-hold before the next lurch. Eventually I found a corner sheltered from the wind behind the smoking-room, and sat there with the gale thundering madly above my head and yelling and thrumming in the quivering

rigging. The sky was quite clear and cloudless, and though there was no moon, the stars made a gray twilight overhead. As the ship labored on with reeling gait the mast near above me would strike wildly right and left through a hoarded stare, scoring a black line through the Pleiades and the Bear. For a moment Orion's Belt would be feazed between the yard-arms; the next it would plunge out of sight behind me. Then Cassiopeia's Chair would waver over the bulwarks, tremulously prebend, and in a second, as if it was raged to some celestial spring, would soar high to the zenith. Then the bulwarks themselves would rise a black blot into the sky; the next moment they reeled giddily downwards; and at my feet, almost, then creased by huge dimnesses of gray sea and flying foam, with veiled and lustrous specks of phosphorescent light glimmering like marine glowworms.

The suddenly from the deck came a cry I have heard only once,—"Man overboard!" and in a moment, coming it seemed from nowhere, the deck was alive with hurrying figures. The thump of the screw grew slow and ceased, women screamed, and from a big chest near me three sailors got out a fire-hoey, a wooden frame with a light attached to it. In a few seconds it was lit and flung overboard, and faring high it rose and made a terrible dance of death among the hills and valleys of the sea. It was impossible at the pace we were going to reverse the engines at once, for the strain would have endangered the lives of all on the ship, but gradually as we slowed down this was done, and the churned water from the screws biased past us. The buoy was already far behind us, but gradually we got near to it, and a boat was launched with infinite difficulty and difficulty, and we lay there, the ship's company hanging on the lee bulwarks while it put out into the night and the storm. There we waited, rolling and howling to the waves for an hour maybe, watching the flare and the light from the boat, now riding high against the horizon, now completely vanishing in the trough of some wave. Then the flare burnt out, and the boat returned. The search had been fruitless. And slowly the tramp of the screw worked its way to its accustomed speed, the identity of the man was established, an entry was made, and we went on again ever faster through the yellow twilight of the stars and the big pitiless sea.

The second moment was next morning. The wind had gone down, though the sea still ran high, and all heaven and earth were an incredible blue. A sun of transcendent brilliance flamed overhead, and not a cloud flecked the huge azure dome. Below, the great translucent waves were at play in jovial boisterousness; the blue monsters flung themselves against the black side of the ship and were shattered into a cloud of dazzling white, which, as it rose into the air, was momentarily iridescent with rainbow, a high day of light. About eleven of the morning a sudden whisper and rumor ran round the ship, and by degrees the sequel of that tragic hour last night was made known. The wife of the man who had fallen overboard the night before was with child, and the shock had brought on a premature delivery, and she had died. But the child lived, and in all probability would do well. So June had its tale repeated again, and when the weighted shroud slid into that ocean of brightness, waved subaqueously and disappeared, I could have sworn for a moment that a sudden veft of the smell of sweet peas pierced the pungency of the sea.

No both lie there in the depths of the quiet bay, though leagues apart. Will

those two poor tabernacles of mortality, I cannot but wonder, find some subtle mode of telegraphy in their green sea-caves and speak to each other, or go to each other across the ooze of the depths, moved by some thrush of current? Or will they have to wait there patiently in their crystal tombs till the sea gives up its dead, and they float up as the chrysalis of the dragonfly floats up through the water, to find that the new heaven and the new earth are fair, at the dawning of the supreme day? Such was the incident of my home-coming; in the midst of life there was death, and in the midst of death, life. It is always so.

The long dark evenings are beginning, but day after day unclouded October weather, with its brisk air and its exquisite clarity and luminousness, prevails. It reminds one of nothing in the world so much as a boy's soprano; nothing else in the world gives a sense of such absolute perfection and purity of vocal power as the organ in terms of light, the other of sound. And as the boy's voice rises and fills the great spaces of some sunlit cathedral, so this light pervades these aisles of yellowing trees and spaces of swelling downland. About each there is an utter absence of all passion or emotion. A woman's voice, it seems to me, is like the mature light of summer, broad, full of feeling, full of the tenderness of sex. But in this October weather you have more brightness; in the air there is a certain chill which gives the precision that the warm flower-burred light of summer lacks. It promises nothing like the languor and brightness of spring, it gives no fulfillment like the moons of summer, it is just itself, exquisite, meaningless, and at times horribly sad. For the winter has turned, we have had our bright and our beautiful times and they are over, and soon will be the season of long dark evenings, and the bleak-eyed peerings of the remote sun through the fogs of November. In the winter, too, there is something of the hibernating spirit about us; we dream and doze, and vitality sometimes burns a little low, and age looks over our shoulder, and we tend to be possessed with the Spirit of the falling leaf.

What one acts oneself to do, I think, matters nothing in comparison of the main point, namely, that we set ourselves to do something; for any employment, so long as it is not harmful, is essentially good. Many of us have our ordinary work to do, which takes most of the day, now days are short. In the summer, perhaps, we were accustomed when the day's work was over to be out-of-doors, but now in these lengthening nights we have to seek our employment inside. The great thing, then, is to do something definite and to do it seriously. To read the whole of Shakespeare before next March is one employment that recommends itself to me; but supposing the choice was made for me by another, who told me nothing was to be my winter employment? I should be quite content. But in that case I should try very hard to get rid by March of the fatal indecision which prompts one sometimes to make apodes, sometimes no-trumps, out of practically the same hand; I should try to establish once and for all the best suit to play if my partner doubles no-trumps; I should try to find out definitely what chance of success certain heavy games have, and act accordingly, and I should consider that I had wasted my winter if by next March I had not improved out of recognition. But what I hope I should not do would be to play slackly, for in that case one might as well talk to the spirit of the falling leaf at once.

To be Continued.

Lady Rose's Daughter

THERE is nobody damned in Mrs. Ward's new book; all the good people keep on being good; the bad become repentant, and the doubtful ones grow in grace and promise finally to come out on the large side. It is a very nice book—"nice" in any sense you like—pleasant, discriminating, fine. This time Mrs. Ward has written a novel of entertainment, and done it with admirable art. Whether it was art for art's sake or art for the reader's sake doesn't much signify, but certainly the reader has been very gently and benevolently used. When one considers the people and situations and dispositions used, and considers what a cloth-bound nightmare of a book might have been made of them, mere gratitude seems insufficient recognition of so different an outcome. When the juggler keeps balls in the air it is edifying; much more so when he uses knives—sharp ones—with poise. Mrs. Ward has played with edged tools, and to the beholder's delight, and there has been nobody hurt.

When you have finished a good novel, turn back to the beginning, and see how it has been put together, and especially how the characters have been constructed. Behead, good friends: a bottle of oil, a jug of vinegar, salt, pepper, this said that. Watch the compounder sitting in a cool place with the great bowl in her lap! Some oil, a few drops of vinegar: best! best! sweeps the shining fork! A little more oil, a few more drops of vinegar, a pinch of salt, a shake of the pepper-box, and ever swiftly and easily sweeps the fork, mixing the incongruous, bringing form and substance out of chaos, compounding under our incredulous eyes the mayonnaise Le Breton with which the cold Defence is to be served.

It is a great dish, and we like it. Dear! dear! How near the Warkworth flame came to spelling the end! How impossibly delayed the reconciliation of the warring elements! But it was done, not mixed; compounded, not confused.

Since Becky Sharp threw the memorial of the great lexicographer out of the coach window at Miss Pinkerton and her academy, there has been no girl in English literature quite fit to compare with Julie Le Breton. The editor of HARPER'S MAGAZINE calls her "the most appealing type of heroine ever presented in fiction." She is different from Becky in such vital particulars that the reader's reluctant and disapproving sympathy never leaves her, from her first appearance at the top of the stairs at Lady Heath's Wednesday night, till the little Duchess takes her abroad to repair her shattered energies after a great peril and a great escape. Even if the reader's sympathy does not leave her, but only his disapproval. She is superlatively interesting to the very end. Even the process of repairing a new edifice of affection on the ruins of a conflagration does not try the infatuated reader's patience. That perilous attempt is successfully worked out. It does come about that the woman who would have run away with Warkworth does finally, and without violence to human nature, seem likely to make Jacob a truly helpful wife. After all, Jacob had crochets. His virtues were in some measure the virtues of his defects. His preposterous fidelity was a fruit of self-abnegation, and that was characteristic of a nature noble but not quite normal. And Julie's defects—her propensity to weave a tangled web—if not defects of her virtues, were compensated by great virtues and notable talents and charm. Warrington found himself drawn to Fenwick as a youth who had shown himself capable of a great, unreasonable, affec-

tion. Julie, a woman of wiles and designs, could fall in love, most inopportunistly and ill-advisedly, with Warkworth. Count it to her for a virtue, but, oh! tell it not in the girls' schools, or in households where there are growing daughters, that a capacity for loving a detrimental and engaged man is to be put down on the credit side of a maiden's account. Let us waste no pity on Jacob. He got a charming wife who will evidently put her mind on being devoted to him, and to whose devotion he will evidently owe a large part of whatever satisfaction he finds in living in the sphere of usefulness to which fate has called him.

Mrs. Ward always takes us into good society in her books. In this one there is a better company of dukes, duchesses, ministers of state, and makers of history than we wistful republicans have sat down with since the days of Trollope. Dukes, if not good company, are good accessories to company, and as for duchesses, they can be pleasantly, humanly agreeable. We think we have had a tuck at high life in London. If we haven't—if it won't real high life—then so much the worse for high life, for where we have been the talk was lively, the matters discussed were interesting and sometimes important; the lords had brains, and the editors learning; the houses were handsome, and the paintings on the walls were Gasboroughs or better. There is no objection to high life if it is lighted up, and Mrs. Ward snuffs all the candles in her great houses. Lady Henry is a distinct and distinguished person whom it is profitable to have met. Lord Larkington, who served as a midshipman in 1812, died at the age of seventy-five or thereabouts, so the time of the story is early in the seventies, and it is years now since the Duchess of Chauldigh put on mourning for Lady Henry. She was a loss to London, and she is a gain to literature. And the book she figures in is a great gain to literature. Merely as a story it is extremely successful, and has held our interest intensely for a year, as it has come out in monthly instalments. In the development of character, in the clear definition of many interesting personalities, and in occasional passages of wit and penetrating discourse, it is a book of distinction, charming and edifying.

England was still decidedly English in the seventies, and this book is British to the back stitching—all except the illustrations; they are Mr. Christy's, and therefore American. Probably they would fit better into contemporary London than into the London of twenty years since. They are variable. The best of them are felicitous, and some of them are charming. The worst of them, towards the end, are very shattering to one's ideals. These were Mr. Maurier's people in this book. Of Mr. Christy's very last effort—Julie—her knees by the distressed Jacob—it is not too harsh to say that if Jacob looked like that, that sort of a Julie was a fair match for him.

The Real Value of the Rhodes Bequest

THERE has been quite a lot of talk in the Americas pro and con about the Oxford scholarships bequeathed to Germany and to this country by the late Cecil Rhodes, and it seems to us that many of our journals have laid themselves open to a charge of narrowness and churlishness in the attitude and spirit they have assumed in relation to the question. We quite understand the feeling that an American boy can get a more practical and probably a better all-round education at an American university than he could at Oxford; but we do not share

the opinion of the eminent New York daily which disdainfully says that Cecil Rhodes "evidently regarded Oxford from the viewpoint of . . . a poor boy and a remote colonial; that is to say, as a focus of dazzling social radiance, a fountain of aristocratic and pan-Anglican influence, whose colonial American, or Trojan youth would be able to resist. In fine, the Rhodes bequest was based upon a flagrant misconception of facts, and inspired by an ill-considered purpose."

Now Cecil Rhodes may have had many defects, but no one who knew him well would accuse him of having any special regard for "dazzling social radiance," or for "fountains of aristocratic influence." Moreover, whatever else he was, he was a man of brains, the sort of brains America knows and likes, a man not much given to "flagrant misconception of facts," or often "inspired by ill-considered purposes," and it is more than likely that he knew just what he was doing when he made the scholarship bequests. His aim was to further the cause of international amity and mutual understanding by bringing about the intimate contact and a prolonged close relationship of highly endowed young personalities from countries which he thought ought to be fast friends.

It is just this spirit of Mr. Rhodes's intentions which the protesters to whom we have referred seem to miss. They can see no further than this, that American universities are the best equipped and most efficient in the world, and that to send some of our best young minds to Oxford is not only to cost a slur on our own sea institutions, but also to commit the almost criminal error of sending those young minds away to feed on the second-best when the best lies right at their hand. This view, we repeat, we believe to be short-sighted. To begin with, Oxford is surely not such a hopelessly antediluvian and stupid place as some would make it out to be. It has developed some very respectable minds in its time, and a really vigorous young intellect can probably get almost as much of what it needs there at the present time as it could, say, at Yale or Harvard. Character and discipline and manliness, for instance, are things that may be had there, and character and discipline are not to be dropped.

Admitting, however, for the sake of argument, that the education a young man may get at Oxford is inferior to that to be had at an American university, we still think there is a lot to be said for the Rhodes bequest. The young fellows who take up the scholarships will be old enough when they go to England to have acquired a thoroughly American spirit which nothing can afterwards extinguish. There will always be enough of them at Oxford simultaneously to enable them to manifest that spirit to a certain extent. If they are receptive and adaptable—and receptivity and adaptability are eminently American traits—they will blend into their own native spirit the best of what Oxford life has to give. They will have some chance of getting to know intimately such that is admirable in English character and custom. They will doubtless acquire a true sympathy with the older branch of the Anglo-Saxon race. They will gain the breadth and culture that residence in a foreign land always gives to superior minds. They will come to see their own land and its institutions and customs, its virtues and its defects, with surer vision and with deeper understanding when they return to it after absence abroad. In any case, if it were possible to bring young Americans to take up the scholarships, there is little doubt that the results will be highly favorable to Anglo-American friendship, understanding, sympathy, and good-will.

Books and Bookmen

Mr. WILL N. HARBEN, of whom a camera interview is given on another page of this number of the WEEKLY, is an author whose name is destined to become familiar to every American household. As one has said, "He has an eye for the home virtues, the ties of neighborhood, the adventure of the cosmopolitan. He writes of common things only to make you wonder at the homopop beauty and true worth at the heart of them." The author who can weave humor and imagination about the common everyday things of life, and lift them out of their dull monotonous routine, is always welcome. He imparts to the unseeing that attribute of genius which has been called the sixth sense, the sight of the unseen wonder and beauty that lie in the rut of the ordinary. It was Coleridge who said that genius was the power of glorifying the commonplace. Certainly this definition fits Mr. Harben's claim to write himself novelist, and as he is also a born story-teller, the reasons for his growing popularity are obviously apparent.

Mr. Harben is a native of Georgia, and was born at Dalton about forty-five years ago. He has been described as a typical Southerner possessing all the enterprise of a Westerner. Amongst his ancestors he numbers Daniel Boone. He began his literary career by making translations, and for two years he was one of the editors of the *Youth's Companion*. He then went to London, and for another year applied himself to study in the British Museum. It was with some timidity he attempted his first short story, but the effort was successful, and Mr. Joel Chandler Harris welcomed him to work as that of a contributor. His first novel appeared in 1880, and was followed at intervals by several stories which seem to have reached a culmination in *Northern Georgia Sketches*. In these sketches the author had at last found himself, and at the instigation of Mr. Howells he decided to concentrate his fiction on his own region of northern Georgia. His next novel was *Waterfall*, published about two years ago. This book was begun in the British Museum, continued at Oxford, and completed, in its first draft, at Paris. Afterward, it was largely rewritten between the intervals of superintending the building of two business houses. There is no doubt that Mr. Harben struck a new vein in *Waterfall*. He wrote like one who was at home among his scenes and characters; so much so that he was accused of having stolen some of his characters from life. Mr. Harben denied the charge, but admitted that the characters were none the less real to him for that. "I have lived the greater part of my life among three humble types, and I have simply absorbed their general characteristics. When I am with them I am one of them in every possible way. I am not spying on them, and making notes for future use, but just enjoying it all as if it were a delicious book which only I could read and understand."

Mr. Harben's next book was *Abner Doud*—aptly called "the *David Harum* of the South," with more regard for truth than such analogies usually imply. It was a triumph for Mr. Harben as a humorist. Humor, when you come to think of it, is the most individual gift of an author, as well as the rarest in fiction. It is the most striking quality in *Abner Doud*—the quality of humor that is blended with humanity, the sunlight that catches the smile with a tear in it and makes it glisten. Oftentimes the smile breaks into laughter, as the humor becomes pure fun, for Mr. Harben

knows a good story, and how to tell it. But it never broadens into farce. Mr. Harben is instinctively too careful an artist for that. It is not claiming too much to say that few of last year's novels were at once so human and so humorous; and to this may be attributed the fact that no other novel of Mr. Harben's has enjoyed so wide a circulation. Some authors have popularity thrust upon them, some achieve it, some are born to it. Mr. Harben, we should say, is of the deserving class who achieve popularity. The reading public may be slow in recognizing an author's merit, but once they do, they are slow to lose appreciation, and the reward of the author is sure if he continue to prove worthy of their affection and esteem. Mr. Harben has won this favor by unremitting labor and care in developing a fresh field, and by impregnating his work with a wholesome, sane personality. He writes from afulness of knowledge, and a varied experience among his own people. He is fertile in resources, and never at a loss for a good story. He reminds us of a remark of Mrs. Hilgert's—a humorous character in his forthcoming novel, *The Substitute*. Mrs. Hilgert has some great news with which she is bursting. "I thought at first," she reflects, "that I'd not let Mrs. Duggan in on this, but I thought as well. That's about all the pleasure the lone woman gets out o' Mr. an' she's entitled to this novel." Mr. Harben enjoys his own story so greatly that he tells it as if he were burling with his great secret, he chuckles over the delight it will give his readers, and he takes you into his confidence with such a happy consciousness with which Mrs. Hilgert treated Mrs. Duggan. The result is one of deep satisfaction in the personal relationship set up between author and reader.

Mr. Harben's fidelity to the type as well as his truth to nature, which is something more than being merely true to life, has frequently got him into a tight place. We have already stated that on more than one occasion he has been charged with transferring his originals direct to the page. One day a mountaineer and ex-moonshiner called on Mr. Harben in his office in Dalton, Georgia. The author saw, by the angry fire in the man's eye and the imprint of a big revolver under his short coat, that serious trouble was brewing. "Look 'y' here," said his unworldly visitor, "folks says you'd been pokin' fun at me in a book. I don't know whether it's so or not, but I'm here to say if it is, me 'n' you'll hitch in short order." The man, the prototype of Mr. Harben's Pole Baker, in *Abner Doud*, was a powerful fellow, who had had as many shooting scrapes as had fingers and toes, and the ward part of the affair was that the author had really drawn his portrait in the novel. Harben deliberated, and then said: "Mr. —, I know you are a fair man, and will do what is right. Here is a copy of the book. Sit down and read it, and then, if you desire it, I will give you satisfaction." The man flushed under the singular proposition, but finally consented, and sat down beside the author's desk. All the afternoon he bent over the book. Mr. Harben went in and out of the office several times without causing the reader to raise his head. Once he heard him laughing heartily, and at another those there was a suspicious moisture in his eyes. Finally he laid the book down and said sheepishly: "I don't think I kin kick. I was a little ahead you'd made me show the white feather, but that feller ther says is like me 'n' got a sight more grit 'n' I hev. Hoki!" disdainfully, "he'd fight a circular saw bare-handed. No, I don't think I kin kick." Mr. Harben breathed freely once more, and felt duly thankful.

In his rambles among the people of northern Georgia, many of them primitive types and simple specimens of humanity, Mr. Harben has met with many rare experiences which have yielded his rich material for his novels. He was lunched once in a mountain cabin where a family of five daughters and a mountaineer and his wife sat and slept in the only room the house contained. With characteristic hospitality the farmer said the stranger was welcome if he would put up with things as they were. It was late, and as there was no other cabin in sight, Mr. Harben accepted the kind offer with what grace he could summon. There were four beds in the room and no curtains, and the visitor wondered what they would do with him. They all sat cheerfully around the fire after supper, and about nine o'clock the mountaineer said, "I reckon me 'n' you'd better go down to the spring an' get us a drink." At the spring the host obviously detained his guest for a few minutes, and in returning to the cabin they found it wrapped in darkness. The two went in and slept in a bed together. The next morning, before dawn, the author was awakened from the most delightful sleep he had ever experienced. It was the mountaineer bending over him. "I reckon," the man said, "that me 'n' you'd better crawl up an' give the women folks a chance to get up an' cook breakfast."

Some American Music

Nor many years ago one of the most acute and clairvoyant Englishmen of his generation, Mr. George Meredith, observed that it would not surprise him if, within fifty years, the centre of creative literary art were in America. For those of us who would modify this prophecy so that it should accord with a conviction that the American genius will find its most potent expression in music, rather than in that art of which Mr. Meredith himself is so consummate a master, the immediate past has yielded surety and confirmation of a very definite sort.

One of the younger groups of contemporary American composers, Mr. Arthur Farwell, recently established at Newton Center, Massachusetts, a press which is devoted wholly to the publication of the best of this new music that he can procure,—considering it solely on its artistic merits, and entirely aside from the question of a profitable popularity. It is an altogether admirable enterprise—probably the most determined, courageous, and enlightened step ever taken in the cause of American music that has yet been taken. Already it has begun to justify itself through its results: for within the month there was produced, at a concert given in this city under private auspices, certain of the music discovered and published by Mr. Farwell. We remember with a very keen pleasure Mr. Harvey Worchington Leonie's exquisite arrangements of two Verhulst poems, "On the Trossel" and "In the Moon Shower,"—the last contrived, curiously but with haunting effect, as a spoken recitation, with obligato of piano, violin, and voice; a movement from a piano sonata by Mr. Farwell; Mr. Henry F. Gilbert's ardent and colorful scene for dramatic soprano, "Salambao's Invocation to Tithin" (the text from the novel of Flaubert); and his superb setting—still in manuscript—of the *Lament* of Delafre from Vergennes's "The Death of the Children of Unash." Music saturated with the sense of that "heart-break over fallen things," that wildness of passionate revolt, that tragic and piercing melancholy, which are Coltrane—and overwhelming.

Finance

THE course of the securities markets of late has taxed to the utmost the ingenuity of those persons who are forever demanding a reason for fluctuations, and even for the absence of fluctuations, and who, when such reasons are not forthcoming, promptly invent them. Many speculators, particularly the professional, really seek what may be called a working explanation, even while they imagine they are asking for an accurate analysis of basic conditions. At this writing it is not easy to account for the market's movements, or, rather, for the absence of a pronounced tendency in either direction. One day the stock-market is weak, and the professional speculators are bearish, with arguments galore to show that a decline is inevitable. On the next there is a recovery, and the "teacher" of the former bears is distinctly bullish, with a few dozen reasons to prove conclusively that the market's next "big move" must be toward the sky. As might be expected from speculation in which the professional element alone takes the initiative, the market hesitates, advances, and recedes, all within that narrow range of fluctuation which is so exasperating to the investor trader. From time to time, too, for reasons known only to its managers, marks up the price of its specialties, and incidentally lets loose a flood of rumors of deals and misdeals, or a clique of the more powerful "traders" indulges in a sharp little raid on values. And meanwhile the real leaders of the Street give no evidence of taking the slightest interest in the course of stock values, and the general public does not so much as think of such a thing as the stock-ticker. In point of fact, many of the financial powers are absent from the city—in Florida, on their yachts, in Europe, anywhere save in Wall Street, which is where they would be if they had any reason to believe that a bull market, or, for the matter of that, a bear market, was liable to develop of a sudden.

The trouble is that for some time past the speculative forces have been in a state of almost perfect equilibrium. There is no great reason at the moment why prices should fall, and none why they should rise. The future is full of promise, but the present has some uncertainties, though not the keenest-sighted and most highly imaginative bear can discern disaster at hand. But the most promising source of bear ammunition for some time to come will probably be found in the money-market. The reserves of the associated banks of New York are at the lowest point at which they have been at this season of the year in a decade or more. Not only that, but since the last bank statement, which reported a very substantial decrease in the reserve, the banks have been losing cash at a great rate, not only to the government on their Sub-Treasury operations, but by direct shipments of currency to Chicago and the West. The latter movement is not devoid of interest. Early last autumn, when many bank presidents permitted themselves to predict that the West would not draw on this center for much money for crop-moving purposes, attention was called in this column to sundry reasons why the West would take money away from New York.

For one or another reason, Wall Street had utterly failed to realize the extent and magnitude of the speculation in land. Obligations incurred through those real-estate operations are now maturing. Hence the shipments of currency to Chicago banks, the latter to send them onward to the various rural institutions. Money rates, though not yet higher, are beginning to show a hardening tendency, though this has been minimized by the fact that even as the bank reserves were dwindling, sterling rates fell in New York and rose in Paris.

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(CONDENSED)

Report to the Comptroller of the Currency
APRIL 30th, 1902

RESOURCES	
Loans and Discounts	\$12,745,196.56
Bonds	770,829.74
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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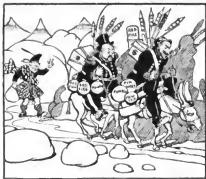
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William: "We've got 'n g'd dot 120,000 ollars! See?"
 Edward: "Yah, mine haw."
 Andrew: "Hoot, mon 'till ye bidle a wee!"



William: "Shoot some more all dem red fire. Do's expensive, but we gots 'n dot 'em!"
 Edward: "Yah, mine haw."
 Andrew: "Hoot, mon 'till ye bidle a wee!"



William: "Let off a hazzert or dem two-thous-ollars rockets; ye must take 'em up!"
 Edward: "Yah, mine haw."
 Andrew: "Hoot, mon! but will ye no bidle a wee?"



William: "Bust off dem million and half cannon-cupbers, Eddie; it can't beud already yet!"
 Edward: "Yah, mine haw."
 Andrew: "Hoot, mon! but they'll no bidle a wee!"



William: "Dot red fire awt rockets costed a million ollars!"
 Edward: "Yah, mine haw!—Demmerster!"
 Andrew: "Hoot, mon! now ye'll bidle; I kin the silver for ye!"



William and Edward (silently cry):
 Andrew: "Hoot, mon! could I only spend my silver, willingly would I buy the nation's of the earth."



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The First Asiatic Collection

By Waldemar Jochelson

See page 278

THE chief purpose of the expedition sent out in 1900 by the president of the American Museum of Natural History, Mr. Morris K. Jessup, to the extreme northeast of Asia, was to study the tribes whose culture is similar to or identical with that of the aboriginal tribes of America. The scientific results of the expedition are being worked out by Mr. W. Jochelson and myself, under the auspices of the museum.

Besides this, the museum requested me to make a study of the Yakut, a tribe which belongs to the Uralo-Altaic peoples, and whose culture is of a pure Asiatic type.

The Yakut expedition, comprising the whole of the material and spiritual life of the tribe, and consisting of more than a thousand specimens, have now reached the museum, after a very long and difficult journey; and in a short time they will be open for the inspection of visitors. They have had to travel from the banks of the Kolyma River, fifteen thousand miles, through all Siberia and Europe, and across the Atlantic Ocean, before reaching their destination in New York. On their journey they have been carried by dogs, reindeer, and horses, have utilized the larger portion of the Siberian Railroad from Irkutsk to Moscow; in short, they have been in almost every kind of conveyance that exists in the world.

When traveling from the northern shores of the Pacific overland, I met, in the Yakut, the first tribe which has nothing in common with Indian or Eskimo culture. If we extend the Tanagers, who form a sort of transition between the Uralo-Altaic group and the Americanized tribes of the northeastern shores of Asia.

Thus the Yakut culture, which is purely Asiatic, makes more striking, by its very contrast, the similarity between the whole northeastern group and the early tribes of America.

The history of the Yakut is of peculiar interest. Their primary territory must be sought on the vast plains of western Asia. Their life, character, and language are not similar to those of the Turbians, their nearest Mongolian neighbors, who drove them northward, but all their characteristics are very near to those of the Turko-Tartarian tribes of western Siberia and southern Europe, though they are at the present time separated from all the latter peoples by very considerable distances.

The language of the Taniks from the evergreen shores of the Mediterranean is almost identical with that of the Yakut in arctic Siberia. A Turk would be able to make himself easily understood by the Yakut.

Likewise, Tartars from various kinds of the Volga, deported for various crimes to the province of Yakutsk, are able to learn the Yakut tongue in a very short time, as I have witnessed in many instances. Together with most Turko-Tartarian tribes, the Yakut are good horsemen and cow-herders. They were the first to bring cattle and horses to the extreme northeast of Siberia, when up to that time only reindeer and dogs were known; and they have pushed on with their herds as far as the neighborhood of the meteorological pole, where the temperature drops in the winter to seventy degrees below zero, centigrade.

The Yakut brought with them to the far north the art of preparing various kinds of food and drink from the milk of cows and mares. They consider the kumis (fermented mare's milk) to be a restorative drink, and a ceremonial is arranged every spring in honor of its consumption. We have seen a collection huge birchwood goblets embellished with carvings and silver and brass ornaments. In the ceremonies also innocent young men and nine pure maidens have to make libations with kumis from these goblets, after which the goblets are used in drinking by the elders of each clan.

The title in which the kumis is prepared are made of ox-hide (taung) in a certain peculiar manner. This latter art is evidently a remnant of their former nomadic life on the treeless southwestern plains.

In contrast with the scarcity of individ-
(Continued on page 282.)

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Coaching in the South

WITH a good plain brake, a good team (not of those Shure prize-winner type), and a good man to care for them, we started one afternoon recently from Harriburg for a hunting and coaching trip through the South. We swung out of the slippery brick-paved streets, across the long bridge over the Susquehanna (where Lee was to water his horses and never did, being detained by an important engagement with a Mr. Blood at Gettysburg), and came out into, not the free world of Nature yet, for a most objectionable trolley has seized that end of the once glorious Cumberland pike, and made a wreck of it, but into a region that was at least part country. Even here the old-time rigidity of the tall gate asserted itself, and endangered passengers, trap, and most of all, horses, to pay tribute to this archaic trust in the very centre of a narrow road with two lines of trolley and no perceptible width on either side. Beyond, we thought must lie the great old pike; that faithless limestone road from the Susquehanna to the Potomac, of which so much has been said and written. We found a ruin, rough and naked, with miserable patches and unknown ways that would shame a country lane, first on one side and then on the other, of that monument of waste—a fine road spoilt by neglect.

Nineteen miles or so of this and we reached Carlisle and a comfortable inn. From there, through the quaint town, it is a pull of twenty-two miles to Skippenburg, and then eleven miles to Chambersburg (Harrisburg), a quiet and beautiful little town, with colonial downways and ancient white stucco houses with green blinds, recalling "the days of long ago," lies just beyond, and presently the whip says that Mason and Dixon's line and good weather are only four miles out of town. Across the line "Maryland, my Maryland," is about the same as Pennsylvania to look at, but the roads are better. On the way to Antietam and Burnside's Bridge one can trace the old and flow of McClellan and Lee's great fight by the tablets along the well-kept road. Bloody Lane today seems as peaceful as a dote. The government has built a broad, well-planted boulevard from the battle-field through Sharpsburg to the station a mile beyond, and along this we hauled with the glorious Indian summer haze hiding the rugged outlines of the Blue Ridge on our left and of the North Mountain on the right. From Sharpsburg station to the Potomac is the only dirt road of the journey. Although the South is called the bridgeless country, there is a good bridge over the Potomac at Shepherdstown. When we drove out of Charlestown we for once realized what real Indian summer was. The Blue Ridge

almost overshadowed our road with its luminous coloring—soft, indescribable, dreamlike. Daisy and dandelion blossomed by the roadside, every thicket was waria with the scarlet of the creeper and the deep madder-red of the sumac.

We come at last to the quaint white-brick house where our hunting trips begin. The days followed each other quickly, the men off one day with guns and dogs to rood the horses, and with the brake the next to rood the dogs; across the blue-wooded to the top of the Blue Ridge; to Winchester or to a meet of fox hounds, where pink coats and silk hats are at a discount, but where all hands, men and women, ride straight over stone walls and stiff fences with knees well in and hands low down on the whippers. We have one woman in the party who does not fear an early start nor barbed-wire fences. She has a shagreen, too—a blue-blooded one—for "Queen" shows the brown-and-white coloring and the long clean head characteristic of the old "Sensation" blood, and in her own doggy way is the respectable mother of a large family. So that day and others are spent. Every evening hears the tale of the wizard essay in the new ground that always gets away to the oak saplings without giving a shot, and who when followed there can discount the dogs. Then there is the ruffed grouse (he has grown to the dignity of a pheasant in Virginia) who flushed from the wild grapevine in the big woods and got away unhurt, and the woodcock which we saw and safety, despite the fourfold call of our twelve hounds. Country wagons are commiserated for this work, and our own team roods and fattens, while the ship numbers whether they will prosper on a corn diet.

As we turn North again the whip draws a sigh and confides to his companion on the box that he does not expect to taste anything like that fresh sausage until he can get down there again next year. Then he turns to business, for he wants to make the "clustered spires of Frederick town" that night, which will give the horses a forty-five mile pull. A rest at Harpers Ferry, with its narrow, crooked streets, rich in memories of the war, and then on in the hazy autumn afternoon to the home of Barbara Fritchie.

We got off early next morning, and rested that noon at Union Bridge, twenty-five miles away. Here again the ship had a triumph, for the inn, though small and unpretentious, was neat and the food excellent. That afternoon we drove for fifteen miles over a rolling country to Westminster. Here again a good inn, but modern and improved, a reminder that we were leaving the old, free, half-wild life of the country and nearing a land of dress-suits, straight fronts, and stock quotations.



The Start



The Meet



Waiting for the Hounds

(Continued from page 60.)

All over the civilized world
THE IMPROVED
BOSTON GARTER
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Every Pair Warranted



THE HEMA IS
Griped as easy
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Vicent Grip
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imals in every part of the northeastern Asiatic
group, the Yakut are next to the
Borjats the most numerous tribes of Siberia.
They count at present about 370,000 souls.
Least of all could they be called a vanishing
tribe. On the contrary, they are trou-
cious of their national existence, and sus-
ceptible of culture to a considerable degree.

In contrast with the other Turko-Tartar-
ian tribes, which in early times adopted the
Islam, the Yakut were converted to Chris-
tianity by their Russian rulers, but at the
same time they have kept their old religion
of primitive shamanism. We have in the
collection six ancient shamanistic dresses
which are put on by the shamans when going
to sacrifice to the spirits, practice witch-
craft, or attend to sick people or animals.

The Yakut knew the art of working iron
or independently of the Russians. Objects
manufactured of brass and copper were
current among them from very remote times.
We have in our collection a great number of
silver and brass necklaces and bracelets of
ancient shape, belts, breast-plates, and
ornaments covered with relief-work of a
middle-Asiatic type, also silver saddles, sil-
ver-ornamented horse-gear, horse-chests,
and saddle-covers. It is very remarkable
the shape and pattern of these breast-plates
and necklaces are quite identical with those
worn in southern Russia from with-
out Northern Russia of the bronze epoch.

Not less interesting are the handsome
garments made of expensive furs,—coats,
richly embroidered with silver and trimmed
with the much prized sea-otter, or fur seal; large
turret-like caps of black fox-skins adorned
with silver disks finely carved; caps and
mittens of the same material and work-
manship.

The Yakut collection of the Jesso
expedition is the first of the kind brought from
the province of Yakutsk in a complete state.
The ethnographical museums of Russia have
nothing that can compare with it. The
Museum of the Imperial Academy of Sciences
of St. Petersburg has a few dozen Yakut
specimens, and the Museum of Moscow has
two figures representing Yakut people. Of
the museums of Europe, only that of Leipzig
has a small Yakut collection, which was
bought for R. 2000 at the Paris Exposition
of 1889. That collection was sent by the
governor of Yakutsk, and had only eighty-
seven specimens.

The Yakut, who belonged originally to
southern latitude, and were driven north-
ward by the Mongolian tribes, in the course
of time have acquired some of the charac-
teristics of northern tribes. This fact is also to
a certain degree represented in the collection.
On the whole, however, the Yakut collection
is the beginning of an Asiatic section in the
ethnological department of the museum.
From one side, through the Mongolian
tribes, who mixed with the Yakuts on the
latter's way northward, it is connected with
the Hinduist civilization of middle Asia;
from the other side, through the Turko-Tar-
tarian peoples, it leads to the Muscovite
world of western Asia and southeastern
Europe.

Employees as Partners

When the United States Steel Cor-
poration, commonly known as the Steel Trust,
announced, at the beginning of the present
year, an elaborate profit-sharing plan for its
employees, making partners, practically, of
its workmen and all other employees, there
were many who boldly asserted that the
plan would not be a success. Some said the
plan was too elaborate to be understood.
Others said it was a trap through which
millions would be lured. Still others said it was merely a plan in
enfold stock.

The time for subscriptions expired on
February 1, and the result is known. The
corporation set aside 25,000 shares of its
first stock at the price of \$82 1/2. It has
also gone one step further. The employees were divided
into six grades, A, B, C, and so on, accord-
ing to the amount of salaries they draw.
Class A was formed of men earning \$20,000
or more a year. Class F was composed of
men who earn \$400 or less a year. Class E
was composed of men whose salaries are be-

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Pure beer contains no germs.

Schlitz Beer is sterilized after it is bottled and sealed, by a process invented by M. Pasteur, of France. It requires one and one-half hours.

That's how we double the necessary cost of our brewing. We do it to make purity certain — to make Schlitz Beer healthful.

Will you drink common beer, and pay just as much for it, when Schlitz Beer can be had for the asking.

Ask for the Brewery Bottling.

tween \$600 and \$2000. The stock was subscribed for twice over, \$7,633 men subscribing for 51,125 shares.

It was felt by the Steel Corporation managers that not only should the workmen be made as prosperous as possible, but that the personal interest of the managers of each subsidiary concern must be continued, and it was to secure both of these ends that Mr. Perkins drew up his elaborate plan. The plan had two parts. The first was the purchase of 25,000 shares of preferred stock for which the employees of all kinds might subscribe, the shares to be carried on the books for them by a system of easy payments. The employee receiving the seven-per-cent. dividends and paying five per cent. interest on the amount not paid for. The dividends will keep up constantly, and the interest will gradually decline until the employee owns the stock outright, and is at liberty to do with it as he pleases.

The second profit-sharing plan is exclusively for salaried men, and is devised to secure the constant personal interest of those who formerly acted as managers and superintendents and the like. Whenever more than \$90,000,000, the amount necessary for dividends, betterments, etc., is earned by the corporation, one per cent. is set aside, and so on, by a sliding scale, until \$150,000,000 a year is earned, when two and one-half per cent. is set aside, for distribution pro rata among the men entitled to share in it. One-half of these bonuses is to be paid in cash to the men, and one-half is to be invested in stock. Of this stock one-half is to be given to each man and the one-half is to be retained by the corporation, to be paid to the salaried man if he remains five years in its employ. If he does not so remain, he loses this stock, and those who do stay benefit by the lapses.

Mr. Perkins the other day illustrated the effect of the profit-sharing plan upon the working men. "Suppose," he said, "a man buys one share of this stock at \$25. He gets seven per cent. in dividends and pays five per cent. interest on it until he owns it outright. Now suppose he gets \$5 a year for two years as a bonus. Then he leaves the company. Not counting his one-per-cent. interest profit while the stock was being paid for, he has had \$10 in addition. In other words, the net cost to him of his stock is \$25.30, and, besides, he has had his investment profit, which will lower the sum considerably. If he wishes to sell, he has already a wide margin of profit upon which to base the transaction."

Former Judge E. H. Gary, chairman of the executive committee of the Steel Corporation, says of the profit-sharing plan: "The proposition seems to have been thoroughly understood from the outset; and it is recognized by every one that our people were actuated by a desire to benefit the employees, and expected no benefit in return except such as naturally results from a friendly and loyal feeling on the part of the employed. While the United States Steel Corporation will expend several million dollars in furtherance of the plan, the advantages indirectly resulting will more than offset the cost. The employees will receive stock at less than its value, and secure the same on very favorable terms, but continuous and faithful service will fully compensate; and the interests of capital and labor will be drawn more closely and permanently together."

The features of the profit-sharing plan are important. First, distributions are made from a percentage of profits over and above \$20,000,000, or a sum sufficient to pay interest and dividends on both classes of stock, besides a large reserve for maintenance of properties, so that every reasonable effort will be used by the employees to reach and pass the necessary total; and, secondly, the money is distributed by the United States Steel Corporation, and this necessarily eliminates any disposition to manage the business or appropriate the money of any subsidiary company to the prejudice of the combined interests of all.

The primary purpose of any organization like the Steel Trust is to secure profitable cooperation, instead of destructive competition. To do this there must be renunciation of administration, resulting in a lower cost of manufacture, and ultimately in a lower cost of material for the consumer.

EARLY MORNING

TRAINS TO CATCH.

COOK'S
FLAKED RICE

STORES TO OPEN

HURRY UP BREAKFAST WITH

COOK'S FLAKED RICE.

ABSOLUTELY NO COOKING.

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HARPER'S



WEEKLY

EDITED BY
GEORGE HARVEY

REVIEW OF
THE 57TH
CONGRESS

■ ■ A ■ ■
SINFUL PECK
S T O R Y
BY MORGAN
ROBERTSON



AMERICANS
OF
TO-MORROW
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HARPER & BROTHERS NEW YORK

HARPERS BOOK NEWS

THE PRIDE OF TELFAIR

Every one likes a story in which the characters seem to be real people — people such as one meets. In Elmore Elliott Peake's new novel, "The Pride of Telfair," there is a young woman and young man who are real average Americans. Their love story, cleverly as it is managed by the young lawyer, is a possible one. It is the reality of the whole thing that makes it appeal so strongly to every one.

PUTNAM PLACE

This, the new book of a new author, deals with a neighborhood where the dwellers are intimately acquainted and live in a rather exclusive circle. Everybody knows everything that happens in Putnam Place, and these small happenings become significant in the skillful hands of the author, Grace Lathrop Coffin. For instance, the quarrel between Mrs. Hooper and Miss Latimer, although the only victim was a speckled hen, is a momentous affair to the participants; and when it is over, and they are reconciled, the satisfaction is keenly shared by the reader. It is all in the way it is written.

THE MAID-AT-ARMS

That the author of "Cardigan" is a clever writer was attested not only by the sale of that well-known story, but also upon the publication of "The Maid-at-Arms," his latest novel. This romantic and rapidly moving story of American life in 1778 gives a picture of the luxurious families who owned great manor houses in New York State.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY

VOL. XLVII.

New York, Saturday, March 14, 1903—Illustrated Section

NO. 525

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AMERICANS OF TO-MORROW

XXIX.—GEORGE ADE, *AET.* 37

See page 428—Editorial Section



Drawn by Genevieve Smith

A Mid-Lent Diversion in Society—From a Drawing made by our Special Artist of a Bridge-Whist Party at the Waldorf

The Keeping of Lent

NOT all Lenten exercises are immediately pious, but many are more pious than they seem at first sight. Consider the ladies in the picture above. They are members of a sodality which devotes certain Lenten afternoons to bridge whist at the Waldorf Hotel. Bridge whist has no marked spiritual quality. It gives opportunities for patience, good humor, forbearance, and other virtues, but it is neither better nor worse than other games of cards, except when it is played for money, and then it is worse. Presumably, the ladies above don't play for money. It would not be prudent, with Mr. Jerome's subpoenae invading family life as they do. But is it a proper Lenten exercise to play bridge whist in the afternoon, even when you play for love? Some people consider card-playing rather wasteful of time in the best, and have no patience at all with folks who play cards by daylight. They would consider afternoon bridge whist a frivolous indulgence, and quite unfit for Lent. But that is an intolerant attitude. Works of benevolence are proper for Lent, and three out of every four of these depicted ladies may claim, with a fair show of reason, that they are engaged in a work of benevolence. They are providing occupation for the unemployed. Certainly that is a good work. No long as

Bless finds some mischief still
For idle hands to do.

It is a defiance of the Adversary to purvey innocuous employment for hands that would otherwise be idle.

What sort of employments are meet for Lent? Any competent clergyman who recognizes the penitential season has definite views of how it should be spent, and is ready to expound them, but in a general way we all know that the weeks now passing are suitable to devote to works of pity, benevolence, and self-improvement. All these exercises get attention. Protestants do not concern themselves much with the mortification of the flesh which the Roman Catholic Church prescribes, but church-going Protestant women go freely to Lenten services, the industries included under the general head of "church work" are prosecuted with special energy, and self-improvement is conscientiously advanced. This Lent exercise takes many forms. Some women try to improve their minds, others their health, and many attempt to do both. For-hampered women in New York get all their forest cake made and done with before Ash Wednesday, so that they may have the more leisure and peace of mind for their Lenten employments. Then some of them spend a good part of Lent in bed, for in New York at least, the early spring is a treacherous time when the grip

lurks around every corner, and pneumonia lies in wait for the unready. People who can go South, and from Paris Beach to Lakewood hotels are populous with penitents who take their Lent so cheerfully as they may. Easter this year falls on the 12th of April. By that time the spring has fairly established itself in New York, and mothers who bring their families as far along as that in good condition, may fairly hope to bring them through successfully to the threshold of summer.

Our generation is not irreligious, but the prevailing tendency is to be more concerned about the conduct of life than about salvation. Perhaps we are rashly and ill-advisedly calm about salvation, but our interest in it tends to be indirect. We incline to the feeling that our immediate concern is to make the most and the best of our lives, and that if we do that, whatever follows will take care of itself. Our use of Lent is determined by this general sentiment. We don't so much try to spare ourselves and make direct and special progress towards Heaven, as to fit ourselves for the recurring duties of earth. And, of course, Lent gets observance chiefly from women. Our leisure class is nine-tenths women, and even the busiest women are better able to adapt their daily tasks to Lenten duties they undertake than most men are. Business does not stop for Lent, though when old Trinity calls Wall Street to prayers, many a man lays down his neck-tie, and heeds the invitation to his soul. The usual concerns of life go on, the children go forth to school, the bread-winner goes to his desk or his bench, the bread-maker to her dough. The fixed employments and engagements do not budge, but the mistress of the house and the grown-up daughters can adapt their occupations somewhat to the season. When a Lenten service comes in the morning, they can get to it if they choose, and when Professor Darley lectures on the Outlook for Civilization, their morning engagements can be arranged to include him also. Reading clubs are particularly active in Lent. So are all other women's clubs, and what with the increased diffusion of ideas, and the moderate slackening of the social pace that gives more time for sleep and reflection, such social intercourse as is left is not unlikely to be exceptional and illuminative.

If all this does not seem like very strict Lent-keeping, it must be remembered that this is in the main a Protestant country, and that not more than one-fifth of our population belongs to either of the two churches that revere Lent as a season which brings religious obligations. With the other four-fifths Lenten observances are a matter of taste, to be taken for what they are worth, and borrowed or declined, as convenience dictates.



Drawn by George Gibbs

READING THE ARTICLES OF WAR IN THE NAVY

The first Sunday of every month, in spring, the articles for the better government of the navy are read by the executive officers on our battle-ships. The officers and crew assemble on the deck, and the occasion is one of great ceremony and solemnity. The Articles of War contain all the rules—such, for example, as the duties of the men, penalties for unbecoming conduct, and so on—which are in force in our naval discipline.



The Art Institute Building in Chicago

CHANCES FOR THE ART STUDENT IN THE MIDDLE WEST

THE largest art school in America—doubtless the largest in the world—is in Chicago, and is the school of the Chicago Art Institute. The institute includes the school, an art museum, galleries of paintings, an art library, the remarkable collection of architectural reproductions made by the French government for the Chicago Fair, and a large collection of reproductions of sculptures. The institute manages frequent loan exhibitions, and keeps up what is practically a continuous exhibition of the work of American painters and sculptors. It is the art centre of the Middle West. Its home, shown above, is the building in which the Congress of Religions met at the time of the Chicago Fair. It was built with funds of the institute on land belonging to the city. The institute, though fostered by individuals, is owned by the city. It is managed by a board of trustees, of which the Mayor and Comptroller are members. It has 250 governing members, 240 life members, and 2000 annual members. Mr. W. M. R. French (Harvard '64) has been its director ever since it was established.

Its art school, quartered in its building, has nearly 2500 students. The school is self-supporting, its annual expenses of \$50,000 being defrayed by students' fees. It gives full courses in academic drawing and painting, sculpture, decorative designing, illustrating, normal training, and architecture. In its drawing and painting courses there are progressive sections—elementary, intermediate, antique, and life.



Mother and Child—An Example of the Students' Work

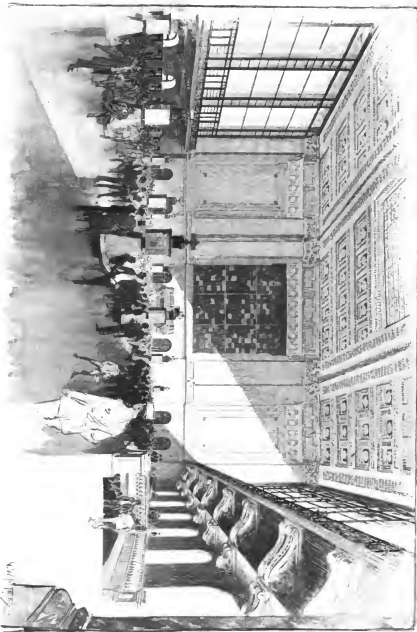
Its nude life classes—an important factor in art education—are in session in the evening, as well as by daylight. The school has three travelling scholarships, which will be awarded for the first time next June. An important change just made in its method of teaching is the introduction of the atelier system in the courses in drawing and painting, whereby each student chooses his own atelier and master.

Other departments of the Art School include a school of architecture, which is connected with the Armour School of Technology, a normal school of art in which teachers are trained for work in the public schools, a summer school for teachers who cannot take the full normal course, a three-year course in designing, and classes for children, in which there are now four hundred pupils.

Evidently this great school must exercise a great and growing influence in the development of artistic sense and taste in this country. The reputation of a school of art will finally be measured by the best work of its best pupils. It is too soon, yet, to judge this Chicago school by the work of its pupils, for its earliest pupils can hardly be mature enough yet to do their best. But it is not too soon to recognize the importance of the work of its pupils, for its earliest pupils are hardly less mature than the best of its present pupils. The promise of its greatness lies in the strength of its foundation and the enthusiasm that supports it.



Art Students at Work in the Modelling-room



THE NEW STOCK EXCHANGE IN NEW YORK

This drawing is the first picture published of the interior of the room that will soon become the centre of financial operations of the world. In a short time the eleven hundred members of the Exchange,—which is, in reality, only a private association of club in which membership costs to-day \$50,000,—will meet here daily and carry through transactions which will, in large measure, direct the movements of the wealth of two continents.

Drawn by G. W. Peck.



THE same detail from the American war-ship that had escorted the prisoners to jail brought them aboard when the ship was ready for sea, and with them came an official from the consulate—a deputy, a brisk, middle-aged gentleman in a warm overcoat—Shanghai is cold in winter—who immediately entered the cabin with Captain Jackson, while the ensign in charge of the detail, after fixing his men around the prisoners at the gangway, sought the society of the three mates waiting near the saloon hatch.

"Pretty hard lot of men, I hear," he remarked to Mr. Becker.

"Rather," answered the first mate, scowling toward the "hard lot." "Worst I ever seen. This is their second mutiny, an' their's been gunnery and scarping all the voyage."

"Which is Sinful Peck," asked the ensign, as he eyed the group.

"Guess you must mean Mr. Peck, here," answered the mate, with a grin, nodding toward the small, fat, and smiling third officer.

"He shipped 'fore the most with 'em, but was taken aft."

"I really beg pardon," said the young ensign. "But there is no such indefinite gossip aboard concerning the crew, and—well, the name Sinful Peck stands out strongest."

"Oh, that's all right, sir," said Sinful. "It's a pet name they gave me; but they've got worse themselves. See that big porker near the rail? He's Biggie Monahan. That's Seldom Helward next him, the one with grizzled eyes and hook nose."

"What was the cause of the mutiny?" asked the ensign.

"Pure cussedness," answered Mr. Becker. "They couldn't keep their hands off Mr. Peck, and we put the whole thirteen in leg-irons below decks. But that wasn't what jelled them. The skipper'd let 'em out and paid 'em off here, only they captured and disarmed the three of us, one after another—hands were free, you see—and wouldn't let us go. Well, the skipper was squeamish 'bout shootin' men in irons, so, all he could do was to starve 'em—and no, too—" Mr. Becker's face took on a pained expression—"and after two weeks of it they hadn't strength to stirle us if they wanted to."

"They are good American citizens," said the second mate, de-liciously, speaking for the first time. "Worthy business men who respect the law. Townsman of Mr. Peck."

"Back my nail headlines," responded Sinful. "I've known them forty years."

The appearance of the captain and deputy consul interrupted the talk. The latter held two large sheets of paper in his hand, and said to the ensign, "Mr. Belknap, will you bring those men here?"

The ensign marshaled his charges aft to the hatch, where the deputy faced them with the papers unfolded in his hands.

"Men," he said, in his brisk voice, "I am directed by the consul-general to investigate this petition sent by you from the jail, in which you complain of cruel and unjust punishment on board this ship. It seems to be in the handwriting of the one who signs the name Captain John Monahan. Who is this Captain Monahan?"

"Me," growled the big man designated as a porker by Sinful.

"I'm Captain Monahan on the Lakes—Biggie Monahan aboard this hell ship. It is this the way you investigate—after the ship's ready for sea, and we're hauled aboard under guard, like so many convicts?"

"You have been properly investigated. You may be captains at home—"

"We're not—except for three of us; but we've money and pull enough to make some one walk the floor over this business."

"Don't threaten," answered the deputy, stepping back a pace.

"Whatever grievance you may have against Captain Jackson for, as you say here—" he glanced at the petition—"asking you forcibly to sea from New York, is settled by the fact that you signed articles of Singapore for the passage home, stopping at intermediate ports. You are sailors before the mast."

"We're not putting that issue to the front. What we insist upon is that if it'll pay you and your boss to consider our standing at home, Sinful—the big man's voice sounded husky and broken—"aren't you satisfied with your work? We want to get home. You know there is money in this crowd. Tell the truth."

Sinful's face became grave, and he raised his hand desam-ingly.

"Biggie, I will speak the truth," he said, and he turned to the deputy. "I also come from their parts, sir, and in my professional capacity have known these men for years. I can confidently assure you, sir, that, at home among customary surroundings, there is not a man of them who could put at any time stick his hand into any pocket he's got and—scratch himself."

They all turned their eyes upon him; their feet shuffled nervously, and their fingers twitched, as though they longed to reach for him. But none moved; the presence of the armed man-of-war's men was restraining.

"This is something else which the consulate service has no jurisdiction," said the deputy, folding the papers and handing the articles to the captain. "You have been properly punished for your mutinous conduct, and should feel thankful that you are under a kind and merciful captain who, instead of demanding the full enforcement of the penalty prescribed for your offense, has consented to take you to an American port. Remember, that you are under the Stars and Stripes, the flag of the free, honored and bound to a land whose laws defy justice to no man, no matter how humble."

"Eat," interrupted Seldom Helward, explosively, his accent deeper than usual.

"Well," said the deputy, in some confusion, "I'm through. You know your position."

"Rats, I say," continued Seldom. "Now, Captain Jackson," he said, turning to the quiescent skipper, "we're responsible American citizens, shanghaied in your ship by your fitted mate, and you know it. You've denied our statements, ensnared us, shot at us, framed us, starved us, and jelled us—all under cover of the law. And through it all you've encouraged your mates to defile us into resistance that you call mutiny. It won't be the law you'll deal with at home; it'll be the men who make the law. Do you care to discharge us now, so we can go home by steamer, and so save trouble for yourself and loss to your owners?"

The captain's gray eyes grew serious, and he did not answer at once; the first and second mates looked interested, as though they might have welcomed such a solution to the problem. But Sinful Peck, with a face perceptibly lengthened, drew out the waver- ing captain, offering slight admonition to be true to himself and his dignity.

"If I should do so," said the captain at last, "I should not be influenced by your threats. I neither believe nor disbelieve your statements. Your standing at home cannot conflict with your present position—sailors before the mast who signed my articles at Singapore. You are powerless to make trouble for me at home. Also do I remember that I have always cooperated you, and have not failed to punish you as you deserve."

"Hurrat for you, Cap'n!," shouted Biggie, with a smile of amnesty on his rugged face. "We'll call it off." Then others joined in: "Must be plenty o' men ashore. We want to get home. Keep Sinful with you; we don't want him. We can fix him up later."

"Will you sign a stipulation for damages against my owners, and will you promise never to sign in my ship against Frankly, I am sick of you. If you can quit my ship without another fight you can go. The captain flushed with a smile.

"Yes, yes," they shouted, "Of course—we want to get home." The last came from several of them.

The captain looked from one to another, with a little of uncertainty showing in his face. "If you discharge them, sir," said Sinful, "they'll consider it weakness, and follow you up. Plenty of cheap shavers would take up their case, just to force a compromise."

"No," said the captain, firmly. "If they are shuck cats and liars, they can't trouble me; if they are responsible men they will keep their word."

"We're responsible enough, captain," they chorused. "We'll stand by what we agreed. We waive all claims. Call off those dogs and let us go ashore."

"I think I ought to," said Mr. Belknap, lifting his eyes from the petition, "that their story may be true—that they may be re-

sponsible men. I see two names here in brackets, and written against them a firm name which I recognize—Galvin & Company.

"Do you, sir?" asked Riggip, jealously. "You may know some of us. Step out here, Towner, and be identified." Towner Galvin emerged from the group.

"I'm John Galvin, sir," he said. "Know me, sir?"

"I am satisfied," said the ensign, turning to the captain. "That man is an influential citizen. I know the firm name well."

"Now, I beg of you, sir," said Sinful, coming forward with a deprecating shake of his head, "not to be taken in so easily. John Galvin is my best friend. This man was there, too, but as a special relation Galvin's; his job in the firm was to open the door. He cleaned the road from my shoes and I tipped him a dollar. He made a pile that night, and was drunk for a week."

"You d—d liar!" yelled Towner. "You tipped me? I cleaned your shoes?" In an instant he had Sinful by the throat, and the two rolled on the deck together.

All might have been well—the friction confined to these two, for the state of mind induced by mutual concession tends to leniency and easiness—but there was one man whose insinuation to such influences, whose mind could only grasp that an officer was assaulted by a sailor. With his ready brass knuckles clutched on his fingers, Mr. Becker sprang toward the combatants just in time to collide with another personage—Big Monahan—who, with more amiable intent, and cautious regard to Towner on his lips, sprang from the opposite direction.

Mr. Becker's bull-tire instincts resented in the collision; he struck Riggip in the face; then, with a baric impression, the big sailor struck back, and another battle was on. Others surrounded the struggling pair on the deck, bent only upon separating them; the deputy sped up the top poop steps; the captain drew his revolver, but for some reason—perhaps the presence of a navy and consular officer—put it away, and armed himself with a belaying-pin from the rail.

Then the captain's belaying-pin began operations, crashing down indiscriminately on head and arms; the victims, if able, secured similar elude, and the fight became general. And over the sound of oaths and shouts rang the ensign's orders to his men: "Don't shoot—don't injure a man. Overpower them, and stop it."

There were ten heavily built, muscular, and active men's sailors in that detail, and they were trained to fight with fists as well as with weapons. Men after men went down under their blows—and to the credit of their somewhat sympathy he said that two were Mr. Becker and Mr. Brown—until the last responsible citizen was put out of commission.

They were stood up—or sat up, as they could—and looked around ruefully. All were more or less disfigured, a great many were bleeding from cuts in their heads and faces; Sinful Peck, nearly purple in the face, was breathing heavily, and the two

mates could barely see through their puffed and blackened eyelids, while the captain was feeling of loosened front teeth and spitting blood upon the deck. It was not time for frivolous comment, but the uninjured though pale-faced deputy alone moist speak.

"By George, Captain Jackson," he said, "I'd pay that crowd off, if I were you—discharge them without characters."

"Pay them off," spluttered the captain. "Not by a d—d night. I'll land them at 'Pisco in irons, by tianad. Mr. Becker, get that mooring chain down to the 'tween decks this time, and stretch it low and all on the midship's stanchions. From every d—d one of them by the legs, where we can watch them. D—d a fool, anyhow, that'll treat to a sailor's promise."

Expostulations began, but soon subsided, and in twenty minutes they were confined as the captain directed—nearly beneath the mizzen hatch, yet far enough from the notched stanchion used for descent to give a visitor to the 'tween deck immunity from capture. And as a further precaution, when the last man was triced, the keys went somewhat ostentatiously into the pocket of the captain, of all on board the vessel least likely to visit them.

But it was Sinful Peck who had snatched the irons on the ankles of the turbulent thirteen, and this he did with an earnest expression of face, impressed either with the painfulness of the duty, or with the possible danger of his proximity to those long arms and powerful fingers—more probably the latter; for when the other victims had climbed to the deck above he lingered behind, and smiled at the line of scowling faces, sweetly, benignly, and triumphantly. A few cursed him, but he answered not, and, still smiling, ascended the stanchion.

As he approached the gangway his superiors were bidding good-bye to the deputy consular and the ensign, and thanking the latter for his assistance—which assistance the young officer was deprecating.

"I feel my position," he said, embarrassedly. "I was bound to deliver them to you, but have modified too much. Now, that you have them in irons, all over it is the wisest thing to keep them there; but, seriously, captain, I think you are over-berish with them. They may be what they say."

"Not at all, Mr. Heiknap," said

the deputy. "They are cutthroats, pirates, murderers. I was a witness, captain, and I am going home by the next steamer. I will probably be in San Francisco when you arrive, and will gladly testify. Keep them in irons, by all means, captain."

"I certainly shall," said the captain. "They have made it an object with me—a matter of pride"—he felt of his loosened teeth. "I shall hand them over to the harbor police at 'Pisco." And though the condition of his teeth made it painful, he joined Sinful in his smile. Then he bowed them over the side, and two hours later, when his remnant of a crew had cleared a second time, "load hawse," he tripped his anchors, and with a Shanghai tug at the end of his line, began the long tow down the river.

Sinful took his position where he could command a fair view of the prisoners, and wondered how his ankle-irons would hold.



"In an instant he had Sinful by the throat."



Katasha. (Whispering to Vasili)

Prince Artyushof (Joseph Horowitz)

Act II. Katasha: "Your offer is an insult. Any one but you!"

Tolstoy's "Resurrection"

THE appearance of Tolstoy's "Resurrection" in our theatre is in many ways a potent, the significance of which we should do well to ponder over. In the first place, in this century, in which Russia and the United States are destined to emerge, as the two great world powers, Tolstoy's "Resurrection" is the first serious and sincere attempt to present Russian life and the Russian genius to an audience of Americans. And, if we consider the matter, we shall see that no happier choice could have been made for a beginning than this gloomy and heart-rending tragedy of "Resurrection." Its high seriousness, shown us, at the very outset, the profound significance which the Slav attaches to art, as a part of life. For the Slav, art is not an amusement, an entertainment, a recreation; it is a revelation, an unveiling of the human heart, to the end that our own hearts may be touched. It means a deepening of our sense of life. If we think of the themes that occupy our own theatre, while this great Russian tragedy is being performed, we may well feel a sense of shame at the levity, the flippancy, cheapness, and vulgarity of our own "art," which is rapidly becoming "the dramatization of noise," and can amuse no human emotion more profound than a giggle and a

grin. This is the first lesson we should learn from our revelation of the Slav genius, with the tremendous earnestness, the deep humanity, that go to make it. In "Resurrection" the aim of the dramatist is not, as many of the critics have fancied, a solution of some single problem in life; as, say, the "social evil," or the question of merely against despotism. The real issue is far deeper, and goes to the very roots of our life. Let us approach it in this way: After the material furnishing of our lives is completed, what is our main concern? It is the realization of our living humanity, through the intuition of other human souls. In this feeling of other human souls all our truly human life is based, and has always been based, from the beginning. All our passion and ambition, our hate as well as our love, bear testimony to our sense of the kindred soul in the other person, to be loved or hated. And the great awakening, the "resurrection," is the realizing of this; the direct and fully conscious intuition of other human souls. The Russian, and, in general, the Slav, sees in this intuition of other human souls the real purpose of life, underneath all our material and social energies; and this is the main-spring of all Slav art, and pre-eminently of the art of the great Russians, like Tolstoy.



John Wolcott Adams

Drawn by John Wolcott Adams

WAITING

*Here am I, but where is he?
What delays him? What beguiles?
Whose distracting words or smiles
Keeps my fabled one from me?*

*I am I, but who is he?
Is he rich enough to spare
Hours and days that I might share,
Loitering unaware of me?*





THE AMERICAN GIRL AT THE COURT OF KING EDWARD

The presentation of the American girl at the English court gives her the entrée into the best social life of Europe. This year the first presentation took place on Friday of this week at the Drawing Room in Buckingham Palace. Miss Evans, the daughter of Henry Clay Evans, who has just been appointed Consul-General to London by the President, was the first American girl of the season to be formally received by the King and Queen

Drawn by Sydney Ackerman



See article on next page

WHO WILL CONTROL THE WORLD A HUNDRED YEARS FROM NOW?

To-day, in 1903, the British Empire leads the world in territory, power, and, exclusive of China, in population. To-morrow, in 2003, the prospect is that Russia, having absorbed China, will lead in population, while the United States, having absorbed North and South America, will be first in territory and power. The probable division of territory and the relative development of races in population etc shown in the above drawing.

HARPER'S WEEKLY

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Regular, and the present Representative of Delaware in the Lower House of Congress. It will be remembered that, some time ago, the Union Republicans offered to go into caucus with the Regulars, and to stipulate that neither of the candidates selected by the caucus should be Adickes. This offer was refused by the Regulars, on the ground that they were as much opposed to Adickesism as to Adickes himself, and would not vote for any of his friends. Subsequently, most of the Regulars, and almost all of the Democrats, seemed to be on the verge of an agreement to elect a Regular Republican for the long term, and to leave the short term vacant. Could that agreement have been carried out, it seems to on-lookers that the Regulars would have been placed in a position stronger than that which they now occupy. As a matter of fact, to what extent can the actual outcome of the protracted contest be regarded by them as a triumph? Unquestionably they have succeeded in keeping Adickes out of the Federal Senate for a time, but they have had to swallow Adickesism, since they have co-operated in giving the long-term Senatorship to an Adickes man.

It will have been observed that the National Republican Editorial Association, which held a meeting at Washington the other day, refrained from commending the course pursued by the President toward the "Lily White" Republicans in the Southern States. It will also have been noticed that the editors greeted Senator Hanna with enthusiastic applause. We presume it to be well-nigh certain that Mr. Roosevelt will get very few, if any, of the delegates from the Southern States to the next Republican national convention. It was those delegates, it will be remembered, who enabled Harrison to beat Blaine in the convention of 1892. The delegates from most of the States on which the Republicans rely for electoral votes were disposed to favor Blaine. It is reported that Mr. Roosevelt does not desire a nomination unless it comes to him from delegates representing the States that the Republicans are sure, or have a fair chance, of carrying. A nomination given under such conditions he would deem almost equivalent to an election, but he would look with grave misgiving on the result of a nomination bestowed under other circumstances. It is probable that some Republican statesmen would be less squeamish, and would accept a nomination, no matter from what sections it might come. That Mr. Roosevelt can get the delegates from almost all of the States west of the Mississippi seems at the present hour to be assured. It is by no means so certain that he can get the delegates of Ohio and other States of the Central West, and there may be a fight for the delegates of New York. It is conceivable that the opposition to Mr. Roosevelt will be so strong that the delegates from Pennsylvania would turn the scale. What would Senator Quay do then? Probably he does not know himself, although he has hitherto professed to be a zealous supporter of the President. The truth unquestionably is, with regard to Republican delegates from most of the Southern States, that they possess altogether too much power over nominations in Republican national conventions. But for Senator Hanna, who resisted the demand for a reduction of that power in 1896 and again in 1900, the demand would have been granted by a Republican national convention.

Mr. Bryan in his *Commoner* has served notice on Chief Judge Parker of New York that the latter may as well save himself the worry of a campaign if his acceptance of a nomination depends on the adoption of a platform that repudiates the Kansas City platform. The words do not imply a threat to bolt on the part of Mr. Bryan and his friends, for, as the context shows, the word campaign, as used in the *Com-*

COMMENT

THE President's proclamation convoking the Senate in extra session at noon on the 5th of March affords conclusive proof of his determination to secure the ratification of the canal treaty with Colombia and of the reciprocity treaty with Cuba. Should either of those treaties now fail to be ratified, the American people will know on whom to fix responsibility. Public opinion will justify Mr. Roosevelt in keeping the Senate in session all summer sooner than acquiesce in the rejection of either convention. The admission of Cuban sugar to our markets on terms that will assure to the planters a reasonable profit, and thus avert the extinction of a branch of agriculture upon which the prosperity of the island depends, has been recognized as a sacred duty not only by Mr. McKinley and Mr. Roosevelt, but by every right-minded American. It has never been opposed by anybody except the representatives of the beet-sugar industry and of the Louisiana cane-growers, who have seemed to care more for their selfish interests than for the national honor. It is not by the President, but by the peremptory dictates of the popular heart and conscience, that the Senate will be coerced into pursuing a righteous course in this matter. The Legislatures of many States in which the sugar beet is extensively cultivated have unmistakably indicated their wish to see justice done to Cuba. We did not emancipate the island in order to condemn it to destitution. As to the canal treaty, there is not a doubt that more than two-thirds of the Senators are ready and eager to sanction it whenever they are permitted to vote.

The long and discreditable failure of the State of Delaware to secure any representation in the Senate of the United States was brought to an end on Monday, March 2, by the twenty-one Union Republicans who accepted the proposal of the ten Regular Republicans (of whom only eight had proved steadfast in their opposition to Adickes) that each faction should designate a candidate for Senator other than Adickes, the long term naturally being conceded to the majority. The designated candidates, who were, of course, elected, were, for the long term, James Frank Allee, a firm friend of Adickes; and, for the short term, Dr. Louis Heisler Ball, a staunch

ness, means a campaign for the nomination, and not a campaign for election. Mr. Bryan assumes that Chief-Judge Parker will not accept a nomination, for the reason that the Kansas City platform will be reaffirmed by the next Democratic national convention. That platform will be reaffirmed, he says, because the Kansas City platform Democrats will attend the next national convention. We have never doubted that Mr. Bryan will have a following in the next convention, but why should he take for granted that it will constitute a majority? Nobody knows better than Mr. Bryan that the believers in that platform did not constitute a genuine majority at Kansas City. Senator Money of Mississippi, who had been a strong supporter of free silver in 1896, told the platform committee at Kansas City that a canvass of the convention made by the chairman of each State delegation showed that less than one-fifth of the delegates favored the insertion of a sixteen-to-one plank. It is well known that, after a twelve hours' discussion, the insertion of the plank was carried in the platform committee by the vote of the delegate from Hawaii, a newly acquired Territory unrepresented in the electoral colleges. Nor is this all. Four other votes for the silver plank were cast in the platform committee by delegates from Territories that could give no electoral votes for President. On the other hand, of the thirteen Southern States that constitute the backbone of the Democratic party, nine voted against the free-silver plank. It is further to be borne in mind that even the ultimate majority of one in the platform committee would not have been obtained but for Mr. Bryan's threat that he would not accept the nomination unless the free coinage of silver at the ratio of sixteen to one were distinctly called for.

In view of these facts, one is led to ask what Mr. Bryan means when he says that the Kansas City platform Democrats will attend the next national convention. Does he mean that the convention will be attended by those who heartily approved of free silver at Kansas City, and who needed no threat on Mr. Bryan's part to induce them to vote for the insertion of the silver plank? This he must mean, for he well knows that a threat on his part to decline a renomination would be futile, since nobody intends to renominate him in 1904, and he has himself repeatedly declared that he is not a candidate. Does he think, then, that the convinced free-silver men will be more numerous in the convention next year than they were at Kansas City? This he cannot believe. He knows that free silver is incomparably weaker, even in the silver-producing States, than it was four years ago. He knows that he has not the slightest chance of procuring the insertion of a free-silver plank in the next platform framed by a Democratic national convention. Why, then, does he assert the contrary? Why does he virtually tell Chief-Judge Parker that the next convention will adopt the Kansas City platform? Two motives for the wild declaration are conceivable. He may desire to encourage his following, which is dwindling rapidly, and he may wish to intimate to Chief-Judge Parker and other possible candidates of the conservative element in the Democracy that he (Bryan) must not be left altogether out of the reckoning, but that he must be treated with the consideration due to a man who has twice been the nominee of a great political party for the highest national office. We ourselves think that now and hereafter Mr. Bryan should be treated with deference in all ways except as regards the formation of the Democratic platform, as to which his views, unfortunately, seem irreconcilable with those who now constitute a very large majority of the organization. There is no reason, however, why Mr. Bryan should not adhere to the Democratic party even if some planks in the next platform should meet with his disapproval. In supporting the candidate of the convention under such conditions, he would be doing precisely what Chief-Judge Parker did in 1896 and 1900, and what Mr. Bryan himself has repeatedly declared it to be the duty of all Democrats to do. No sane Democrat desires to drive Mr. Bryan out of the party, and Mr. Bryan on his part is too young and has too bright a future before him to pursue the rule-or-ruin policy adopted by the aged Van Buren in 1848.

Of the \$35,000,000 which the Cuban Congress has authorized the Executive Department of the insular government to borrow, all but \$1,000,000 is to be applied to the payment of officers and soldiers who took part in the late insurrection,

and to the discharge of debts contracted by the chiefs of the revolutionary army between February 24 and September 19, 1895, and all the subsequent debts contracted by the revolutionary government of which Gefeor Palma was the head. Not more than \$4,000,000 can be assigned to the discharge of the last-named classes of obligations. In other words, if we assume that the bonds are sold at par, \$26,000,000 will be distributed among the officers and men who profess to have taken part in the last uprising against Spain. That is to say, provided there were 26,000 of them, they would get on an average \$1000 apiece. There is no reason to believe that from February, 1896, up to the evacuation of Cuba by the Spanish troops, there were 26,000 Cubans under arms, or anything like that number. We tried in vain to obtain an authentic list of the officers and enlisted men when, soon after our provisional occupation of the island, we made Cuba a present of \$3,000,000 for the purpose of preventing the transformation of the alleged patriot-heroes into brigands. Under the so-called Platt amendment to the Cuban constitution, our government would have a right to protest against the issue of the bonds, if it were improbable that interest and sinking-funds could be provided without crippling the resources needed for the proper administration of the island's affairs. As a matter of fact, the interest and sinking-fund required for the bonds are to be obtained from new sources of revenue, namely, from taxes on liquors and matches, on cigars for export at the rate of two dollars per thousand, and on cigars for domestic consumption at one dollar a thousand, and on sugar, which will be taxed five cents a bag containing 350 pounds. It is computed that these taxes will yield an annual income of \$9,500,000. If this expectation is realized, there will be no need of trenching on the customs revenue, most of which is needed for the ordinary expenses of administration. There is, moreover, but little doubt that, when the Cuban Reciprocity Treaty is confirmed, the purchasing power of the island will be much increased, and that, consequently, the customs revenue will be expanded, notwithstanding the diminished duties leviable upon imports from the United States.

The Pennsylvania House of Representatives has rejected a resolution asking Congress to call a convention to propose an amendment to the Federal Constitution making United States Senators elective by the direct vote of the people of each State. There are, it will be remembered, two methods of amending the Constitution provided by the fifth article of that document. In the first place, the Congress, whenever two-thirds of both Houses shall deem it necessary, may propose specific amendments, which shall be valid when ratified by the Legislatures of three-fourths of the several States, or by conventions in three-fourths thereof, as the one or the other mode of ratification may be proposed by Congress. Experience has shown, what might have been foreseen, that this method of amending the Constitution can never be made operative as regards the mode of choosing United States Senators, for the reason that two-thirds of the Senate will never accede to the proposal. Those, therefore, who desire the election of Senators by the people of their respective States have been compelled to fall back on the alternative mode of amending the Constitution. The fifth article of that document further provides that, on the application of the Legislatures of two-thirds of the States, Congress shall call a convention for proposing amendments, which, as in the former case, will become valid when ratified by the Legislatures or conventions of three-fourths of the States. In other words, this method of amending the Constitution is mandatory, and cannot be thwarted or evaded by the United States Senate.

It is extremely doubtful, however, whether two-thirds of the State Legislatures will ever insist upon the convocation of a constitutional convention. For two reasons. In the first place, there is no ground for believing that Senators chosen by the popular vote would be men of higher character than Senators chosen by a Legislature. In the former case, a candidate for Senator would be nominated by a State convention, and experience has shown that it is just as easy for wire-pullers to manipulate a State convention as it is to manipulate a State Legislature. In the second place, the fifth article of the Constitution does not limit the constitutional convention which Congress is bound to call on the application of two-thirds of the State Legislatures to any particular amendments. On the contrary, the convention

would be at liberty to propose such amendments as it chose, and it might use its plenary powers as sweepingly as did the Philadelphia Convention in 1787, which, having been brought together for the purpose of amending the Articles of Confederation in some particulars, swept them out of existence. The small States have everything to dread from a constitutional convention which would have plenary powers; for the convention, holding that it could no more be bound by the text of an old instrument which it was authorized to reconstruct from top to bottom than was the Philadelphia Convention, which had no such authority, would probably proceed to extinguish the last clause of the fifth article, which provides that no State without its consent shall be deprived of its equal suffrage in the Senate. The only safeguard for the rotten boroughs is to avert the convocation of a constitutional convention, and to insist that all changes in the Constitution shall be specific amendments proposed by Congress.

Although the decision of the United States Supreme Court in the lottery cases has been differently interpreted, according to the varying interests and wishes of the interpreter, its significance can hardly be mistaken by any clear-headed man who carefully examines the majority and minority opinions. Following the custom of the highest Federal tribunal, the five members whose views were expressed by Justice Harlan confined themselves to the particular question before them, which was, Does the power to regulate inter-State commerce give Congress the power to prohibit the conveyance of lottery tickets by independent carriers from one State to another? They refrained from saying in so many words that the power to regulate includes the power to prohibit in all cases. It is true that, in order to decide the particular question before it, the court had to lay down the principle that the power given to Congress by the Constitution to regulate inter-State commerce is unlimited. At the same time, Justice Harlan declared that the exercise of that power could not be arbitrary.

That is to say, the United States Supreme Court may inquire, in any case where the power to regulate is extended to prohibition of commerce in a given commodity, whether the exercise of the power is arbitrary, or has a reason assigned for it. But has the court a right to say whether the reason is valid, or, in other words, whether it is good or bad? Can a bad reason be described as a *reason* at all? Here is where eminent lawyers differ. Some say that the court must have power to determine the soundness of a reason assigned, otherwise the attempt to draw a distinction between unlimited and arbitrary would be futile. Others insist that the validity of the reasons given for the extension of the regulative power to prohibition must be determined by Congress alone. Otherwise the regulative power of Congress would be limited by the right of another body to repudiate its reasons and reject its conclusions. The four members of the court who concurred in the minority opinion led by Chief-Justice Fuller evidently thought that no distinction can be drawn between unlimited and arbitrary, and that the principle adopted by the majority would practically give Congress absolute power to prohibit inter-State commerce in any commodity. No doubt a reason for the prohibition would be set forth by Congress, but the soundness of the reason could not be made the subject of inquiry by any other body. This is the view of the meaning of the decision which the administration is understood to take, and we believe that events will justify it, unless, of course, the composition of the United States Supreme Court shall hereafter be materially changed. It is well known that, owing to a change in its composition, the court has several times reversed itself.

The question as to who was to blame for the failure of the Aldrich bill has become academic, perhaps, but it is worth while noting. The bill undertook to meet a real public necessity. It was a hopeful effort to take the government out of the money-market, and to leave the currency of the country in the channels of trade. It clearly had the support of a majority of the Senate, and this support was non-partisan. It was killed for two reasons,—one was that it did not occur to Mr. Aldrich early enough in the session, and the other was that some Democratic Senators were willing to sacrifice the public interests because Mr. Aldrich had, very properly, been opposed to the wretched Statehood bill. Now if the Democratic party ever comes back into power, it must make up its

mind that its lease of life will be disgracefully short if it does not drive out the leaders who are capable of this kind of pettiness and partisanship, and replace them with men of larger minds and of finer patriotism. There is one very strong reason for driving the Republican party out of power, and that is its attention to the private interests of its own leaders and its own beneficiaries and supporters, at the expense of the country. There are some Democrats who would better this state of affairs, and who would devote themselves usefully to the general welfare. They are not leaders in Washington, unhappily, and it is unfortunate for them and for the country that this is so. Unpopular as the Republican party may be, or as it may become, this country will not intrust its government to the small-minded politicians who are willing to defeat a sound currency measure, which, among other things, will cease our annual dearth of money and bank notes, because Republican leaders have been unwilling to admit four new Senators from silver-mines and alkali deserts.

The Berlin Foreign Office has announced that it has no desire to protest against the Monroe Doctrine so long as that principle of American policy bears the definition given to it by Mr. Roosevelt in his second annual message. In that message the President practically said that a European power might go to any lengths against a Latin-American republic for the redress of grievances or for the collection of ordinary debts, provided she stopped short of a permanent occupation of territory. There are many ways of killing a cat, and none of them is unknown in Germany. One of the most efficient methods of strangling a Latin-American commonwealth would be the confiscation of all or most of the customs revenue on which it depends for the maintenance of civil and military government. Another method, slower, but, in the end, scarcely less effective, would be the promotion of colonization on a great scale, so as to infuse a strong German element in the social, industrial, and political system of the American republic which Berlin desires to influence. To what an extent this process may be carried is shown in Argentina, where the Italian element is increasing so fast that it will soon be numerically preponderant, and seems certain, ultimately, to thrust the Spanish element to the wall. What has been done by Italians in Argentina can be done by Germans in the southern province of Brazil, and especially in the province of Rio Grande do Sul, which repeatedly during the last eighty years has tried to acquire a separate political existence, and which at any moment may repeat the endeavor. The United States never protested against the disruption of the old Colombian confederation founded by Bolivar, nor against the disruption of the old Central-American confederacy; how, then, could we object to the secession of a province or two from Brazil? It is certain that at this moment a good deal of literature referring to the Germanization of southern Brazil is circulated in Germany. Herr Wiegand, for instance, at one time manager of the North German Lloyd Steamship Company at Bremen, and afterwards director of the colonial section of the German Foreign Office, is the author of a glowing description of the position and progress of the German element in Brazil. Certain portions of Brazil also figure in the ethnographic maps published by the Harnstiege Colonization Society for the purpose of indicating the territories in which the German element already is, or may easily become predominant.

There is still another way in which the Monroe Doctrine, as defined by Mr. Roosevelt, may be evaded. Admitting that a Latin-American confederation in an exhaustive sense of the word is impracticable, because the interests of certain states, such as Chile and Peru, for example, are irreconcilable, we must still recognize that, since their boundary dispute has been virtually settled, there is no insuperable bar to a confederation of Chile and Argentina, which powers might be joined by Uruguay. Such a confederacy once formed, and strengthened by the annexation of the southern provinces of Brazil, in which the Germans and Spanish greatly outnumber the Portuguese, might enter into very close international relations with Germany, relations which, on the one hand, might secure exceptional commercial privileges to Germany, and which, on the other hand, might promise military and naval support in certain exigencies. Germany might say, for instance, that she would not permit any European power to confiscate the customs revenues of the friendly confederacy

for the payment of ordinary debts. How could we protest against such a transaction? Mr. Roosevelt, for his part, has declined to safeguard the customs revenues of American republics against confiscation. How, then, with any show of regard for our Latin-American brethren, could we object to Germany's playing the part of savior which he himself has refused? This is no academic suggestion. The project of a partial Latin-American confederacy, to which Germany should play the part of neat frier or patron, has been seriously and favorably discussed in German newspapers.

The world in general, and the great European powers in particular, are to be congratulated on the partial solution of the Macedonian question. The Balkan storm-cloud is perceptibly lightened, and, while there is still considerable menace in the air, it is felt on all sides that, granted the smooth working of certain forces, a permanent peace for the Balkans may be in sight; a new era of well-being for the long-suffering Slavs of the three Macedonian provinces may be at hand. This pacific settlement is chiefly due to the same sentiment in the Russian Czar which inspired the proposal for the Hague court, and the success of Count Lamsdorff in carrying to a certain finality the Czar's policy of humanity and mercy is by far the greatest achievement as yet to the credit of the Russian Minister for Foreign Affairs. The main point, diplomatically, was, to gain the friendship and sincere co-operation of Austria; and, partly as a result of the ripe experience of Kaiser Franz-Josef and the Slavonic leanings of Count Goluchowski, and in part as a result of the growing insight into Russia's real political motives, this good understanding with Austria has been made possible and actual. It is by far the strongest factor for good in the future of the Balkan problem.

It was not to be expected that Germany would acquiesce willingly in this new state of things. Germany's jealousy of Russia, and the uneasiness of Prussia over the Slavonic problem within her own boundaries, were sufficient causes for her present attitude; as they were sufficient causes for the Kaiser's parade of brotherly love for Abdul the Damned a few years ago, and for the present visit of the Prussian Crown-Prince and Prince Eitel Frederick to the Sultan, with gifts in their hands. Germany has persistently opposed Russia, rather than an instinct of fear than from any reasoned policy, and the Macedonians have suffered a quarter-century of oppression as the result of the Berlin treaty, which destroyed Russia's work of liberation in the last Turkish war. The present pretext for Germany's opposition and jealousy is contained in certain sentences in the Russian note to the Porte, the real motive of which was to tranquillize the Macedonians, and to check the revolutionary movements emanating from Servia and Bulgaria. Russia reminded the Balkan States that they owe their independent existence to her, which is, of course, the mere statement of a self-evident fact, and then asks them to argue from the past to the future, and to rest assured that their welfare and the material and moral interests of the Christian populations would be watched over by Russia with unceasing solicitude, and finally assuring them that they could depend on the considerable and powerful protection of the Russian imperial government.

Our own recent experience of German methods and aspirations will enable us to rate at their true value Germany's present opposition to Russia, and the suspicion of Russia's motives so openly expressed in the German press. The *Morgen Post*, for instance, tells us that "no one will be deceived by the paternal assurances of Russia," and the German press generally sings in the same strain. It may be answered that no one outside Germany will be deceived by the Kaiser's fraternal advances to Abdul the Damned, or by the insinuations against Russia which will find their way into the German-inspired press.

The action of Russia and Austria follows a clearly conceived plan: to remove the trouble in Macedonia by taking away those evils of maladministration which are its perennial cause. These evils fall under two heads—the assaults on the persons of Macedonian Christians, both men and women, by Turkish gendarmes and soldiers; and the abuses due to extortion and robbery accompanying the collection of taxes. To remedy the first of these evils, the Russo-Austrian note requires the appointment of an Inspector-General of Gendarmerie for Mac-

donia, who will almost certainly be a Christian, and whose nomination must be confirmed by Russia, Austria, and the other protecting powers. Further, in all Christian districts, a proportionate number of gendarmes must be drawn from the Christian—that is, Slavonic—population; while the appointment of all the subordinate officers of gendarmerie will obviously lie with the Inspector-General, and therefore with Russia and Austria. It can easily be seen that in this admirable plan lies a hope for the speedy elimination of those "Turkish atrocities" which have horrified Europe and devastated the Balkans for generations. An equally sound principle is introduced to alleviate the evils which hang round the collection of taxes by Turkish troops and the endless extortions therefrom resulting. Safeguards are suggested, and it is required that all local taxes shall, in the first instance, be applied to local needs; and only after these are supplied shall any surplus be forwarded to Constantinople. This is a very effectual measure of home rule, and will certainly be extended in future, so soon as the first footing of the new measures is secured. Measures are also aimed against the cutthroat lawlessness of the Mohammedan Albanians, whose armed elements out-herd Herod in the Macedonian villages. The fact that one of these Albanian bands has recently carried out a threat, made months ago, to murder the Russian consul at Mitrovica, and to destroy the consulate, shows sufficiently the temper of these Albanian anarchists, and, incidentally, greatly strengthens the hands of Russia in the present negotiations.

Lord Rosebery was quite right when, on March 2, he denounced in the Upper House of the British Parliament the co-operation of the Balfour government with Germany in the blockade and bombardment of Venezuelan seaports. If Englishmen really desire to secure the friendship of the United States, they will do well hereafter to avoid implication in transactions that, as experience has shown, are almost certain to lead to outrage which cannot be viewed by the American people without indignation and resentment. For the second time Lord Lansdowne, in defending the course pursued by him in the Venezuela affair, declared that his Majesty's government had excellent reasons for knowing how the United States was likely to regard the action taken. Is he making the mistake of confounding a particular Federal official with the American people? Does he or does he not mean to say that our State Department, having been formally or informally consulted, approved in advance of the Anglo-German demonstration against an American republic, although the deplorable incidents attending the demonstration might easily have been foreseen? Ultimately, no doubt, we shall learn the whole truth about this business. Meanwhile Lord Rosebery is justified in saying that the Venezuelan Blue Book is singularly meagre and reticent, throwing as it does no light at all upon the steps taken by the British Foreign Office to secure the assent of our State Department to the projected acts of hostility. Lord Tweedmouth, also, on March 2, pointed out that the despatches published in the Blue Book do not support the statements publicly made by Premier Balfour and Lord Lansdowne that our State Department was practically an accessory before the fact.

We do not know what immediate purpose, beyond giving the Canadian newspapers something to worry about, could have inspired the concurrent resolution introduced by Representative De Armond of Missouri in the last days of the dying Congress. The resolution provided that the President be requested to learn upon what terms, honorable to both nations, and satisfactory to the inhabitants of the territory primarily affected, Great Britain would consent to cede to the United States all or any part of the territory lying north of and adjoining the United States. The resolution went on to say that the territory when ceded should be formed in due time into one or more States, and admitted into the Union upon an equality with the other States; and that in the mean time the inhabitants thereof should enjoy all the privileges and immunities guaranteed by the Federal Constitution. No impartial onlooker can doubt that the session contemplated by Judge De Armond would be expedient for Great Britain and for the Canadians themselves. What Great Britain would gain by the transaction is evident. She would no longer be obliged to protect Canada, which, on her part, has refused to make any contribution to the cost of maintaining the imperial navy. Moreover, she would free herself

from a dependency which has long been a source of annoyance and provocation to the United States, and would thus signally promote the establishment of the most intimate international relations with the great American republic. With Canada annexed to the American Union, and with the discontent of Ireland permanently allayed, as it seems likely to be by the projected Land Purchase Bill, there would be no serious obstacle to the formation of a close political alliance between all sections of the English-speaking world. Hitherto Canada and Ireland have blocked the attainment of such solidarity. What the Canadians would gain is almost too obvious to mention. The provinces of the Dominion, transformed into States, would retain absolute control of their religious arrangements—a point of vital moment to Quebec—and they would acquire the inevitable privilege of absolute free trade in the vast and constantly expanding market south of the Canadian border. The one great impediment to Canadian prosperity would be levelled at a stroke. We observe, finally, that had the concurrent resolution introduced by Representative De Armond been passed by Congress, we do not doubt that the President would have signed it, and promptly taken steps to elicit the views of the United Kingdom with regard to the cession proposed.

It is well known that in France the government monopolizes the manufacture and sale of cigars, cigarettes, smoking-tobacco, and snuff. That is to say, France is one of the countries that is safeguarded against the invasion of American monopolies. The Chamber of Deputies, on February 28, took another long step in the same direction, incorporating with a law imposing a tax of twenty-five cents per one hundred kilos on petroleum, a provision that a government monopoly of kerosene oil should be established with the least possible delay. M. Rouvier, the Finance Minister, willingly accepted the provision, which was adopted by 349 votes to 188. Of course, the Socialists were delighted, for they desire to see all branches of manufacture undertaken by the State. Few persons realize how much further many European governments have gone in the way of accepting and applying Socialist doctrines than has our Federal government, or the government of any of our States. Our Federal government carries the mails, but it has not yet gone so far as to assume control over even the telegraph business. As regards municipal ownership, we are a hundred years behind Great Britain. It is true that most of our cities and towns control their water supply, which cannot be said of London. On the other hand, most of our cities are supplied with light by private corporations, and very few of them own and operate their own street railways. In English and Scotch cities, on the other hand, municipal ownership has been extended over many of the necessities of life. It is true that the political conditions differ. There is no city in Great Britain, not even London, which can approach New York as regards the proportion of the alien element of the population. It would be a very dangerous experiment to place the gas and electric lighting, and the elevated, underground, and surface railway systems of the Greater New York in the hands of a municipal council which any year might fall under the control of Tammany Hall. The last state of that city would be incomparably worse than the first.

When Kipling called the Kaiser a Goth and a Hun, apropos of the storming of Fort San Carlos, we foresaw that the matter would not end there, and advised Rudyard to get behind something. Our warning has been made good. The formal reply for the Kaiser was, of course, made by the serviceable Bilow, who handed Kipling the epithet "savage," but the real reply has just materialized, with Max Beerbohm as spirit medium. And a delicious reply it undoubtedly is. He begins by telling Rudyard that that wraith person has an essentially feminine mind, because he writes of men as he thinks they ought to be, not as they really are, for all the world like our own lady novelists, whether from Boston or from the Old Dominion. Max Beerbohm says Rudyard loses his heart to a red coat, like a very unwarman. But farther his femininity does not go. For your lady novelist, while she idealizes men, at least understands the workings of women, and here Rudyard is hopelessly at sea. And then comes the nakedest cut of all. The critic reminds us of a box of our own Mr. Howells, who said that, while George Sand was to all intents a man, she was yet "no gentleman." Max Beer-

bohm says that, while Rudyard is in the same sense to all intents a woman, he is no lady. After that the Goth can rage, and the Hun imagine a vain thing, but Kipling certainly "has it," in the old gladiatorial sense. We trust that he will read this, or that one of those kind friends who always rise to this sort of occasion, will send him a copy of the Max Beerbohm piece, marked with red ink; for we may confidently predict a permanent addition to the literature of obsequiousness when Rudyard begins to talk back. By the way, what an admirable thing it would be if Kipling and Swinburne, duly loaded up, should fall foul of each other about imperial destiny or any old thing! An admiring world would pause to hearken to the melodious extemporizing that most assuredly would supercede. Life would have a new value thereafter.

Professor Alfred Russell Wallace, the eminent scientist, has an article in the *Fortnightly Review*, which persons who accept the theories it expounds will find not a little flattering to human self-conceit. Elsewhere we have commented more fully on his discovery. Dr. Wallace reminds us that the early astronomers considered the earth the centre of the universe, but that, gradually, as telescopes improved and astronomical science was perfected, the conviction grew that there were an infinite number of worlds, and that ours was probably one of comparatively small consequence in the multitude. Dr. Wallace thinks that there are not so many worlds (or stars) as has appeared. He finds that the great telescopes which reach the remotest depths of space find the stars much less numerous in those distant regions. From this he argues that the number of the stars is definitely limited. That being so, they have a centre, and he suggests that the cluster of stars to which earth belongs, being near the centre of the plane of the Milky Way, is really at the centre of the universe, as the early astronomers supposed. The probability that earth occupies this remarkable position he finds helpful to the belief that the Creator had extraordinary intentions with regard to it, and planned, in making it the home of man, that on earth the ultimate purpose of creation should be worked out. So Dr. Wallace doubts that any other planets than ours are inhabited, and that anywhere else than near the centre of the universe could an orderly development of living souls have been attained. It is a consoling theory. Only astronomers are qualified to weigh or discuss the assumption on which it is based, but we can all hope that it is true and that man is, after all, the one pebble of consummate consequence on the vast starry beach. Dr. Parkhurst doesn't think Dr. Wallace is right. To him it seems wasteful to have made so many worlds and only peopled one. What would you think, he says, if you saw a city with accommodations for a million inhabitants, and only one house with people in it? But, after all, that is the point of view of a mind loaded with municipal economies. Dr. Parkhurst and the Almighty may have different conceptions of waste. Dr. Wallace's theory is encouraging and therefore welcome.

One of the stones which the builders of physiological theories had rejected bids fair to become the head of the corner. Dr. Sajous of Philadelphia has disclosed to his medical brethren some surprising theories about the ductless glands in the human body. There are two small organs called the suprarenal glands (placed just above the kidneys) which have been thought to be useless, but Dr. Sajous avers, as a result of fourteen years of investigation, that they are of vital consequence. They secrete a substance which, carried to the lungs, takes up oxygen, and forms another substance which becomes mixed with the blood. It is this last substance, called adrenoxin, which does the work of supplying the tissues with oxygen which has so long been credited to the red corpuscles. The suprarenal glands are connected by nerves with a small organ in the brain (the use of which has not been known) which governs them and regulates their absorption of oxygen. Dr. Sajous says that it is on this organ of the brain, called the anterior pituitary body, that all poisons work, and it fights them by stirring up the glands to take up more oxygen. More oxygen means more combustion, the burning up of poisons,—of which the symptom is fever. A strong pituitary enables a man to lay in a good supply of oxygen and destroy disease germs, and now that the use of pituitaries is understood, they can be stimulated on occasion by drugs, so that folks with weak ones may make a better fight against germs. Dr. Sajous considers that what we have been used to call vitality is

simply pituitary efficiency. All this is good for the doctors to know, if it is so, and it is interesting anyway. It is always a satisfaction when a job is found for an organ that has been held to be useless. Some day it may be discovered that the vermiform appendix is a valuable anatomical asset, and that no man who has lost his may reasonably aspire to be President. That the body should contain an organ the sole use of which is the enrichment of the surgeons who remove it is not reasonable.

The relation of music to mastication has never received the attention which appears to be due to a conjunction of such important arts. In the last quarter of a century the presence of music, or at least orchestras, in public dining-rooms, has become so common that we have neglected to comment upon it. Proprietors of restaurants and hotels have found that there is some subtle relation between a fagot and a fricassee, and between a scherzo and soup, and that after introducing an orchestra into their salles *à manger* people ate who, apparently, never ate before. The orchestras more than paid for the extra expense, and the music not only aided mastication, but digestion as well, for dyspepsia rapidly disappeared when accelerated by the art of Brahms and Chopin. There has arisen but one protestant against this combination of gastronomy and music. But it is no less a personage than Mrs. Patrick Campbell, the distinguished actress. At the Russell House in Detroit last week, she demanded that the orchestra which was discoursing digestive music in the dining-room cease playing. She said, "Such vulgar rasping disturbs my desire for a restful atmosphere." On the refusal of the manager to stop the music, Mrs. Campbell took herself away to a hotel where no orchestra played. Of course one would have to hear this particular band before judging whether Mrs. Campbell is right or wrong, but as a general proposition it must be admitted that if the music in a restaurant is good, one can forgive the chef for a steak which is in the worst sense of the word a *pièce de résistance*.

Boston has a new and valid claim to distinction in the palace art museum of Mrs. John L. Gardner. Every newspaper reader knows more or less about Mrs. Gardner of Boston, and the Venetian palace that she imported, and set up with intelligent variations in the made-to-order end of the town, called the Fenway. The construction of this edifice was carried on with careful privacy. Outside it was simple and unattractive. How it was inside very few people knew, but many hoped to know. When the building was nearly finished it was incorporated as a museum, and its inventor has since moved into it the remarkable collection of pictures which she had spent many years and much money in acquiring. On February 22, the museum was opened to the public. It was not opened very wide. The advertisement says that two hundred persons will be admitted on two days of each week if they will buy tickets beforehand at a dollar a ticket. But since Mrs. Gardner lives in her museum some limitation of attendance was inevitable. The place and its contents are described as exceedingly interesting. The interior of the building is a bit of Italy set down on the shore of New England; the pictures include many paintings of extraordinary merit and value, and the effect of the whole is reported to be altogether admirable and charming. Many Americans nowadays have more money than they need, but few have found so interesting a use for their surplus as this Boston lady. Unlike most American benefactors, she has spent her fortune and her strength not for the promotion of utilities, but of beauty. There is no doubt that it has been a very successful expenditure, and one that will have its effect upon the development of the artistic sense in America.

An old Congressman told the story of his constituent who asked for a collection of Congressional memorial addresses, giving as a reason for the unusual request that he "always read them with a great deal of satisfaction"—a naive expression which may mean much more or much less than it says. It is not probable that many persons delve into the literature of Congressional funeral eloquence, and yet a glance at almost any collection reveals many interesting side-lights on the Congressional nature. At almost the close of the recent session of Congress, a Sunday afternoon was set apart for the delivery of eulogies on members who had died during the session, and an issue of the *Congressional Record* is devoted to their reproduc-

tion. Now the *Record*, as a rule, merits the name it has acquired of being dry; but there was clearly nothing dry in the soil from which grew the vines of luxurious phrase and the blossoms of exuberant eucrasium. Your average Congressman may be a creature of the caucus, a being of election tables, a sower for plums and appropriations; yet when he comes to the duty of funeral speech, he is a man of unexpected capacities. One of these capacities is for quotation—and perhaps that is the most apparent to the casual glance over the printed page, dotted with verse in fine type. On that Sunday afternoon, three of the orators quoted the whole of the passage from "Thanatopsis" beginning,

So live that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan,

while another quoted a part of it, "Lives of great men all remind us," "None knew him but to love him," "Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks," "Our lives are rivers gliding free," "We live in deeds, not years," "There is no death, what seems so is transition," "Art is long and time is fleeting," "The fathers, where are they?" and "Leaves have their time to fall," are a few of the familiar strains which fell from the speaker's lips, though they by no means exhaust the list. And beyond these prose quotations are all but uncountable. Perhaps there is a significance, which may be asuring to those who mourn the eclipse of the English Bible in popular regard, in the fact that most of these quotations are from this same Bible. If it may be permitted to harbor the suspicion that they knew where to go for their material. Naturally, there are queer and incongruous passages in these speeches—as, for example, one in which the orator could think of no finer tribute to the dead than that "he bred and raised some of the best trotting stock in his State—a service more useful to horsemen than adaptable to eloquence. To a serious mind, however, there is under all the forced and tawdry eulogium, even in addresses which are too plainly manufactured with more thought of the orator than love for the dead, a current of sincerity which is a saving grace. Apparently there is not too much heart in the proceeding, but still there is heart.

A report of the Department of Agriculture tells of an interesting and profitable innovation in tobacco-growing in the Connecticut Valley. Last year, at the instigation of the department, thirteen Connecticut farmers put forty-one acres of land under shade and planted it, at a total expense of \$637 as an acre. Most of this land was planted with Sumatra tobacco. The department estimates that the crop cost, baled and ready for market, 51½ cents a pound. It brought an average price of \$1 20 a pound. The yield of baled tobacco was about 1144 pounds an acre, worth \$1372, leaving a profit of \$715 an acre. This sounds like pretty good farming, and the department is proud of the results of its suggestions. Ordinary out-of-doors Connecticut tobacco raised without artificial shade brings about twenty cents a pound. The shade-grown tobacco is used for wrappers for cigars. The cigar-makers say it does wonderfully well, and the next crop promises to bring higher prices than the last. It will be a much bigger crop than last year's, for this year the Connecticut Valley has had about 700 acres under shade, which are expected to produce 800,000 pounds of baled tobacco, worth nearly a million dollars, and yield a profit of more than half a million.

George Ade has achieved something that falls to few of us in this life. He has hit upon something new. He has presented to the American public and to the world in general a new kind of humor—American humor—Middle-Western humor; but that may not be so new. His achievement has been to draw with wit and humor the characteristics that belong to every American family, but that belong especially to the man, woman, boy, or girl who was born and has lived always in the central part of this republic. These people are strong Americans, but they have never existed until this generation. They are a new, creative, vigorous people, with an admirable sense of humor, and it was necessary to wait until one of them should arrive before their story could be told. That was what George Ade did. And he promises so much for the future that he is obviously an American of Tomorrow. He was born in Indiana, and has lived and worked most of his life in Chicago. He is thirty-seven years old.

The Session

WHEN the session of Congress which came to an end on the 4th of this month was young, we ventured the suggestion that the President would be disappointed in its results. The opening was certainly auspicious. Senators were silent, perhaps cynically silent, but the members of the House of Representatives were building over with gratification. Many of them were convinced that the President had saved the party, consequently the country. They assured him that he was the party leader; that the country was with him; that whatever he desired must be popular,—whether it was right or not,—and that he could command their votes. It looked as if the President would have easy sailing. It was to be a Roosevelt winter, if promoters of Congress go for anything; and yet the WEEKLY thought even then that it was quite probable that the usual conditions would prevail, and that Mr. Roosevelt would find once more how very little a President can accomplish, unless, indeed, he be the skillful negotiator that Mr. McKinley was.

The session is ended, and the President can take account of stock. He started out with the determination to secure important anti-trust legislation. He did not outline any definite plan in his message, but he permitted it to be understood that the policy set forth in Mr. Knox's Pittsburg speech was that of the Administration. This plan included not only improvements of the Interstate Commerce Law with the view of more surely preventing discriminations and rebates, but the exclusion of the products of monopolies and of so-called trusts from the channels of interstate and foreign commerce. Publicity, naturally, was one of the remedies to be applied, in order that no corporation should be able to market shares representing what is vaguely known as over-capitalization. The President had assumed, in his own campaign speeches, that the Federal government could not reach State corporations under the Constitution as it stands; he therefore framed a constitutional amendment. Mr. Knox, however, pointed out a way for the evasion of the Constitution which the President gladly accepted. In effect, it was determined that the Federal government might declare that a corporation which was aimless under the laws of the State creating it, and who under the laws of the State to which its goods might be consigned, was not good enough to engage in inter-State and foreign commerce. The position of the Administration was clear, and it added greatly to the tenor of business. Radical measures were introduced in both Houses, but, finally, the Attorney-General was heard from, and his suggestions were embodied in the Littlefield bill. This bill spoke the mind of the President as it was at the beginning of the session. It was passed by the House of Representatives unanimously. It was killed in the Senate, whose leaders had never any idea of permitting the President's notions to be incorporated into a law. Mr. Roosevelt can, indeed, say that his excitations resulted in some legislation, but it is legislation which does not bear the faintest resemblance to the plan with which he threatened the country, or, at least, it is but the shadow of a name. In other words, Mr. Roosevelt has happily failed to effectuate the dangerous nature of his attack on corporations and their business, although the law relating to publicity may become disagreeable in other hands than his or Mr. Garfield's.

Another scheme which he urged was the creation of a tariff commission. Not a step has been taken in the direction of carrying out his recommendations in this

respect. Both of these subjects involve the dearest interests of the Republican party, and, in taking them up for consideration, the President strained his influence to the utmost. He was in reality, questioning institutions which stand for the essential policy of his party. The intelligent Republican leadership in the Senate, at the head of which is easily Mr. Aldrich, took alarm at once on the mention of trusts and the tariff as subjects for reformatory legislation. Mr. Roosevelt doubtless believes that trusts should be curbed and that the tariff should be changed, and doubtless, too, he disbelieves the assertion, made by Mr. Havemeyer, that the tariff is the mother of trusts, but the tariff leaders of his party know better, know that the two hang together, and it was therefore natural, when the President made his proclamation against trusts, that these tariff leaders should come to the rescue. At any rate, they did come in the result, and the session has come to a conclusion to the satisfaction of the business interests of the country. All of which were endangered by the character of the outcry against combinations, and of the protected interests who have received renewed assurances of the distinguished consideration in which they are held by the Republican party.

The President was especially assured that his Cuban reciprocity plan would certainly go through at this session. The best sugar law-makers were exceedingly humble. They had prevented the passage of the President's bill through the Senate at the last session, and they had heard from the country. It was clear to them now that they had been guilty of a serious blunder, and that the people, even those who dwell in beet States and some who called the beet the root, believed with the President and not with the rebellious law-makers. The latter, therefore, were willing to do anything the President demanded, for all the best sugar-makers held their annual convention in Washington, and passed a resolution in which they assented that the United States government might keep its faith and preserve its honor even at the expense of refined beet sugar. Never was a treaty negotiated with such purity, and with such seeming corditude of ratification. The Senators were consulted in advance, and, having received Mr. Onard's permission, they assented to the treaty.

Another treaty in which the President was deeply interested was with Colombia touching the Panama Canal, its purchase and its construction. There was difficulty attending the negotiation of this treaty, for Colombia was reacting and insisted upon extravagant terms. Threats were made to buy out the French Company without a treaty—and regardless of the clause of the company's concession forbidding its purchase by a foreign government. Other threats were made to the effect that we would go to Nicaragua and make terms with the two governments owning the territory through which that route passes. At length Colombia came to terms, but the Senate would not, although the President endeavored to hasten matters by calling to Paris an acceptance of the French Company's offer which expired by limitation on the 4th of March, although an acceptance implied necessary ratification by the Senate.

The President has been obliged to call an extraordinary session of the Senate in order to procure ratification of these two treaties. It is fair to say that their failure at the regular session was not due to the refusal of the President's party to act, or to its hostility to these two policies. It was due, in one instance, to Mr. Quay's futile insistence on his Statehood bill, and, in the other, to Mr. Morgan's obsession in favor of Nicaragua. At the same time, the two treaties, which was surely counted on, fell with the session.

The President also undertook to secure lower tariff duties on Philippine products imported into this country. Backed strenuously by Governor Taft he urged upon Congress the necessity of granting this relief to the Filipinos, because, as he said, they actually needed it. Governor Taft and the President even made a second appeal for a seventy-five-per-cent. cut, but the Republican party once more declined to accept the President as a leader on any question affecting its sacred tariff policy. He procured \$3,000,000 to be distributed in charity among the suffering people, but he could not secure a relief which would have greatly increased our trade with the islands, and would have made for the permanent welfare of their people. Congress will follow the lead of any one who desires to give away the public money. The man who induces the Republican majority to make a tariff concession must be a leader of very high order.

Mr. Roosevelt himself made no effort to secure reform of our banking and currency system. What was done in this direction was by Senator Aldrich, who is a real party leader when questions of finance or taxation are under consideration.

The President, aided by Mr. Root, secured the adoption of the general staff proposition for the army, and provision has been made for important addition to the strength of the navy. For the latter legislation, Mr. Moody is entitled to a large share of credit. Possibly the President does not care to share, with Congress, the responsibility for the latter's extravagance in respect of new public buildings.

The session, to sum up, shows that, on questions of economic, industrial, and commercial policies—the policies which lie nearest to the President's heart—the party is not with the President, and that he escaped open defeat on those subjects, partly because the Senate leaders slightly yielded, or seemed to yield, to the public sentiment which he had aroused, and partly because they desired to preserve outward harmony in the party.

The President's Doctrine and the Facts of History

In his letter to Mr. Clark Howell, the President recurs to the policy which governs him in naming negroes for office, and he declares that he has been "surprised and somewhat pained at what seems to me the incomprehensible censure in the South about my actions—an outcry apparently started in New York for reasons wholly unconnected with the question nominally at issue."

It is, indeed, the fact that the South is seemingly more sensitive on the negro question than it has been for several years,—since the political race question was settled by acquiescence. There is a reason for this state of mind, however, which, as one who loves to look facts squarely in the face, Mr. Roosevelt ought to recognize. It is not necessary, in seeking this reason, to take into account either the personal factor or the suspicion which the President entertains of some of his New York antagonists. The South did not like the Booker Washington incident, which is regrettable, but that alone a few years ago would not have created the storm of indignation which has swept over that section of the country. Nor would the appointment of Dr. Crum then have moved the city of Charleston and the State of South Carolina so deeply as it has. The President must go beyond himself, beyond his own conduct, for his explanation.

His policy is in fine contrast to that of

his party. It is true that even his theory as to the negro in public places is distinctive to the South, but differences of this nature on this subject between men of the two sections are inevitable. Mr. Roosevelt says that, with him, color is to be no bar to appointment to office, mad, just as little, is it to be counted as conferring a right. This, however, does not fully set forth nor precisely define the President's attitude toward the negro. As the New York *World* has justly points out, Mr. Roosevelt, in a letter published last November, then announced his intention "to let the colored man know that if he shows in a marked degree the qualities of good-citizenship—the qualities which in a white man we feel entitled to reward—then he will not be cut off from all hope of similar reward." The President, in other words, will welcome opportunities to reward exceptional black men with public office. While, other things being equal, this is a commendable spirit, it has given occasion for the outburst which has surprised and somewhat pained "the President."

The President's attitude is the proverbial lost feather. He is reaping the whirlwind sown by his party and his predecessors. If the Roosevelt policy had been consistently and consistently applied by the Republican party, the negro, or race, question might never have arisen. Certainly it would not have disrupted social conditions in the Southern States, made their partisan solidarity inevitable, and set them apart, politically, from the other sections of the Union. Such a policy would have had the support of the best Southern public men, who, in their time, possessed enormous influence over their neighbors. The *Tribune's* extracts from the speeches of the late Justice Lamar clearly show this, although they are quoted for the purpose of illustrating Southern inconsistency. In fact, the extracts prove nothing of the kind, but they do prove, on the contrary, a disposition to help the negro upward, and if the Republican party, which charged itself with the tutelage of the enfranchised race, had co-operated with the best element of the South, Mr. Roosevelt would not now be stirred by a desire to do something political to show the exceptional negro that the white man is ready to treat him on his individual merits. Such treatment would have long since been accorded to him naturally, both in the North and in the South. As it is, he does not stand on equal terms in either section with white men who may be intellectually his inferiors.

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. Unscrupulous politicians first used the overwhelming negro vote for the purpose of enabling them to plunder and debauch the Southern States. In carrying out their criminal intentions, they developed the most depraved of the black race, and transformed them into the basest of politicians. They taught the negro the vices of their own arts. When the South had stood the reign of thieves and outcasts as long as white communities could be expected to endure outcasts of this kind, the sustaining arm of the Federal government was taken away from the criminals, and the rule of the blacks and their corrupt white leaders tumbled to the ground. The end of black rule was brought about by a Republican President, and, for years, there was universal acquiescence in the practical exclusion of the negro from the exercise of the right which he had abused, and which, in turn, had ac-

nally defiled his race. Attempts by Republican leaders to gain advantages in Northern States, where there is a black vote, by the passage of force bills, reacted on their authors, until it was finally accepted as a stubborn fact by Republican leaders that coercive measures were not popular in the North.

Matters ran along in this way until Southern States undertook to make black voting impossible by the adoption of constitutional amendments which excluded the negro without apparently offending against the Fifteenth Amendment. Consequently, there had grown up a vicious black Republican organization in the Southern States. For a time, the Southern whites, in their turn, aimed to acquiesce in a plan which left them in possession of their State and local governments, and which left to the black and to his white Republican associates the Federal offices. It was, however, an unnatural state of affairs, and was found to be untenable. Since 1902, the South has felt that it has been treated by the Republican party as a "conquered province," to use the striking expression of Hon. John R. Procter, chairman of the National Civil Service Commission. The Federal offices in the South have been filled by men of the worst character. Div-keepers, forgers, embezzlers, smugglers, violators of the local laws, professional gamblers, burglars, murderers, black and white, have been appointed to collectorships, postmasterhips, and other offices. The black voters, no longer useful for the purpose of plundering the local and State governments, have been employed to debauch the Republican organization itself. The Republicans of the Southern States, under the present rule, elect about one-third of the delegates to the national convention of their party. Their organizations have been put into the hands of men who will sell them to the highest bidder, and part of the price of corruption consists of Federal offices.

Therefore it has naturally come about that the uses made of the black vote by Northern politicians have taught the Southern whites to regard the negro in politics as the fruitful source and the instrument of corruption and of political debauchery. The black man in office stands for all that is base and oppressive. His presence in the custom-houses and the post-offices is a constant reminder to the Southerner of what might happen if the negro returned, by force or fraud, to local power. It so happens that the exposition of black corruption in Southern politics has been especially evident since Mr. Roosevelt's administration began. This is not only due to the fact that the corruption of the Republican party in the South is now greater than it ever has been since the sorrowful days of reconstruction, but Mr. Roosevelt himself has done much to lay it bare by some vigorous efforts which he made at the outset to work reforms that are impossible so long as his party remains under its present leadership.

Here is an explanation of the reasons for the unpopularity of the South at the present moment. Every effort which Mr. Roosevelt makes, under these conditions, to bestow political honors upon the black man, exceptional or not, is sure to be received in the South as an attempt to promote black politics, than which, as the whole country knows, nothing is more corrupt. It is a pity that this should be so—a pity for the exceptional black man, who frankly accepts the situation, a pity for the South, and a pity for the country. But, as the President says, facts are what we ought to reckon with, and facts teach as that nothing but hard can come to the exceptional black man by pushing him in among the degraded of his race, as a Federal office-holder.

Our Own and the German Navies

The report of Chief-Constructor Bowles to Secretary Moody, forwarded by the latter to the President, is an enlightening, if somewhat disturbing, document. The facts narrated in it justify the impatience which both Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Moody have exhibited touching the delays in the construction of our battle-ships and other war vessels. The subject is very serious, especially when we consider the relative strength of our navy to that of Germany, the navy nearest our own in size, and, consequently, that with which comparison is most natural. Seven battle-ships are in various stages of completion, the degree of completion of the *Nebraskas* being 15 per cent., that of the *Missouris* 84 per cent.; that of the *Tirpigs* 10 per cent.; and that of the *Ohio* 69 per cent. The longest delays have occurred beyond the contract period range from 13 to 30.6 months. The *Missouri*, for example, should have been in the hands of the government nearly two years ago; the *Ohio* should have been delivered more than two and a half years ago. Six armored cruisers are from seven to sixteen months behind time, and the same tale is true of every class of war vessel now in process of construction for our navy. The longest delays have occurred in the building of the torpedo-boats, which are from forty to forty-eight months behind the contract time.

The reasons given for these delays are not encouraging. No one seems to be to blame, in the opinion of Mr. Bowles, although the hasty plans of which he speaks, which have had to be altered at a large expense of time, would seem to be avoidable. Apparently, then, the government has no power to compel the delivery of armor, and does not possess sufficient facilities for the manufacture of ordnance. Steel-makers find it more profitable to supply the demand for structural material for domestic purposes than to meet the orders of the ship-builders for the higher grades of steel demanded for ship-building. There ought to be a way found for remedying all this, and perhaps one will be found. It is evident, however, that no method has yet been discovered by Mr. Bowles, and it is fair to say that much of the trouble is caused by the unprecedented demand for steel in this country, and, perhaps, to the further fact that it is impossible, here, to bring imperial pressure to bear upon private firms and corporations.

In view of the revelation thus made by Mr. Bowles's letter, a comparison between our own and the German navies will be interesting. It is made from authoritative statistics never before published. We have ten battle-ships in commission, three of which, the *Fadans*, *Massachusetts*, and *Oregon*, launched in 1893, must be modernized. But for the delays which have occurred in the construction of the others, we might have about at least five more, or, altogether, twelve first-class modern battle-ships, instead of seven, or fifteen with the three mentioned as needing modernizing. The newest of our battle-ships in commission is the *Maine*, launched in 1902. Next to her, in age, come five which were launched in 1898. Since 1896, Germany has launched at least one battle-ship a year, with the exception of the years 1896 and 1897. In 1896 two were launched; in 1897, two more; and in 1901, four were launched. Since 1893, the year when our *Fora* was floated, we have added six battle-ships to our navy. During the same time Germany has increased her navy by nine battle-ships. The *Maine* is the only American battle-ship of more than 11,500 tons; she is of 12,500

tons. Germany has five battle-ships of 12,000 tons each. The speed of the *Moine*, our swiftest battle-ship, is 18 knots; that of the others ranges from 16.2 to 17.1. Five of the German ships have a speed of 19 knots, and five more a speed of 18 knots. The ten German ships are armed alike, each carrying four 9.4 inch and eighteen 6-inch guns. All told, our ten battle-ships carry 184 guns; three-two of these are 13-inch, and eight are 12-inch. The Germans have no guns of a larger calibre than 11-inch, but they greatly excel as in rapid-fire guns, having 180 6-inch guns in their first of nineteen battle-ships to our 70. Here is a mooted question. The important point, in respect to our tardy building, being that Germany has sixteen first-class battle-ships to our ten, and ten thoroughly modern battle-ships to our six, while five of the ten are as swift as the *Moine*, and the five others are swifter.

Of second-class battle-ships, including monitors, we have nine, and the Germans have eleven. Besides these eleven, Germany has thirteen armored gunboats for coast defence. In this class we excel in speed and armament, and, besides, two of our nine were launched in 1900 and 1901, respectively, while the newest of the German ships of the class was launched in 1895. Some of the German vessels date back to the sixties, whilst the *Minosconah*, our oldest, took the water in 1876. The second-class battle-ship, however, is practically abandoned.

The armored cruisers constitute the most important class after the first-class battle-ship. Of these we have two, the *Brooklyn* and *New York*, and are building eleven. Germany has seven, three of which are pretty old and slow, dating back to 1888 and 1874, and rated at 15 knots. Four, however, are much more modern than our two, about as fast, and more heavily armed. We have fourteen protected cruisers, and Germany has eighteen. Our oldest were launched in 1864 and 1865. Germany has one ship of this class launched as far back as 1867. Our newest, the *Albatross*, was launched in 1899. Germany launched four in 1900, and two in 1902.

Germany has thirty-four torpedo-boat destroyers to our four, and eighty torpedo-boats to our thirty, the grand result being that the German navy consists of 182 vessels, while that of the United States consists of sixty-nine. Not taking into account the different methods of armament, which raise a controversial question, Germany possesses a much larger number of very recently built good and serviceable warships than we have afloat.

When we take into consideration the vessels in construction for the two navies, we get some notion of what the delay revealed means to this country. We are building seven battle-ships, and the Germans are building five. Of our seven five are from 1600 to 2000 tons larger than the German ships, all of which are of 13,000 tons. For these new ships both countries are using the 12-inch gun. Five new battle-ships are also appropriated for, three of which at least are to be of 18,000 tons. The Germans have projected six, the last to be completed in 1908. If the two countries complete their battle-ship programme by 1908, the United States will have twenty-one first-class battle-ships and Germany will have thirty. Of these thirty we count perhaps five as of little value except as commerce-destroyers. We are building and contemplating more armored cruisers than is Germany, and in 1908, unless the delays continue, we should have thirteen first-class cruisers of from 9000 to 14,000 tons, and with a speed ranging from 21 to 22 knots, as against Germany's nine of from 7300 to 9000

tons, and with a speed ranging from 15 to 21 knots.

Omitting torpedo-boats and destroyers, and counting first-class cruisers as superior fighting-ships in 1908, the United States would possess fifty, while Germany would have fifty-three. The Emperor, however, would still have an advantage over us in his fleet of thirteen coast-defenders, while we would quite match him in protected, but not first-class, cruisers.

These statistics are not offered by way of promoting alarm, but merely to show how much more energetically the Emperor is able to carry out his naval programme than our authorities have been. As long as we have a programme of ship-building, ought it not to be carried out in a businesslike way? Ought the government to permit itself to be outstripped in enterprise by Germany or by any other power?

The Spread of the Hook-Bug

UNTIL we read Mr. Harvey Sutherland's delightful *Book of Bugs* we never believed that entomology could be recognized as a gay science, but that charming treatise taught us to see the fun of a great deal of sound information. It will be remembered with joy by his readers how Mr. Sutherland takes up the common house-fly, the mosquito, the wicked flea, the cockroach, the moth, the wasp, the ant, the bee, and even the unamiable insect

Which has no wings at all
But gets there just the same,

and studies them with equal parts of wit and wisdom, so that you have such a good time you hardly realize how much you are learning. The unalloyed scientist might say that you are not learning a great deal, but if you are honest, you have to allow that you have learned more than you knew before, or ever expected to know, of the insects in question, and Mr. Sutherland does not claim to speak the last word concerning them. As the satirist corrects manners with a smile, so he chastises ignorance, and leaves his reader fitted to pour out facts and jokes that he had not dreamt of before. He even suggests defenses against the insect foes of human comfort, and in respect to some, notably the mosquito, he cherishes a hardy effort on their destruction.

Mr. Sutherland's mental and moral attitude throughout his book is such that we have thought he might very well come forward with his information and diversion, and treat in some of the popular scientific publications of the newly discovered microbe whose haunts the excavations for our rapid-transit lines have laid bare. This bacillus was at first recognized as the microbe of malaria; afterwards it was declared to be specifically the microbe of indolence; and it has since become generally known as the hook-bug, in which jocose and familiar guise it might well commend itself to Mr. Sutherland's inquiry. The various sorts of journalism prevalent in the metropolis have failed, both high and low, to deal with it philosophically. Even journalistic art, beyond representing the imaginable effects of the hook-bug in such ready victims as politicians and district messengers, has done little to throw light upon its nature, and we know practically nothing of the dangers to be feared from it. In fact, an insidious indifference, which may be one of the subtler effects of the hook-bug's ravage in the race, has crept over the guardians of the common welfare, and we have seen nothing about it in the public prints for wellnigh a fortnight. It may be that the newspapers, with their ha-

bitual sundays, are waiting the results of scientific investigation, just as they sometimes attend the verdicts of the courts before pronouncing some prominent defendant guilty or innocent. But there is much reason to believe that in the mean time the hook-bug, liberated from the rapid-transit tunnels, may spread over the country, and get in its work in quarters where its presence has not been suspected.

As in many other cases, the successive steps by which the microbe of malaria came to be known as the microbe of indolence, and finally as the hook-bug, are now lost, and it is not clear why hook-bug should have been finally accepted as its popular name. Possibly some sufferer from it may have been able to get at it with a microscope, and identify it by its curved antennae, but this is mere conjecture. "If a hoof bacillus," says one of Mr. George Ade's famous characters, who are the resident Americans of England, "with a blue stinger, gets into you, it means lumbago. If one of the six-legged fellows with a plaid back starts a hatcherly somewhere in your preserves, then you may consider yourself elected for spinal meningitis." From his effects, probably, the bacillus of indolence is identified as the popular hook-bug; but before proposing to extirpate it during the coming summer, when the newspapers can give it their full attention, it may be well to inquire whether it is an unalloyed evil. The mosquito was hardly detested in the act of scattering broadcast the malaria germ which has now been identified, than it was observed that cancer was unknown in regions where malaria prevails, and if the hook-bug and the malaria germ are really one and the same we ought to think twice before seeking or applying an antidote. Besides, it is very questionable whether on moral or social grounds the hook-bug is to be altogether condemned. It is notorious that the Americans are an overworked people; that the ambition of our men to make money and our women to get into society is resulting in widespread insanity and nervous prostration, as well as universal dyspepsia. We are spreading the terror of our arms and men, especially our business men, all over the earth, and our society women are everywhere marrying dukes, but in the mean while we are, as a nation, losing sleep and flesh, and may well pause and ask ourselves whether the hook-bug has not appeared just in time. We have seen a sort of instinctive effort on the part of the proletariat to protect itself by the legislation of holidays, but our plutocracy, till the rage for the automobile set in, was almost without the means of escape from work. Whether on his yacht or in his seaside or inland cottage, the hapless millionaire was still the victim of his desires for more, and of his study of the means of getting it, and the hook-bug has by no means come too soon to save him. Of course the hook-bug must not be allowed to spread at will among the masses. His diffusion would result in no end of strikes, and the mere endeavor to arbitrate these would annul his benefits in the better classes. But it is to be seriously considered whether a well-philosophized system of inoculation would not prove beneficial to our people at large. Possibly a secondary prophylactic, corresponding to vaccination, could be evolved, and a hook-bug which had been transmitted through some of the wholesome lower animals might be used to produce a mild type of repose in the human subject, instead of the virulent laziness following its primary attacks. If this could be successfully thought out, the inoculation with the modified microbe of indolence might be made compulsory, especially in the public schools, with great advantage to our population in the future.

King Edward VII.

By Sydney Brooks

London, March 3, 1902.

KING EDWARD VII. has now been two years on the throne of England. What sort of a king he is made? The question is easier to ask than to answer. Indeed it embraces so much that within the limits of this page it is impossible to answer it at all adequately. There are two views of King Edward as of every monarch. There is the private view, the view you will hear expressed in the after-dinner confidences of politicians, diplomats, naval and military men, the household officials, and so on; and there is the public view, the general opinion which the masses of the people, working of course from the outside and in a confusion of half-lights, come somehow to form. There is always a gap between these two views, but nowhere is the gap so pronounced as in England. Nowhere else is the difference between the way men speak of the King in private, and the way they speak of him in public so marked. The difference is not wholly due to the inefficiently English turn for flunkeyism. If it were, monarchy in England, instead of being the most stable institution of the country, would be a mere bubble waiting for a hand to prick it. Flunkeyism, and the restraint of the proprieties, and the English worship of "good form," have no doubt much to do with it.

The atmosphere of a monarchy does not permit of much outspokenness. The few who know, and could speak from personal experience, pay tribute to its consciousness by monastically holding their peace, in public at any rate. The many who do not know, and can only guess, arrive at a few general impressions which are more interesting than valuable. In spite of an overwhelming democracy and the "free press," the English monarchy is still a chief concern; and those who have intimate access to it are but the smallest fraction of the people. This of course is as it should be. Given a monarchy, seclusion must be one of its attributes. It does not make itself cheap. At all costs the illusion of dignity and ceremonial solemnity must be preserved. A thousand influences, not all of them, perhaps, of the most praiseworthy kind, combine in England to keep it up. And this is the real reason why the opinions of the man in the street on the subject of King Edward have so little in common with the opinions of those who are really inside the Court circle. Listen to the gossip of a London club about the King, and then question an average provincial Englishman on the average hardly guess they are talking of the same person. This is something that should always be borne in mind. London no more represents England than New York represents America, and the "talk of the town" is very far from being the voice of the country.

One of the warmest tributes to King Edward, as a monarch, that I have happened upon directly or indirectly, came from a cabinet minister. He is one of the three or four most powerful statesmen in the country. Many think him the most powerful statesman not only in the country but in the Empire. When she really got to know him, he became a particular favorite with Queen Victoria. He has been there into the closest relationship, both private and official, with King Edward for the last fifteen years. Personally he dislikes the King. He disliked him when he was Prince of Wales; he dislikes him now. He has been known to use some startlingly frank adjectives on the subject. His opinion of King Edward VII. as a king is not therefore influenced by any admiration for him

as a man. That makes all the more remarkable his deliberately expressed judgment that "from the day of his accession the King has done perfectly." He went on to say that the King's shrewdness and tact and industry and extraordinary quickness in grasping the point of an argument or a situation, had astonished his ministers. He especially praised the King's "manageableness." His Majesty has proved far more docile, more willing to surrender his private wishes, less crotchety than was Queen Victoria. "He had not made a single mistake"; it was "a pleasure to work with him"; you could always rely "on the right thing being said or done at the right moment in the right way." Above all, he is "a man you can convince; he grows away with imperturbable good-humor when he is satisfied that reasons of State require the surrender of private schemes or inclinations. This is emphatic testimony, but a proof that it was not undeserved was forthcoming at the time of the coronation. There were two gentlemen who confidently expected to snaffle peerages from the shower of coronation honors. They were both warm personal friends of the King and, for reasons on which the gossip of the moment had a good deal to say, the King was most anxious to gratify their ambitions. On all such matters Lord Salisbury was usually the most complacent of Prime Ministers. He looked on with cynical detachment. "Oh, don't bother me about the matter!" he is reported to have said a few years ago when his private secretary came to consult him about the annual hatch of honors. "Don't bother me. Settle it your own way. Make anybody anything you like." But on this occasion even Lord Salisbury was spurred to action and protest. The elevation of the two would-be peers was not acceptable to the bulk of the six hundred odd gentlemen who are qualified to sit in the House of Lords. Lord Salisbury, it was understood, set his foot down very firm on the proposal. The result was that after a certain amount of feeling had been aroused, the King gave way. I have heard it constantly said by men who are in a position to know that this quality of reasonableness, so conspicuous in the King, is not shared in by the Queen. Ministers have had far more trouble with Queen Alexandra than with King Edward. The Queen has to a slightly miraculous degree preserved all the outward charms and graces of a young woman; but she has the misfortune to be somewhat deaf and to fall very far below the King in quickness of comprehension. The ministers and officials who had to consult with her on the innumerable points of etiquette connected with the coronation did not have an easy time of it. There was even a scandalous tale flying round London of her femininity obstinacy first in proposing, and then in sticking to all sorts of impracticable schemes; and fresh anecdotes of the same kind crop up nearly every day. Indeed the Greville of to-day, if such a man lives, will have to record that for the past eighteen months more gossip has buzzed round the throne than since the time of the great harvest scandal.

Very little of this reaches the masses, and when it does it is for the most part faintly disbelieved. King Edward's accession marked a time of amnesty. The past was put away and forgiven if not wholly forgotten. The indiscretions of his youth, which were neither few nor of little moment, were buried out of sight, and the country entered on the new reign with full confidence that King Edward would not prove a second Charles. "What is pardonable in a Prince of Wales cannot be condoned in a King," was the text of the many sermons with which the English press paved the new

monarch's way. Whether the sermons were taken to heart and acted upon by their recipients is a point on which there are more opinions than one. London clubmen and "society leaders" will smile if you put it to them, and change the subject. The rest of England will answer with an indignant and unamiable "Yes!" What at any rate is certain is that a veil is drawn, and that the King is very much more tender of popular susceptibilities than he used to be. That perhaps is as much as one can expect of a King these days. It is certainly enough to satisfy England, which is not an exciting country below the surface, and will forgive a man almost anything if he will only take the precaution to attend church regularly. People generally have quite made up their minds that the wild-out period is definitely over, and that nothing now remains to cause uneasiness. That there used to be uneasiness is undeniable. Indeed for many years Queen Alexandra, as Princess of Wales, had considerably more of the affections and esteem of the country than her husband. But now the King is completely re-established, and has a hold over his subjects that it would be difficult to exaggerate.

I was talking of this not long ago to an engine driver at a country railroad station. He was a good royalist. "The most popular man in the world—bar none," he said. "Bar none," he repeated with relish and conviction. That is literally how the enormous masses of Englishmen think of King Edward. One talks of the popularity of Lord Rosebery or Mr. Chamberlain. It is as nothing compared with the King's. In France he is claimed as *son des Français*, and the phrase pretty accurately sums up the English attitude, too. The masses think and speak of him as "a good fellow"—tactful, experienced, hearty, and approachable. He has the instinct, which is always an attraction even for combing pageantry, show, and ceremony, with the workings of a democratic system. The people like to think of their King "having a good time," attending the theatre, race-course, and polo-ground, without fuss or unnecessary display or any of the military pretensions that on the Continent convert the simplest incident into a state event. They also like to think that when ceremony is necessary, no one can be more reasonable.

On both accounts their opinion of the King would seem to be well justified. He gratifies them by being visible and public without cheapening the Crown, and by the apparent air of heartiness and good-fellowship he diffuses. At the same time he gives them the pomp and glitter and assistances that no monarchy safety demands. He did so, for instance, yesterday, when for the third time he opened Parliament in state. So far as weather went, it was one of those perfect days that New York sees oftener than this black-canopied capital. The people turned out in their hundreds of thousands, lined both sides of the route from ten to twenty deep, fested on the flesh and glitter of their beloved Queen, on the gorgeous State carriages—and went home jubilantly monarchial, feeling with justice that they were getting their money's worth. So they were, and so they always will while King Edward is on the throne. This year especially one will have a chance of gauging the effects on social London of the accession of a King and particularly of a King who is, above all things, a man of the world and fond of the good things of life. In 1901 the Court was in mourning; in 1902 the season was spoiled by the fiasco of the coronation. This year everything promises finely. The Court will be brilliantly reconstructed.

The Book of Months

By E. F. Benson

NOVEMBER

WHEN the service was over I waited by the west front watching the congregation stream out of the gray gloom inside into the primrose-colored lights of sunset. There were two big colliers sitting patiently side by side on the edge of the pews, looking with liquid eager eyes at the people coming out. Suddenly two tails began to thump ecstatically, but neither dog moved. It was she. I think I knew from their eagerness it could be none else. With a smile twinkling in her eyes she walked to them, and from where I was I could hear her say, "Dear angels, come along," and two tawny streaks fled over the grass.

I waited a little, then followed her. She turned southwards out of the close, over the bridge below which the big trout lie, and into the path through the water-meadows, the two tawny streaks cutting figures like a swallow's flight up and down the road, running at top speed just for the joy of the life that was in them. And once clear of the town, she looked furtively round, saw only one wayfarer a hundred yards behind, and ran too. The wayfarer quickened his pace, ready to drop into a sedate walk if she looked round. Then on the edge of the water she found a stick, and whistling to the dogs, threw it clean across the river, and a double plunge and splash of flying spray followed it. Then the streaks swam back, each holding one end of the beloved stick, dropped it at her feet, and on each side of her shook themselves, so that she was between the waters, and I heard a faint scream of dismay, and then a laugh. My horse stands in the road close beyond the end of the meadows, and she went on, and still I followed, past the group of laborers' cottages, where lights were already springing up beneath the dark thatch, and out into the main road. And at that moment I guessed where she would go. Yes, to that house, no other—the house where Margery lived, the house which was the scene of my dark dreams in August last. The colliers rudely pushed their way in before her, after the manner of their impulsive kind, and the door was shut.

I was dining that evening with some people in the town, and met there an old friend of mine who lives a mile or two from here, who has usually some fault to find with me. She had this evening,

"You are a perfect diagraph," she said. "We consider you an odd inhabitant of the town, and yet when we see and charming people come you cannot find the civility even to leave a card."

"I am sorry," said I, positively. "Who are they? You know I have been away."

"Well, they are coming here to-night."

"My dear lady, who are coming here to-night?"

Then the door opened, and they came, father and daughter.

This afternoon I went to call, up the dark road of my dreams. She had said they would not be in till nearly six, and it was already deep dusk when I reached the house, which stood a black blot against the gray sky. But the window over the porch was lit and open, and the blind drawn down over it, and from inside came a voice singing. I was admitted, but the hall was dark, and as the servant was feeling for the button of the electric light, a step passed along the passage at the head of the stairs, and began to descend, and it was a step that caught my ear with a strongly familiar sound. Then half-way down, even at the moment the light was turned up, it paused, and a voice said, "Oh, is there somebody—"

and in the sudden blaze I saw her, and the passages were dark no longer.

"Ah, it's you," she said; "how nice of you to come. Oh, I've left the dogs shut up. Please go into the drawing-room; I'll be there in a moment."

So I turned up the hall to the right, and through the little sitting-room into the drawing-room beyond. She came in a moment afterwards.

"How did you know where the drawing-room was?" she said. "Isn't it the most inconspicuously built house you ever saw?"

"The most," said I; "but I know it well. There was a great friend of mine who used to live here."

She looked up suddenly.

"Who, Dick, do you mean?" she asked; "who was killed in South Africa? He was a distant cousin of mine."

"Then his wife was too," said I.

"Yes, I believe so. Why?"

"It partly accounts for it."

"Accounts for what?" she said.

"That you are absolutely the living image of her."

She laughed again.

"Oh dear, it is a terrible responsibility to be like an old acquaintance of somebody's. I shall have to live up to her. I do hope she wasn't very nice. It will be so difficult for me if she was."

"She and Dick were the greatest friends I ever had," said I.

"Those beautiful gray eyes grew serious."

"Ah, how dreadful for you," she said. "It was all very sudden, was it not? The child, too."

"Yes, very sudden. I had been dining with her here, and she had gone up stairs when the telegram came. She heard the ring, and leaned over the banister above the hall—and knew. Then the child was born. She died just at daybreak next morning. She asked me, I remember, to pull up the blind, and said, 'Let in the morning.' That was all."

"Ah, poor thing! poor thing!" she said. Then she looked at me. "Poor thing!" she repeated.

The tea was brought in, and before many minutes her father came in also. They are coming to lunch to-morrow.

That night I was out to dinner, but came home early, and sat for a long time in front of the fire, with work calling on me to do it, but simply incapable. What a strange, inexplicable coincidence it all is! How I long for and dread and love and fear the thoughts of these days that are coming! Surely this is meant to mean something! Think of the millions of little events and decisions which have gone to make up this particular conjuncture. Is it possible that they were all done in kaphazard? Or is it another teasing problem that has been set me on this curious checker-board of life, ending in my checkmate,—just a piece of ingenious manoeuvring of the pieces, all leading to nothing? I cannot believe that. Yet if it is not that, if love is the answer to it all—! I love to be with her, and since that afternoon in the cathedral I have thought of nothing but her. But how love? I know it is not that—yet. It is that by this curious trick which Nature has played, I feel, I am cheated into feeling that Margery is here with me again. It is as if there had been made an image of Margery, like in every respect, not only in external, in voice, appearance, gesture, but in the deeper things as well, in her gaiety and her tenderness, in that quick sympathy which sprang into being at the moment the call was made. Yet God never makes facsimiles; she too is a living soul, of her own identity, and none other's. Or—the wildest possibilities riot in my brain to-night—is this some wrath of my Mar-

gery, Dick's Margery, sent God knows whence, to comfort me, or to drive me insane? Was there in my love for Margery, after she was Dick's wife, something which was evil, which kept suggesting, "If this had been otherwise, if Dick died" . . . Yes, there was that. Day after day there was that. I tried to fight it; indeed, I tried. But I did not conquer it for a whole year. But in June, on the last evening of all, when she spoke to me in the garden of the dear event that was coming, it dropped dead, or so I hoped and believed. Yet for a whole year I let it live; is God going to punish me for that by those cruel means? To make me love again, and again go hungry?

It cannot be again and again I tell myself it cannot be. But so I told myself when the telegram of Dick's death came, and, in spite of all my telling, it was true, and the tears of the whole world could not wash out a word of it. But if once more I am to go unrequited, I do not see how I can bear it. It would be wiser to see no more of this incarnation of Margery. At present I love seeing her because—because that pressed and withered flower I always carry with me has, so to speak, blushed again with the hush of life, and a living fragrance breathes from it. But Helen—I think I have not mentioned her name before—this incarnation of Margery, is also a living woman with an identity of her own. How from loving her of whom she so sweetly and poignantly reminds me, I pass to loving herself? And if she does not care?

No, I will see her no more. My life is my own, and I will not risk that great stake again. I know the unutterable sweetness of loving. I know that the unutterable emptiness of love unrequited, even though from her who loved me not I had such a wealth of trust and womanly affection. I know also how good the world is, how full and brimming with things that are lovely and of good report. For two years, in spite of what went before, God knows how much happiness I have been allowed to enjoy, how rich I have been, leaving my tax of joy on all created things, on all the strings of human emotions, except one only, love, definite love for one woman. It is strange if I cannot be content without it. True; often and often I have felt and shall feel again that this would crown all the rest; but if I again do my part to let, let myself love this girl, and nothing comes of it, how well I know with what a sense of dejection and impotence I shall have to begin again from the beginning, picking up the scattered pieces of the structure known as "I." Fitting them together till some sort of coherent entity, a person of some kind, again pursues some sort of reasonable way through the world. And I distrust my own power of picking myself up again: I am afraid that this time I should let the pieces lie about, shrug shoulders at them, and drift, fossilize, vegetate, what you will.

Hitlerose as black, on all the strings of the Dead Sea rises in my throat. What would I not give to see a mother with her child and my child at her breast! How unspcakably I long for that! Was it my fault that Margery loved Dick, not me? Very good; it was my fault; I have borne the punishment, and I bear it now, and I shall always bear it. And I will try to avoid the possibility of being punished for another such fault.

So I fall back again onto my life of little things. I will read the whole of Shakespeare again next March; I will try to keep my temper; I will try to do a little honest work; I will try dancing here with the rest of the human race.

To be Continued.

Correspondence

THE REPUBLICAN PARTY AND THE SOUTH

PAIN COMMERCIAL CLUB,
FARM IN TEXAS, February 13, 1903.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

Sir.—I have noted with pleasure your attitude toward different public questions, and among them the duties that lay before the two great political parties, and I am led to think that you will find something of interest in the enclosed copy of a letter written over a year ago to a Northern friend, who had asked me, in all sincerity, if the real reason of the non-growth of the Republican party in the South was not due to a feeling here of hostility to it as the party of the Union during the civil war.

"The mutations since the civil war have been many, but among them has not been any change in the disposition of the Republican party toward the South: It remains inimical, and yet there is wonder, such as you express, that it has not shown growth here.

"Have you and others ever considered this problem?"

"Why a great party, guided by men of brains, pursuing a strong national policy, with issues upon which men would naturally divide, has found no respectable intelligent adherents in one-third of the Union?"

"This is the fact. I can only give you a Southern man's reason for it, and the war or the attitude of the party during the war has nothing to do with it.

"First: The men who pose, and who are recognized, as your leaders in the South, do not want a party here other than as it is. They are mainly political adventurers who have formed a close corporation, farm out the negro vote in national Republican conventions, and divide the crop of Southern Federal patronage.

"If the Republican party became strong in the South, if it became a party of patriotism and intelligence, these adventures would disappear, become 'statesmen out of jobs,' and their whole effort lay in preventing this. Their whole aim has been to prevent the righteous people North and South from understanding each other, and as a means to this have used the negro as a cause of irritation to the North and of repulsion to the South; to a Southern man the Republican party means 'the negro'; to the Northern party the South means 'abuse of the negro.'

"Arising from this we have a constant hostility of the Republican party to the South, which has driven Southern men away from any consideration of its claims or policies as a broad national party. That the South is loyal to the Union and has proven it, that she is ready to respond to a generous need or thought, that, impermeated by the war and under such burdens as few people have ever struggled with, her industrial development has been marvelous, and accompanied by other changes making it a field for the widest and wisest statesmanship—has been ignored; we have been isolated, and forced into an political alliance, and whatever we have achieved has been in spite of, and not with any aid or counsel of, the Republican party.

"To the negro 'as a negro' there is no enmity in the South. In every business relation he has an equal and exact show with his white neighbor. He can be, and is, lawyer, preacher, doctor, teacher, tradesman, craftsman, farmer, and laborer; in these relations he has the countenance and support of the white people and the protection of the courts, fully and fairly rendered. Out of our scant means we have provided

for his children the same education we have provided for our own. But here we stop.

"No class of Southern people are willing to be ruled by the negro, or by the dragging white men who have had him in hand as a political machine, and run him for what there was in it.

"For the same reason that the decent people of New York fight the rule of Croker and the Tammany grafters do we fight the rule of the Southern wing of the Republican party as now constituted of an ignorant and often vicious mass, led by a few political plunders. Their rule means the ascendancy of ignorance and corruption. One experience we have had when 'the past and the present were plundered, and the future mortgaged,' and we want no more of it. "If in the North there existed among us a negro element such as we have, of large enough vote and under leadership, to endanger what all Americans consider good government, you would have there the same close cohesion of all good people in opposition to negro rule.

"Further, the South is intensely American; nine-tenths of her people are of Revolutionary stock; it has had but slight foreign admixture; its character, its thoughts, and ideals are Saxon; it has all the Saxon's pride of race and race achievement, and any one who expects such a people to be ruled by other than their own kind has not read aright the history of the race. To us the negro is alien and inferior, and while he is welcome to live and earn, to all that goes into material welfare, socially and politically, he is alien and inferior and shall so remain; he is not of our race, and with it shall not commingle.

"The South is not naturally Democratic; prior to 1860 it was a strong Whig section, and the Republican party could have been a strong growing factor in Southern political life if it had not pandered to sectionalism and negro-philism.

"Take the free-silver cause: In Texas alone in 1890 140,000 absent Democratic votes simply because Bryan and free silver could not command their support. Many people in the South believe in an assured financial system, in the growth of the country, in our flag, and all it should stand for to the peoples of this world, and in many things not represented by our present style of bores; but, deep as is our interest in these things, deeper yet is our feeling for a decent, honest, fiscal administration, is the supremacy of our race and its supreme fitness to rule and govern.

"Statesmanship may be partisan, but should never be sectional; sectionalism, destroying the opportunity for growth in the rebuffed section, leaves the party entirely dependent upon the other, and it, quick to see its advantage, soon becomes dictator to the party for its own selfish ends, and today the Republican party is ridden by interests that can take away its strength in your section while its own conduct has barred it from recouping here. This is an evil for the country, and an evil for any great party that seeks to govern the country.

"During the sad days after the tragedy at Buffalo there was heard from the South no word of approval, even of excusation. Only a deep, sincere sorrow for the President and his loved ones, an equally deep and sincere indignation for the deed.

"The sturdy Americanism of the South would under no conditions condone anarchy. But have you not at the North a large, and under our loose emigration laws, a growing element that applauded as loudly as it dared the murder of the President? Is not this element a standing threat against a government of the people, against 'liberty under the law'? And is not the day com-

ing when the American people will thank God for the strong, steadfast Americanism of the South as the best safeguard of this government of the Fathers?"

"Let the negro go. Let him understand that, North or South, there is a white people who will not flak their ease to his coarse cry 'to drag them down.' That, politically and socially, the white man is the ruling mass. Eliminate him as a national question, and you will nearly eliminate the negro question. Industrially, there is no question.

"When that is done? When North and South there arise statesmen who ignore sectional lines, and with wide and wise vision see that there is a great and united country awaiting their guidance to 'the shining hills of hopes fulfilled,' then will Republicanism, like Democracy, become the faith of a country, and not of a section."

I am, sir,

COLLEGES FOR GIRLS

PASADENA, CAL., February 20, 1903.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

Sir.—In your issue of February 14, 1903, you had a fine bit of writing in résumé of girls to education during the year 1902 (I believe it was so limited; the number is not by me) in which I was interested.

It occurred to me that you might be the means of a great service to the general educational facilities of the country if you close to call attention to the rather remarkable fact that all the colleges of first rank for young women only are situated in the extreme East, not one being west of the *Allegheny Mountains*. This occurred to me some years ago (while I was visiting this section for the first time) as a strange thing. It also occurred to me that a college of like grade with Smith, Vassar, Wellesley, etc., would be finely located here in Pasadena, where pupils could study out-of-doors all the year round, giving to some, who are physically unable to take a college course where so much of the life must be in heated and partially ventilated rooms, a chance to do it in the sunny land, the sunniest good section of our whole United States, where doors and windows stand open (or may and should) all day, every day.

Subsequent residence here has confirmed me in the wisdom of a philanthropy which would found such a college, equal in grade to Stanford and Berkeley, in this choice city of homes. One year I ascertained that 141 young women from this coast were in attendance on the Eastern schools, while Stanford had nearly 300 from east of the Rockies. President Jordan tells me this is a regular thing, and said he believed that such a college here would be a godsend to Eastern girls and parents.

Smith began with less than \$400,000. A foundation of that sum might be conditioned on the subscription of as equal amount by the residents of the Pacific coast, which would be done, the founder to name the college.

There are a good many on this coast who can't afford to go East, and don't like to go to a mixed college, who would thereby be able to add a college course to the high school course, with which they now cease school-work.

I have crudely given some of the points. If you should care to print a brief note in the WEEKLY it might find the founder.

I may add that I am interested in this only as an educator, being anchored for life to my Lashell.

I am, sir,

C. C. BRANDEGEE,
Principal Lashell Seminary, Aubersdale, Massachusetts.

The Last Work of Frank Norris

TIME will no doubt undo the effect of death in taking the gifted young novelist from his task, so far as to relieve his last look from the appearance of challenging the primacy of his earlier and more masterly achievements. It is the present misfortune of his fame that the second drama of the three which he imagined for his greatly designed trilogy of *The Wheat* should follow ballingly upon the first with a pace which the third shall never come to help it mend. But it will be all the more the care, as it should be the generous will, of those who read *The Pit* to remember that we have had *The Octopus*, and that we were to have had *The Wolf*, in which the story of the food and famine of the world was, and was to have been, fully told. The first of these three was adequate, and the second is not adequate, but it is more adequate than it seems in the incomplete perceptions. One may fancy in it the faltering of the hand anomalously prophetic of fate, the impatience of him who fights with numbered days; for as Lovell said of Kents, "as we turn the leaves, they seem to warm and thrill our fingers with the flash of his warm senses, and the flutter of his electrical nerves, and we do not wonder he felt that what he did was to be done."

The book has the pathos of this apparent haste, and yet looked at with due reflection it has not the effect of a hastily imagined thing. The material is less picturesque and less dramatic than that of the book dealing with the growth and garnering of the wheat in the fields which were robbed as well as reaped. There is no such episode as the struggle of the farmer, gun in hand, with the railroad, but the descent into the Pit of the great Bull who has been destroying himself in his reckless play with the suffering of millions of men and women and children, is no mean incident, and the novelist has wrought it into fiction both strong and fine. The pity of the thing is that so much of the book relates to the unimportant society side of the business, to the half-cultured, half-ignorant, wadly egotistical woman who stands for the heroine, when the sole heroine should have been The Wheat. The author has not sufficiently mastered her personality, though he has almost done it, to let us feel that he feels her essential vulgarity; he has not shown us a rich nature depraved by the reckless game of the man fighting and tripping the hapless un-lungered for the bread in their mouths, but a cheap nature ready to betray him for the flatteries and caresses of another cheap nature. The tragedy is not in the dramatic story of Laura and Curtis Jadwin, but in that of the poor old Creasers, who are dragged down with their wreck, and are sacrificed against their wills and principles to the insensate ambition of Jadwin. Before the story is finished, one has quite ceased to care for either of the Jadwins, whether side was ruined through her greedy vanity or he through his ruthless lack of power. Let her go with the mercifulness others who make love to her, let him fall under the feet of his enemies in the Pit; we cannot care, and we are not interested to know that they really go to a new scene to rehabilitate their unseasonal lives.

Perhaps if the author had taken time to think out his material a little more thoroughly he would have found a hint in it of immense importance to our imperfect civilization. It truly knew a dimly and dimly to those who suffer the worst harm from the facts. It is not alone the luxury of our Jadwins which is vulgar; it is the Jadwin themselves who are vulgar, by whatever other names they call themselves in Chicago

or New York, or by whatever difference of social circumstances they distinguish themselves from one another. It is for each brute state as theirs that the earth groans with harvests and her children with hunger, and we have not quite an assurance from the novelist that he senses their vulgarity. He leaves us to fear that somehow the woman's beauty, and the man's courage have blinded him. Yet there are passages and touches throughout the book that testify to his insight and his ability to paint the marks as well as the manner of his people. There is excellent characterization in his work, and occasionally a robust and powerful dramatization. For him it is too late to inquire whether the savage mock-splendor of the Chicago which he portrays has not held for him the glamour that it may have worn for him in his earlier years, and whether he has not approached it with less detachment than he kept in dealing with the facts of his California story, which he saw with maturer eyes, but for the critic of his work, and for the student, the suggestion may have value.

The book wants balance, as we have hinted, and it is overweighted with fact of the less rather than the greater importance; it should have topped, if at all, to the side of the wheat gambler—not the wheat gambler's wife. Where the work is with the facts of his California story, it is always masterly, from that first glimpse of the Pit in the beginning, to that battle-piece at the last where Jadwin breaks with treachery and convention, and he, the great Bull, enters the arena in person, and fights the Bears to his death. In these moments, and such as these the book magnificently succeeds, but there are other moments when it is as true and still finer, such as those when it reveals the prim, pure, high nature of a girl like Peggy Dearborn; the gentle, motherly goodness of Mrs. Creaser; the fast, kind, composure of Mrs. Wesels. For the rest, one could have wished the material had been scanned by the severer eye of the author's later experience. It is on the society side that it is weak; it is not so weak on the social side; and on the human side it is worthy to stand with the author's greater work, not on the same level, indeed, and yet not totally below it, as sometimes is our other fiction must. On what may be called the physical side, it is wonderful. You can see, hear, feel those people.

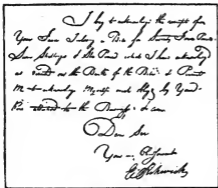
"Astronomy Invoked to aid Religion"

THE geocentric theory of the universe has been revived in a new form, and that by a scientist who, although not an astronomer, has, as a naturalist, acquired the highest reputation in his specific field of research. Dr. Alfred Russell Wallace, the author of the article in the *Fortnightly Review* for March entitled "Man's Place in the Universe"—the substance of which was called to the *New York Sun*—does not, of course, assert that the sun moves round the earth. What he undertakes to do is to advance a series of arguments in support of the hypothesis that the solar system is the physical centre of the stellar universe, and that the earth is the only member of the solar system in which life not dissimilar to that with which we are familiar could have been originated and evolved. If these premises are admitted, the conclusion deduced by Dr. Wallace would be that the supreme end and purpose of the vast universe was the production and development of the living soul in the perishable body of man. The arguments may be summed up in a few sentences. First, the stellar universe is limited, the number of stars made visible by telescopes of the highest powers approximating to the number of stars in existence. The proof of this assertion is the fact that while, as we proceed from stars of the first to those of the ninth magnitude, the number at each lesser magnitude is about three times that of the next higher, not only does this rate of increase fail to be maintained as we pierce further into the depths of space, but is replaced by a continuous diminution in the number of stars. An approach to the outer limits of the stellar universe is thereby indicated. To put the same fact in figures, there would be about 1,400,000,000 stars visible, if the rate of increase observed down to the ninth magnitude had been retained down to the seventeenth magnitude. As a matter of fact, the latest estimate does not exceed 100,000,000. The same conclusion as to the limited extent of the stellar universe is deduced from an analysis of the laws of light. Professor Newcomb and other physicists have shown that, if the number of stars were infinite, their combined light would be fairly equal to that of the sun at midday, while, as a matter of fact, starlight is only one-fortieth as powerful as moonlight. This proof, viewed in connection with the continuous diminution of the number of stars remarked as we penetrate from those of the ninth to those of the seventeenth magnitude, is regarded by Dr. Wallace as conclusive evidence of the limited extent of the stellar universe. It is contended, in the second place, that the inference from the whole mass of facts accumulated by means of the best modern telescopes is that our sun occupies a position very near, if not actually at the centre, of the whole visible universe, and, therefore, in every probability, at the centre of the whole material universe. As for the third point, namely, that life, as we know it, could not have originated and evolved in any member of the solar system except the earth, there is no doubt that a large majority of astronomers and physicists would accept it.

It is obvious that Dr. Wallace's purpose is to overthrow the main objection to the Christian view of creation. The tendency of astronomical research up to the present time has been so to emphasize the vastness and complexity of the stellar universe as to render the importance of the relatively tiny spheroid that we call the earth almost to the vanishing-point. In the light of such knowledge, sceptics have pointed out the irrationality of supposing that the Creator of such a universe should have felt any special interest in so pitiful a creature as man, the imperfectly developed inhabitant of one of the smaller planets attached to a second or third rate sun. They have dwelt on the inconceivability of assuming that the Creator would have selected this tiny orb for the scene of the sacrifice of His Son, in order to save a portion of its inhabitants from the natural consequences of their sins. This objection to Christianity's conception of the cosmos would lose much, if not all, of its weight could we believe, with Dr. Wallace, that we occupy the central position in the universe, and that nowhere else could the orderly development of living souls be attained. What ground is there for assuming that the conditions would be more favorable on a planet belonging to a system at the centre of the universe than they would be on a planet belonging to a system remote from the centre? Does Dr. Wallace mean to assert that the land generated by our sun is greater than that entitled by any other of the stars? That, certainly, is not the conclusion at which many of the foremost astronomers have arrived. This, at least, however, must be said for Dr. Wallace, that he has taken the bull by the horns.

Books and Bookmen

This anniversary of the birth of Charles Dickens was celebrated at Bath, on February 7, by the unveiling of a tablet, and a Dickens dinner. Dickens never lived in



Facsimile of a Receipt signed by E. Pickwick

Bath, but his intimate friendship with Walter Savage Landor, who lived there for many years, took him to the city often. On such visits he stayed at Landor's house in St. James's Square, and here he planned out the story of Little Nell. The tablet in Dickens has been placed on No. 35, St. James's Square. It was hoped that Dickens's only surviving son, Mr. Henry Fielding Dickens, K.C., would have been able to unveil the tablet to the memory of his father, but he was unable to leave London, and the task was performed by Mr. Perry Fitzgerald, President of the Dickens Fellowship. The ceremony was witnessed by a large gathering. In the evening a dinner was held in the Assembly Rooms, where a delightful Dickens menu was provided. The courses included "boiled mutton and caper sauce, with the usual trimmings," and "chops and tomato sauce," etc. Interesting letters were read at the meeting, from Lord Roberts, Lord Rosebery, the Dean of Rochester, and others. Lord Rosebery said: "I am glad to hear you are going to celebrate the birthday of Dickens at Bath, and trust that your celebration will be held in the room in which Mr. Pickwick played his immortal game of whist." Lord Roberts wrote: "The works of Charles Dickens always had a great fascination for me, and I will remember with what delight I used as a boy to look forward to the arrival of the monthly number of David Copperfield, and I have always retained my admiration for his works."

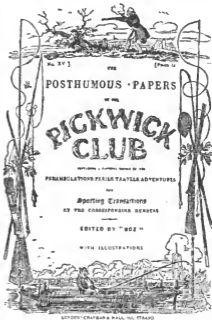
The accompanying facsimile of a receipt, signed by "E. Pickwick," which is dated Bath, January 5, 1862, is a curiosity inasmuch as it is the original document from the hand of a celebrated coach proprietor at Bath, from whom or from whose coach Dickens derived the name of his hero in *The Pickwick Papers*. Another curiosity is the reproduction of the original cover design that was printed on the celebrated green covers of *Pickwick*, as it appeared in monthly numbers. The drawing was made by Seymour, and it is noticeable that the only figure in the design—Mr. Winkie with the gun, and Mr. Pickwick angling—are both engaged in sport. The fact is, as nearly every one knows, that Seymour's

sketches were to be the chief features of the work; the facetious drawings being interpreted as a joke at the expense of the Cockney sportsman, and as Dickens had made an impression as a facetious humorist in *Sketches by Boz*, the suggestion that he should write came about naturally. Observe that these papers are put down as being "edited by 'Boz.'" But the work, undertaken at first as a bit of back writing, took hold of the writer's imagination, and very soon he insisted that the drawings should grow out of the text, and ultimately obtained permission to write in his own way. The design for the cover and four illustrations in the first number were all that Seymour executed. Dickens set out with only the vaguest scheme for the book, and even the personality of his central character was not clearly defined. The first type for *Pickwick* was a long, thin man. It was Mr. Chapman, the publisher, of

Messrs. Chapman and Hall, who originated the figure of Pickwick as we know him, by a description which he gave Seymour of a friend of his at Richmond, who wore drab tights and gaiters. The opera bouffe burlesque, "Mr. Pickwick," which is being played in this city has started several metropolitan pens writing on past performances of Dickens, and possible revivals and new versions in the future. So far as we have observed, none of these chroniclers has recalled the interesting fact that Dickens himself showed early theatrical proclivities. At the age of nineteen he had resolved upon a theatrical career, and while preparing himself to become a reporter in one of the offices in Doctors' Commons, he applied to the manager of Covent Garden Theatre for an opportunity to show what he could do. Only the accident of illness prevented his keeping an appointment at which he was granted him, and getting a start in journalism soon after, the application was not renewed. Plainly, as Mr. Gosling in his admirably written *Life of Dickens* points out, Dickens never was indeed to enter upon an actor's life, and so close throughout was his connection with the theatrical world, that

one cannot glance at this incident as a mere detail in the story of his youth. It declares a natural bent of mind, and he did it in the end because, if not strictly an actor, at all events a public entertainer whose strongest efforts were produced by the exercise of melodramatic talent. As an amateur, he acted frequently throughout his life. As a dramatic author he might have succeeded had he bent his energies to the task with serious intent, but what attempts he made in "The Strange Gentleman," a farce played in 1836, in "The Village Coquettes," a libretto produced in the same year, and in "The Lamplighter," a farce written in 1838, but never acted, gave no great evidence of dramatic powers.

The recent news of the arrest at Budeapest of a notorious gang of thieves, whose chief turned out to be a publisher, recalls the story of George Augustus Sala's presenting a Bible to a certain London publisher who had handled some of his books. The publisher was at a loss to understand just why he should have been singled out for this peculiar gift, until some time after he discovered a slight change in the wording of John xviii. 40, where the phrase, "Now, Barabbas was a robber," was made to read "Barabbas was a publisher." When Miss Corelli's *Barabbas* appeared with this text on the title-page, a reviewer, quoting the words in his review, evidently indistinctly written, received the proof with the amazing statement, "Barabbas was a rater." Correcting it, he deemed it wise to see the review through to a finish in print, and asked for another proof. Either the proof-reader was not given to scolding the Scriptures, or his zeal for truth led him to overconscientiousness, for the writer found his correction garbled to read, "Barabbas was a ratter!"



Facsimile of Original "Pickwick" Cover Design

Finance

The vision of financial reform and of a much-needed elasticity of currency, held out before American business men, has passed in a political wrangle in which jealousy and the spite of factions have unfortunately figured. It was hardly to be expected that a short session of Congress could have passed a measure of so much moment and one so radical in comparison with our own antiquated system. But the crisis of last fall demanded that legislative precedents be set aside in the universal clamor for ways and means of conducting the business of a constantly expanding nation. The opponents of the Aldrich bill in the Republican party, or rather those who silently condemned it while they attempted to substitute their own proposal for asset currency, are now considering the introduction of a bill at the next session of more popular form, and are likely to make concession to the demand for less liberality in banking convenience. With Congress adjourned and the currency system on the old basis, there is no loss and probably a good deal of gain, as the necessity for legislation that will improve the banking methods of the United States is more prominent to a larger number of persons than ever before. Recent years have produced a cumulative moral support to financial reform measures of sufficient strength to give authors of currency bills ever-increasing audiences. Eventually, some degree of success will be accomplished. But the question that is agitating bankers, who raised, not on promises or possibilities, is, What is to be done until a new Congress meets? What will the Secretary of the Treasury do to assist, now that he has bought all of the government bonds available, and with the necessity for withdrawing deposits in national banks to fulfill government obligations, rather than to augment those deposits, as he did last November? The municipal bond dealers, who have had an unmarvelous season of securities for several years, seem to think that the solution of the whole problem lies in the acceptance of their various issues as security, but the Treasurer withdrew his act of purchase as soon as the money stringency had been relieved. He may, however, renew it in emergency. It is emergency measures that will have to be applied to until the statutes are changed. The situation will be more complicated and much more serious this year, inasmuch as \$46,000,000 (estimated) of money will be withdrawn from circulation by the trust companies of New York city, who are required after June 1 to maintain a reserve of 5 per cent, gradually increasing to 10 or 15 per cent. Heretofore their moneys have been on deposit with the local banks, who have loaned them out on call. The stock-market is without a leader; it is likely to be for some time. No one wants the task of infusing the speculative spirit into a public that slowly accepts the current preachments on ways to secure material profit. And the men who might lead have no encouragement from the more powerful ones who really create the conditions. The lack of support given to syndicate operations, which two years ago would have yielded very handsome profits to subscribers, shows conclusively that even the largest banking interests have extended their credits to a point where they are approaching dead-weight. The latest return of the associated banks of New York city gives the loans as \$150,156,000, and the deposits as \$336,206,400. A \$75,000,000 expansion in loans in a month's time is quite too rapid an increase for safety measures. A vigorous Western money demand has started, and the South will soon be requiring her usual fund for planting. The enormous home consumption, which draws on the markets of foreign countries and adds to our customs receipts, will

decreasing our balance of trade, puts money into an unyielding treasury to the country's exasperation. The money-market has started in to show these unsatisfactory conditions, with the result that morristable accommodations for time periods have risen 1 per cent. in a comparatively short period. This is one of the most salient causes influencing the stagnation and the slight weakness in the stock market.

The prospect of gold exports, which has been hanging over the market for some time, has passed into a somewhat remote contingency since the advance in money rates. It has been figured out that a very large sum would be sent to France to pay off the loans made during the past twelve months. As it is now, the shipments are likely to stop with small amounts sent to Argentina. As a matter of fact, the past week has seen the reappearance of loan bills on the New

York market. There is not much likelihood of borrowing money in London, where the demand for domestic needs maintains a firm rate, but a 5-per-cent. time rate here will, if continued, send funds this way from French bankers, who, with large supplies, have not a very heavy home requirement. The New York bank reserves are down to the lowest point for this season for many years. There is still enormous business activity, and corporate enterprises are reaping a large proportion of profit from their activities. So the good and the bad features of the general financial situation are curiously intermingled, balancing, in some instances; again, the one outweighing the other. On the one hand are seen increased dividends, and, on the other, increased capital issues. And there are current examples of new capitalizations being spread over a very thin surface.

A PLAIN TALK ABOUT HARPER'S WEEKLY

NEARLY a year ago HARPER'S WEEKLY first appeared in its present form—an editorial comment section of sixteen pages and an illustrated section of twenty-four pages, forty pages in all, not counting the special numbers. From the start the *WEEKLY* succeeded even beyond our own expectations. Its appeal is to every American of intelligence. If you have seen a copy of the *WEEKLY* during the past year, you know how its aims—the interesting exposition of American progress and of the vital questions of the day and hour—have been carried out. And if you are a reader of the *WEEKLY*, you know, also, that if you never saw another paper, daily or weekly, you would have every week from HARPER'S WEEKLY the complete news of the world in text and pictures, by the best writers and artists.

Every week there are, besides the editorial comment and special articles on the vital questions of the hour, complete articles on American progress, summing up fully the present situation and showing where we lead or will lead in art, science, industry, education, literature, the mechanical arts, etc. In a forthcoming number, now arranged for, William Dean Howells will write an article on the outlook in literature, and will, besides, be a regular contributor on current questions and events; Mark Twain, also, will write regularly for the *WEEKLY*. There will be special articles on the home—home life, the outlook in business and in the professions, and so on—which will be of special interest to every woman. This issue begins the series of new covers. There will be a different cover from now on every week.

Next week, among other features, there will be a character sketch of King Edward, drawn for the *WEEKLY* by Peter Newell; twenty years of American opera with the outlook apropos of the 20th anniversary of the Metropolitan Opera House in New York; the practical use of wireless telegraphy in actual war, etc.

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STATEMENT OF CONDITION
 (CONDENSED)

Report to the Comptroller of the Currency
 APRIL 30th, 1902
RESOURCES

Loans and Discounts	\$12,745,106.54
Bonds	770,029.74
Banking House	545,794.92
Due from Banks	835,829.80
Cash and Checks on other Banks	8,297,120.00
	\$23,193,881.02

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

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 of the Boroughs of Manhattan, The Bronx, Brooklyn, Queens,
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 open for examination and correction on the second Monday
 of January, and will remain open until the

15th DAY OF FEBRUARY next.

During the time that the books are open to public inspection,
 application may be made by any person or corporation claim-
 ing to be corrected by the annual valuation of real or personal
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In the Borough of Manhattan, at the main office of the De-
 partment of Taxes and Assessments, No. 406 Broadway.

In the Borough of The Bronx, at the office of the Department,
 Municipal Building, One Hundred and Seventy-seventh Street
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In the Borough of Richmond at the office of the Department,
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 New York, at the office of the Department of the Borough
 where such place of business is located, on or before the hour of

12 M and 12 P M, on any Saturday, when all applications
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A Century Hence

By Charles Johnston
Regal Civil Service (Retired)

In every community there are a few men who count; the rest take their direction from these. In society, a small number of women of originality and power take the lead in everything, while the rest are glad to follow suit. So, in the greater society, the greater community of the world, a few nations or races count, and the rest are ruled by these: not only politically, but in thought, feeling, genius, and inspiration.

In looking forward to see what a century may bring forth, the first matter to get clear is which of the nations count, and which not, as the Sanskrit proverb says, "mere empty measures, filling up the granary." Our sound and practical way is to see which races have succeeded in establishing sovereignty over a large number of individuals; in other words, to begin with the largest empires, numerically, and to work down from these to the lesser powers. For to establish an imperium over a vast body of men is one of the very strongest symptoms of effectiveness in a race. *(Continued on page 117.)*

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A STATEMENT BY ALEXANDER COMMUTER SMART A STUDENT



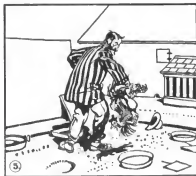
First of all, I must explain that the order-bed was not my idea. Moreover, I was fully aware of the intelligent surveillance which was being kept over my progress.

But since the preceding year I had perfected a new and no less business-wise, trick which I hoped to circumvent their customary depredations.



On a day I found the best dining freely from my careful preparations. But that hybrid old hound was employing his destructive talents exclusively to my own streams. Why?

A new thought struck me, and to prove its correctness I determined thereupon the immediate capture of the male bird.



BY ALBERT LEVERING

This somewhat difficult task assumed I proceeded to unconcerned him in a divided cup of our own, and proceeded to study the best

Who immediately flew to my onions. That, good sir, in this natural manner I have proven correct a theory I have long held—that various folk, if given care man to man, will indulge in excess.

(Continued from page 439.)

most populous of all states, as what our statisticians, most descriptively, call "the Chinese Empire." Let us, then, begin by faring the Yellow Peril. Where will it stand in a hundred years?

Our statistics are deceptive because, strictly speaking, there is no Chinese Empire—that is, the imperium, or sovereign power, is nowhere in Chinese hands. The Chinese cannot even rule themselves, much less do they rule any one else. The imperium among them is held by a handful of so-called Manchu Tartars, men of much the same race as the great medieval conquerors, Genghis Khan, and Timur the Lame, whose Dryden called Tamerlane, and Coleridge's friend, Kublai Khan, who did a stately pleasure dome decree. These Manchu Tartars undoubtedly had the gift of sovereignty, the genius of rule, the great hindering power of collective will, without which even hundreds of millions can no more hold together than so many grains of dry sand. They also had the remaining quality that makes empires, the quality which the true Chinaman so conspicuously lacks.

The Chinaman are an immense heap of human grains of sand, without binding power, without collective will; therefore they have no political weight at all. And with a rare so old, so definitely crystallized psychically, so to speak, there is an great chance of their gaining this quality within a hundred years, or twice a hundred. They are no peril at all politically, so long as they try to stand by themselves. And the Chinese are the first to recognize it. Therefore they tolerated the Manchu Tartars these three hundred years, having already had a Mongol dynasty, cousins of the Tartars, for several centuries before. There was a brief interlude of Chinese rule between the true Mongol and the Manchus, but it ended badly with the last dynast hanging himself on an acacia-tree. No perished Chinese sovereignty.

Manchuria is in fact a Russian province, whatever it may be in law. Politically, therefore, the Chinese can never count. Commercially, however, they will count in an ever-increasing degree. The commercial growth of Japan will be a drop in the ocean compared with China. Our capitalists and laborers should agree with each other quickly, while they are in the way, lest they be delivered into the hands of the Chinaman. Let them ask the English merchants and officials of Singapore or Hongkong what the Chinaman can do, economically, and he will win in time.

The so-called Chinese Empire is estimated to number just over four hundred millions. The British Empire is something under the same figure. The two together make up half mankind. We may now look more closely at the British Empire, to recognize the elements of which it really consists.

First comes India, with its three hundred millions of half-starved brown people, who for long centuries have not counted in the world's destinies, nor will they ever count again. There are a few millions of red or white race who do count, but we must pass over them now. Governing these three hundred millions stand some nine hundred inhabitants of the British Isles, many of the most gifted coming from Scotland or Ireland, just as all the soldiers of genius in the British army, the Wolseys, Kitcheners, Robertses, and the like, are of Irish birth. A small army of English, Irish, and Scotch regiments backs up the nine hundred rulers of India—and, incidentally, consumes the resources in "punitive expeditions" across the frontiers. Thus in world politics three-fourths of the British Empire does not count at all, or counts as a liability rather than as an asset.

(Continued on page 444.)

Wireless Telegraphy for the United States Government

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Deer-hunting in Automobiles

THE idea of utilizing the automobile in deer-hunting has been introduced in the West. Mr. W. W. Price, of Colorado Springs, probably has the honor of being the first one to go after deer and other big game in a motor-car.

Mr. Price has recently returned from a tour in which he was quite successful, and which covered several hundred miles through the wildest portion of the State. Accompanied by Dr. C. E. Smith, Mr. Price started in a Winton car of about fifteen horse-power, going through South Park, and Buena Vista, and climbing Ute Pass, one of the most difficult passages in the Colorado Rockies. They entered the "Flat Top" country, as it is called, going directly to the deer ranges in the vehicle. Several fine specimens were shot, and the game "parked" on the front of the touring-car to be brought back to their headquarters at the camp of the Montgomery Land and Cattle Company.

During the trip the auto passed through a considerable portion of the country which has never before been visited by a chauffeur. Near the town of Meeker a band of deer actually followed the car some distance, apparently astonished at the strange animal. While within easy range of the rifles carried by Mr. Price and his companions, no attempt was made to shoot them, as it was not considered sportsmanlike.

The arrival of the hunters at Meeker caused a sensation, as few in the town had ever seen such a vehicle, and it was the first to make its appearance within the limits. The local paper, in

commenting upon the arrival, said: "The first automobile to make its appearance in this valley arrived Tuesday evening, the distance between Rifle and Meeker having been covered in three and one-half hours, including stops and one slight breakdown. Mr. W. W. Price and Dr. C. E. Smith were the passengers. The machine was given a bow-stall at Simp Harp's livery, and 'Salty' was on hand with a new fifty-foot rope and a pair of hobbles to secure the thing. All the horses in the barn talked it over that night, and concluded that when the roads were bad it would be the same old thing—double up and get up in the collar. It will not prove as destructive on the range as sheep."

Meeker is one of the principal cattle markets of this section of the West, and cowboys are always riding about its streets. When the auto and its passengers came down the main street several of the "boys" got out their lassos and tried to put the rope around one of the wheels. After Mr. Price had "put it up" at "Simp Harp's," a party of the range-riders entered the stable and went through the ceremony of branding it as a "muster-lick." The motor was the first of its kind to go through the Grand River Cation, and for many miles passed over a "highway" which has been literally blasted out of solid rock by the State. The road is only wide enough to allow one vehicle to pass, and on either side the walls in some places reach a height of a thousand feet. Mr. Price states that for much of the way they passed over a solid bed of rock with not even an inch of earth for a top covering.



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tion has at last been discovered by Dr. Derk P. Yonkerman, a great Michigan doctor, who has made a life study of this fatal disease. His wonderful remedy has been fully tested and rightly proven a sure cure by State officials, and noted medical men all over the world, testily in its power to kill the dread germ that causes consumption. The doctor makes no secret of the ingredients of his wonderful cure, believing that the people are entitled to such a possession of science, and he is sending free treatment all over the world, bringing you knowledge of certain results from this awful fatal disease. Such eminent scientists as Koch, Lefson, Faber, and all the great medical and germ specialists and chemists have already repeatedly declared that the consumptive germ cannot live a minute in the presence of the ingredients of this wonderful remedy that has already revolutionized the treatment of consumption and has taken it from the catalogue of deadly, fatal diseases and placed it in the curable list. Free trial packages and letters from grateful people—former consumptives rescued from the very jaws of death—are sent free to all who write to Dr. Derk P. Yonkerman, 2655 Shakespeare Building, Kalamazoo, Mich. Dr. Yonkerman wants every consumptive sufferer on the face of the earth to have this marvelous and only genuine cure for consumption. Write to-day. It is a sure cure, and the free trial package sent you will do you more good than all the medicines, cod-liver oils, stimulants, or changes of climate, and it will convince you that at last there has been discovered the true cure for consumption. Don't delay—there is not an hour to lose when you have consumption, throat or lung trouble. Send to day for free package.

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tion. This becomes not a measure, but a promise, when we see that sympathy is the true key-note for the Slav, who is far more hopeful and for the ethics of the Sermon on the Mount than is the self-sovereign and dominating Teuton.

Now will this exhaust the Slavonic area. Draw a line from Riga on the Baltic to Venice; nearly everything to the east of this line is ethnically Slav. Heave the dire apprehensions of the Prussian and Austrian Pan-Germans, who feel and fear the rising tide. Count von Billew recently expressed the matter in a nutshell, by comparing the Slavs to rabbits, and the Teutons to hares, for their power of reproduction; beginning with equal numbers, you will have a hundred rabbits before you have a score of hares. So it is with Slav and Teuton. Therefore all eastern Europe, as well as most of Asia, may be added to the Slavonic area.

We come now to the fourth of the great world powers, our unshrinking slaves. It is evidently impossible to do the subject justice in a paragraph or two. We can only express with the utmost brevity a series of conclusions slowly and laboriously reached.

We at present number some sixty millions, less than seventy millions being of white or nearly white race; a large influx of the inhabitants of southern Europe being amonged the nearly white, the olive races, like the Sicilians or Neapolitans.

We speak of these seventy millions as Anglo-Saxons, using this as a synonym of English-speaking. But even England was never Anglo-Saxon in race. We all actually speak "English," but some of it is very queer English, from the standpoint of Mayfair, where the court tongue of England is used uniformly spoken. But Anglo-Saxon is rare this country is not. And here, as everywhere else in the English area, the pure English race has a dwindling birth-rate, and is rapidly approximating the condition already reached by the French, where births just equal deaths. Mr. Roosevelt's recent letter suggests some of the reasons of this; in any case, they are not scant.

At the present moment there are probably between twenty and twenty-five millions of Irish in this country, and, as they are recruited from the most vigorous portion of the Irish race, their birth-rate is unusually high, approaching the Russian standard. So that they will decidedly equal in the larger world a century hence. We have also strong elements drawn from Germany, many of Slavonic race; and a large contingent from other Slavonic areas, like Austria and Poland; and to these our immigrants from the Latin countries add it is evident that the America of a hundred years hence will be the qualescence, the final distillation, of all the European races. The Teutonic element, with its bulging proclivities, will be pretty well drilled out by that time; and the Celtic element will be greatly strengthened. We shall have a type more sympathetic, more psychic, very creative, and with a rich promise of good for the remainder of the world.

The German Empire stands next, and is a strong and vital factor. It cannot extend in Europe, yet extends it unobtrusively afield. So we may logically appertain to it a population of a hundred and fifty millions, largely represented in the temperate zone of North America. A subterranean zone may belong to the Latin races; while we may look to see the red race reassert itself, and dominate tropical South America, as well as most of Central America. But doubtless the whole of the New World will be in touch, joined in a loose confederacy, with this country as a very influential factor.

These are the races which chiefly count,

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and a century hence they will stand somewhat thus:

First, we shall have the Russian realm, with a population of not less than five hundred millions,—equal to a third of the whole human race at the present time. This population will be of almost pure Slavonic blood, and the small extraneous elements in it will be made up for by the strong kindred Slavonic element at present beyond the borders of Russia.

Second in numbers, we shall have the new American race, in extent about two hundred millions. The birth rate in the United States tends to decrease, but the number of immigrants tends to increase; and this, of course, means an increasing departure from the first race-type. All evidence points to the thought that, while Russia will without doubt tend to become Americanized, by the devolution of responsibility to ever-widening circles of the population, the opposite course will prevail in America,—a more collective consciousness growing up, and gradually approaching the Slavonic moral standard, with its sympathetic general consciousness. Thus the two greatest world powers will approach each other, the one growing in individual responsibility, while the other increases in the power of sympathetic feeling.

Next in order we shall probably have a hundred and fifty millions of pure Teutons, divided between central Europe and temperate South America, a race whom we should look on as the intellectual heirs of Goethe and Wagner, of Kant and Schopenhauer, the masters of great realms of the noblest thought and art, and therefore a treasure-house of one of the great heritages of mankind.

The English race is evidently destined to dwindle, as did the Spanish power which overshadowed the world three centuries ago. Even now, India is an element of sheer weakness, a mass of magnificent misery; while the great self-governing commonwealths of Canada and Australia are only nominally subject to England, and with every year will more and more become sovereign states. The destiny of Canada evidently is a part of the general destiny of the New World; and, as the English type in Canada, as elsewhere, is dying out, we may add the Dominion to the area of the new American race. The present American invasion of the Northwest Territory shows how this will practically come about. Australia may be expected to remain more English in type.

To apply this to the map of the world-Russia, foremost of the white powers, will extend down to the borders of China proper, covering a vast tract in central Asia equal to about two million square miles. Russia will extend her influence over Slavonic Austria and the Balkan peninsula, down to the borders of Hellas, which will also depend on the greatest power in the Eastern Church.

The American states will doubtless reap, in a fuller and closer federation, that sense of common interest and feeling which the Monroe Doctrine is bringing about, and which includes Canada just as much as it includes Venezuela. We may, therefore, confidently forecast a federation of the New World, with this country as preponderant member. In this federation, a great German state in South America will doubtless be included, and German political power will absorb a part of western Austria, gaining a port on the Adriatic, and stretching from the Baltic to the Mediterranean.

Whether India is destined to continue its present relation to England, or whether its poverty and distress will become a burden on some other hand, is a question mainly interesting to the millions of India, but of no weight in world politics. The strictly English area may, therefore, be limited to England and Australia, with a joint population of under fifty millions.



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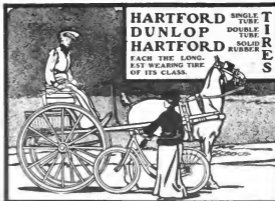


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for APRIL

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NEW LONGFELLOW LETTERS

A number of hitherto unpublished letters written by the poet between 1831 and 1835, throwing new light on his personality, together with many letters of the first Mrs. Longfellow, sketches by the poet, etc.

ENGLISH

Professor Brander Matthews, of Columbia, has written a most interesting article on "Briticisms of All Sorts," in which he contrasts some English and American usages of words and discusses some new Briticisms.

TRAVEL

In the few months before his death Julian Ralph wrote for HARPER'S MAGAZINE a number of studies of people in various parts of our country. One of these, called "A Trip with a Tin-Peddler," appears in the April Magazine. William Sharp, the well-known English critic, writes poetically of "The Country of Theocritus."

PICTURES IN COLOR

There are fifteen pages of pictures in color and tint in the April Magazine, including paintings by Louis Loch, W. T. Smedley, and Charles King Wood.

ECONOMIC MORMONISM

Professor Richard T. Ely, of the University of Wisconsin, who has been making a study of various communities for HARPER'S MAGAZINE, writes of the social and economic side of Mormonism as seen to-day in Salt Lake City.

SCIENCE

Carl Snyder, in his article on "Physiological Immunity," gives the latest scientific views on how the human body fights disease—a paper of intense practical interest to every one.

HISTORY

Thomas A. Janvier's story of "The Dutch Founding of New York" comes to a conclusion in the April number. It is a delightful study of the end of the Dutch regime.

SHORT STORIES

In addition to Mr. Howells' story, there are short stories by Robert W. Chambers, Alice Caldwell Hegun, Mrs. Stepeny Rawson, Candace Wheeler, Lily A. Long, and J. C. Troutman in the April number—eight complete short stories in all.

HARPER'S WEEKLY

VOL. XLVII.

New York, Saturday, March 21, 1903—Illustrated Section

NO. 6423

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See page 401

Henrik Ibsen

The playwright, who with Bjornson shares in Norway the title of the Grand Old Man, celebrated his seventy-fifth birthday on March 20

Humor and Life in La Guayra

Some Impressions from our Correspondent in Venezuela

IF not a gay town, La Guayra is a picturesque one in many ways. At the foot of the ravine shown in the sketch one forgets how vitally hot, close, and sickening the day is. Sunlight plays round the mountains, and shows clearly the quaint old convent and church-tower of "El Carmen," with its yellow walls washed to an orange tint, and blackened in spots with dampness. A fountain covered with green moss stands by

its gate, around which picture-resque groups of native girls and women gather with water-jars.

The white building that you remark across the ravine and up to the left higher in the mountains is a manseion. In the house behind its walls of finest marble lived and died old Dr. N——, who was a German student when old Heidelberg was young. For seventy years he carried with him the fear that one day he would be buried alive. To avoid this fate, which— and to say— fell to the lot of one of his patients, he ordered this manseion built with the savings of half a century of practice. His last wish was to be laid at rest there in an open coffin, with a key for the manseion door in his right hand. Thus he stands, 1500 feet above the sea-level, ready to open the door that leads back to life.

Down where the ravine cuts through the long half-circle of oil lamp-posts that twinkle at night along the quay, you see the spot that marks La Guayra's beauty and ruinous — at least for the special correspondents who land news to read. It is the office of the Venezuelan censor of telegrams—a man of many, many needs. At least so he seemed necessarily to us, who many times hastened tired and preparing to the cable-office, only to be informed, Call again later, for the censor has gone for his "almuerzo," for his "lunch," his "merienda," or his "late supper."

However, there were some moments when the censor was not aiding the blockading fleet in reducing the food-supply. Then he would accept a telegram, gravely and sceptically look it over, giving himself an air of understanding English or *francés*, and then forward the message (I suspect by mail) to Caracas. Experience soon

tought us that it was useless to inquire before at least twenty-four hours had elapsed what the powers that be in Caracas had decided. Perchance on the following day one would get hold of the censor rushing through Main Street for a meal, and ask, "How about my telegram, Señor?"

"Still under consideration in Caracas."

"Thanks, so much, Señor, and I hope you'll enjoy your lunch."

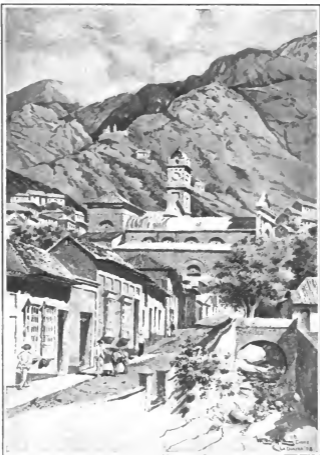
Again a day went by, and again the censor was met in the street, this time sunnier and lazily. He came from a meal. He felt cheery and willing to chat. Taking the cigarette from his lips, raising his hat, and bowing with true Spanish-American grandeur, he would volunteer: "Your telegram has been passed upon favorably, and sent," or regret that "his government could not very well allow a message like the one filed to leave the country." No ill-timing was shown in that case, but the censor, with equal politeness and ceremony, informed that by this time the captain of the *Corfo Alberto* had probably filed the message in Curaçao, whence it would leave without censorship.

For many reasons we thought it wise to avoid the letter, and to send our telegrams on board one of the allied mail-ships to Curaçao. A telegram is apparently believed public property by the Venezuelan authorities.

An English man's pendant, very young and very bright, was the first of us to find Castro in La Victoria, and obtain an interview. Sitting down to dinner with us that

same night in Curaçao, he found it difficult to keep his secret quite to himself, and hinted at some big and exclusive story that his paper would print the following day. You may imagine the look of stung disgust, indignation, and amazement on his face when explicitly at this table volunteered to tell him word by word what he had called. His interview had found its way through the doors of the consular offices, and been offered to every newspaper correspondent for sale.

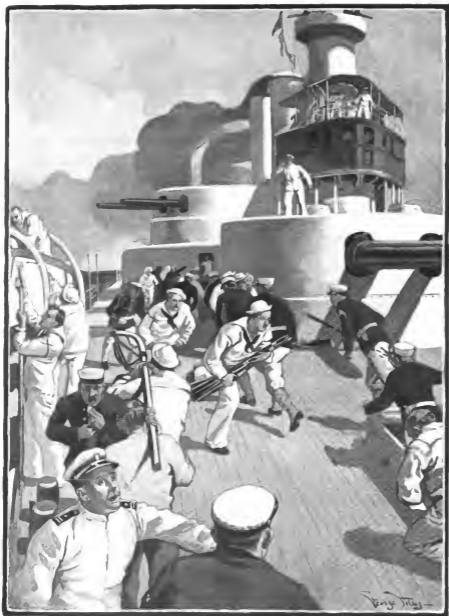
Of course nobody tried to deprive the winner of his laurels by making use of his property.



La Guayra—the Centre of the Blockade

From a drawing made on the spot by our artist, Mr. Walter Hale

This is the best authentic sketch published of the part of Caracas, which is built on a sea-wall at the foot of the Venezuelan mountains. The roadway represented in the drawing is the route to Caracas, which lies six miles over the mountains in the background. The railroad, which crosses nearly every mile below it reaches the capital, as is seen at the upper right-hand corner climbing La Silla, the peak which guards La Guayra



"CLEAR SHIP FOR ACTION!"

The home squadron of battle-ships and cruisers is in the Gulf of Mexico, in response to an order of the Navy Department. The object is to improve the efficiency of the men by putting them through the various manoeuvres of actual war. In the drawing Mr. George Gibbs has chosen the moment when all hands are called to quarters to prepare for action



Wireless Manoeuvres in Germany, showing the Air-ship Battalion in the Field

Wireless Telegraphy in the Next War

THE military and naval authorities of the world are equipping their respective armies and fleets with special wireless telegraphy apparatus, and the war power without this very modern accessory will soon be as badly handicapped as though it were without ammunition.

The illustrations here shown represent a type of apparatus manufactured by the Braun-Neimans and Halack Wireless Telegraph Company, especially for field use in the Imperial German army, and operated by the Royal Military Air-ship Battalion of Germany, under whose direction the tests were made.

The great difficulty experienced in transporting wireless stations overland has been largely due to the extreme sensibility of the coherer, or electric eye, in the wireless apparatus, and of the relay which indicates the message. With this idea well in mind, the manufacturers designed the accoutrements for military signaling without wires in a way that does away with the elements of danger from breakage or disarrangement which result from hard usage and from the heavy service demanded.

The apparatus is mounted on regulation gun-carriages, the whole arrangement being made as compact as possible. In the recent German manoeuvres, there were three of these portable military wireless telegraph outfits, and two permanent station installations, using masts for the suspension of the sending and receiving air wires. The tests took place within an effective radius of thirty-five miles, under all the many varying conditions in which it could possibly be subjected in time of actual warfare.

Among the rigid tests which were imposed and made a condition of acceptance by the government were cross-country runs at breakneck speed, halting the battalion suddenly, then making ready the apparatus, elevating the vertical wire a few hundred feet by means of a kite, and finally clicking off the message. The

results were as satisfactory as at permanent stations, and messages were received as easily and accurately as though the vital parts of the apparatus had been resting undisturbed on an air-cushion, and all this, it was found, could be easily accomplished in five minutes.

The portable equipments are supplied with kites and balloons of various sizes, in order to obtain for the air-wire the necessary height with the least possible weight. On days when there is no wind small hydrogen balloons are sent up, carrying the thin flexible strands of copper wires, and for this purpose a cylinder of compressed hydrogen is made a part of the outfit, but on days when there is a slight wind blowing, a form of tailless kite known in this country as an Eddy kite is sent up, and from its cord is suspended the air-wire.

Now a tailless kite of the type cited possesses very little stability in the teeth of a stiff breeze, and so recourse must be had to a kite of the cellular type—for example, those that are termed here, Blue Hill box-kites; these may be sent up in a veritable gale. In this way the difficulties due to stormy weather may be readily overcome. As batteries or any similar source of electricity are obviously unsuited for supplying currents to operate the transmitter, since they are liable to breakage, leakage, and a hundred and one other little technical troubles, under such trying conditions, a small dynamo, directly connected with a gasoline engine is made to supply the current, and has been found well adapted to the purpose.

Besides the German army, the Danish and Austrian governments, are making through tests of its efficiency, and the United States navy is now trying it. The war departments of almost every government have equipped their vessels and their armies with the new mode of wireless transmission, and in the next war game it will play an important and lively rôle.



The German Air-ship Battalion sending Wireless Messages as in actual War

Guarding Three Sea-Roads

The Strategy of the New Naval Stations recently Leased from Cuba

THE President recently signed an agreement providing for two new naval bases in Cuba for the protection of the Caribbean and the Gulf of Mexico. Against a direct dash of a hostile fleet from Europe the long line of the Atlantic coast is reasonably safe. The sole cover is the

Hermuda Islands on a line with Halifax, which is entirely inadequate to the demands of a hostile fleet for supply after a quick run across the Atlantic. A fleet hurled directly against the Atlantic coast of the United States from Europe would be already half defeated.

A slight expansion of the United States to the north would eliminate the possibility of recruiting a fleet at Halifax, and there is only the question of protecting the southern coast-line.

A hostile fleet that would do the correct theoretical thing in attacking on the south would sweep south of the Bahamas, and would round in between Cuba and Haiti. It would establish a base in either republic or the latter island if chose without much regard to the protests of the variously colored peoples of the two

there is to be had in that locality. Bahia Honda is not another Havana Harbor, but it is near that desirable port, and is about in the right place strategically. It is on the road to the Gulf of Mexico via the Old Bahamas Channel, and it is also just around the corner, this time with respect to the Yucatan Channel.

These two late acquisitions by lease in the possessions of the Navy Department make the trio of road-keeping stations that, in default of the exclusive control of the West Indies, will represent the right flank of the defenses of the Atlantic seaboard. The third in the trio is the naval station at San Juan, Puerto Rico, the base of the ships that will keep mischievous strangers from coming through the Mona Passage.

Assuming that the United States had a navy of sufficient size to give a respectable battle fleet to each of these stations, this is what might happen:

Granted that an attacking fleet had rendezvoused, reeled, and prepared at an outlying island, the fleet from Guantanamo pays its respects to it as it comes through the Windward Passage, and it



Map showing our two new naval stations—Bahia Honda and Guantanamo—in Cuba, and their strategic importance in the event of a possible war in defending, with our station at Porto Rico, the approaches to the Gulf of Mexico, the Caribbean Sea, and the Indian Ocean

republics which divide the area of San Domingo-Haiti, and when ready would run up through the Caribbean and the Yucatan Channel, through the Gulf of Mexico, and to New Orleans, the possession of the Mississippi, and so on.

But it might choose one of three "big roads" into the Gulf of Mexico. The Old Bahamas Channel north of Cuba, leading into the St. Nicholas Channel, and so on into the Gulf; the Windward Passage between Cuba and Haiti; and the Mona Passage between San Domingo and Porto Rico. Good little reefs and good big reefs and banks abound elsewhere, and confine big, strange ships to these thoroughfares.

And because it might come on either of the three, Uncle Sam will keep a guard post on each, and seek trouble before trouble troubles him.

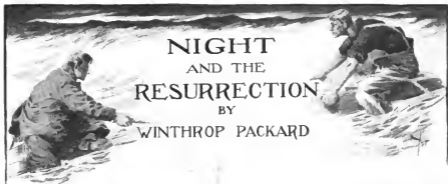
Just around the corner, as the ships come in the Windward Passage between Cape Mais and Mole St. Nicolas, is good retirement for ships and men at Guantanamo. It is the nearest other thing to Havana Harbor as a desirable port, and its lease to the United States simply closes the Windward Passage to ships to which the government at Washington objects.

Around on the north coast of Cuba, not a great way from Havana, is not a particularly desirable sort of a bay, but the best

place along in such shape as it may after coming out of the fight. The attacking fleet gets along to the point where the waterway narrows between Cuba and Yucatan, the Yucatan Channel. There it meets the fleet that has run around from Bahia Honda, and while the fight is on, the fleet from San Juan comes smashing along. The defenses of New Orleans or the control of the Mississippi will be little affected by what is left of the attacking fleet.

Or coming through the Mona Passage, the attacking fleet meets successively the fleet of San Juan, the fleet of Guantanamo, and the fleet of Bahia Honda; or, coming along the north coast of Cuba, the attacking fleet is held in check by the fleet from Bahia Honda until the San Juan and Guantanamo fleets, racing down inside, have run out through the Yucatan Channel into the Gulf of Mexico, and formed the first line of defense for the right flank.

This is the strategy of the new naval stations at Guantanamo and Bahia Honda, to make a line of defense where the United States is defenseless, to at least hold the roads that lead to the very heart of the nation, to have bases capable of provisioning, supplying, protecting each a fleet, and to have a fleet at each that, combined, will make an attack on the United States via the West Indies at least as hazardous as a straight dash at the Atlantic coast.



NIGHT AND THE RESURRECTION

BY
WINTHROP PACKARD

"LUCKY GEORGE," leaning from the bottom of the dory, rasped and tooting in the white froth of the squall, reached my collar with one slimsy hand while he clung precariously to the painter with the other. Some mystery of Providence had cast the stout rope up across the hull when we were overturned, and this story never been told. He waited the swing of the waves, whose ways he knew as only a Gloucester man, and at the right moment lifted me, with the help of a toppling oar, and set me astride of the dory, facing him.

"Climb in out of the wet, my son," he said, and though his face was ashy gray in the waning light, his manner was almost jovial. "Here, hang on to that painter. You did a wise thing when you chose Lucky George for a drymate. This is what you call a snap. That bit of rope is as good as a life-line. It's all the life-line we'll ever need, I guess," he added, suddenly rasful.

I heard, though as one in a dream. Three minutes before, in the lish of the squall, I could have heard nothing, but the gust seemed to pass as quickly as it came, and the white sponderiff no longer sang like blown snow across the long hollows. Instead, the wind had almost ceased, and the wave-tops no longer curled in great cataraets, but toppled and sank lazily. Yet there was occasion for mindfulness. It was late February, and we were on the eastern end of Georges Bank. The schooner we could not see, hardly could expect to see again, and our chances of rescue in the growing winter twilight were slim indeed.

Somehow I did not seem to fear, yet I had a right to be frightened. I was only an amateur fisherman at best, leaving the dangers of Georges in the winter that I might see the life, and understand it as did the fishermen themselves, having made up my mind to serve my trick at wharf and trawl as did my fellows. The sea was serving me the lost trick of the Gloucesterman. The water was icy, though the Gulf Stream swings by the tip of Cape Cod, and bathes the eastern end of the fishing-grounds, and it was only a question of time when the chill would creep into the marrow and leave us to slide off the dory's back into the dark oblivion of the sea.

Georges Bank stretches a hundred miles east of Cape Cod, and is the resort of the Boston and Gloucester fishermen during winter. They plan their trips in this wise: Starting from port in one of the northwest bays that sweep Massachusetts Bay they run down merrily before it with starved nets, and reach the banks just about as it blows itself out. Then often come two, three, or more days of rain, in which they set their trawls in comparatively mild temperature, for the still days in the Gulf Stream, even in midwinter, are idyllic. By the time they have a fair of fish the wind is likely to blow up again from the east, and take them home as merrily as they came.

This had been our plan. Two days we lay in on the eastern end of the bank, until the weather moderated, then made a set of trawls that morning, only to be caught in the last gust of the northwester and espiced, having, in our eagerness, taken too heavy a fare of fish from the lines. Of the fate of the other dories we could know nothing. The schooner was hull down on the horizon when the gust struck, and would lose us completely. Our one chance would lie in being picked up by some other vessel, and in the long winter night steadily coming on this would be slim indeed. Well, it was the common fate of the Gloucestermen. Their losses strew the bank from end to end, and a thousand New England widows mourn their loss to-day.

"It's a great pity to lose all those fish and that gear," said Lucky George, after a moment; "but we can't help it now. We hang on too long. That's the worst with the fishing business. When you can get fish you can't get 'em."

He tried to smile at his own epigram, but his teeth shattered. The dory rose and fell on the long sweeps of the howling sea, and the twilight deepened into gray as we sat facing one another, chilling more and more as the light breeze blew on us. My clothes above water were almost stiffening with the frost in the air, and no sign of rescue had appeared, yet I did not feel fear. In the face of the inevitable there is no room for fear. It is uncertain death that fills our souls with terror. By and by a haze spread over the blurring sky, a sort of frost fog rising from the winter sea, and darkness came upon us, unrelieved by moon or star. We

clung in desperate silence, too numb to shiver. It is hard to tell the lapse of time under such circumstances; minutes may be hours, or hours minutes, told only by the burlesque of eternity, ticked off by the scintillating pendulum of an icy swell. I cannot say how much of the night had swung over our heads and still found us dumb, only it could not have been so very much, for though very numb, I could still cling, when, coming out of a sort of dream, I heard my companion's voice again, and started to see that he glowed from head to foot with phosphorescence, a luminous glow in the black ocean of endless night.

"Night and the resurrection," he said. "The sea is full of phosps, and they come to meet those who go to them. Have you seen any yet?" His voice was strange and high pitched. It had the weird ring of those voices which the mind has no longer in perfect control, but, must have been phosphorescent, for, though I could not speak, he noted the shake of my head, and went on.

"I have. They come up and sit on top of the waves—fawlers that have lain on the bottom of Georges this many a year. Some of them I know. There are men, but that isn't all; there are ships too. Oh, we won't drown, Gloucester don't. The ghost-ships come and take them off."

He sang a strange snatch of a forecastle song; then there was a long silence, followed by a moment in which sanity seemed to return to him in part, and he spoke in a natural tone.

"Fawler? No, I don't mean that. Well, we'll hang on as long as we can. I've been in worse scrapes than this, and got out of them all right. What was I telling you? Oh, I know; about the *Mary Blake*."

His voice was changing again, and though I could not see his face, I seemed to feel the stare of his eyes as he leaned forward and fixed them on me. He went on:

"She's waiting for us down below here, and she'll come crawling up by and by. Ho, but she sank pretty! One of the old clippers she was, captain's cabin fitted up with every sort of elegant conveniences. That was why we could do it. She had a waste-pipe with a valve and a scupper-hole below the load-line, and all we had to do was open that one night, and no man could find the leak. We were three weeks up from Surinam with sugar in baskets, loaded down till she could stand no more, and every ton of ballast out of her. Nothing but the sugar to hold her down. Three hundred dollars was my share for the job, and my wages would only have been forty-five. The owners, bent then, they made well out of it. An old ship and big insurance. It's an old story. Only the poor devil that does the job, he gets his mitty money, but the ship gets back at him. Her ghost sails round down below, and some day she comes up and carries him away. I ought to have known better than to have come winter fishing down here. She'll get me all right, this time. We opened that valve just below the South Shear's lightship, and it was on this end of Georges she sank. She's below us now, crawling and waiting for me. I can feel it. It isn't the sea that will get us. It isn't the cold, it's the ghost of the *Mary Blake* that needs a crew of ghosts to man her."

"Come on; she's coming by now, and we've got to go aboard. Jump quick, or you'll miss her."

I could see his phosphorescent figure move nimbly in the blur of the night, as if loosing its hold on the bit of floating plank that was to be our vanishing-point into eternity, and for the first time through the dose that was upon me a horror seemed to penetrate and move me to action. Hitherto it had been but a dumb waiting for the inevitable, a finish that could not long be deferred. Now there came fear of what my mate was about to do, and the thought of being alone in that bleakness of loneliness. Drowning. I clung to two straws, one the boat, the other my comrade's presence. With no effort I broke through the lethargy which oppressed me. It seemed that I moved like a palmed old man, yet I moved.

"Wait," I said, and my own voice seemed to have in it some of the crazy ring that his had; "wait until I help you."

Numb from the swirl down with the wash of winter waves came in frost armor from the waist up, it was no easy thing to keep secure hold on the single life-line, then twist the legs beneath it, and reach over and get my companion by the collar, but that was what I managed to do, and the little stir of blood in the stiffened veins sent sharp pains chiving in agony through them.

Lucky George hesitated a moment, then clutched the life-line again, and it seemed as if once more I could feel the glare of his eyes on mine.

"Ho!" he shouted. "That's right, dorymate. We'll go to give shipmates all the ho!"

He loosed his hold on the life-line, and grasped me in turn, trying to spring from the dory bottom and take me with him. It was a clumsy struggle, for the cold had taken the strength and agility from both of us. How long it lasted I cannot tell, but this I know, that after the first frenzy I had rather the best of it. In the first few minutes it seemed as if my hold on the life-line would be wrenched away, and with the loosening of the clasp of my numb fingers I should

vanish with the manna, a mere splash in the night. But little by little, as we struggled, strength seemed to come to me. The numbness went away with the violence of the exercise, and I began to feel that what had seemed certain destruction might be salvation instead. My companion struggled on, but with lessened vigor, now shouting disconnected bits of energy, every utterance now silent and grim, but always I could feel the glare of those fierce eyes through the dark, or thought I could.

There were moments when his strength seemed to suddenly revive, and in one of these a fatal thing happened. The knot which held the painter to the hoisting - tackle loop in the stern gave way, and with the swing of the rope to one side we went overboard into the icy blackness of the sea.

A moment I clung with one hand to the swaying rope, then the oblivion of a wave snote me, and all things disappeared. It seemed a long time that I was under water.

I felt the grip of Lucky George's hand on me still, and realized that we two were sinking into effacement in this mutual grip of frenzy; then something hard and solid struck my feet. Could this be the bottom already? The next

moment with a surge the waters fell away, and Lucky George and I were kneeling in the darkness and the open air on something solid. Again the water engulfed us, and again creeded as the solid substance beneath our feet swung up and out of them.

I felt my companion's grip tighten on my shoulder. "Ho, there!" he shouted; "we're aboard! We'll sail into glory in the great ship, shipmates ahoy!"

Half-dressed, wholly dazed, as I was, it seemed as if my own reason had given away, as well as that of Lucky George; and then came a flash of blinding radiance from above and behind, a white glare that lighted a floating circle of icy sea, and showed the deck of a dismantled vessel on which we croug, a wheel, a ship's cabin, and on the corner of this a name in black letters which read "Mary Blake."

The white glare painted rainbow edges on all things, and tipped the heaving black waves as with molten silver.

Lucky George stood erect. "Night and the resurrection!" he

shouted, in a great voice. "Night and the resurrection, and God have mercy on me, a sinner!"

Then he sank in a motionless heap on the slaty deck. I turned my face in the other direction, and the white lightninglike glare blinded my eyes and seemed to sear my very brain. I, too, sank motionless and half unconscious.

When I revived I was in a man-of-war's boat. Lucky George lying motionless by my side, and six sturdy jacksies rowing us to a great battle-ship that loomed near by. From this ship a vivid lane of search-light radiance marked a straight course over golden-tipped waves to a derrick which rose and fell saggingly on the swell, her deck now lifted, now awash, as the sea shouldered by. As she lifted I could see the name *Mary Blake* on the stern, and knew that what had seemed to happen had really happened, and was not a fragment of a brain created by night, exposure, and despair.

A half-hour later, standing on the forward deck of the battle-ship *Massachusetts*, I saw the last act in the strange life drama of the *Mary Blake*. Four bells and a jangle sounded in the engine-room. The great bulk of the battle-ship surged forward at race-horse speed. The ram drove straight the stern of the waterlogged craft, and abreast through to the stern, scattering timbers and planking to port and starboard with scarce a tremor to the great steel hull, and the fragments of the dangerous derrick, the once proud clipper, the ghost-ship of our terrible night, scattered from the radiance of the search-light, and vanished in the shuddering sea of the winter waves.

All the remainder of the night and part of the next day Lucky George lay unconscious in the sick bay of the *Massachusetts*. There he revived, and seemed little the worse for what had happened, except that his recollection of events ended in the morning of the day that he helped scuttle the *Mary Blake*. This fact

took a great weight from my mind. Of what use to tell the authorities the story of the scuttling? I had only the unsupported evidence of what he had told me, or perhaps I had dreamed in the darkness and terror of that night struggle with death. Whatever harm had been done by the misdeed was already done, and could not be recalled. I decided, and I think wisely, to hold my tongue.

I did talk with the boatswain of the *Massachusetts* (as about the *Mary Blake*, however, and he, with a sailor-man's ready knowledge of ships and their mishaps, told me that the ship had indeed sunk on Georges about five months before. She had been from Narragansett, loaded with sugar, as Lucky George had said.

"But why," he said, "she did not slip in the bottom after she sank? That's what strikes me."

It would have struck him harder could he have known all the story. It would strike a wiser man. But there are queer things happen in the sea. One has but to go down to it in ships a few times to find that out.



"Night and the resurrection!" he shouted



Peter Newell



EDWARD MAKES A VOW

"I've been aboard a host of ships, but never will
one see
Me enter in a partnership again with Ger-
many!"



Capt. George Eastell, Studio Bohannon



Mr. Harry Embree (J. Mack Gohlmacher)

E. K. Roscoe (J. Gordon Baker)

Foggy (Anna Stewart)

Mrs. DeWash (Mrs. Gilbert)

"Mice and Men"

IT matters little in what precise kind of a vehicle the charming talents of Miss Annie Russell are presented to the public, she is always sure of a warm welcome. She has made for herself so distinct a place in the affections of the theatre-goers that if all else were lacking we should still find an abundance of opportunity for praise when she comes to take our minds off our cares by her winsome acting. There is an undefinable something about her, an aura that is peculiarly her own that has won for her a most enviable position among the actresses of her time, and there seems to be something most fitting in her association with one like Mrs. Gilbert, for instance, whose heart must indeed be warmed by the constant demonstrations of esteem which she nightly receives from her audiences. Except Mrs. Gilbert, and possibly Miss Adams, we know of no woman on the stage to-day who makes the precise kind of appeal that Miss Russell makes, and the playwright is indeed fortunate whose work is entrusted to her hands.

This year, as well as last in Mr. Fitch's "The Girl and the Judge," Miss Russell has a rôle that finds a quick response in her peculiar abilities. It is for her a sympathetic part that Mrs.

Madeleine Lucette Ryley has prepared in the pleasing little comedy of "Mice and Men," now running at the Garrick Theatre. Quaint humor, tender pathos, delicate personal charm almost rose-like in its fragility, quick and refined intelligence—these are the qualities that have to be portrayed in the rôle she enacts, and in all of the many graceful moments of the play she is the thing itself to perfection.

One feels after an evening at this performance as if one had walked through an exquisite little garden close with the flowers in full bloom, rare perfumes to enchant the senses, and everywhere a profusion of color that is restful and grateful to the eye. The wit of the lines, the possibly conventional, but none the less absorbing, complications of the plot, the atmosphere of delicacy and wholesomeness that pervades every scene, combined with the temperamental authority of the actress herself, go to make up an evening's entertainment that cannot fail to linger long and pleasantly in the minds of those who seek the refinements of dramatic art, and whose tastes have not been diverted from the themes which have more lowliness by the prevalence on the modern stage of ruder, if stronger, things.

HARPER'S WEEKLY



"BINDING THE BARGAIN"

Drawn for "Harper's Weekly" by A. B. Frost





Drawn by H. P. T. T.

THE NEW HOTEL FOR WOMEN IN NEW YORK

The growing need for hotel accommodations for women has been met in many of our large cities by the establishment of women's societies or clubs. The "Martha Washington," in New York, is strictly a hotel built on modern plans, and intended only for women. There are accommodations for about six hundred guests. With the exception of the bill-boys, elevator-operators, and so on, the employees are women.

HARPER'S WEEKLY

JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

Editorial section for the week ending March 21, 1903

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Charleston. Nobody disputes the correctness of the abstract principle propounded by Mr. Roosevelt in his recent letter to Mr. Clark Howell, the principle, namely, that mere color should no more be a bar to office-holding than creed or birth-place, provided, of course, that the applicant or incumbent is in other respects a worthy and well-behaved American citizen. Whether principles abstractly correct should be applied at all times and under all circumstances is, however, a question of expediency or opportuneness—that is to say, of statesmanship. To insist upon the appointment of a man of color to a given post against the vehement protest of almost all the white residents in the locality is an act calculated to increase rather than allay race hatred. It is, therefore, inopportune. It is perfectly true, as Mr. Roosevelt says, that the appointment of colored men to similar posts in other places has not provoked widespread and earnest remonstrance on the part of the white element of the population. The fact simply proves that an act may be expedient at one time and one place, yet inexpedient at another time and in another place.

The President seems to be less thoroughly alive than Secretary Root showed himself to be, in his speech at the Union League Club in New York, to the marked change which has recently taken place in the attitude of white men throughout the United States toward the colored race. The circumstance was recalled the other day that, at a dinner given in Paris shortly after the civil war, Mr. Robert J. Walker, of Mississippi, ex-Secretary of the Treasury and ex-Governor of Kansas, offered not the slightest objection to meeting a negro as a fellow-guest. No such tolerance would be exhibited by a Senator from Mississippi to-day. The change of sentiment is the outcome, as Secretary Root discerned, of a conviction that the colored man has not so used the opportunities afforded during the last thirty-eight years as to justify the belief in his intellectual and moral capacity that was once held by philanthropists. As this conclusion has been reached by many thoughtful men at the North, the Southern whites cannot be blamed for sharing it and acting upon it.

A remarkable letter has been addressed by a negro to the *Public Ledger* of Philadelphia. The writer opposes the formation of colored men at the North into clubs of so-called "Roosevelt Invincibles," and describes as unbecomingly the denunciation of Southern men for opposing the appointment of negroes to conspicuous political positions in the Southern States, positions which are never offered to them in the Northern States. He has no doubt that similar protests would be heard from Northern whites if such appointments were made in their section of the Union. He evidently does not approve of Cram's appointment, for he holds that nothing should be done to inflame the prejudices of the Southern whites against the colored people. The negro problem, he says, cannot be solved by engendering race prejudices and enmity. He goes so far as to maintain that men of color should regard as blessings in disguise the property and educational qualifications lately embodied by some of the Southern States in their State Constitutions. The colored race, he says, should meet these qualifications instead of denouncing them. Rightly viewed, they are incentives to the acquirement of education and of thrift. He believes that their stimulative effect will go farther toward solving the negro problem than any other agency. When the colored element of the population in Mississippi, for example, shall have gained education and property, no human power can deprive them from voting or from office-holding. As Mr. R. W. Childs pointed out the other day, should the time ever come when the qualified voters of Mississippi shall elect a negro for their Governor, nothing can prevent his assumption of the office. Meanwhile, the

COMMENT

The selection of Mr. Gorman as the leader of the Democratic minority in the Senate recalls old days and former struggles. No choice that might have been made could be so offensive to Mr. Bryan, and yet there is no reason in the world for supposing that Mr. Gorman was chosen for the purpose of hurting Mr. Bryan's feelings. Mr. Gorman's selection was unanimous, and, consequently, he received the votes of all of Mr. Bryan's personal friends in the Senate. The fact is probably that no thought was bestowed upon Mr. Bryan, and that no account was taken of his attitude toward Mr. Gorman. This may make the selection all the more galling to Mr. Bryan, for it implies forgetfulness and neglect on the part of those whom Mr. Bryan undoubtedly counts among his followers. It goes to show that, respectfully as Mr. Bryan is treated, and important as he is in some respects, he is becoming less and less a political figure. Mr. Gorman's selection was made for the reason that he is regarded as an astute and able leader, as one who can make the most of what there is of the minority. But he is not wrothly confined in by other Democrats than Mr. Bryan. He was the leader in 1894 when the tariff-reform purposes of the Cleveland administration were brought to naught. Mr. Gorman, more than any one else, was responsible for this defeat, for the suppression of the majority of the party by its minority. If he is going to lead the party now, he must cease to be a protectionist, and must accept the party's opinion that the most effective step that can be taken against the trusts will be their divorce from government protection. He cannot, for example, help the Louisiana sugar interests kill the Cuban reciprocity treaty without, at the same time, killing his party. If he is to succeed in his restored old place, he must be a different Gorman from the Gorman of 1894.

Although it has been customary to recall appointments which the Senate has declined to confirm, Mr. Roosevelt has again sent to that body, in its extra session, the nomination of Cram, the negro, for the post of Collector of the Port of

negro correspondent of the *Ledger* contends that the Southern whites are justified in degrading that ignorance and thriftlessness shall bar the colored man from the ballot-box.

The Fifty-seventh Congress did well when, in spite of the alleged attempt to bribe a member of the Naval Committee of the House of Representatives, it appropriated half a million dollars for the investigation of submarine and sub-surface torpedo-boats. It is believed that some notable improvements on the boats hitherto constructed in the United States have been made by American inventors. There is no doubt that the French navy already possesses torpedo-boats capable of moving under water with great, if not irresistible, efficiency. We take for granted that the mechanical principles and methods embodied in these French craft will be made the subject of careful study by our Navy Department. It should be recognized that the French draw a sharp distinction between submarine and submersible vessels. The French submarine boat, properly so called, can only be used for surface navigation when the weather is fair and the sea is smooth. As, moreover, its radius of action is short and its speed low, the submarine boat is useful mainly for guarding the sheltered waters of harbors. It is also to be kept in view that as in France such boats are driven exclusively by electrical motors, they are useless when the batteries are exhausted, unless they are within reach of a recharging or storage station. None of these objections are applicable to the so-called submersible boat, which has a long radius of action, is capable of high speed, and commands two methods of propulsion, to wit, steam when the boat is on the surface, and an electrical motor when it is submerged, the steam power in the latter case being used to recharge the batteries.

The French submersibles do not dive by poking their noses beneath the surface and raising their sterns. They sink, on the contrary, beneath the surface on a level keel, and thus avoid the danger of thrusting their heads into the mud, or of turning a complete somersault. When the submersibles were tried during the French naval maneuvers in the British Channel last autumn, they achieved remarkable success. In spite of the sharp lookouts maintained by the battle-ships and torpedo-boat-destroyers, the submersibles repeatedly contrived to hit the hulls of war-vessels with blank torpedoes, which, had they been loaded, would have annihilated the objects struck. They also managed to pass under water from one harbor to a second harbor at a considerable distance from the first. On the whole, French naval experts are convinced that the submersibles will prove of inestimable value, not only for the defence of seaports, a function which can be adequately discharged by submarines, but also for the disablement of hostile battle-ships. It is the conclusion reached upon this point that has caused the present Ministry of Marine to decide that the future expansion of the French navy shall mainly take the form of additions to the number not of battle-ships, but of submersibles, and of swift armored cruisers which will play the part of commerce-destroyers. Before the Fifty-eighth Congress meets, our Navy Department should have made up its mind whether we also do not need submersibles of the French type.

For more than one reason we hope that there is no foundation for the report that Chief-Justice Fuller, of the United States Supreme Court, is thinking of retiring from the bench at an early day. It is generally believed that Justice Fuller's health is as good as it has been for some years; if so, he should have a long period of usefulness before him. There is no greater mistake than to assume that a man's fitness for judicial functions is a question of age; it is purely a question of intellectual qualifications. So long as the intellect remains unimpaired, in respect of breadth and penetration of vision, the more experience a judge has had, the better for the bench to which he belongs and for the community. That eminent services have been rendered by judges who have passed the age of threescore and ten can be proved by many examples, of which we mention but two: Lord Lyndhurst became, for the third time, Lord Chancellor of England in 1841 at the age of sixty-nine, and held the Great Seal till the defeat of the Peel government in 1846. John Marshall remained Chief Justice of the United States Supreme Court from March, 1801, until his death in July, 1835, when he was within

three months of eighty years of age. That he continued to demitino the Court up to the last may be inferred from the remark made by President Andrew Jackson in 1832, when, in the case of *Worcester vs. Georgia*, the Court declared it to be the President's duty to protect the Cherokees. "John Marshall," said Jackson, "has made his decision; now let him enforce it." It is not only, however, because they appreciate the services which Chief-Justice Fuller has rendered, and desire an extension of them, that thoughtful citizens would deplore his retirement at this time. Of the nine judges composing the United States Supreme Court only three are Democrats, to wit, Chief-Justice Fuller and Associate-Justices White and Peckham. In the interest of the country, and in that of the tribunal itself, it is expedient that the two great political parties should be more equally represented.

Prince Esper Ukhomski confirms the darkest anticipations for China, which were recently put into concrete form by Dr. Robert Colman, and endorsed by so great an authority as Count Cassini. Prince Ukhomski's familiarity with China goes back for several years; at least as far as 1891, the year in which he accompanied the Tsar, who was then Tsarritsch, on his Eastern and Siberian tour. The prince for a long time fulfilled certain special duties, as founder of the Russo-Chinese bank, and showed signal ability in dealing with the Peking authorities, for whom he expresses the greatest sympathy, believing that the Chinese uprisings are an inevitable, almost a justifiable, reaction against the aggressions of the Western European powers. Prince Ukhomski is singularly outspoken in his criticisms, and has more than once used the columns of the *St. Petersburg Gazette* to criticise the doings of Russia's agents in the Far East, when he believed them in danger of imitating the "predatory policy" of certain Western powers, to quote his own phrase. Recent events in South America have made it tolerably clear to us what a "predatory policy" means. Another Russian whose opinion carries weight is Colonel Vereshchagin, brother of the celebrated artist. Colonel Vereshchagin fought through the Russo-Turkish war as a member of Skobelev's staff, and therefore in direct relation with the present Russian War Minister, General Kuropatkin, chief of the staff to Skobelev, and he also accompanied Skobelev in the expedition which added the Turcoman districts of Transcaucasia to the territory of the Russian Empire. His experiences in those two wars were embodied in one of the best military records ever written, which might serve as a text for his brother's pictures. Colonel Vereshchagin agrees with the authorities already mentioned that a new Chinese uprising against the foreigner is inevitable.

Reports of revolutionary successes are once more drifting in from Venezuela. News from the eastern districts tells us that Caruapano and Barcelona are now in the hands of the Mates party, the latter city having been recently captured by the revolutionary generals Monagas and Pablo Guzman. General Rolando has once more assumed a strong position in the neighborhood of Guastira, where, it will be remembered, he suffered a defeat a few weeks ago, his army being broken up and scattered over the country. We are further told that the revolutionists are steadily drawing nearer to Caracas, maintaining what is something like a loose blockade of the capital on the land side, while all the western part of the republic, with the exception of the city of Cumana, is in the hands of the insurgents. From Caruapano itself comes the assertion that President Castro has been unable to call a session of Congress, because not enough members to form a quorum are available. Finally, news reaches us from Willemstad, the port of the Dutch island of Curaçao, that a steamer from Maracaibo has just touched at that port with less than one-third of her usual cargo, amongst which there is no coffee. The reason for this is that the new export duties by which President Castro is trying to recoup himself for the customs dues which are to be paid to the powers are so heavy as to be prohibitive. Maracaibo merchants say they are more ruinous than the blockade, and it is evident that the probable result will be an entire cessation of Venezuela's export trade, a great curtailment of her imports, and the consequent dwindling of the revenue of the state to a point which will make any useful activities impossible. It becomes daily clearer that, while President Castro evidently

exerts his opponents in fighting power, his dictatorship is increasingly ruinous for Venezuela.

Reports from Macedonia are somewhat discouraging. It seems that the various revolutionary movements throughout the country, having made considerable preparations for an uprising against Turkey in the spring, are unwilling to be balked of their sport, so to speak, merely because Russia and Austria have prevailed upon Abdül Hamid to initiate or at least to promise certain reforms. We have several reports of hard fighting from the well-known centres of trouble in the three Turkish provinces which we group under the general and misleading name of Macedonia; misleading, because the name suggests Greek affinities, while the real relations of the country are Slavonic, and to that extent rather anti-Hellenic. The already famous Boris Sarafoff has scored a victory over the Turkish troops near the village of Vindinovo, and the losses of the government troops appear to have been severe. Similar attacks on Turkish troops have taken place, or at least are reported to have taken place, in three other districts, and in each case the result has been a victory for the revolutionaries. This is in one sense very unfortunate for the ultimate welfare of their cause; for Russia has already declared that she will only bring pressure to bear on the Sultan so long as the Slav populations of the three provinces remain tranquil; and it is obvious that these guerrilla fights will render the conversion of the gendarmerie into a Christian and Slavonic body, in the sense desired by Russia and Austria, doubly difficult. This is in the last degree to be regretted, for the peaceful influence of Russia, and the gradual melioration of local conditions resulting from this influence, are about the last hope of the maltreated peasants, as the feeling in Russia against any armed intervention is steadily gaining force.

By a very amusing coincidence, two distinguished European personages recently delivered opinions as to the general character, prospects, morals, and manners of our country, on the same day. These two opinions are diametrically opposite; the one being vinegar and the other milk and honey. The acerbic criticism comes from Germany, the spokesman being Professor Adolf Wagner, of the Berlin University. He begins by asserting that the Monroe Doctrine is a colossal piece of assumption. Such a doctrine, he says, was never forced on a conquered nation. Neither England nor Russia nor Napoleon at the height of his power ever made a similar pretension. Neither geographical nor historical relations justify us in our wild undertaking, nor do the really dominant interests of the United States share the extreme tenacity of our government. To this he adds an even sharper sting: it is only the divisions of European politics, he tells us, and the lack of solidarity of the interests of middle, western, and southern Europe, "which hitherto have been, and will remain, the chief seats of human civilization," that explains why Europe, why Germany even, takes this empty pretension into consideration. There is something very refreshing in this naive egotism, this candid self-appreciation; and hardly less amusing is Professor Wagner's patronizing tolerance of the elements of culture which Italy and France and Spain have given so abundantly to the world. He tells us that he, as a member of the Germanic race, does not want to see the Romanic element pressed to the wall, because it is indispensable to the world's civilization, "and is a necessary complement to Germanic culture." He finally asks what the United States has yet done of importance for the real civilization of the world, apart from some technical and business spheres. What has the United States done that has deserved to be named in the same breath with the achievements of Italy and France? And Professor Wagner pauses for a reply.

At about the same hour, one of the Romanic representatives, to wit, the Marchese di Rodini, was trying to answer this very question; and, according to this distinguished personage, the answer is as follows: The United States has already attained the most advanced form of modern civilization, after having eliminated all the old forms by a process of Darwinian selection. The progress of this American civilization will not tend toward decadence, as is the case with the old civilizations of Europe. The Latin races, the Marchese tells

us, "are petrified in a proletariat too ignorant to rise higher, a bourgeoisie crystallized in a parasitic bureaucratic mould, and an aristocracy falling into ruins through its own weakness." That is sufficiently crushing; almost as crushing as Matthew Arnold's famous epigram about his own country: "An upper class materialized, a middle class vulgarized, a lower class brutalized." The Marchese considers it natural that Americans should regard as immoral that European society of which the instruments are human passions and weaknesses, which is perishing in the struggle between individuals, and of which the ideal is victorious parasitism. He contrasts this decadent Europe with the United States, where all conflicts are exclusively economic, for the development of wealth, and where the democratic problem is continually being solved in its entire political economic complexity, "the result being a commonwealth composed of individuals all equally laborious, all prosperous, free, and strong." The Marchese has our best thanks. He and Professor Wagner should really know each other.

Without knowing it, this eminent German professor and others of his nation are rendering us a service by the frankness with which they divulge the convictions of their far-sighted and resolute countrymen. As they say, the Monroe Doctrine is a mere lagaboo, fit only to frighten children, unless we have behind it a naval force superior to that of any European power, with the exception of Great Britain and France. Great Britain has nothing to fear from the Monroe Doctrine; indeed, it operates indirectly as a safeguard of Canada and her other American possessions against conquest by any foreign power except the United States. As for France, we shall never again be brought so near to a collision as we were during our war with Spain, when the instinctive sympathy for a Latin-American neighbor was intensified by the fact that a very large part of the bonds issued by the Madrid government were owned in Paris. For the knowledge that the doctrine has no important enemy but Germany we have to thank the leaders of German opinion as we have named above. They build better than they know, but they build on the wrong side of the Atlantic. The Anglo-German demonstration against Venezuela, and the disclosure of the motives which prompted one of the allies, simply had the effect of causing the American Congress in the session just concluded to provide for the construction of five battle-ships instead of two. We could build ten, or even fifteen, battle-ships a year, and still leave a surplus of income over expenditures, whereas Germany has already overstrained her fiscal resources by her present naval programme. It is simply impossible for a poor country like Germany to keep pace with the United States, considered as a sea power, from the moment that the American people are awakened to the exigencies by which they are confronted. We ought to be grateful to the German professors for hastening the awakening.

The London *Spectator*, which has shown repeatedly that it understands the American people much better than any other English newspaper, explained the other day to its readers how and why Emperor William II. has failed to divert American good-will from England to Germany. We may here say, what the *Spectator* omits to state, that the late German ambassador, Dr. von Helleben, took the right course in one respect. That is to say, he sought the acquaintance and respect of men of light and leading. That he gained it is evident from the fact that Harvard University made him a Doctor of Laws, a distinction which, so far as we know, has never been conferred on any other foreign minister, and which certainly nobody would have dreamed of conferring upon Loed Pannecote. It was no fault of Dr. von Helleben's that his sage and successful programme was interrupted and frustrated by silly and abortive overtures of the Emperor's own devising. The responsibility for these foolish and futile demonstrations should be placed where it belongs, on the shoulders of William II. himself, and not where the *Spectator* mistakenly puts it, on those of the high-minded and far-sighted representative of the German Empire. It is not Dr. von Helleben, but his imperial master, who must be credited, or discredited, with the fatuous attempts to influence American public opinion by the visit of Prince Henry of Prussia, and through the christening of a royal yacht by Miss Roosevelt. Nobody knew better than the late German ambassador

that for royal princes, as such, the American people care not the snap of a finger, and that, in their judgment, as regards the christening of the yacht, Miss Roosevelt was the bestower, and not the recipient, of honor. All this, which is the A B C of knowledge concerning American sentiment, was familiar to Dr. von Holleben, but it seems to have been more inescapable than the caneiform characters of Charles to the Kaiser.

Especially is it an act of cruel injustice on the Emperor's part to make his diplomatic representative at Washington a scapegoat for the astounding blunder of offering a statue of Frederick the Great to the United States. As Mr. Moncure D. Conway has conclusively shown, the story about Frederick's sending a sword to Washington is a myth without an atom of foundation. As for the refusal to permit German mercenaries, hired by England for use against the American colonies, to traverse Prussian territory, Frederick was avowedly prompted, not by any sympathy for rebels, but by the feeling that if German blood were to be spilled at all, it had better be spilled in Europe. Once more: although repeatedly requested to follow the example of France, Spain, and Holland, and recognize the United States as an independent confederation, Frederick the Great declined to do anything of the kind, and persisted in his declination until some time after the independence of the colonies had been recognized by England herself. In other words, if priority of recognition is to be the test, a statue of George III. should precede one of Frederick the Great at Washington.

In the British Parliament, the most interesting thing is the possibility, the probability, even, that Winston Churchill may form a fourth party, of Conservative moltenness, after the manner of his gifted and pugacious sire, Lord Randolph. His attack on the government's war policy, or, to be accurate, the war policy of Mr. Bredrick, was the most inspiring feature of the new session; and he has a fair following of young bloods of the Tory party, who will at least make the reports of the debates in the Commons somewhat more lively reading. It is doubtful if they will do much more, however; for the government has a strong majority, and, more important, it has a weak and nervous Opposition. It seems likely, strange as it may seem, that the government will have more or less active support from the Irish Nationalists, who will probably receive a modified home-rule scheme from the very party which came into existence to defeat home rule. This will be a realization of one of Parnell's prophecies; for, in spite of the numerous measures favoring Ireland fathered by Gladstone, that venerable statesman never won the confidence of his Irish allies. Indeed, Parnell himself used to call him the "Grand Old Spider," a sufficiently satirical epithet, though not one altogether undeserved by that colossal spinner of webs. One would be inclined to know what agreement was reached between Mr. Wyndham and Mr. Redmond as a condition precedent to the liberation of so many Irish members recently imprisoned in Ireland under the Crimes Act; but perhaps the voters of the next few divisions will give the secret away. So far, while the Nationalists have not in a body voted for the government, they have on several occasions abstained from voting against it, and have thereby done solid service to Mr. Balfour and his friends. Perhaps there is some highly occult relation between this and the new Irish Land Bill.

With the exception of the *Saturday Review* and two or three other newspapers unfriendly to the United States, the British press is exhibiting impatience at the dissatisfaction with which the Alaskan Boundary Treaty is received in Canada. The Canadians will soon discover that far-sighted Englishmen regard the good-will of the United States as of incomparably more importance to Great Britain than is the so-called loyalty of the Dominion, which declines to contribute a dollar to the support of the Imperial navy. It has come to be well understood in London that with the friendship of the United States the British Empire might defy the rest of the world, whereas our enmity would be a death-blow, because, in the event of war between the two countries, we should cut off not only the food supplies which England is accustomed to receive from us, but also those which she might hope to get from Canada. We should simply have to occupy the rail-

ways running from the Northwestern Territories of the Dominion to the seacoast. Thus it is evident that Canada, which will do nothing for the mother country in time of peace, could do nothing for her in time of war without the consent of the United States. It follows that while Imperialist sentiment would doubtless cause Great Britain to fight for the retention of all her other colonies, it is no longer to her interest to retain British North America. That may be a humiliating fact for the hyperfervid loyalists of Canada, but a fact it indisputably is. If the Canadian Liberals should now revert to the annexationist policy which at one time some of them were inclined to favor, they may be sure that the mother country would wish them Godspeed. It would be superfluous to point out what the Dominion would gain in wealth and population by free access to the markets of the great American republic.

We are now in the fifth year since the city of Manila was surrendered to American troops, and since the Philippines were cut off from free access to the Spanish market. What have we done since then to replace the market of which the Philippine products were by our own act deprived; or, in other words, what have we done to stimulate and sustain the industries of our insular possessions in the Far East which henceforward must look to us exclusively for prosperity and progress? The shameful truth must be acknowledged that we have done next to nothing. We have treated the products of the Philippines precisely as if they were the products of a foreign state, except that we have consented to make the derisory reduction of twenty-five per cent. of the Dingley rates in their favor. There is absolutely no excuse for this monstrous discrimination against a particular part of the American domain. The Philippines did not petition to be annexed to the United States; we annexed them against their will; and the least thing we can do with any show of decency is to give them a substitute for the Spanish market, from which, as belonging to a foreign country, they are now debarred. What possible reason can be advanced for treating the Philippines less generously and less justly than we have treated Porto Rico? Only for a very short time did we deny to Porto-Rican products freedom of access to our markets. The bar was quickly lifted, and with beneficent results to both parties. It turned out that justice, like mercy, is twice blessed, blessing him that gives no less abundantly than him who receives. It is true that the American market now takes five times as much of Porto-Rican products as it took in 1897, but our exports to the island exhibit a no less notable expansion. Last year we sent to Porto Rico commodities valued at nearly \$12,000,000, our imports thence being \$9,634,000.

We may be asked, why has Porto Rico not received a form of government substantially identical with that possessed by the Territories of Oklahoma, New Mexico, and Arizona, a form which would entitle her to a Delegate in the House of Representatives? We answer that, for the moment, such a form of government would be too dearly purchased. If Porto Rico became a Territory in the technical sense of the word, all internal-revenue taxes and customs duties collected would have to be sent to Washington and turned into the Federal Treasury. Now the internal-revenue taxes alone represent about a third of the total revenue of the island, and they are at present needed for indispensable local expenditures. As soon as Porto Rico can afford it, she will be organized as a Territory, and will have a spokesman in the Lower House of Congress. We should add that it is no fault of our House of Representatives that the Filipinos have not been more liberally treated in the matter of customs duties. The House cut down the duties on Philippine products to twenty-five per cent. of the Dingley rates. It was the Senate which refused to reduce the rates on sugar and tobacco more than fifty per cent., and, at last, failed to pass the House bill, even in this unutilized condition.

How are we to account for the fact that the Elkins act, with its rigorous provisions against rebates, has provoked scarcely a word of protest on the part of the common carriers aimed at, that is to say, the railway systems engaged in the transportation of commodities from one State to another? Are we to assume that the common carriers have not been accustomed to violate the law against rebates which previously stood upon

the statute-book! Or shall we rather draw the inference that railway-managers regard the detection of rebates or preferences as practically impossible? There is no doubt that railway presidents have repeatedly promised one another to prevent their agents from offering secret inducements for traffic. At the same time, the agents know perfectly well that the presidents, their employers, do not wish to see the business of their roads diminished. Consequently, they look upon the order to offer important shippers an inducement for their traffic as a counsel of perfection, obedience to which would be irreconcilable with the work expected of them. Touching this point, a correspondent of the *Philadelphia Press* has lately recalled an anecdote of Samuel Sloan, who, on one occasion, when he was president of a trunk line, called his traffic, or general manager into his office, and informed him that the principal railway presidents had agreed upon a schedule of rates which was to be faithfully observed. The schedule was to be printed, exposed in public places, and to be punctiliously carried out. The general manager heard the words, but he also detected an undertone that might have been unnoticed by ears less expert, and he likewise thought that he saw a momentary twinkle in his employer's eye that seemed to intimate, "Observe these rules, but don't let any other railroad get our traffic away from us." As a matter of fact, no other railroad did, yet no breach of faith was ever brought home to the general manager by his employer.

It is a remarkable fact that of all the constitutional monarchs in Europe the most disreputable has the most power. We refer, of course, to King Leopold II. of Belgium, whose escapades have been for many years of a kind in comparison with which those of Louis XV. were conducted with discretion and enveloped in mystery. Strange to say, although, from one point of view, his life has been one which would debar him from any respectable middle-class household in England or the United States, the masses of his subjects could not if they were Moslems regard his sexual divagations with more indulgence. The recent attempt to assassinate him undoubtedly added to his popularity, and probably has prolonged the life of his dynasty. It is no longer true of Leopold II. that he reigns but does not govern. The Belgian sovereigns were figureheads years ago, when the old-fashioned Liberals were in power, under the leadership of M. Frère-Orban, but since the Conservatives, who are almost exclusively Catholics, have had no formidable rivals except the Socialists, the King's personal influence has become a political factor of the first magnitude. He is even more powerful today in Belgium than George III. was in England during the first twenty-four years of his reign. Not content with the exercise of indirect and surreptitious pressure through the responsible ministers, he has of late not hesitated to place himself in direct and open relation with the people and the people's representatives in the Lower House of the Belgian Parliament. In an address on New-Year's day to the presiding officer of the Brussels Chamber of Deputies, he even pronounced the principle that it was the sovereign's duty when, in his judgment, the country's interests should demand it, to take the initiative in matters concerning which the Parliament could be consulted later. Nor was this a merely academic declaration intended to sound public sentiment. He has actually carried out the principle, having just announced his intention to develop the coal-mines, recently discovered in Belgium, at the expense of the state, without waiting for any authorization on the part of the national legislature.

Those Englishmen who imagine and assert that in the United States the dollar is almost overlooked the profound respect, amounting at times almost to reverence, with which Americans regard men, like Ralph Waldo Emerson, who believe in plain living and high thinking. Emerson has had many disciples in public as well as in private life, and the position which they occupy in the esteem and confidence of their fellow-citizens is one unapproached by any of our multi-millionaires. A few years ago the annual income of one member of the Federal Senate was reported to exceed \$14,000,000 from one source alone. So far as we know, that gentleman's voice has never been heard but twice in the Senate-Chamber, and were he to speak oftener he would be listened to with more surprise than respect. On the other hand, there is no Senator who deserves and commands so much attention

when he rises to discuss a public question as does the Hon. George F. Hoar, of Massachusetts; indeed, we do not hesitate to say that, since the death of Daniel Webster, there has never been a Senator whose utterances bear so well the searching test of time. Yet this man, who for a quarter of a century has worthily represented the commonwealth of Massachusetts in the Upper House of the Federal Legislature, has never known what it is to possess so modest an income even as two thousand dollars a year, outside of his salary. Up to a twelvemonth ago, he had been unable to rent even a humble dwelling, but had lived in boarding-houses, some tolerable, some intolerable, during the whole of his useful and honorable career in Washington. Has the fact impaired his social dignity or his political weight? We reply, not an iota. That is a truth well known to men who have lived in the Federal capital, and it is a truth as creditable to the American people as it is to Senator Hoar himself.

We thoroughly understand the motives which prompted the Virginia Legislature to pass a bill providing for placing a statue of General Robert E. Lee in Statuary Hall at Washington. Of the many illustrious Virginians, it is doubtful whether Jefferson, or even the Father of his Country himself, is more beloved and honored by the inhabitants of the Old Dominion than is Robert E. Lee. Memorial was his service to Virginia, and never will she cease to cherish his memory. He was a great man and a good man. He did not wish to see his State secede from the Union, but, when she did, he followed her. The conviction that his State had a right to secede if she chose, and that, she having done so, it was his duty to uphold her, was shared, not only by almost all the contemporary statesmen in the Southern States, but also by Josiah Quincy and many New England statesmen in the first fifteen years of the nineteenth century. It will, therefore, be as impossible for the future American historian, however devoted to the Union he may be, to dispute the rectitude of Lee's motives as it will be to belittle his military abilities. The truth, however, is not always timely. There is some reason to apprehend that the hour has not yet come when the organization known as the Grand Army of the Republic, and the Republican majority in Congress, will welcome the erection in Statuary Hall of a statue of Robert E. Lee, or of any other eminent generals who fought for the right of secession. Congress has to set upon the acceptance of the statue, and it may have the protest of the Grand Army of the Republic, should one be made.

In the *Almanack de Gotha* there is much suggestive reminiscence concerning the whereabouts and occupations of certain members of the families deemed sufficiently noble to figure in that classical compilation. The relatively modest annual *Prestige's Almanack*, which deals with the German nobility of all ranks, is much more outspoken. In the latest edition it acknowledges that thousands of waiters, coachmen, bar-keepers, miners, and other workmen in the United States are recruited from the German nobility. Even in the fatherland itself, the names of the very oldest nobles appear not only in the highest ranks of the army, but in the lines of coachmen and common laborers. In France, under the *ancien régime*, there used to be a *noblesse de robe*, composed entirely of judges and lawyers, but in Germany it seems that when a man of noble birth has to earn his living, he seldom has brains or education enough to succeed at the bar. In the great city of Berlin only a single lawyer is of noble birth, while, on the other hand, the urban directory enumerates hundreds of noble names in the lists of commercial agents, constables, skilled and unskilled laborers. In other words, the state of things in Berlin, as regards the *dégringolade* of many members of noble families, is rapidly approaching that which obtains in St. Petersburg, where the saying is current that if you fling a stone into a crowd of hackmen on the Nevski Prospekt you cannot fail to hit a prince. Of course, the cause of the phenomenon in both Germany and Russia is the custom of transmitting the father's title to all of his male descendants, instead of to his eldest son alone, as is the custom in Great Britain. Where the eldest son alone retains the title, together with most of the estate, the *prestige* of the family is kept up, and there is always somebody through whose influence the minor members of the clan may hope to secure advancement. In France, under the *ancien régime*, there

existed a species of compromise between the German and the English systems. The eldest son, on his father's death, took the latter's highest title; the second son, the second title, if there was one, and so on; but even the youngest male member of a large noble family had the title of *chevalier*.

It seems to be practically impossible to convince some persons of what ought to be self-evident, namely, that the text of the Constitution of the United States cannot be altered or amended in the slightest particular except by the machinery for amendment expressly provided in the text of the document itself. A paragraph is going the rounds of the press to the effect that the question whether the "United States" should be regarded as a plural or as a singular noun has been definitely settled by the Committee on Revision of the Laws, which, it seems, in reviewing the Federal Statutes, has presumed to decide that the United States is. No committee of either House of Congress has the power to decide the question, nor would even an act of Congress possess the requisite authority. That question is settled by the Constitution itself. Thus, in Article I, Section IX, Clause 7, we read, "No title of nobility shall be granted by the United States, and no person holding any office of profit or trust under them shall," etc. Again, in Article II, Section 1, Clause 7, we read, "He [the President] shall not receive within that period [the period for which he shall have been elected] any emolument from the United States or any of them." Once more: Article III, Section III, Clause 1, says, "Treason against the United States shall consist only in levying war against them, or in adhering to their enemies." But, it may be said, the amendments made to the Constitution during the reconstruction period practically transformed the United States from a confederation into a nation, and thus the noun which had previously been plural was made singular. We answer, first, that no change in the number of the noun, or any other change in the *style* of the Constitution, can be made except by a constitutional amendment; and, secondly, that one of the amendments referred to itself recognizes "United States" as a plural noun.

The first section of the Thirteenth Amendment runs as follows: "Neither slavery nor involuntary servitude, except as a punishment for crime, whereof the party shall have been duly convicted, shall exist within the United States, or any place subject to their jurisdiction." We have here said enough to prove that "United States" cannot be made a singular noun by any committee on revision of the laws, nor by Congress itself, nor by any power on earth, except the power embodied in the alternative methods of constitutional amendment prescribed by the Constitution itself. The last time when the dictum of our Federal organic law could be changed in the minutest particular, except by a constitutional amendment, was when, in the last days of the Philadelphia Convention, the document was referred to the committee on style. In the text reported by that committee, and adopted by the convention, the term "United States" is a plural noun; and so it must remain until the Legislatures or State conventions of three-fourths of the States shall decree otherwise. We may add that had the committee on style ventured to make the "United States" a singular noun, the change would have forthwith provoked protest from the Philadelphia Convention, for the reason that the whole theory of State Rights would have been obviously involved. The Constitution would never have been adopted by the requisite majority—nine States—had the term descriptive of the proposed confederation, to-wit, the "United States," been made a singular noun.

Miss Gertrude Atherton, who has done more than any one else in recent years to call to the minds of Americans the fact that they have failed to acknowledge fitly the transcendent greatness of that marvellous man of genius in statecraft Alexander Hamilton, has now fallen afoul of some of Hamilton's admirers. She has admitted that the news that he was of illegitimate birth almost made her ill, and has added to this statement the words, "Both enthusiasm and imagination would shrivel were I obliged to accept as a fact that Alexander Hamilton had negro blood in him." Miss Atherton is pointedly rebuked for acknowledging this prejudice. Yet the confession certainly does not hurt her as a student,

nor even as an eulogist and glorifier of Hamilton. The unfortunate prejudice itself would undoubtedly be entertained by a good many people who would not have the frankness to confess it; and if in the face of the suspicion Miss Atherton has been able to retain every shred of her sentiment for Hamilton, we are forced by her confession to entertain new respect for the compelling genius of the man and the power of his very wonderful story. A certain American Southerner, who was a warm partisan of the Cuban revolutionary cause, and who also entertained all the prejudices of his section against social contact with the African race, was asked what he would do if Antonio Maceo came to visit him. A little shiver passed over him, but he answered, "I would entertain him as an equal." One honored his Cuban enthusiasms all the more for that shiver of race pride. We like, in this conscious age, to have a biographer—even a biographer of romances—confess his prejudices, and then ride over them roughshod. It is much better than to have him say nothing about them, and let them color everything he says and does. As for Hamilton, it is to be said that if he had negro blood it did not hurt him. He was one of the world's greatest men. His part in the making of the American republic was second only to Washington's, and he should be honored next to Washington. The rest of the world owes him a larger tribute than it supposes, for the triumph of the principles of constructive statesmanship which he conceived has affected the history of other lands than ours—constantly, beyond all doubt, that of the new German Empire.

It may be asked if American domestic habits have not something to do with the frequent breakdown of American nerves. In perhaps the majority of cases, in cities at least, the day is admirably arranged so as to give the business man no rest whatever until he gets into bed. It has come within our observation that, in our civilization, there are three systems of living out the ordinary working-day. There is the French system, which is that of the continent of Europe in general; there is the English system; and there is the American system. The last combines the chief features of the other two. The Englishman goes to work late and comes away early; but during working-hours he works all the time. His luncheon is light, and eaten hastily—perhaps at his desk. For this he makes up by a leisurely breakfast and a leisurely dinner; while he has the early part of the morning and the latter part of the afternoon to himself. The Frenchman, on the other hand, goes to work early, and works hard till noon. The American is apt to underrate the energy with which the Frenchman works while he is working. But at noon work ceases, and he sits down to an abundant meal, well cooked, well served, and eaten with appetite and in peace.

After his *dinner* he has his *petit verre*, his smoke, and perhaps a game of dominoes or cards; while he discusses politics, the arts, or the topics of the day. He takes his two hours of refreshment as a matter of course; he has no prickings of conscience at wasting time, nor scorchings of heart lest some one else should "get ahead of him." Even the laborer, who in America eats his cold midday meal in a ditch or behind a pile of boards, generally sits down in Europe to a decent table, deftly served, and, however coarse his food, has time to eat otherwise than as the lower animals. Then, with mind cleared and cheered, and body strengthened and refreshed, laboring-man and business man return to their tasks, to work hard and late. The American system, as we have said, combines the chief features of the other two. The American goes to work early, like the Frenchman; like the Frenchman, he works hard; like the Frenchman, he works late; but, like the Englishman, he takes no time to himself at midday. His luncheon is the merest "snack"; it is often cooked hasty and served worse; it is oftener still, perhaps, drawn from a paper in his pocket, and not served at all. As for any intellectual repose or mental distraction from the grim facts of work—not only is it not thought of, but the very idea would be laughed to scorn. From the moment of setting forth to the moment of return mind and body alike are deprived of their proper nourishment and rest. It is scarcely strange, therefore, that Europe should be rich in elegant American widows and orphans, and the churchyards at home too full of young men's graves.

The Special Session and the Canal

Two other day Mr. Dewey announced to the Senate that it was on trial. No one who has read the current literature of the last six months has any doubt of the truth of this, but much more immediate is the fact that the Democratic party in the Senate is on trial.

It is the natural tendency of the aggressive politician to think that the way to public favor is through opposition to his party's antagonists at every point. There is certainly no easier way to avoid thinking, a hard task for most of us, and, sometimes, there is no easier road to defeat. The real way to secure public favor is, of course, by gratifying or winning over public opinion. This involves a knowledge of what existing public opinion is, and, necessarily, the man who assumes that it is precisely opposite to the opinion of his political adversary, is much more likely to be wrong than right if that adversary happens to be in power. The Democratic Senators have not of late shown much sense of public sentiment. Many of the old leaders have assumed the acceptance of Republican policies to be wisest, a sense of mind that is quite as irrational as the opposite one to which we have referred. Now, however, that Mr. Gorman is back, and the party has thereby gained a new and a real leader, it was falsely assumed that the preceding treaties are to be opposed by the Democrats for no other reason than that they constitute the party of opposition, and, consequently, must be against any policy that is Republican,—the policy of either the Administration, which is something, or of the party leaders, which is quite another thing.

There has been no public sentiment in recent times so easily understood as that on the question of an isthmian canal. The men or the party which fails to grasp it is open to suspicion. It is either utterly folly or corruption which determines its attitudes. Senator Morgan can comprehend. He is as honest a man as ever sat in the United States Senate, but he has apparently staked his reputation and his career on the Nicaragua route, and is obsessed. We can pity him, but we cannot condone him. On this question, however, touching which his long and special studies ought to make him an expert, his opinion is worthless, and if his party had helped him to gain his fight against the Panama route, it too would have become worthless, and would have demonstrated, at least as far as its leaders in the Senate are concerned, its utter uselessness to the country.

There are times in the history of every government when a statesman must obey implicitly the public sentiment of the country which he helps to govern. Elizabeth held no more with Puritanism than did Charles I., but Elizabeth knew her nation, and she yielded when she had to yield, and that with a gracefulness which won the Commons belief that she was the real defender of their inheritance, while Charles I. stood so obstinately in the way of political theories that had been written down more than four hundred years before he was crowned that he lost his head. Now the Democratic Senators who, in the slightest degree, helped to defeat the Panama canal treaty was as foolish as was Charles I. If he had been backed by his party in the Senate, the party would not soon be permitted to govern this country. The people of the United States favor the construction of an isthmian canal. Many believe that the transcontinental railroads are opposed to such a canal. If this they are mistaken, for the railroads are wiser than they are some-

times thought to be. However, some people are bound to hold that opposition to the canal means subservience to the railroads, or something worse. With the majority the railroads do not figure, but these are eager for an isthmian canal, and they are sincerely in earnest, even enthusiastic, in their desire that this country should construct, own, and operate the water-way between the Atlantic and Pacific oceans. Moreover, the country has settled down to the conviction that the Panama route is the only one that is to be thought of. In reaching this conclusion, public opinion has vindicated itself, and once more proved its soundness; for the Panama route is the choice of practically all the engineers who have investigated all the routes, and, with most of them, it is the only route.

We are quite safe in saying that unless the Panama route had been adopted no canal would be constructed. This result would have confirmed the suspicions of those who believe that the transcontinental railroads were behind all opposition to the canal treaty, but what is of more importance to all who were contemplating opposition was the fact that the failure of the Panama treaty, and the consequent postponement, perhaps the ultimate defeat, of any canal, would have meant public wrath that the party responsible for the defeat of the enterprise would have endured enormously. If it had been the Democrats, they would be likely to stay "out of business" for some years. In other words, opposition to the Panama canal treaty was opposition to public opinion. Nor was the public deceived by specious arguments against "this particular treaty," or against any of its provisions. The country believed that Mr. Hay had negotiated a good treaty, a treaty which gave us all that we needed for the construction, the ownership, the maintenance, and the defence of the canal.

No one can convince the American people that this is not true, any more than Mr. Morgan can now convince us that the canal ought to have been built at Nicaragua instead of at Panama. If any Senator had insisted on a provision giving to this country the fee in the strip of land through which the canal is to run, instead of a perpetual lease, the country would have understood that the proposed amendment was, in essence, veiled hostility to the canal itself; for we all know that the constitution of Colombia prohibits the alienation of land to a foreign government, and that a perpetual lease is not only all that is sufficient, but all that it is possible to obtain. In the same way, an effort to provide for the fortification of the canal would deserve no one, for we all know that that project was long since laughed out of court because it was once medieval policy, but is now archaic nonsense. The country would, in short, have interpreted any effort to amend the treaty as an effort to defeat it, and any effort to defeat the treaty as an effort to defeat the project of the canal itself. That the treaty has been nullified, notwithstanding Mr. Morgan, and Mr. Morgan's position in the Democratic party, is of good augury for Mr. Gorman's leadership. The first step in the trial of the party has been in its favor. It was at first reported that the Democrats intended to filibuster and to insist upon amendments such as we have outlined, but, as it turned out, all the amendments proposed were non-partisan, although some of them might be called sectional. The vote was taken on Tuesday of this week, by consent of all Senators, including Mr. Morgan, who only insisted, in consideration of giving his assent, that his speech should be printed in the Record. Mr. Gorman is entitled to the chief credit for bringing Mr. Morgan to so speedy a surrender.

The New Leadership of the Democracy

The ascendancy of the conservative element in the Democratic party was definitely established, when, at the meeting of the Senate in extra session, the Democratic members of that body unanimously chose Senator Arthur P. Gorman, of Maryland, to be Chairman of their Steering Committee. There is no doubt that the leader of the Democratic minority in the next House of Representatives will act in concert with Senator Gorman, and the Democrats, throughout the country may look forward to a reorganization of their party on sound and sensible lines, and to such an exhibition of political strategy and tactics as will enable them to make the best of their opportunities in 1904. The unanimity with which Mr. Gorman was selected for the post of leadership in the Senate, and the reputation for astuteness and efficiency which he gained during his previous period of service in the Senate. The unanimity is also tantamount to an acknowledgment that the supreme needs of the Democratic party at this juncture are caution, sobriety, and sagacity. Nobody that knows Mr. Gorman would describe him as magnetic, but the Democracy is thoroughly tired of magnetism. It has taken eight years to recover from the electrifying shock which Mr. Bryan's "Cross of Gold" speech administered to the Chicago national convention. It has come to the conclusion that magnetism spells defeat, and that calm, unadorned, long-headed leadership of the Gorman type are considerably more likely to bring the party to the promised land. Not even the late President McKinley was a keener observer or better judge of public opinion and popular sentiment than is the junior Senator from Maryland. Under his guidance the Democracy is unlikely to make any flagrant mistakes, or to make any mistake of requiring the confidence of the country. He has announced no programme, nor is he expected to commit himself in advance regarding any public measure. He will cross bridges when he comes to them. If we recall, however, the positions which he took when he was formerly the leader of the Democratic Senators, we may be certain that he will not suffer the party to array itself in vexatious and futile opposition to measures which visibly commend themselves to a large majority of the voters. We believe, for instance, that had he occupied a place of authority in the Fifty-seventh Congress, the Aldrich financial bill, or the Fowler bill, or some amalgam of those projects would have been allowed to pass, for he would have recognized the expediency of relieving the stringency of the money market. We believe, also, that he would have assured the enactment of the Philippine tariff bill, the failure to pass which involved a grievous violation of public duty on the part of the last Congress. Neither is he likely to countenance filibustering for private purposes, such as Senator Tillman indulged in, when he forced the Conference Committee to sanction the payment of a claim put forward by South Carolina, which by an official investigator had been pronounced unfounded. It was, by the way, an act of characteristic shrewdness to have Senator Tillman himself a member of the new Steering Committee. The Senator from South Carolina, who, hitherto, has often been inclined to act as a free lance, will henceforth be personally interested in the enforcement of discipline.

The view of Senator Gorman's elevation that will be taken by Mr. Bryan in his Conscience will be, perhaps, though not very important. Unquestionably, it means the relegation of the silver element to the rear.

We do not see how Mr. Bryan himself can fail to recognize this fact, although he said the other day that the control of the next Democratic national convention by the believers in a gold standard was to his mind inconceivable. We are at a loss to understand how he reconciles such a statement with the record of the Kansas City convention. Nobody knows better than Mr. Bryan that the reaffirmation of the silver plank was carried in the platform committee of that body by a single vote, and that the vote of the delegate from Illinois. Unquestionably, the opponents of free silver constituted a majority of that convention, and they were only ousted by Mr. Bryan's declaration that he would refuse a nomination unless the silver plank were inserted in the platform. Such a threat will have no terrors in 1904, for Mr. Bryan will not be a candidate. Although, however, Mr. Gorman's accession to the Chairmanship of the Democratic Steering Committee in the Senate must be looked upon as a victory for the conservative element in his party, the junior Senator from Maryland is quite too skillful a tactician to antagonize Mr. Bryan in any unnecessary way. Not only will no attempt be made to drive Mr. Bryan out of the Democratic party, but every precaution will be taken to avoid giving him a pretext for holding. We do not believe that Mr. Gorman will sanction any endeavor to dislodge the late Democratic candidate for the Presidency from such control as he at present exercises over the party organization in Nebraska. That would be an act of open war that Mr. Bryan's friends might be expected to resent. It will be, in truth, a memorable achievement to reorganize the national Democracy without losing in one direction as many votes as may be gained in another. We believe the feat may be performed, however, and that Mr. Gorman is the man to do it.

Tainted Money

ANY constant reader of the daily papers must be rather more struck with the gleams of light which find their way through the darkness of the world than the darkness itself. Amidst the general clamor of the talking, there is here and there some one, every now and then, who sets up a thinking strong enough to be heard above the uproar, and so convincing that it makes an end of controversy as to the right thing to be done, and breaks a way for uskinding to get on again in spite of the obscurity hounding us in. Such a one the Rev. Prey S. Grant, of the Church of the Ascension, seems to have been, and such a good work he seems to have done in an informal discussion which he has delivered on the subject of "Clean and Upright Money," with reference to the very prevalent question whether educational and charitable institutions ought to take the gifts of guilty millionaires.

It appears, even to the worst doubters, that there are, in millions, as in dozens and fagits, odds which have to be taken in account by essayists dealing with the morality of their benefactions. It would perhaps be going too far to say that there are good millionaires, but certainly some of them seem better than others, or, if not quite that, then worse. It is said, with what truth we cannot now declare, that some of them have got their millions by means that would have railroaded minor offenders to the penitentiary on grooves treated to the point of the least resistance by the finest quality of lubricating oil, and it has been assumed that their money had thus received a taint which all the perfumes of Arabia

will not sweeten, but which will indelibly impart itself to the touch of the taker. This is the contention which Dr. Grant met so boldly when he held that money itself could not be fouled by the foulest methods of acquisition, but was purified to the finest use by the mere fact of giving. He thought it generally understood that such gifts were expiations, reliefs of conscience, proofs that the giver was sorry. He noted that the thirty gifts of silver themselves were used for the common good, and he declared his belief that by giving and encouraging giving we might reach a state when we would not try to wring the last cent from our neighbors.

The common sense of all this is a form of piety which we could wish always to find in sermons, or even in sociological articles or addresses. In the meagre report of the discourse which the daily press vouchsafed we were not instructed how far Dr. Grant went in following the line of thought suggested; but with a little thinking of his own the reader will feel it penetrate to the darkest depths of his soul, or call them the most luminous heights. The preacher anchored a truth which no honest man will disown for his neighbor at least, if he does for himself. It would hardly be too much to say that all giving comes from a taint of conscience, from the sense that we somehow have no right to more than suffices us for our daily needs. The contrary is defended by the whole machinery of the law, by all the theories and practices of civilization, but in his heart, where each of us is alone in that solitude so inaccessible to human fictions, each of us knows it true. Of course, the man who has not so much more than he needs does not feel himself so bad as the wicked person who has a great deal more, or that lost wretch who has no much more that he cannot compute it, and can hardly imagine it. But whether we have much more or little more than we need, we all give from the same bad conscience, and so we hope somehow to be forgiven for our own gifts we have no right to spare the gifts which come from others, no state of our own cleanly scruples in the way of the atonements they wish to make.

The preacher was right when he claimed that gifts took no taint from the greed of their givers. He was right when he demanded for those the privilege of giving freely and fully. Their giving is restitution, of the same pathetic nature as that of the barrow of old who rendered to the church of God the wealth that had been rent from the weak and poor. Let them give and give, and let no college president or library committee, or board of trustees, assume to stand between the penitent and his Maker, with question of the purity of his money. "Thine mine, 'twas his, and has been slave to thousands." It is said to talk, but it is really as distinct as the earth which men furrow with their manes and their ploughs alike, and which they sow with the grain of the harvest-field, or the corpses of the battle-field, and which makes no sign of consciousness to either. What we have to do, in order to keep our self-respect, is to guard ourselves from looking upon these penitents as philanthropists in disguise, or as beneficent altruists giving from the love of giving, and not from the fear of having got too much. In the presence of every such act of restitution, let us keep our eyes from being dazzled by the vastness of the sums bestowed. Let us remember that for some men to give a million is less than for others to give a postage stamp. Let us never forget that it is the heart that really gives, and not the hand, but let us be very careful not to deny that a sore heart may be giving itself as well as the money, as with the postage-stamp. It was what went

with the widow's mite that consecrated it, not the smallness of the mite. Otherwise, the reader who gives nothing might indulge a spiritual pride at the expense of the reader who gives a great deal.

Although bird 'n' Freedom Sawin made bold to say that—

They didn't know everything down in Jude,

still we have not much improved upon the morality of the great Cassius who taught by parallel, and we can still learn wisdom from Him. From his teaching we know that there is more rejoicing in heaven over one millionaire that repenteth, than over ninety-and-nine just men who have only their doubts whether the millionaire's money can be given without evil from its source such as would contaminate the taker. It is a terrible temptation, money is, but if he who has made it, and prizes it only as a rich man knows how to prize his money, can so far overcome its lure as to give it, why should not the taker be able to resist its corrupting effects? It is to the danger of those that we are now exposed, and are likely to be exposed more and more, for the tide of giving has set on so strongly that no casuistry, however mistaken, can stem it, and we are to look not at the origin of the money, but to its power over ourselves. If it does not buy our truth and honor, it can only do good, as the world now goes.

Judge Grosscup and the Trusts

JUDGE PETER S. GROSSCUP of the United States Circuit Court, whose recent decision in the "Beef Trust" injunction suit has attracted wide notice and interest, is a judge who has never taken the vow of "intellectual rebliancy." He is content to interpret the law when he is on the bench, but he is disposed to do his part as a citizen toward making law when he is off the bench. Almost on the very day on which he delivered his opinion in this case, he also delivered a lecture before an academic body which is an original contribution to the present trust discussion. He decided in the morning on the bench that the Beef Trust was a combination unlawful in the sight of the Sherman Act. In the evening on a lecture platform he said that consolidation had come to stay, and that if loosely organized and managed, it would turn out to be a step forward in the progress of mankind. It is not likely that his decision as a judge will be reversed by the Supreme Court; and it is quite as unlikely that his seemingly inconsistent private opinion will be reversed by those who have a right to give an opinion on retroverted industrial questions.

The present architecture, however, primarily social and political. It is to restore the citizen to the status of proprietor. In the last ten or fifteen years, the period of consolidation, the small capitalists in numbers alarming (from one point of view) have become employees. They have sold their businesses, and there has been a consequent swelling of deposits in the banks, national, State, and savings, and in loan and trust companies. During the last five years, covering the climax of consolidation, though the increase in wealth and population has gone on at the rate of twenty or twenty-five per cent. per year, the increase in deposits has been at the rate of more than 100 per cent. The inference to which we are compelled is that the people have changed the object of their investments. They have become lenders rather than proprietors—but standing aloof from the danger, and the profits of proprietorship. And this because, as Judge

Grosscup says, of their want of trust in their country's industrial corporations.

It is true that the great sums deposited by the people "furnish most of the capital upon which modern consolidation is expended," but this does not constitute the producers, proprietors. The borrowers are the owners, the lenders get no share in the country's prosperity except the interest on deposits. And the fact that "they get so little and the borrower seemingly so much is the sore spot. It is this feeling—ill founded as it may be—that some one has cheated and some have been cheated in the distribution, which is driving the undisciplined toward public ownership and socialism. The measure of such a political and industrial system, consolidation has accentuated. But what is more serious, in narrowing the participation of the proprietorship of the country, it is "detaching from the friends of property the great middle class of citizenship." The peril is that this conservative force will in time swing to those whose attitude is already opposed to property. And Judge Grosscup is forced to the question: "Can our old ideals and against such an alliance?" His answer seeks to avert forever such a test. It carries its suggested remedy in the very phenomena which have attended consolidation—the people, the great middle class must be restored to proprietorship.

But will they enter, to any large extent, the field of corporate ownership under any condition? His confidence that they will, if the fortunes of these enterprises are based up in the legitimate vicissitudes of the business itself and not in over-strained organization, rests upon these conditions: that we have a people to whom the requirement of property is an instinct, possessed of financial means and unafraid of corporate property merely as corporate property. With this instinct, with this financial equipment and this attitude on the part of the people at large, the "proprietorship" of the country is certain to come if only corporations are "fairly organized and conducted."

The novelty and originality of Judge Grosscup's plan lies in its feature of governmental assurance. The government must exercise its powers to reach and protect the would-be proprietor to the extent of guaranteeing that the assets and proposed stock issue have been looked into "by some responsible authority, and that their proportion to each other have been adjusted to conform to the known legal basis." And cases the corporation has been organized, it is to be subject to "visitation" by some department of government not as a mere newspaper, for purposes of publicity, but as a trustee, to take note of dangers in sight and adequately to meet them.

This is the suggestion of a keen, thoughtful man without mental stentorianism—an interpreter of the laws of the past—who sees that in the future there must be some "far-reaching reconstruction of our corporate policy," such as will enable the people at large to re-enter the proprietorship of the country, or we shall find ourselves left with two alternatives both of which surmise wide individual enterprise, personal freedom, and Republican institutions.

By far the greater part of the suffering and crime which exist at this moment . . . arises simply from people not understanding this train—no knowing that produce or wealth is eternally connected to the laws of heaven and earth with resolute labor; but hoping in some way to cheat or abrogate this everlasting law of life, and to find where they have not furrowed, and be warm where they have not worked.—Ruskin.

Intercollegiate Athletics

Fan be it from us to enter into the field of tangled controversy over intercollegiate athletics. There are, however, certain phases of the subject which seem to be beyond controversy, certain evils the existence and seriousness of which must be admitted, and of these we can speak with some degree of confidence, especially since we find ourselves in agreement with Professor Hollis, the accomplished chairman of the Harvard athletic committee.

The most obvious, or at least the most widely recognized, feature of college athletics is their apparently engrossing power over the minds and imaginations of the students and of the public. The reality of this absorption and its pervasiveness depend largely upon the particular college or university. There are many institutions of learning in the country where intellect and intellectual industry take the first place in the thoughts and conversation of the scholastic community. There are, indeed, others where muscle is unduly glorified, and where the vicious or more or less despised College presidents have been known to send forth their "team" on the fateful day, from morning prayers, with such a benediction as Muldoon might bestow upon Corbett at the ring-side. Faculties have purchased athletes by concessions in entrance examinations. Still, these are happily eccentricities in educational communities, and scholarship ranks higher in the most successful football institutions than the public wits of. Indeed, the public itself is largely responsible for the atmosphere of bodily strife which seems to distinguish American universities and colleges. Led by a considerable body of graduates, many of whom have become de-educated since quitting college, a large public, decorated with pins which represent their bets, and not their educational history of their identity with the institutions thus pointed on their shirt-waists and their waistcoats, make Rome howl and the heavens shiver on the day of a great contest. The struggle, the noise, the bet, and the subsequent hysterical joy and grief constitute all that the de-educated alumni and their lay followers know of the distinctive and inspiring features of the higher education in the United States. With the players in the field, who must keep up to a certain standard in their classes, it is different. It may be, indeed, that too much thought is given to athletics by collegians, but the sporting outsiders are wrong in fancying that students and faculties and their different institutions are to be accurately measured by success or failure in rowing and football. Indeed, the statistics of defeated universities and colleges show that the larger, and presumably higher, considerations determine the attitude toward them of parents and the heads of preparatory schools.

Whether the interest of a college life centres about the training-table or the classroom, depends mainly on the professors and instructors. Intellectual enthusiasm can always win out against bodily exercise among impetuous youth.

It is still true that there are those whom the goal granted by the glowing wheels salute to the gods, and there always will be such, but there are many more to-day than there were in the days of Augustus who can sing with Horace,

Quod si me Lyricis Vatesque miseris,
Sublimi feriam divites vertice.

But whether the student wants to walk among the stars with the poets depends much on his bringing up.

But to the confessed evils! The first of these is the brutality of the game of foot-

ball. No one but he who loves brutality will deny the truth of this charge. We confine ourselves to one manifestation of it which is too common if it appear but once a season, whereas it is well known that it is to be looked for in every game in which there is one star player. It is the fashion of concentrating all the force of the opposing team for the purpose of crippling the star of the other team. The occasional shunning, the effort to tease an opponent into a state of useless nervousness, and the savagery called forth by sudden temptation are all bad enough, but the cool, deliberate, cruel purpose of driving an opponent out of play by disabling him in barbarous and unmanly, and they who resort to it in the name of sport do not know the meaning of sport.

Another evil is the mental attitude of one college toward its rival. As Professor Hollis well says, there is an entire "absence of chivalric conduct. It is the rarest thing to note even an evidence of generosity among players. The visiting team goes to the college where the game is played, rides out to the field, performs its engagement, and then goes home. The interchange or attention that the ordinary laws of hospitality indicate as proper between friends is reduced to mere business arrangements." This is bad enough, but what is worse, is the aspersion manifested by these college contestants of one another's honesty. In many instances, neither team can imagine its rival its lowest, and detectives are employed to spy upon the suspected college, and to "work up" cases against supposed indignities.

These two specimens are sufficient to point Professor Hollis's real moral, and that is that intercollegiate contests have ceased to be amateur sport, and have come, in essence, to be tainted with professionalism. Colleges make rules for the determination of professionalism, and students are played for money, or who have accepted valuable gifts for athletic services, are rigidly barred out. Sometimes a man's spirit governs in the application of this rule; advantage is now and then taken of a slip which ought not really to disqualify a player. All this comes from the fact that if the outward form of professionalism is sternly excluded, its inward spirit is always manifest. The game of the year has become the business of the year. It is no longer the joyous contest in which each side will do its best, and be content and happy, however fortune may award the palm. It is, rather, a stern struggle of young giants whose business it is to rain, at all hazards, by all devices not absolutely prohibited, by driving opponents from the field by crippling them, by disqualifying others by evidence obtained by unfair detection, by schemes and practices that are absolutely incompatible with the true spirit of sport, and that are out of place everywhere, unless we are to consider that the end of the game is to win rather than to play it fairly, honorably, generously, in friendly spirit, in the only true amateur spirit—"may the best man win."

These evils cannot be cured by rules. They germinate and develop in the minds and hearts of the players and their followers. Their eradication depends upon education. Time was when the spirit of sport prevailed, and when our college would no more have thought of "putting a detective" on its rival than it would have thought of breaking into the strongbox and stealing the athletic fund—at least, if it had then been thought that a rival team was deserving of police surveillance, it would simply have been dropped out of competition. What is needed by intercollegiate athletics is a little spiritualizing, a little heaven of the spirit of gentlemanliness, which is another phrase for the true spirit of amateur sport.

Washington's Birthday in London

By Sydney Brooks

LONDON, February 21, 1903.

NORMAN is so hard as to construe an Englishman that Americans have memories. He cannot understand why they or any other people should loathe themselves about hundred-year-old events, why they should speak and on occasion act as though the "Boston Massacre" were an affair of yesterday, why they should be perpetually canvassing and celebrating each dominant event in their early history. This vivid consciousness of the past is something he has no share in and very little sympathy with. He is rather disposed to deride it as a bit of puerility that no nation can outgrow too quickly. That is one of the reasons, perhaps it is the fundamental reason, why he has never quite understood the Irish. To do him justice, the Englishman fully practices what he preaches. For his own part he has no memory at all. You could live a lifetime in England without knowing that she had a history. Before the Boer war it was easier to purchase a Union Jack in Chicago than in London. The centenary of some great event, some signal victory, comes round, and all the record it will get is an obscure paragraph in the newspapers. The "man in the street" eludes the record of English history when he leaves school, and there is nothing to open it for him again. Parades and processions and "memorial exercises" and set orations in honor, be it say, of Waterloo would strike the average Englishman as a foolish waste of time. The Navy League, it is true, has taken of recent years to decorating the Nelson column in Trafalgar Square on the anniversary of Trafalgar day.

The League does so as part of its political propaganda for raising and maintaining popular interest in the navy. A few hundred officers will watch the ceremony with a sort of unshared interest, and then pass on to the day's work, totally untrilled. The survivors of the famous, fatuous charge of the Light Brigade meet and dine, I believe, once a year. For the public it is merely a sentimental item in next morning's papers. All such celebrations have come to be alien to popular instincts—possibly because whenever there is any question of pageantry or formal rejoicing, Englishmen have got into the habit of looking to the Crown for a lead.

In one of Mr. Kenneth Grahame's delightful child-sketches, he most charmingly portrays the efforts of a girl patriot to interest her brother in the twenty-first of October. "It's Trafalgar Day," went on Selina, tranquilly; "Trafalgar Day—and nobody cares!" Her brother is quite unmoved; he would rather be hunting moles. "Why can't we do something!" she burst out, presently. "He—he did everything—why can't we do anything for him!" "Who did everything?" inquired Harold, meekly. It was useless waving further longings on that mole. Like the dead, he traveled fast. "Why, Nelson, of course," said Selina, shortly, still looking restlessly around for help or suggestion. "But he's—he's dead, isn't he?" asked Harold, slightly puzzled. There you have it. Nobody rarely—and he's dead, isn't he?

But this indifference has an obverse and not depressing side. If it cuts Englishmen off from much of the pride that might justifiably be theirs, if it lowers, as it unquestionably does lower, the general average of informed and intelligent patriotism, it also forestalls many international bitternesses, and robs the past of all its sting.

No nation, it has often and truly been said, is so incapable as the English of keeping a grudge alive. No nation wastes so little of its time nourishing futile antipathies. No nation is so ready to forget and forgive, or so willingly allows the mellowing hand of time the fullest play. What Polyphontes says to Mergop in Matthew Arnold's fine dramatic poem could never be said to or of England!

I sought thee, Mergop; I find thee thus, As I have ever found thee; bent to keep His old observance and public good. A mournful feud alive, which else would die.

On the contrary, the way in which England ignores what has passed and rushes to "make things up," seems at times to involve a positive loss of dignity. The recent Anglo-German alliance, for instance, struck all outsiders and even a good many Englishmen as passing the permission of meekness and charity. It had something in it that was almost moon-spirited and contemptible. Like Lord North's too-facile forgiveness of the outrageous attacks levelled against him by Fox. It showed "the Christian spirit" carried to such an ultra-Biblical extreme that it became decidedly negotiable for human nature's daily food. But, on the whole, the presence of this spirit in Englishmen is so very much in their favor, and is usually so well restrained, that an occasional abuse of it may be pardoned. It has done as much as anything to make Anglo-American relations what they are at this moment and always should be. You could not have a better proof of this than the eagerness of present Englishmen to join with Americans in celebrating Independence Day and Washington's Birthday. This eagerness has come to be taken almost as a matter of course, but when one stops to think out all it means, one sees what fine testimony lies hidden within it to the sterling characteristics of the British nature. Such a sight as I saw two months ago when the American Society of London and several of the most distinguished Englishmen in public life met together to honor the anniversary of Washington's birthday would be fatly impossible anywhere else.

Do you ever hear of Austria's banding together to celebrate Kamoth's memory? Are Cavour and Garibaldi honored names in Vienna? Is Walsdorf one of the national heroes of Russia? Does Madrid commemorate the birth of Bolivar? A hundred years hence will Gomez and Aguineldo rank with Canovas and Sagasta? Such questions sound absurd. And yet just consider what it signifies when Englishmen make a festivity of July 4, and deliver public eulogues on Washington. It means, in the first instance, that they are celebrating the greatest blunder in British history; and, in the second, that they are honoring the memory of the man who brought Great Britain to her lowest depth of humiliation and impotence. All this they do just as heartily and unreservedly as Americans themselves and without the slightest hypocrisy. A strange, if only a superficial, paradox! Year after year this "old and haughty nation" doing public atonement through the mouths of her most illustrious sons for her share in the American Revolution! And doing it, I repeat once more, with absolute sincerity. If their mistake was great, they knew amply and handsomely admitted it. I have that as a school-boy in England I was brought up to a reverence for Washington and an indignation against Lord North such as a pupil in any Kansas school might vainly envy. I could multiply instances by the hundred to prove the completeness of the national repentance; but one will be enough. In the visitors' room at one of the greatest clubs on Pall Mall, hanging over the

mantelpiece, is a facsimile of the Declaration of Independence, with medallions above and around it of Washington, Lincoln, and Grant. There is, I think it must be admitted, something fine in a people who can thus candidly publish and acknowledge the most appalling and costly error in their annals. Which, at any rate, is the graver of the two—an Englishman honoring Washington, or an American honoring the Declaration of the Revolution for his Anglophobiae fear!

I am not going to weary you with the speeches, nor yet with a list of the Englishmen of note who were present. Like all Anglo-American gatherings, it was excellently arranged and thoroughly enjoyed. They are the only kind of public dinners I know of that never lose their freshness. There is a brightness in the atmosphere of this particular sort of international festivity that you don't get elsewhere. Another feature of them is equally permanent and peculiar—the ease with which Americans come out victorious from the ordeal of competitive oratory.

The English are, without exception, the greatest public-dinner givers in the world, yet few of these master more than the alphabet of postprandial speech-making. On Monday they were, by contrast, particularly weak. The Duke of Devonshire, who proposed Mr. Roosevelt's health, the Marquis of Londonderry, and Sir Edward Poynter, who replied to the toast of "Success to the Exhibition of the United Kingdom at St. Louis, 1904," seemed mere amateurs of oratory by the side of the finished, easy eloquence of Mr. Choate, ex-Governor Francis, and Mr. John Barrett. Speechifying of whatever kind is a bore of the first magnitude to the Duke of Devonshire. But on Monday the atmosphere of good-fellowship prevailed even against his constitutional languor, and the speech in which he gave the President's health was not being sprightly and concerted as the Duke himself might deliver. Even the Duke himself seemed to take a far-off dual interest in what he was saying—an almost unknown phenomenon in him, for, to do him justice, he is always the first to yawn at his own speeches. But the speech of the evening was unquestionably Mr. Choate's. London society demands eloquence from the representative of America so insistently that it has occasionally paid the penalty of being glutted with it. This is not the case with Mr. Choate, who never says too much and never lets his fluency run away with him. There is another pitfall which he instinctively avoids. He never makes the mistake of praising Englishmen to their face. The only American ambassador I know of with whom England got slighted in her mind was one who, with the best intentions in the world, was forever soft-speaking England and English ways of doing things. Mr. Choate has a nice appreciation of what it is Englishmen like best. With admirable tact and skill he quietly pokes fun at them, and scores good-humored points at their expense. His argument on Monday that Napoleon sold Louisiana to the United States to prevent England from getting it; that Americans were therefore really indebted to England for the purchase; and that England in consequence lay under a heavy obligation to make the St. Louis Exposition a success—was worked out in the best vein and spirit of American humor. It was immensely relished by the audience, being precisely the sort of point that came with far more effect from an American than an Englishman—if, indeed, an Englishman would have had the courage and mental agility to make it. The fact that Mr. Choate did not hesitate about, as all his speeches do, how perfectly he is grounded on the oratorical side of his position.

Leo XIII. and the Next Pope

THE commemoration by Leo XIII. of the twenty-fifth anniversary of his accession to the Pontificate directs attention, not only to his great age—he was born in 1810—but also to the possibility that his successor may modify his policy. Let us consider the chance of such a modification, after a very brief review of the present Pope's achievements. Seldom have the prospects of the Papacy seemed darker than when Pius IX. was succeeded by Leo XIII. It is true that in the fourteenth century many Popes deliberately transferred their place of residence from Rome to Avignon, but never until the nineteenth century, since a large grant of territory was made to the head of the Catholic Church by Pepin, King of the Franks, was the temporal authority of the Papacy actually extinguished by any civil power. The phenomenon, however, has been three times witnessed in the course of the last hundred years: first when Napoleon I. imprisoned Pius VII. and incorporated the city of Rome and what was left of the Papal Territory with the French Empire; secondly, in 1848 when, after the escape of Pius IX. to Gaeta, a republic was proclaimed in Rome; and, thirdly, in 1870, when the Eternal City was occupied by the troops of Victor Emmanuel II., and became a part of the new and unified Kingdom of Italy. When Pius IX. died in 1878, his successor, Leo XIII., was confronted by the alternative of becoming a pensioner of Italian sovereigns, or, if he adhered to his predecessor's irrevocable programme, of accepting poverty, and remaining a species of prisoner in the Vatican. The impotence and humiliation at home seemed likely to be accompanied by an almost total eclipse of papal influence abroad. In Germany, Bismarck had begun the *Kulturkampf*, aimed at the complete subjection of the Catholic Church to the civil power; in Poland, the Czar Alexander II. was contemplating a withdrawal of the privileges which the Polish-Catholic hierarchy had previously enjoyed; in Spain, it was uncertain whether the recent reaction against a non-religious republic would be durable, and in France, there was imminent danger of an abolition of the Concordat, because Gambetta had taught his followers to see in Christendom their chief enemy. In a word, the disintegration and collapse of the Papacy seemed not only probable, but unavoidable.

It is undeniable that, if the catastrophe confidently expected by onlookers has been averted, the credit for the fact is due mainly to the discretion, the sagacity, and the foresight of Leo XIII. Although he has persistently refused to touch a penny of the magnificent annual subsidy voted by the Italian Parliament, as a partial compensation for the loss of the Pope's temporal dominions, and although he has, therefore, been forced to depend for the maintenance of the Vatican establishment exclusively upon the voluntary contributions of faithful Catholics, he has never known what it was to be stinted in respect of pecuniary resources. Although he has maintained undiminished the position taken by Pius IX. that loyal Catholics should neither vote at Parliamentary elections, nor accept office under the Italian monarchy, he has not encountered the expected disciplinary injunction, but, on the contrary, through the constant withdrawal of Catholic voters from the ballot-box, the civil power has been rendered incapable of constructing a Conservative party. The monarchy has thus been left to the struggle for its existence against Radicals, Republicans, and Socialists, and might have succumbed but for the insane assassination of King Humbert, which gave the dynasty a longer lease of life. At the

end of twenty-five years, the Quirinal has never given them to lose by a compromise with the Vatican.

So far as Germany is concerned, Catholicism under the guiding hand of Leo XIII. has triumphed all along the line in its contest with the civil power. Bismarck, who swore that, for his part, he would never go to Canossa, was ultimately forced to do that very thing when he repealed the greater part of the Falk laws in order to secure for his policy the indispensable support of the large and admirably organized Catholic party of the Centre in the Reichstag. Only the other day we witnessed the culmination of the victory when Chancellor von Bülow found himself constrained to urge the Bundesrat to abolish the remnant of the so-called May legislation which forbade Jesuits to live in Germany. When we hear in mind that this surrender of the civil power to Catholicism in the empire founded by Bismarck was brought about by a Pope utterly denuded of temporal power, and compelled to rely on Peter's penne for his household expenses, we must acknowledge that sheer intellect has seldom gained a more resplendent victory.

In other parts of Europe the moral influence exerted by the so-called captive of the Vatican has proved hardly less effective. The traditional privileges conceded to the Catholic hierarchy in Poland, which were seriously menaced by the Czar a quarter of a century ago, remain to-day substantially intact. If in Spain the restored Bourbon dynasty which in 1878 seemed destined to be short-lived, has endured up to the present hour, notwithstanding the loss of Spain's transmarine dependencies, the unexpected fact is due mainly to the cautious and far-sighted attitude enforced upon the Spanish hierarchy by the Vatican, which has shown itself as firmly opposed to Carlism on the one hand as to Republicanism on the other. In France, where the problem with which Leo XIII. had to deal was peculiarly difficult, he has at least averted a solution which was long threatened, and which would have been fatal to the interests of Catholicism. There is but little hope that the Concordat would ere this have been abolished but for the advice proffered by Leo XIII. upon the hierarchy and clergy of France to accept sincerely the Republican régime, and to abjure all connection with intrigues for the restoration of the Bourbon monarchy or of the Napoleonic Empire. During the last twelve months, the patience of the Vatican has been subjected to a severe strain by the enforcement of the law against religious associations; nevertheless, by a judicious silence, Leo XIII. has refrained from giving the enemies of Catholicism the desired pretext for a violent rupture. By no means least among the achievements that may be recorded in the epitaph of the present Pontiff is the fact that, thanks to him almost exclusively, the Concordat with France still exists.

We need not say that the last quarter of a century has witnessed a remarkable expansion of Catholicism in *portibus infidelium*, that is to say in the British Empire and in the United States. The vast Catholic cathedrals about to arise in London is a symbol of the progress made by the Church of Rome toward a partial reassertion of its former influence in the United Kingdom. How does it happen that Catholicism prospers in the two countries where the utmost freedom of thought obtains? That Catholicism should at one and the same time commend itself to the religiously minded, while it escapes rancorous opposition on the part of atheists, is due largely to the wisdom of the attitude maintained by Leo XIII. toward Socialism on the one hand and toward the Higher Criticism of the Bible on the

other. While adhering with unwavering firmness to his belief in the inspiration of the Scriptures, and to his belief in the sacredness, necessity and usefulness of the organization thereof he is the head, the present Pope has shown himself willing at the same time to concede the expediency of revising vernacular translations of the Bible in the light of modern scholarship, and willing also to make large economical concessions to the Socialistic movement, provided its leaders would abjure their demand for an utterly godless State. He has not silenced the Higher Criticism, nor has he brought about a compromise between Socialism and Christianity; but he has immensely staved the distrust and enmity with which the Catholic Church was at one time regarded by scientists and by social reformers.

Whether the successor of Leo XIII. will maintain the same attitude toward the Kingdom of Italy, toward other European States and toward the intellectual and economical movements of the time is a question that nobody can answer until the next Conclave shall announce the outcome of its deliberations. There are now more foreign cardinals in the Sacred College than ever before, yet the cardinals of Italian birth still constitute a considerable majority. The Italian cardinals themselves are not united with regard to the position that ought to be taken toward the Italian monarchy, or toward the French Republic. Neither are they agreed concerning Socialism or the Higher Criticism. No man, therefore, may venture to forecast the choice of the Conclave or the possible consequences of its selection.

A Song for the Acorns

(The Acorns are a New York organization for the promotion of good government.)

(Good government! good government!)

That's what we're out to bring.
The honest rule of honest men
Beats any rule of ring.
We're down on blackmail, pillage, graft,
And clutch of greedy boss.
We're tired of all the swam whose craft
Pinks profit in our loss.

CHORUS

Then up, Acorns! up, Acorns!
Sprout, and spread you thrive!
Grow in number, grow in strength;
Show yourselves alive!
Only acorns are we now;
Oaks we'll grow to be;
Stout to beat back fraud and craft;
Stanch for Liberty.

Who would be free, the poet says,
Themselves must strike the blow;
Who would keep honest men in power,
Must lay the rascals low.
Boss-ridden men their feeble souls
Dare never call their own
Nor freedom, nor content abide
In any boss-ruled town.

We want clean streets and honest cops.
We want our funds well spent.
We want each man to pay his share,
But tribute—not one cent!
We want no profit-sharing vice,
No bribe-dripping hire.
We want the town to get its dues,
And all the rascals, there.

E. S. MARTIN.

The Book of Months

By E. F. Benson

DECEMBER

Snow ever and all, and it is spring. Frost
hides the ivy fields, and in my heart ever
nightingale in the world makes melody.
The bare trees are hung with icicles, and
a shrill wind whistles through them, yet to
me they are the green habitations of
mating-birds, and in the hedgerows, with
their mark of snow where the wind has
drifted it, are the nests of the hedge-
sparrows with the blue eggs that reflect the
skies of April. December! Was there ever
such a December! All the honey of the
summer, all the warmth of the long days,
all the mellow autumn, all the promise of
spring in gathered here into one promise, the
sheaf that we put in the chancel at the har-
vest festival, symbol and offering, symbol
of the fruitful, kindly earth, offering in
kind to the Lord of the harvest.

Did you see the sun to-day about eleven
of the morning come suddenly out through
parted clouds and shine on the great fields
of virgin snow? He came on purpose to
see me. Did you see the maddened whirl
of the snowflakes in the afternoon flying
in eddies through the air? They were dan-
cing together at my party. I engaged them
to dance. They did it well, did they not?
Did you hear the cathedral-bells ringing this
afternoon, muzzling dim and dead through
the snow? They were also my guests. Ev-
erything in the world to-day was my guest,
and stars were ranged on my ceiling and the
Pleiades lay in my hand, and then close
by my heart lay the moon, and it was not
cold as it looks, hot warm.

Day after day and all day, night after
night and all night, I have dreamed of the
moon, looking it, desiring it. And last night
I dreamt that I gathered silver threads
into the sky which caught the moon, and
I drew it closer and closer to myself till it
rested on my heart. And it was not the
moon at all, only the heart of a woman,
beating full and strong. And the wonder
of it is that the moon is mine. You shall
see it sometimes, you other people on the
earth, but all the time it is mine. I know
too the other side of it, when we are alone
together. You cannot see that, and you will
never see it. The moon says it is all for me.

To-day the moon had to be away all day,
but the silver thread was between us (it
leads to the other side of the moon), so I
secretly envied the folks in London who
would see her face merely. Yet all day I
fevered for evening, and as evening ap-
proached my fever abated not. But you
came back, my moon, and we were together
again. Other people were there, and for
them, as for me, melody after melody flowed
from the sweet stress of your fingers. They
heard only, but I knew, and to me the
sound revealed not the poor day that wrote
those exquisite notes, but you who played
them. Your soul, it was not Schubert's
that shone in the sympathy that shall never
be finished, your soul a nobler Beethoven's
was passion and pathos, you, but, turned
night into a flame, and in that flame I burn-
ed and was consumed, happy as the gods
are happy, and happier because I was not
content. I shall never be content.

Oh, my own, who did this, thanks is no
word between you and me. Do we thank
the star that shines in the dark blue vel-
vet of the skies? We gaze only and are
drawn thither. For we thank a giver for
a human gift: it is in silence that we give
thanks for the things that are divine. Oh,
I try to speak of what cannot be spoken.
Who shall set words to your music?

Let us picture you again with face half-
turned from where I sat, tuning the keys

which I thought so rebellious into a rain
of enchanted harmony. Rebellious too was
your hair, rising upward in waves of smoul-
dering gold from your face. And through
Schubert you spoke to me, he had the me-
dium of the alphabet of your thought, and
I was almost jealous of the dead, because
he touched the tips of your fingers. Then
from the trim garden at Leipzig spoke that
sweet formal soul, a message of congratula-
tion to me, or, so I took it, and Beethoven
with fuller voice said the same, and from
France Poland, and from wind-busten Ma-
jores came another smile. And when those
sweet words were done, came other sweet
words without interpreter, and the room
was emptied and the larger lights were
quenched, and only on the walls leaped the
shadows and the shine of the flames that
plunged on the hearth. Once by night the
temple was bright to the prophet with the
glory of the Lord, and the hot coal from the
altar opened and inspired his lips. With
what new vision and eyes enlightened must
he have looked on the world after that
night, when God revealed himself! And by
this revelation which has come to me all
things are made new, winter is turned to
spring, and the lonely places are desert no
more, and the whole world is in flower with
the royal purple of the blossoms of Lore.

And, now that I know it was inevitable
from the first I can hardly believe that it
was I who only a few weeks ago made
plans to leave myself from the possibility.
It was ordained from the beginning, and
the patient march of the centuries, every
step, every year, was bringing us together.
Myriads of subtle influences conspired to
work it, and how excellent in the miracle
they have made. Sunlight and wind, and
the love and sorrow and joy of a thousand
generations have made the body and soul
of this girl: for me she was predestined and
for me she was the whole creation labored
blindly, but inevitably, it wrought, even as
the shell deep in some blue cave of the ocean
thinks only that some piece of grit has got
between its iridescent valves, yet all the
time it is busy making the pearl that shall
lie on the neck of some queen yet unborn.

An immense silence and whiteness lies
over the whole earth. Snow fell a week ago,
then came several nights of frost, and to-
day again a fresh mantle of white was laid
down. All roughnesses and inequalities are
smoothed away; the whole land lies in de-
licate curves, swelling and subsiding in
gradations too fine to follow. With bar and
chiron and a million devices of this resis-
tance heraldry, trees and palms are out-
fitted and emblazoned, and in the grass-
y opposite the touchstones are capped
with whiteness. From eaves and gutters
hang the festooned icicles, and most people
find it cheerless weather. But not so we,
for between us, with the aid of a prodigious
stupid carpenter, we have designed and
erected a toboggan, which is the chariot
of love, and on the steep downsides (at-
tended by the puzzled colliers who cannot
understand how it is that snowballs which
so closely resemble iron-balls vanish in
the retrieving) we spend vivifying after-
noons. The toboggan has a decided bias,
and it is only a question of time before
it gets broadside to the slope of the hill,
ejecting its passengers. That is the mo-
ment for which the colliers (Huz and Bus)
are waiting, and they fly after us, and lick
our faces before we can regain our feet,
to congratulate us on the success of this
excellent new game. Indeed the "Alliance
of Laughter" is in league again, but be-
low the laughter is love, which penetrates
to the centre of the world and rises to the
heaven of heavens. Then we tramp back,
tugging the slewing toboggan up hill, and
getting our heels kicked by it down hill

to the muffled town at dusk, and the long
evening begins.

I have told her all about Margery, as was
only natural, but it was no news to her.
She had guessed it with woman's intuition,
to which lightning is a snail, on the day
which I told her how like she was to Marg-
ery. I had said, "She was my best friend."
In a voice, it appears, that was the most
obvious self-betrayal. I have told her
too the grim determination I had made not
to see her any more; that, it appears on
the same authority, was harmless, though
silly, since it was utterly out of my power
to do anything of the kind. I couldn't have
done it that was all, I, of course, argued
that I could. So she said, "Well, do it
now, then. It is not too late."

But when I told her about Margery, she
did not laugh, but she answered:

"I wanted so to comfort you. And I saw
at first that you looked at me and thought
of her. Then by degrees I wanted to take
her place. And by degrees you let me have
a piece of my own. You looked at me and
I thought that you were not even creating
my played cards here."

"You saw that?" I asked.
"How could a girl avoid seeing it, when
all the time she—"

"What?"
"Nothing; at least, not much."

"What then?"
"She came a little closer in the gleam of
the fire light. "When all the time she
longed to see it," she whispered.

"And is that not much? Is there any-
thing in the world bigger than that?"
"No; it is bigger than the world."

Oh, I am loved: I am loved.

It is Christmas eve, and she has just
gone home with her father, and outside in
the night the waltz is singing. I know
they are not in tune, and that gas
singlet it is a deplorable performance, but
there is such a singing in my heart that I
do not hear the false notes, and the thrill
of Christmas too is upon me. I have never
quite got over (and I hope I never shall)
the childish awe and mystery in hearing the
voices from the night, being awakened by
the sounds, and being carried, wrapped up
in blankets to the windows where I could
see dim forms outside black against the
snow. I did not know in those earliest
years who they were; it was Christmas, and
there were mysterious beings singing in the
night. On no other night were they there,
for they were of the family. I must suppose,
of Father Christmas and Santa Claus and
the fairy Abundance, in whose awful pres-
ence we appeared to be about nine feet
high—we have been introduced not without
delightful inward qualms before we went
to bed. She brought with her a vessel of
the shape certainly of a clothes-basket, but
as it was of solid gold it could not have
been a clothes-basket. And inside were ex-
actly those things for which we each of us
had pined and subtly hungered. Such a
clever fairy! She never made a mistake or
confused my wants with those of my
brothers, so probably she was commissioned
as well as beneficent. And my good fairies have
been just so clever ever since—they never make
mistake, and now they have given me the
best gift of all. So listening to the singing
in the night now, the years slip back,
the shield within me stirs and awakens, and
out of the rose-colored mist of early years
that queer little figure wrapped in blank-
ets and carried to the window looks wonder-
fully at me and smiles because I am happy.
Abundance too is with me to-night, not
nine feet high any longer, nor girl about
with delicious terrors for me, but still my
dear fairy, who never fails me.

THE END.

The Stanford Memorial Church

THE church which Mrs. Jane L. Stanford has recently finished as a memorial to her late husband, United States Senator Leland Stanford, on the campus of Leland Stanford, Junior, University, at Palo Alto, California, is one of the most beautiful and artistic church structures in the world. Four years have been consumed in its building. The most famous architects in Cal-

ifornia, recently of New York, has been chosen rector of the church.

The church is of Romanesque architecture, with a few deviations in detail. The south exterior view of the building, taking in the apse and the wings of the transept, give the most impressive views. Buff-colored sandstone is the material in the walls of the church—rough-hewn exteriorly and smooth-surfaced interiorly. The building is cruciform. The transept have their own entrances, and the four gables of the nave, transept, wings, and apse are united by an imposing twelve-sided bell tower, of which the base has an outside gallery. Gothic flying buttresses spring below the tower on each side, and the four corners of the tower are flanked by turrets rising from the angles between the gables.

Heavily carved doors lead into the wide vestibule of the church, with marble floor and grained oaken ceiling.

All who look within Stanford Memorial Church can never forget the impressive richness of the marble statuary and the prodigious wealth of stained-glass windows. Extending around the entire apse, just above the altar and on a line with the windows, are a line of heroic figures in mosaic, representing John, Jeremiah, Ezekiel, Samuel, David, Elias, Moses, and Issas.

The series of forty-seven stained-glass windows have won universal admiration.

The wood-carvings in the vaulted ceiling of the nave have been done with rare skill and labor. The carved wood is upheld by copper-finished binding rods and light and graceful hammerbeam trusses. The ceiling is seventy feet above the floor, which is of the richest Moorish tiling, with a slight incline toward the apse.

The carving on the arches and columns is exquisite, and its foliated beauty gives to each of the memorial arches the delicacy of being surmounted by a wide field of log. The capitals of the larger arches are surmounted by carved cherubs of most wonderful workmanship. Over the arches of the doorways, which are a study in perfect detail, are large mosaics in rich colors and gold, which latter effect enters largely into the color scheme of the interior. The transept galleries, of carved stone and steel, have railings carved in a chaste design that are said to represent the finest work of its kind in the United States. The finely executed stonework in the church has been under the direction of John D. McGilvray, but the elaborate mosaics came directly from Italy. It is doubtful if more intricate decorations in mosaic can be found in America. These decorations represent an outlay of \$80,000.



The Tower

Looking toward the apse at the northern end of the nave is the choir loft, where a fortune has been spent in intricate designs in wood and stone carving. The organ in the choir loft is the largest on the Pacific coast. There are seats for a choir of 150 persons. The keys of the keyboard, below and facing the singers, have electrical connection with the 3000 pipes of the organ. This grand instrument has forty-six stops, contains thirty miles of wire, and has the handsome front ever placed on an organ.

Naturally, most time and art and wealth have been put upon the chancel, the altar,



The Chancel

pulpit, and lectern. One must be altogether blind who does not feel the exquisite beauty of all this. The pulpit is of stone elaborately carved. The altar is a block of Carrara marble, upon whose face has been chiseled a bas-relief of Rubens's "The Entombment." Back of the altar, and below the three great windows of stained glass, is a wonderful reproduction, in mosaic, of Casini Roselli's "Last Supper"—the only copy of the original in the Sistine Chapel at Rome.



A Corner of the Chancel

ifornia, the foremost decorative artists in America and Europe, and the most notable sculptors and workers in mosaics in Italy have striven to the best of their genius in erecting and embellishing this memorial church. Mrs. Stanford has kept secret the large sums she has been furnishing for the building and adornment of this memorial structure as it has progressed toward completion, but competent judges estimate that the superb building, as it stands to-day, has cost at least \$600,000. It is the consummation of the architectural ideals of Mrs. Stanford for her beloved university, and is the supreme impressive feature of the famous quadrangle at Leland Stanford, Junior, University. Rev. Heber Newton,



Part of the Nave

Twenty Years at the Metropolitan Opera House

OPERATIC régimes, even since the modern era was ushered in with the Metropolitan, have usually gone by their sunset amid spectacular clouds of bankruptcy; the sheriff has more than once been called upon to hasten the hour of their official twilight. Yet Mr. Grau's long reign ends under a clear sky, and his successor will doubtless begin his career with a prospect, at least for the immediate future, of settled operatic weather. Mr. Grau's achievement, however, during the dozen years completed with the present week, is, after all, but a fraction of the larger story of the house itself. That story, if completely told, would lay tribute upon no less than twenty seasons, some vital with progress, and others (and these mainly recent) dull and undistinguished.

Broadly speaking, Henry E. Abbey's opening year at the Metropolitan Opera House was one of musical "evolution"; the seven German seasons that followed were deficient in that quality, but aimed successfully at significance. The Abbey and Grau incumbency that in 1881 supplanted the German series was an attempt to return to the earlier ideal, but Mr. Grau analyzed the public afresh, and then sought, in his repertory and singers, to blend the two elements of musical beauty and dramatic verity. This soundly simple enough, but the experience resulting in this policy had sent former managers and stockholders several hundred thousand dollars.

Mr. Abbey was the first victim of the curse that for long rested upon New York operatic entrepreneurs. So severe were his losses that he even proposed in act as managing agent for the directors of the house, for two years gratis, provided the directors would pay the deficit.

"Doncetto's" Faust, then, as now, the most popular opera in the repertory, was chosen for the opening night, October 22, 1883. Campanini was Faust, Christine Nilsson the Margherita (everything was Italian that winter), Novara the *Mephistopheles*, Del Puente the *Falstaff*, and Scialchi the *Siriel*. Mr. Vincol conducted. Two days later, Madame Marcella Sembrich, then very young, made her American debut as the *harnhandkerchief* heroine of "Lucia di Lammermoor," winning golden opinions. Madame Trebelli and the useful German-Italian Kachmann were new comers, and so was Stagno, an Italian tenor, described in print by a dignified critic as "an utterly unmusical bellower." These, with Madame Fursch-Madl, the dramatic soprano; Mirabella the mezzo, and Victor Capon the tenor, were the chief members of Mr. Abbey's imposing troupe—with Madame Cavalotti, prima ballerina, whose dancing is still an opera-house tradition.

There were star casts in those days, though the best of them, gathered for "Don Giovanni," November 28, 1883, was probably not a whit more efficient in rendering the letter or the spirit of Mozart's masterpiece than that of certain February night of Mr. Grau's season of 1896. In each cast Sembrich was the *Evilina*, Fursch-Madl and Lilli Lehmann were the respective performers of *Donna Anna*; Nilsson and Nordica the *Donna Elvira*, Kachmann and Mauré the insatiable *Don Giovanni* himself, and Mirabella and Edouard de Reszka the *Le-porello*.

The one novelty of the Abbey season was "La Gioconda," Ponchielli's tragic and poignant opera of medieval Venice, often since then set for revival, but never yet compassed save by Mr. Savage's English-speaking company. Except for this, the Abbey repertory might almost have been exchanged

with that of the Hapsburg troupe, at the Academy of Music. Yet the unmistakable trend of popular taste toward the dramatic and away from the merely ornamental was noted; the largest audiences, according to a contemporary writer, were drawn by Wagner's "Lohengrin," Mozart's "Don Giovanni," Gounod's "Faust," Boito's "Mefistofele," Ponchielli's "La Gioconda," Meyerbeer's "Les Huguenots," Roberto Il D'Avanzo, and "Le Prophète." The repertory also included Bellini's "I Puritani" and "La Sonnambula," Bizet's "Carmen," Donizetti's "Lucia di Lammermoor," Flotow's "Martha," Rossini's "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," Thomas's "Hamlet" and "Mignon," and the stock Verdi trio, "Rigoletto," "La Traviata," and "Il Trovatore."

Studying the tastes and interests of the time, it is now easy to see how ripe the public was for the radical changes of the season 1884-5, which Dr. Leopold Damrosch managed, his offer to give German opera having been made and accepted only after Mr. Abbey and Mr. Gye, of London, had refused to take up the Italian burden. German opera meant that Wagner was to have a larger share in the list, and after the extraordinary interest shown in the Wagner concert festivals of 1882 and 1884 under Theodor Thomas, and the long campaign of education by the Philharmonic Society, it was fair to expect popular support. With the best of the Bayreuth composer's music-dramas still unknown here, a season somewhere in New York would soon have become inevitable.

New operas, old ones long neglected, and new singers crowded the years 1884-81, and for the first time the personality of the conductor became important. Dr. Damrosch lived only to see the artistic success and financial practicability of the first German season. Materna headed his company, and he had received Weber's "Der Freischütz," "Doncetto's" Faust, and gives Wagner's "Die Walküre" its first adequate New York performance. E. C. Stanton succeeded him in 1885, and Anton Seidl was brought over to conduct. Walter Damrosch being his assistant. Lilli Lehmann and Emil Fischer, Niemann, and Marianne Brandt, Vogl and Max Alvary made certain Wagnerian characters absolutely their own here. Fischer was *Brno Siegmund* in "Die Meistersinger," as Alvary was the young *Siegfried*, "by the grace of God," as a reverent admirer once wrote. Lehmann became the authentic *Isolda*, and the three *Brianghilde's*, Fischer was *Wotan*, and Alvary a *Sieckling Lohr*, rivalled only by Vaz Dyck in recent seasons. Niemann's rugged *Frisian* is historic. All these rôles were in music-dramas new on the American stage.

Certain stockholders wearied of paying deficits, and Abbey and Grau took the house to the old French and Italian repertory. Thus did French and Italian replace German on the Metropolitan Opera House stage, and the living apostles of the new régime were Jean and Edouard de Reszka, Meiba, Emma Plancon, and Lassalle, with Lilli Lehmann held over as a mistress of both schools. Wagner in Italian and a Patti supplementary season were the new features. Then came the destruction of the Metropolitan by fire in summer, 1892, and a year of no opera, until it was rebuilt. Emma Calvé's signature is writ large across the year 1893-4. For then her *Carolina* came into view. The most important novelty since Verdi's "Otello," namely, the same composer's "Falstaff," was produced February 4, 1893, and in spite of Mauré's *Paz Grillo*, was little popular.

Then came Walter Damrosch's striking extra season of Wagner in German, which led Mr. Grau to adopt his broad policy of "each opera in its original tongue." Since November 27, 1895, when the de Reszka

and Nordica gave "Tristan and Isolda," with Anton Seidl conducting, a new standard of Wagner singing has prevailed. The rest is too recent for comment, but Sembrich's share in reviving Mozart and the old coloratura music has been too important to ignore. To-day, the Metropolitan stands on the brink of still another era. Will it be one of artistic ideals? Mr. Costello's opportunity awaits him.

A Woman's Opera

LAST week at the Metropolitan Opera House Miss Ethel M. Smyth's "Der Wald," a music-drama in one act, was performed for the first time in America. Let it be said at once that Miss Smyth has abundantly razed the right to a judgment of her work based upon standards of the most unromprejudiced impartiality. Whatever one is prepared to say of its excellence and its defects, "Der Wald" cannot justly be set aside as being merely women's work, with all that that disposition is made to imply of qualification and denial. Miss Smyth has written with too high and serious an aim, with too ripe and confident an art, to be considered with anything but an attentive respect. Dramatically, "Der Wald" is a brief and passionate illustration of that wonderful thought of Plotinus, that "in the particular acts of human life it is not the interior soul and the true man, but the exterior shadow of the man alone, which laments and weeps, performing his part on the earth, as in a more simple and extended sense, in which many shadows of souls and phantoms forms appear." Miss Smyth has intended, in her own phrase, to show "the quiet workings of the eternal forces of nature as contrasted with the storm and stress of mortal life"—which is merely a British, and modern variant of the meditation of Plotinus. She has chosen, being her own librettist, to set against the background of a primal and spirit-haunted forest, a tragic human action, costantly swift, brief, and salubrious; and at the end, as at the beginning, a mystic chorus—the elemental spirits of the wood—chaos, in the words of the argument, "their own eternity and the brevity of things human." With all possible sympathy for its essential, it unavailing, poetry, it must be said that this conception, as Miss Smyth has actualized it dramatically, seems at times a little too obvious, a little too easily romanticized (as Mr. Howells would say). We wish that, in developing her theme, she had handled it more subtly, more artistically, with somewhat less laid an insistence upon the point of her allegory. This, however, concerns the dramatic structure alone; the music with which she has invested it we can speak with somewhat less of reservation. After a single hearing, one recalls passages of indubitable force and beauty; an unflagging sentiment for dramatic appropriateness; a constant endeavor to reflect, as eloquently as may be, the essential poetic substance of the play. Miss Smyth has not escaped a measurable dulness and inefficiency, nor has she managed to write without the biddling of that insupportable insipidation which is not to be realized by mere seeking and striving. But for an unswerving fidelity of purpose, a consistent preoccupation with dramatic verity, a deviously contrived significance, "Der Wald" is notable to a considerable degree.

I am as I am, and so will I be;
But how that I am, some knoweth truly,
Be it ill, be it well, be I fond, be I free,
I am as I am, and so will I be.

—Sir Thomas Wyatt.

Finance

WHAT some people delight in calling a "psychological wave" has swept—or is now sweeping—over the speculative markets. That is, the state of "sentiment" is such that heed is paid to bad news, and whatever is good and reassuring in the situation is not noticed—at any rate, not enthusiastically. To be sure, there are obvious reasons why an upward movement in stocks should not strike the average observer of financial conditions as logical or even desirable, but at the same time it should seem equally obvious that a severe panic would paralyze of the paralytic. There is no abatement in the country's prosperity; but owing to the expansion of credits, to the enormous tying-up of capital necessitated by the borrowings of corporations and syndicates, there is not enough money to do the business work. The surplus reserves of the New York banks, according to the last statement of their condition, shows that the banks then had but two-thirds of a million in cash over and above the amount which the law requires them to keep for the protection of their depositors, and the peace of mind of the speculative community. In other words, money is in great demand legitimately, and in very short supply. The Aldrich bill, which would have corrected the absurdity of our fiscal system, was not passed; and not a week after the adjournment of Congress we find that the Treasury is locking up money, for which it has no immediate use, at the very time when the commerce of the country—not the stock-gamblers—but inquires as much money as it can get, in order that the prosperity which has blessed the United States should not be checked. The condition of the money-market, therefore, is responsible for the condition of sentiment; and it is the condition of sentiment which now tells most on the stock market and the course of security prices.

The professional speculator who is extremely bearish at the moment, goes further. In the exhaustion of the bank reserves he finds ample justification for not buying stocks. In the causes contributing to that exhaustion he finds strong reasons for selling stocks—his own and his neighbor's. He will tell you that the inability to extend credits, which must curtail general business, and if continued long enough must reduce earnings, which make values, is due to a large extent to the enormous syndicate borrowings. The syndicates have huge amounts of lately manufactured bonds, which they have been unable to sell. There is no market for the new issues, and yet, in spite of the glut in the bond-market the railroads keep on issuing bonds and new bonds, to increase their equipment. The railroads, or one would think from all this clamor, had gone daft. And yet the railroads are doing nothing that they ought not to do in the way of taking steps to handle the enormous business that is thrust upon them. Greatly as some of them have improved their physical condition and increased their rolling-stock and motive power in the past four years, their equipment is none the less inadequate to move the freight which they are today urged upon to carry. Every one suffers, the producer, the consumer, and the carrier, from a state of affairs which has been compared, by one of the most dispassionate observers of the situation, to "ten thousand tons of freight to move and only a wheelbarrow to do it with!"

The situation thus presents perplexities which justify caution rather than optimism. That the money-market will in a few weeks see improvement may be taken for granted, but it is the manner in which relief will come that worries speculators. The Treasury Department may and probably will help the situation whenever the stringency reaches the acute stage, but not before.

Correspondence

WILLIAM THE TRUTON

(After Peter Newell)

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—

Kaiser, Kaiser, shining bright,
You have given us a fright!
With your belts, and straps, and sashes,
And your skyward-turned mustaches!
And that frown so deadly fierce,
And those awful eyes that pierce
Through the very hearts of those
Whom ill fate has made your foes.
See the eagle on his roost—
Eagle is 't! Or is 't a goose?
Kaiser, Kaiser, man of war,
What a fearful man you are!

Kaiser, say, where did you get
Those big shiny epaulettes?
And that military clank,
Did you, saying it, go broke?
And those decorations, too,
And that helmet! Tell us who
Is your haberdasher? We
Guess they're made in Germany.
And is that the mailed fist?
Oh, say, was fair *für* nice?!

Kaiser, Kaiser, man of war,
What a funny joke you are!

I am, sir,

H. SPENCER.

SOME AMERICAN HUMOR.

ROSLIN'S POSE, NEW HAMPSHIRE.

March 5, 1903.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—We are farmers from "way back," we freely admit, but as compensation there to the understanding is sometimes given us to know a good thing when we see it. And

we certainly do see it in Mr. Albert Levering's inimitable "Timely Warning!" The expression of anxiety and uncertainty on Eddie's face as he hands the missiles to Willie, and the state of absolute idleness and extinction to which Willie is reduced by his cold douche, together with Eddie's refrain, "I get relatives fives there," are simply great! The latter has become a byword with us, to be long treasured, and holding second place only to one or two time-honored family jokes that have grown threadbare in our service. I don't know that individual commendation is of any great moment to you, but it can't hurt you to know that your efforts are appreciated, even in the wilds of New Hampshire, so I send it along.

Hoping that we may meet Mr. Levering often in the pages of HARPER'S WEEKLY,

I am, sir,

HANNAN BARTLEY ROLINS.

THE BIBLE IN THE SCHOOLS.

CHICAGO, March 7, 1903.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—I wish to correct an article which appeared in your issue of February 19 in reference to the "Bible in the schools," in which you state that in Chicago they do have "a compilation of the Scriptures" for reading in the public schools. Now this is only newspaper talk; it is not so in fact. The Chicago Woman's Educational Union have been attempting for the last six years to have their book called *Readings from the Bible* placed in the Chicago schools, but have not succeeded. In the interest of truth inform your many readers that you were misinformed on this as far as Chicago is concerned.

I am, sir,

E. C. REICHTWALD,
Secretary American Secular Union.

A Suggestion from a Reader of HARPER'S WEEKLY

ONE of our readers suggested the other day that "interesting subjects by interesting people" should be the topic for one of our plain talks about HARPER'S WEEKLY. We are very willing—all the more so because for nearly a year now—ever since the appearance of the WEEKLY in its new form—this has been the consensus of opinion from the hundreds of readers who have written us unsolicited letters from all corners of the world. As a matter of fact, to interest intelligent people, to give to every one of our readers an intelligent, complete, and interesting record every week, in picture and text, of the events of the hour, and to show, week by week, the ideals of American progress—where we lead and shall lead in the world's development—this is what the WEEKLY aims to do. And it aims to do this first of all in an interesting way. If you have seen the WEEKLY regularly during the past year, you know in how far each issue has appealed to you personally in the presentation of "interesting subjects by interesting people."

The WEEKLY appeals to intelligent people. If you like it your friends will like it. We want your friends to see the WEEKLY regularly. We should be very glad to send the WEEKLY on trial to any address for twelve weeks, postage paid, on receipt of \$1.00. The regular subscription price is \$4.00 a year.

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(CONDENSED)

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Banking House	545,796.92
Due from Banks	835,829.80
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To know what you prefer, instead of humbly saying "amen" to what the world tells you you ought to prefer, is to have kept your soul alive.—*Stevenson.*

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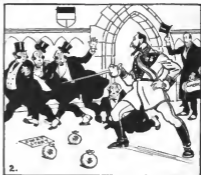
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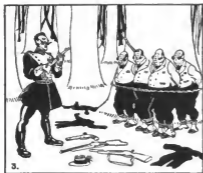
A Short Story Which Anthony Did Not Write
BY ALBERT LEVERING



1. *Mr. Hope impatient: "Even my new castle is not impregnable to the editors. I will go to America and leave them to my dependents."*



2. *Blat Michael: "A short story? You shall have our wheat needs!"*



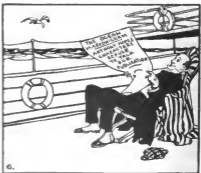
3. *Report of Hottentot: "A short story? My stories have much plot and few words in them!"*



4. *Dutty of the Indulgences: "A short story? Hope has fled and left only Despair, and yet—"*



5. *Pizz: "A short story? Will it do to intrude on Mr. Hope's seals?"*



6. *Mr. Hope impatient: "The red sea is on the sea. American editors have been won over. Yet my dependents will support me, according to the papers."*

Henrik Ibsen

See Dramatic on first page

HENRIK IBSEN, playwright and mystifier, has just completed the seventy-fifth year of his life. He was born on March 20, 1828, at the small Norwegian city of Skien.

He has lived long enough to become a prophet in his own land, where they write of him in 1858, after the publication of his first historic drama, "The Vikings at Helgeland," when it was proposed to grant him a small government stipend: "Mr. Ibsen, as playwright considered, is a huge might around which the nation can have no interest in planting a protecting hedge."

It has become possible for him to look back to that time without bitterness, as well as to that later time at Rome in the sixties, when he, the perfection of scrupulous neatness, actually went around in shabby clothing, and his family was brought to the verge of starvation. Of those days and of the first time it took him to gain any recognition at all, he said in one occasion: "I never expected anything else, and I am quite satisfied. In spring you cannot have the treasures of fall. Spring is the wrong time."

The time for harvesting has now come to him in its fulness. He is the great old man of Norway. Even his life-long friend and rival, Bjørnson, does not stand nearer to the heart of the people. The name of Ibsen may be greeted more hoarsely when mentioned among those of his own way of thinking. It is respected and admired by his as friend, but to Ibsen are granted a veneration and a love that rise above class and party.

After a voluntary exile of twenty-eight years, broken only by two flying visits to home, Ibsen returned in the summer of 1891 to Christiania "just for a brief stay." That stay has now lasted twelve years. He brought home with him the regularity of habits and fastidiousness of dress that became renowned during his Munich period. The promenade from his home to the Grand Café, where he spends just one hour reading the newspapers and sipping his glass of cognac, is undertaken at the same minute every afternoon. As the Berliners used to watch for the appearance of "der alte Kaiser" in the well-known corner window, so the inhabitants of Christiania are wont to look for the little old man, with his shining silk hat above the bushy head of snow-white hair and his spotless Prince Albert coat, who moves with short, quick steps along the Carl Johan Street, escorting himself slightly on an umbrella—that umbrella is never missing from the picture.

When the celebration of Ibsen's seventieth birthday anniversary in 1898 called forth messages of love and admiration from all over the world, crowned heads and artists and fighters with sword or pen signing their names side by side, it was found that the master could have but one or two years left. He has surprised all by completing an entire life-work, in spite of a spell of serious sickness that nearly laid him low (Continued on page 451.)

In the Morning



on rising, while dressing, is the best time to take half a tumbler of Hunyadi János, thus overcoming the miseries and dangers of

CONSTIPATION

the beginning of many derangements of the system. It acts promptly and pleasantly. Ask for

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(with the full name) and insist on having it.

Avoid unscrupulous druggists; they sell worthless and often harmful substitutes.

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LIVER BILIOUS AND ALL FAULTS
FROM COLIC TO CHOLERA AND ALL THE
DISEASES OF THE DIGESTIVE TRACT
CONSUMPTION

451



"The course of true love . . ."

Domestic Relations of Automobiles

THERE are two great obstacles to the achievement by automobiles of a required position as articles that no family should be without. The first cost of a good car is pretty high—that is one obstacle, and the other is that it requires a fairly expert machinist to keep it moving. It is not every one who can run a complicated machine, and of those who can, it is not every one who wants to.

Almost every one can hold the reins after some kind of a fashion over some kind of a horse. For unskilled drivers wise and responsible horses may usually be provided who will haul any not too unreasonable person where he wants to go and bring him safely back. It is not necessary to know much about a horse's "works" in order to drive him. If one has training enough to notice when he drops a shoe, and experience enough to keep to the right and go down hill and up hill, little journeys by horse power may be profitably and safely accomplished without serious strain on mind or body. Of course a good horseman is an accomplished man. To know what a horse can do and how he ought to do it; to drive him properly, ease and urge him with consideration, adapt his task to his strength, and remedy the defects in his performance when there are defects, are matters of high skill and trained judgment. But most people think they know something about a horse, and can easily satisfy themselves that they can drive a tame one.

But an automobile is a critter of another breed. It has wheels, levers, chains, valves, tanks to get empty, gorges to wash, boilers (sometimes) to blow up, cranks to turn, apparatuses and appliances that awe the tyro by their latrinity and multiplicity. Before you can have confidence that you know how to run an auto-

motive, it is necessary that you should gain a more or less thorough understanding of what is inside of it and how it works. A horse will limp along without a shoe, but when an automobile stops, there you are, and there you stay unless you can find out what's ails, and persuade a complicated apparatus to resume motion.

It dawns the average man, unless he has a turn or a liking for mechanics; and as for the average woman, she is altogether out of sympathy with it. There are a few women who can drive a nail, a few who can sharpen a lead-pencil, but they are exceptional. Still more exceptional are the women who can tinker a machine that is out of gear. Possibly there is something about the female mind that makes most women helpless in the presence of a bulky machine; possibly it is merely that machine-making is man's work, and women have little occasion to practice at it. Anyhow, when a machine balks with a woman, she usually looks for a man or a boy to fix it. Women will ride in automobiles; will steer, drive, and even turn, but very few women will ever demonstrate one or trust herself far from home in one without taking a male mechanic as her companion. It is odd. A baby is a complicated machine, very; and yet a capable woman is apt to be a good hand with a baby, whereas with a machine, which is simple by comparison, she is helpless at the first break.

Of course, one can use automobiles, just as one can use horses, without troubling his head about the care of them. Whoever wants mere transportation and has the money to pay for it, does better to buy machinery than horses. For the horse-owner owes thought to his beast, and should make sure that he does not suffer, but the automobile has no feelings, and if it is abused no one suffers but the owner.

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bottle. If not at yours, sent prepaid
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Prof. Charles H. H. H.

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(Continued from page 58.)

two years ago. But the end can no longer
be far off. From his present lofty position
he may view its approach with equanimity.
His work is done. He has fought his bat-
tle and said his say. Today he is one of
the very few living men—ten or three or
four—whose claims to literary mastery
are recognized by the foremost thinkers and
critics of all civilized countries. He can
hardly add to his fame, and it is unlikely
that he will try to do so by adding another
play in the long series that reaches from
the youthful "Catalina," of 1837, down to
"When We Dead Awaken," which the au-
thor himself has called "a dramatic epig-
logue." His complete life-work lies before
us, and if nevertheless we are still unable
to formulate a fair estimate of its value,
it is because we have not yet grown up to
the level of a large portion of that work.

Ibsen has written for the future,
and that the future will know him for its
own true child, seems difficult to doubt.
Especially is this so when we recall how the
world by degrees, grudgingly, but none-
theless surely, has come to accept the works
of Ibsen's successive creative periods. The
men who to-day talk of "dramatic in-
comprehensibilities" of "When We Dead
Awaken," are the same ones whom the pub-
lication of "The Master Builder," in 1892,
provoked into the cry "that Ibsen had gone
quite bankrupt at last." They are idealists,
too, with the men who ten years earlier
caged and sneered at "Ghosts"—that em-
bodiment of the sobriest classical art and
spirit in modern form.

Ibsen has been called "the modern
Sophocles" and "the great questioner." The
position thus assigned to him in the realm of
letters was frankly accepted when he wrote
of himself.

For solving riddles I am not the man, sir,
To question is my task, and not to answer.

George Brandes, the mystagogue of modern
literature, said of Ibsen: "A splendid
ideal and moral susceptibility has gradual-
ly become his Muse."

As a man who dares to doubt everything
but his own right of doubting, Ibsen has
been able to touch the nerve-strings of the
ethical and spiritual life of his own day.
Whether he was liked or disliked, welcomed
or cursed, he cared but little, so long as
he was listened to. Wherever he was heard
men were compelled to think. But men do
not like to think, least of all under com-
pulsion. No wonder, therefore, that Ibsen's
popularity with the average man has always
been small.

The message repeated over and again by
him has been, "Be true to thyself." To live
his own life according to his own nature
is the highest duty of every man. To be
false to oneself is the unforgivable sin.
From that sin spring sorrows and sufferings
and humiliations. In "Peer Gynt," the play



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Pure beer must be filtered.

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Pure beer contains no germs.

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Will you drink common beer, and pay just as much for it, when Schlitz Beer can be had for the asking.

Ask for the Brewery Bottling.

in which Ibsen has spoken more directly and more frankly to his own people than anywhere else, the hero's motto is "Be thyself," and the King of the Mountain lings endeavor vainly to make him exchange it for "Be sufficient unto thyself," which is the motto of the Troll—the dark spirits inside and outside of man.

Whatever the sum of Ibsen's direct influence on his fellow-men, it dwindles into insignificance when compared with the influence he has exerted indirectly, through other artists, who, consciously or unconsciously, have become his followers and pupils. How many men and women of those who are now writing novels or plays, with a fair hope of being remembered by the next generation, are able to say that they have received nothing from the little man of Skien?

This will become true still of the artists of a younger day. It is hard to imagine a great future for a budding playwright who would pass proudly by the author of "Ghosts" and "Rosmersholm" and "John Gabriel Borkman," thinking that by communion with him there could be nothing to gain. There is much in Ibsen's position that recalls of Balzac and Flaubert. To a large extent he is and will ever be a writer for the writers. The mass may fail to grasp his message, whether it refers to life or to art, but his fellow-craftsmen will read it and profit by it. The number of those who go to his pages for guidance and inspiration will increase constantly. This is equally true with regard to form and substance, thought, and the technique used to express it. It seems safe to say that Ibsen's work will form the foundation of the twentieth-century drama. This is already recognized in Germany and in most of the other European countries outside of England. And the day is not far distant when the truth of it will be recognized here and in England also.

The New Woman's Hotel

See page 478

The Woman's Hotel in New York has just been formally opened. It has long been a subject of discussion and discourse. It was projected five or six years ago, but the project languished until three years ago, when \$400,000 was subscribed to build it, and in March, 1900, the Woman's Hotel Company was incorporated. Its capital is divided into 4000 shares of \$100 each, many of which are held by prospective patrons. The building, at Twenty-ninth Street, cost \$400,000, is twelve stories high, made of brick and stone, with a frontage of seventy-five feet, extending through to

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STORES TO OPEN

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ABSOLUTELY NO COOKING.

Thirtieth Street. It has rooms for 500 permanent and 150 transient guests. The proprietors at one time advertised for a name. It appears now that their venture is the Hotel Martha Washington. It is partly speculative, partly philanthropic. It was desired to provide a hotel where working women could live comfortably at moderate cost, but the intention is that the tenants and boarders shall pay their way, for it is in no respect a charitable institution. Meals will be provided for six dollars a week, or may be had à la carte in the restaurant; rooms range in price from three to seventeen dollars a week. The transient rates are from one dollar to three dollars and a half a day. A fortnight before the opening two hundred women had applied for rooms. The manager is a man; the bell-boys, elevator-men, mail and key clerk, and head waiter are men; the other clerks, the cashier, the bookkeeper, the fifty waiters, and of course the thirty chambermaids, are women. The hotel ought to succeed. It is well housed, offers good accommodations at moderate cost, and will, presumably, be well managed. There are plenty enough women in New York of suitable incomes and situation to fill it and keep it full. If it doesn't succeed under good management it will indicate that women do not like to service themselves from the other sex. But that seems unlikely to appear. In a town that is fairly clogged up with bachelor apartment houses, it will be surprising if a good hotel for women doesn't turn out to be a profitable venture; the more so as the conclusion from men will be limited, since men are to be allowed in the restaurant, though not in the dining-rooms on the second floor. It is a very interesting venture, though not risky, for the building will be worth what it cost, whether the women patronize it or not. We shall not wait to talk about it and hear about it, and see how it turns out.

Now the basest thought possible concerning man is, that he has not spiritual nature; and the feeblest misunderstanding of him possible is, that he has no soul or heart, no animal nature. For his nature is nobly animal, nobly spiritual—coherently and irreversibly so; neither part of it may, but at its peril, expel, despise, or defy the other.—Rushin.

It is something to have an influence on the fortunes of mankind; it is greatly more to have an influence on their intellects. Such is the difference between men of office and men of genius, between equipped and unequipped rank.—Lewler.

The man who lets the world, or his own portion of it, choose his plan of life for him, has no need of any other faculty than the apertic one of imitation.—J. B. Mill.

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Out of a spirit of fairness to those to whom I have already stated my fee, I make this public announcement, so that they may either enroll themselves at once, or have no complaint at the future increase.

I cannot regard great swelling muscles, or the ability to snap ehins and lift horses, or even a knowledge of the Marquis of Queensberry Rules, as qualifying a man to keep in repair the most delicate of all organisms, the human system.

I am glad when a thinker begins to investigate the various systems for attaining physical excellence, for when a thinking man investigates, MY system is invariably selected. There is no other like it. It is obviously impossible to imitate my instruction, not only because it differs according to the needs of each individual case, but also because my experience in the successful treatment of many



thousands of different cases, my years of investigation and study along this particular line, cannot be counterfeited.

The breadth and depth of this knowledge, the determination and concentration which my individual attention to each case demand, are

evidenced by the fact that, in spite of the volume of my business, my system is still able to effect the same unvarying, marvelous results

My instructions to my pupils are clearer and more effective than those of others because I speak from years of successful experience. I KNOW.

There is no guesswork.

Scientific physiological exercise is NOT a fad. Fads do not relieve hopeless cases of indigestion, dyspepsia, neurasthenia, insomnia, and rheumatism, liver trouble, and nervous diseases of every description, etc.

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It is right living in condensed form. By it the evil effects of wrong living are neutralized and a splendid condition of robust mental and physical health assured.

This is done without distasteful dieting and without discomfort of any nature. It makes men strong, alert and graceful. It gives women beauty of figure and grace of carriage, with a clear skin, bright eyes and rosy cheeks.

My system is taught by mail only and with perfect success, requires no apparatus whatever and but a few minutes' time in your own room just before retiring, and it is the only one which does not overtax the heart.

There is no wasted effort, no wasted time, the instruction is entirely individual and will fit the exact requirements of YOUR CASE. I don't ask you to take my word for this; judge me by my works—they speak louder than words. Below is the unsolicited testimony of a man who knows through personal experience what the Swoboda system will do. This man is one of thousands. He has no earthly interest in me or my systems beyond what it has done for him.

Here is a letter received from a prominent merchant of Texas. It tells an interesting story, because it's True.

"SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS, August 15, 1905.
"Mr. Alois P. Swoboda, 62 Washington St., Chicago, Ill.
"My Dear Sir:—It is a pleasure to testify to the merits and the benefits to be derived from your system of physiological exercises. Sixteen years of free application to my business has been a severe strain on my constitution. My physician only indicated a complete rest for a long period. The benefits received from your system in a few months have been wonderful. My endurance seems unlimited, my appetite is increased enormously, with no difficulty in assimilating and digesting food consumed. My nervous energy, which in my former life very frequently made me feel that nothing is impossible. My memory, both physical and mental, is increasing daily. Your system of exercise is looked forward to, with pleasure, daily. Wishing you deserved success, I am, Yours very sincerely,
"CLAYTON P. MACGRAW."

If you want the names and addresses of others for personal investigation, I will gladly furnish them.

I shall be pleased to send you free valuable information and detailed outline of my system, its principles and effects, upon application. This information, which I furnish free, is very interesting and cannot be secured elsewhere at any price. Write at once.
ALOIS P. SWOBODA, 600 Unity, CHICAGO, ILL.

HARPER'S WEEKLY

Edited by GEORGE HARVEY



MAR
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1903

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HARPER & BROTHERS NEW YORK

HARPERS BOOK NEWS

THE PRIDE OF TELFAIR

"The Pride of Telfair," Elmore Elliott Peake's novel, recently published, tells the tale of a shrewd young lawyer in the small town Telfair, in Illinois. This young man was born a farm boy, but has been thoroughly educated and become a keen, prosperous lawyer. His insight into human nature is something prodigious, and, by the way, indicates a similar quality, highly developed, in the author. While the background for this story is the lawyer's business and the life of the town—giving chance for a number of good stories and incidents by the way—the real interest centres in the more romantic love story of the hero.

IN THE GARDEN OF CHARITY

Basil King's new novel, "In the Garden of Charity," deals with a phase of marriage, but differs from his recent success, "Let Not Man Put Asunder," in that it deals not with worldly men and women, but with a simple folk of the Nova Scotian coast. The love story is a strange one—a story of two faithful, loving women and a man. It is told with much tenderness and there is an abundance of quaint and rustic humor in the tale.

PUTNAM PLACE

Grace Lathrop Collin's recently published book, "Putnam Place," tells of the people of an exclusive little neighborhood. While the locality is a small one, the author has woven into the lives of her quaint characters the humor and pathos of the big world.

SIX TREES

In "Six Trees," the latest book by Mrs. Mary E. Wilkins (Freeman), the novel plan is followed of correlating the characters with their favorite trees. The author's deft art is nowhere more apparent than in her sympathetic treatment of these entertaining New England people.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY

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New York, Saturday, March 28, 1903—Illustrated Section

No. 2224

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Drawn by Peter Newell

SIGNOR MARCONI

A zephyr scarcely stirs the air but that, unconsciously,
He looks for wireless telegrams from hands across the sea



Monastir Pasha, the new Governor
in the Asiatic Lebanon



The Arrival of the new Turkish Governor in Beir-
Eddin, the principal City in the Lebanon



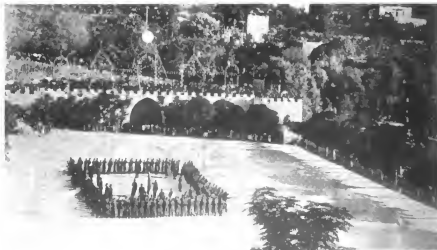
Nasim Pasha, former Turkish
Governor

The Power of the

Turkish Empire

SUCH a ceremony as the change of governors in one of the districts of Asiatic Turkey brings out the best flashes of grandeur and pagantry in the dying Turkish race. The events recorded in these photographs belong to the wild mountainous region of the Lebanon, or, as the Turks themselves call it, Jeddid Libnan, just north of Galilee and the Holy Land. The Libnan is one of the Pashaliks of the Danussois Vilayet, with between three and four hundred thousand inhabitants of whom not one in ten is a rotary of the Prophet. Here, as in so many provinces, the Turks are masters in name, but have failed to establish any firm and ordered government. Here, as elsewhere in the dominions of the Sultan, there are periods of stolid stupor, broken by fierce outbursts of revolution, met with cruel non-success. The Turk has retained this much of the old conquering genius, that he still can slaughter and burn, but any constructive effort is beyond the track of his swindling race. Everywhere he is the sudden master of a host of conquered aliens, far outnumbering the Osmanlis, yet unable to shake off their yoke. In European Turkey, with a population of nearly five millions, hardly one in seven, or seven

hundred thousand in all, belong to the Turkish race; while in all the territories of the Sultan, who rules over thirty-five million souls, there are less than eight millions of genuine Turks. There is something inexorably tragic and pathetic in the sight of the once mighty Turkish Empire slowly sinking into decrepitude and death. In past centuries masters of Europe, sending their conquering hordes as far west as Vienna, and crushing the peoples of eastern Europe under the iron heel of their military prowess, they have been sinking generation after generation, falling into national bankruptcy and political ruin. They are gathered now in Stambul by the Bosphorus, waiting for the end; on their faces is written the word of their destiny, fatal overthrow and disappearance from the continent over which their name once spread terror and dread. Much of the old manliness still remains, the splendid vigor and valor that won so many fiercely contested battles all across the Balkans and up the great valley of the Danube. But though the old valor, the old lust of slaughter remains, though there remains also the old willingness to meet red death, the spirit of the nation is overshadowed, and their light burns low.



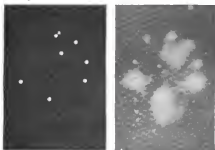
Military Formation for Official Reception and Salute to the new Governor, applying the Pomp and Ceremony on similar occasions in the Turkish Provinces



Down for Harper's Weekly by Sigmond Isenhardt

A TURKISH VICTORY IN MACEDONIA

During the present difficulties in Macedonia bands of "Montagnards"—native tribes who live in the mountain fastnesses of the country—have come into frequent collision with armed forces of Turks. These Montagnards are opposed to Turkish rule and to Turkish domination, and their meetings with them result in conflicts and massacres. In the drawing our artist shows the scene after one of these conflicts, where the one man, taken captive, is interrogated before being put to death by the Turkish leader.



The Pleiades

What a keen eye sees—only a few more than "the twelve seven stars"

What the camera sees—a thousand stars with brushes of nebulous light



The Trace of an Earth Tremor

If one holds a precipitator on a flat surface during an earth tremor this will be the result

The result under the same conditions as shown by the diagram above the diagram

Piecing Out the Senses

NATURE has denied to man the extraordinary powers granted to many other creatures. His sensory organs are fairly efficient, but he cannot see as the vulture sees, smell as the dog smells when on the trail, or hear with the acuteness of any of the wood folk. Von Helmholtz once said that if an instrument-maker sent him a device as imperfect as the human eye he would promptly return it. But the artificial eye has been in process of evolution for centuries, and it is the most highly and perfectly specialized of all the artificial organs. It readily multiplies the seeing power a thousandfold, so far as dimensions go. One can magnify a distan too small for the eye to discern until the tarry upon it looks like the lathwork on a backnote, or can recognize a familiar face across a couple of counties—forty miles, I believe, is the present record. The artificial eye, vastly more accurate in its construction than the natural one, can be furnished with a very much more sensitive retina. The natural retina, a very wonderful structure, is a sort of self-regenerating and self-developing photographic plate, with every granule of its surface tied to the brain. But considered merely as a photographic plate, it is woefully insensitive. It works only for a limited range of colors, and within this range it requires rather long exposure. Considered as a camera, the eye works at about $f/7$, as the photographers say, at which opening a quick dry plate will, in fair light, receive a good image in about 1/200th of a second. The retina takes about ten times as long, as one may easily see by looking at the landscape through a shutter having adjustable speed. One looks at the Pleiades in a winter sky. If the natural eye is very keen and the air exceptionally clear he may see the starry seven stars and three or four besides. But if one turns on then the huge inquisitive pupil of his artificial eye and exposes a photographic plate, a thousand stars burst into view enmeshed with whorls and brushes of nebulous light.

The ear has fewer physical imperfections than the eye. It works with greater precision and over a wider range. But it has its faults,—a lack of sensitiveness to very feeble sounds, and a certain tendency to lump impressions together. Not even Fincaer of the fairy tale was deaf as the traditional sadder compared to the electro-mechanical man when he takes down his favorite long-distance car and listens to a whisper over a thousand miles of wire. And that whisper eae, if necessary, he

automatically recorded and filed away for future reference. It comes in the twinkling of an eye. Had it travelled as sound travels to the unaided ear it would have been an hour and a half upon the road. To the inner doings of the earth one can listen with an electrical ear and hear grim mutterings far underground.

Man's touch seems a delicate index of material things, but it is dull and insensible compared with the finger with which the electro-mechanical man can weigh what he cannot feel and measure what no touch can tell him. One can pass his hand over a piece of plate glass and guess that it is flat, but a questioning gleam of light upon the plate finds a hollow a hundred-thousandth of an inch deep as easily as one would put his thumb into a knob-hole. We may go quietly about our business with a thousand tiny earth tremors quivering beneath us, and our unaided senses will make us none the wiser, but the man who is a bit nervous about earthquakes takes down an artificial finger, sets it up, and tells it to keep watch over the solid ground. Then day by day it watches, and patiently draws for him every infinitesimal quiver that may come from the other side of the world.

Taste and smell, the least acute of the senses, tell us roughly what things are made of and how they dissipate themselves. There is no telescope for either, but if a thing is salted or sweetened, sour or bitter, though the tongue may fail to detect it, the modern man keeps at hand a huge assortment of bottled tongues with queer labels, with which he can detect a grain of salt in a hogshead of water, no certainly as he would find a teaspoonful in his morning coffee, and almost as quickly. And if it comes to smelling, to be sure he cannot put on a nose-microscope, but if he waxes suspicious, he deftly sets traps for intruding smells, and gathers them in. If he thinks that the air is contaminated with things his nose takes no note of, he sets microbe traps, and catches the microbes if there are any.

The unaided senses tell us many things quickly and easily, and are indispensable, but when it comes to the pinch they need help. Steadily year by year man's resources are enlarged, and his organs improved and multiplied. New eyes and ears, fingers, tongues, and noses are added to his already large collection. What his powers may become in another century, provided his development goes on uncheckered, any observer may guess, and the more the guesser knows of what is possible now, the less disposed he will be to set limits to his forecast.



View from a Window
The house is 120 feet distant

Photograph by Dwight L. Eastwood



The same View with Photo Lens
Showing the details of the chimney on the house in the right, 154 feet away

Photograph by Dwight L. Eastwood

Secretary Adams

Secretary Bland

Secretary Manning

Secretary Moore

Secretary Carlisle



The President

Secretary Bland

Secretary Manning

Secretary Moore

Secretary Carlisle

THE PRESIDENT AND HIS CABINET—THE LARGEST PRESIDENTIAL CABINET IN THE HISTORY OF AMERICA
Dress for Hayes's "Ward" by E. M. Adams



THE BOXERS

A Complete Short Story by Morgan Robertson

WHEN a man of his word promises to carry more than half his crew across the Pacific in iron, he is apt to make strong endeavor toward the keeping of his promise, even though undisturbed by profane and intemperate language arising from below, and by the fact that the mild-mannered and well-behaved remnant of his crew proved their efficiency at shortening sail in a sharp squall which struck the ship before she was well off the Yangtze Bank. But the squall was followed by a greasy calm; and two large sea-going junks, blown nearer by the squall, and filled with yelling, chattering Chinamen, brought into the problem a factor not easily cancelled by a crew of twelve worklings, trained only in fear and obedience, and Captain Jackson could not see how thought of those counter-irritants below. Both junks were being propelled by sweeps, and one was but a quarter-mile away, the other about as far astern of her.

"Fire!" asked the mate, as he and the captain watched from the poop.

"No doubt of it," answered the captain. "There's a large anti-foreign society growing in China—Boxers, they're called—and some of them have taken to the sea. I've heard of them sailing up north, and I heard ashore of a little English bark they looted in the Pei Iho. We've got to fight. Call all hands aft. Mr. Becker, and we'll hit 'em out. Wish I could trust that gang below."

"We won't need them, sir," answered the mate. "Counting in the cook as steward, Chips, and the two booms, there are twenty of us—good for a hundred thinks. An' their wind coming yonder"—he pointed at another squall growing in the west—"an' we can keep 'em off till it comes. They won't face powder and shot."

"Perhaps not. We may have to kill a few, though."

But they changed their estimate of Chinese courage a little later, even though they killed more than a few. A frenzied mob of suicides swarmed up from the brown junk rasping alongside, and with yells and shrieks precipitated themselves upon the score of men mustered to receive them. They were armed only with knives and spears, and there was a steady death-rattle among them as the rifles, pistols, and shotguns in the hands of the defenders sought targets and spoke; but they charged on, stumbling over the bodies of the fallen, flourishing their blades, and shattering their strange, minor-keyed war cries, until they had driven the defenders against the opposite rail. Here they closed, and now white men fell to the deck under the blade and spear thrusts. For a moment it was a *melee*; then one man broke, and fled for the cabin door. It was Sinful Peck, and the example was contagious; the steward, carpenter, and one of the booms reached the poop steps and climbed them. Here they turned to defend their temporary refuge, firing point-blank into the densely packed mass of yelling humanity breasting the steps. The second mate was driven into the companionway. The first mate lay quiet in the scupper. The captain and mate, both bleeding, mounted the hatch-house, and the other boom, and what was left of the foremost hands, were hurried forward by the frenzied Chinamen until they found safety behind the closed doors of the galley. Then the pursuers charged back to aim in the side of the others, by which time the cook had snub to his hands and knees, and the carpenter was prone upon his back in the alley on the poop. Piled half-way up the poop steps was a pile of dead and wounded Chinamen, over which others were frantically flinging, and it began to look hopeless for the defenders, even though the captain on the hatch-house, the steward and boom, and the second mate in the companionway were bringing down a Chinaman with each bullet expended. But now a strange thing happens.

A bronze boiler some nearly two feet in diameter at its base and fully six feet long, protruded over the bulk of the poop. Its open mouth gaped menacingly at the struggling Chinamen; and from its cavernous interior belched a mighty volume of steam, spouting, awful, and terrifying. The Chinamen fell back, but the horrid resonance followed them, blasting their ear-drums, par-

alyzing their nerves, threatening their souls. Bullies they understood, but not this—the massive and weighty weapon that hurled thunder at them. And what manner of foreign devil was behind it, spitting on his haunches, supporting the ponderous thing so easily with one hand gripped around the small end, which he held to his mouth, while he puffed out his cheeks and made frightful faces. They surged back; they turned and fled in wild panic; and as the leaders in the stampede scrambled over the rail, the powerful foreign devil, with his dreadful instrument of evil still aimed at them—still emitting the fearful sounds—sprang clear over the bulwark to the main deck and pursued them.

It was Sinful Peck with the ship's paper-maché megaphone, and he did not cease his objurgations until he had blown the last Chinaman over the side.

Captain Jackson inspected his cook—badly hurt, but not fatally—then being weak from loss of blood, lowered himself painfully to the deck and examined the others. Five of the foremost hands were wounded and more or less hopeless, and Mr. Becker was dead, with a hole striking in his breast.

Assisted by the stevedore, he climbed to the poop, crossed over aboard the boiler, and looked down the junk. Sinful Peck, perched on the rail, was still bombarding them with ear-splitting invectives, and the Chinamen, having cast off, were frantically pushing their junk away with bamboo poles. Forward, Mr. Brown was hammering on the galley door, beseeching the inmates to "come out like men, and stand by" for more of it. For more of it was promised; the other junk was but a few lengths away, and the yells of her crew attested the fact that Sinful's noise was not affecting them.

"It needs to be sudden, and mysterious," muttered the captain. "It won't do again." He bled to the west, where the second squall was growing, and bearing down upon them—a black and ragged cloud, its lower edge dropping rain. It was a question which would arrive first—the wind or the Chinamen.

"Come here, Mr. Peck," he called, and as the smiling Sinful approached he tossed him the keys of the iron. "Unlock the prisoners," he said. "These curs forward won't fight any more, and we'll need them to shorten down, if for nothing else."

The smile on Sinful's face gave way to a look of consternation; but he desisted the megaphone on the deck, glibbed up the keys, and, first reloading a few empty cylinders in his pistol, resolutely entered the hatch-house door and descended. Captain Jackson sat on the edge of the poop with his feet on the steps and waited. He heard muffled words from below, then there was silence, broken only by the objurgations of Mr. Brown and the noise of the Chinamen. Soon a head appeared in the hatch-house door, and Skipper Mowhan's massive shoulders and powerful frame followed. He sprang out and faced the captain, with Sinful's pistol levelled at his head. Sinful's cartridge-belt strapped around him, and a stern look of indignation on his face, Skipper Halstead came next, then Swasey Bill, Gunner Mearns, Towner Tabin, and the rest. They all looked angry and discontented, and they all proffered delaying pleas from the rail and surrounded their leader.

"Don't shoot, Mowhan," the captain had said, weakly raising his hand. "I am knifed in the side. You'll have enough to do in defending your lives. We have been attacked by pirates."

"No we surmised down there by the racket," answered Skipper. "And rather than call on us you left us to be murdered in iron. What d'ye want of us now?"

"As I said, to defend yourselves. At first there seemed to be no need of you; then there was no time to think of you. Mr. Becker is dead. The crew have hidden in the galley. Mr. Brown is still with us, and Mr. Peck—where is Mr. Peck?"

"Down below with the darbies on him. How d'ye s'pose I get this gun?"

"Well, well—all right. I am helpless. The situation is in your hands; but the Chinamen are coming back"—he arose and pointed to the masts of the junks showing over the rail—"and there is a squall coming which may blow us clear of them. You'd

letter leave the yards to starboard, view up the kites, and arm yourselves!"

He sank down in his weakness, and they scrambled up the rail and looked down; then they craned their necks and looked at the coming small.

"All right, Skipper," said Bigpig as they stepped down. "You're a good fellow when you're scared. But just hand over that gun of yours." He climbed the steps, and boldly twisted the captain's pistol from his nerveless fingers. Handing it to Seldom backward, he said, "Now, explain to those atoms you spoke of."

"On those scoundrel men, and on the men in the galley. Take them away from them; but leave the yards first, and you may not need them."

They gave no heed to the last advice; they relieved the stricken

men on the deck of their arms and cartridges, and, meeting an anxious second mate hurrying aft, they even held him up, disarmed him, and tied his hand and foot in the scuppers. Then, with a heavy iron windlass brake, they lutteted in the galley door and entered. Captain Jackson saw this with falling eyesight; also he heard a confused scold of oaths and protestations from within the galley which for a moment dominated the chattering yells from over the side. These were unavailing, however, and he could see through the quarter rail that the two junks had met, and side by side were now coming together. He endeavored to stand erect and look over the house at the squall, but the effort was too much for his strength, and he sank down in a faint.

He was roused by cold rain on his face, and a stentorian voice almost in his ear, roaring: "Bring her up a little and shake her, Mosevassy. The topsails won't come down." Bigpig had partly climbed the poop steps, his huge head and shoulders outlined against a background of grey sky streaked with horizontal rain and spindrift. The ship was heeled, and her tattered weather rigging sang a dismal accompaniment to the sound of wind and washing sea. Aft, skysails, royals, and one of the topgallant sails were in ribbons, and the upper topsails, with slackened halyards, supported the weight of their heavy yards by the pressure of the wind alone. This much the captain's mind could grasp in an instant. "The Chinamen, Monahan?" he guessed.

"Left 'em astern, Skipper—dismasted," said Bigpig, cheerily.

"And the second mate?"

"In the scuppers, d—n him. We're shortening down without him."

It was moderately good news under the circumstances, and with the formless, wireless calls of sailors at work ringing in his ears, Captain Jackson sank back into unconsciousness. When next he revived he was in his berth; his usual wear was dressed, and Bigpig, Seldom, Mosevassy, Towner, and Peepdeck were seated in the sacred precincts, earnestly watching him. All wore revolvers and cartridge-belts. Standing up before them were Mr. Brown and Sinfal Peck, unrestrained of movement, but evidently prisoners.

"Well, Capt'n," said Bigpig, serenely. "You've come to again. I see. Now, your ship's all right, and heading her course for

'Frisco. We've talked it over. There's no sense in putting back to Shanghai, or in touching at Hongkong, as we thought we'd do, at first. We'd be hanged, no doubt, for piracy; but we'll take our chance in the Lord's country. Understand? We don't mean to give up these gits, and we don't mean to let you have any; for our own safety—understand! That'll be our job in court, if any plea is needed. And we give you back your second mate, and agree to take his orders and yours as lawfully signed seamen of this ship. We keep our hands clean of all mutiny and such things—except, as I said, retaining these gits for self-protection. But we want this little devil 'fore the mast with us again, and we want you to legally disrate him, right here."

"You want him," said the captain, "to maltreat him as you did before. Mr. Peck saved my life. I cannot deliver him to you."

"We saved your

life, too, and we saved your ship. If we hadn't braced the yards she'd be a fire now, and you roasting with your throat out."

"But you are under as heavy obligations to him. He remembered a well-known weakness of the Chinese character, and frightened them into their junk with the megaphone. Had he not done this, you would have been killed, too."

"He's smart enough—smart enough—to shanghai his friends, and engineer things so that at no time can they quit the ship and get home. Well, you formally disrate him, or we'll head the ship south."

There were mutiny, murder, piracy, wrecking, and all the crimes in the nautical calendar inherent in this threat; and Bigpig spoke determinedly. The set faces of the others bore out this interpretation, and the captain remained silent for a few moments.

"I am laid up," he said. "I cannot be on deck. I have no navigator. Will you allow Mr. Peck to navigate and keep the log?"

"Most certainly not! We'll keep the forecastle clean. Why, bless your soul, Capt'n. Are you looking for mutiny? This crowd don't need a boss, and if they did, Neldom and I have been shipmasters for twenty years or so; and so for navigation, Peepdeck, here, took a ship 'round the Horn thirty years back. Forgotten that? Peepdeck, old man, can you fetch 'Frisco?"

"Ought to," answered Peepdeck, confidently. "Over past

the Foo Choo Islands, there isn't a rock or shoal this side of the Farallones."

The captain again waited, and thought.

"Mr. Peck," he said at last, to the silent and collar-loosed little man. "I can do no differently. You must go before the mast. And Mr. Brown," he added, to the second mate, "as you are not a navigator, I must promote a man over your head. Mr. Peepdeck 'twill, you may bring your damage aft to the mate's room and take his place."

"Thank you, sir," said Peepdeck. "Will you enter this in your official log?"

"Of course, of course—anything for peace, get out of my cabin."

"Come, Sinfal, my son," said Bigpig, gloefully, slipping him forcibly on the shoulder. "Come with the friends of your youth."

And with Sinfal leading them at the end of Bigpig's long arm, they filed out of the cabin.



"Here they turned . . . firing point-blank into the densely packed mass of yelling humanity . . ."



"She went high and dry on the sands of a peninsula which separates the ocean from Bakers Bay"

No. 50's Voyage on Land

LIGHT-SHIP NO. 50 is a steel vessel, 112 feet long, and draws 13 feet. She was moored off the Columbia River to mark the channel. It is a bad place for navigators, on account of the bar and shoal water, where an ordinary gale of wind raises a heavy sea. Times abound there too, and last year a worse gale than usual fetched No. 50 loose from her heavy moorings and set her adrift. She has sails and an engine to fall back on in emergencies of that sort, but could make no headway against the storm, and the best the captain could do was to choose where she should go ashore. He beached her near the mouth of the river, and she went high and dry on the sands of a peninsula which separates the ocean from Bakers Bay. Her crew were all saved, and it turned out that her hull was very little damaged. The next thing was to get her into the water. It was determined that because of shoals and currents she could not be launched back into the ocean, and the engineers of the Light-house Board concluded to attempt to carry her across the peninsula and put her into Bakers Bay. It is a journey of a mile, across beds of loose sand, through a forest, and over several elevations; a big job, for which there was hardly a precedent. But they got to work, jacked the vessel up out of the sand, put enormously heavy trucks under her, rigged windlasses to haul the trucks, and got stout teams of horses to turn the windlasses. At the same

time they cut a road through the woods, and built a timber roadbed strong, and smooth enough for the trucks to travel on. Then they started her, and eventually she went. Cables broke, and had to be replaced with stronger ones. Some days she progressed only a few feet. It took months to cover the distance, but it was done, and finally No. 50 lay broadside to Bakers Bay. There they built an inclined plane of planking down into the water, greased it as the ways are greased for a launch, stretched lines from bow, stern, and masts to powerful tugs, stowed her with guy ropes, and presently a long pull, a strong pull, a pull altogether, and the land ship slid down the beach and was afloat in salt water once more. They took her to Astoria, where repairs were made, and now No. 50 is back in the service.

Archimedes said he could move the earth if he had a place to stand on. In Chicago they had, and doubtless still have, a habit of moving brick houses from one site to another. Major Eads planned and earnestly advocated a ship railway across the Panama Isthmus, on which ships should ride from ocean to ocean with their cargoes in them. Theoretically, anything can be moved to any place, and the only question is whether it is worth the trouble and will pay. But, after all, it is a long step from theory to practice, and No. 50's land voyage was a notable performance, novel, interesting, and conclusively successful.



"No. 50's land voyage was a notable performance, novel, interesting, and conclusively successful"



Dress by Philip Ward

THE BUD

By E. S. Martin

*Perplexed no more with decimal or date,
She drops the pencil on th' abandoned slate.
With fingers lately inked, the nosegay's stems
Constricts, and waits for Joy to bring up Fate*



THE CHINESE PAY GERMANY FOR THE MUR

In June, 1900, the German Minister to China was murdered by the Boxers. Germany demanded reparation in the form of just been completed. The ceremonies attending its dedication—the presence of the German troops drawn up in an article on page 808 by our correspondent Willard W. Straight, Inspector General of Customs—was a memorial of disgrace to China, significant, as Prince Chun, the brother of the



OF HER MINISTER, BARON VON KETTELER

Memorial arch to her Minister to be erected in Peking, the Chinese capital. This monument, as shown in the photograph, has the arch in long lines, through which the representatives of the Chinese government passed—are fully described at Peking. In demanding this reparation Germany exacts not payment alone, but a standing. Her Emperor, said in his address, of "apology, of contrition, and of regret"



Baker (Peter J. Dunne)

Spinky (Llew M. Foster)

Book Cade (Ray Tompkins)

Dimitriopol (William Collier)

New Yorker (C. A. Rogers)

"The Little Princess" in Burlesque

HOWEVER high or low the Weber & Fields sort of entertainment may rank as dramatic literature, it is undeniably in the process of its manufacture an interesting product. As far as we have been able to observe, the method consists largely in turning a lot of frisky people loose upon the stage with instructions to go ahead and do pretty much as they please, so long as nothing that they do is quite sure. Mr. Edgar Smith's position of official librettist to this Court of Burlesque is very much like that which would be occupied by a Professor of the Drama in the land of the Houghlinams, made famous by Mr. Gulliver of satiric memory. Such a one in the Land of the Houghs would have had some fifty or sixty unbroken bolts committed to his charge, and their potentialities would be his to discover and develop. No Mr. Smith, with the shooting stars of comedy and farce that his managers gather together every year, seems to have only the problem of holding these playful creatures within the positive lot of the title he has chosen for his farce, and since these titles are sufficiently vague to cover almost everything that exists in the heavens above, in the earth beneath, and in the waters under the earth, the task is not a difficult one. There are those who say that the best fun is that which has serious thinking behind it, and in a sense this is true. But the best fun is not always the most ungracious fun, and it is ungracious fun that the Weber-Fieldsians go in for exclusively. We fancy that if Mr. Smith were to put serious thinking back of his work for just a year, he would find himself doing other things than Fiddle-dy-Dees and Twirly Whirlies of past seasons.

Another interesting phase of this Weber-Fieldsian style of play is its childness in criticism. A critic who really cared to take the work seriously might in good faith publish on a Tuesday morning a truly significant article on the play as it was put on on Monday evening, but that Tuesday morning criticism would probably not do at all for publication on Wednesday morning as a review of Tuesday evening's performance, for the reason that we have no guarantee that Tuesday evening's performance bears any resemblance to that of Monday evening. There may be certain similarities in plot, and the scenes necessary may be the same, and the lyrics and choruses unchanging, but no man knows what lines the stars will speak or by what devious byways the complications to be unravelled attain to their full unswerving. When the main purpose of each individual star of a constellation of seven is to bait the other six, and once having got the centre of the stage to hang on to it, irrespective of the rights of anybody else, is definitely postponing the cue word, there is no counting on the results. But it works well in the individual case of the Weber & Fields people, because they are for the most part past-masters

in the art of repartee and practical joking. A dull-witted actor would find more pleasure in an examination in supplementary proceedings, than in a star position at Weber & Fields, however princely his salary. A man may not mind making a fool of himself before a thousand people, but it is made a fool of—that is another proposition altogether. Hence it is that many comedians of high rank in more legitimate fields of dramatic interpretation have fallen woefully short of the requirements of the Weber & Fields stage. Like the poet, the Weber-Fieldsian is born and not made; lacking the temperamental requirements of the position, he would be happier as a grave-digger than in this Temple of Irresponsible Fun.

These comments do not apply to the clever series of burlesques upon current plays that have been presented by this aggregation as the climax to their evening's entertainment for several years past. In these to be found the best evidence that the librettist can and does think when he is called on to do. Here the erratic humorosity of the stars is held in some restraint, since, to be effective, they must satirize some salient feature of the play they are burlesquing. One extraordinary virtue of these little farcettes is, that, even to those who have not seen the originals, they are often very funny and wholly diverting. We have known persons to be inspired by the burlesque subsequently to seek the original, and in some instances to express the opinion that the burlesque was the better and more reasonable of the two. However this may be, the best work that is done by the Weber-Fieldsians is along these lines. We would not for a moment willingly sweep the delights of the preliminary notices of the company in their homely-judge of sheer nonsense, but the burlesque plays linger longer and more pleasantly in the memory. It is not infrequently happens that under the mask of fun in the burlesques, we find criticism more searching than we get in the monumental columns of solemn dramatic disquisition by our more distinguished critics. In this particular we recall the excellent burlesques of "The Conquerors," "The Christian," and "Napoli" of past seasons, and this year of "The Stupidness of Ferdinand"—the very happy title of which was "The Stupidness of Ferdinand." Mr. Fick's *Groldine* might be discussed in quarto-volumes and be no more thoroughly revealed than in Mr. Smith's happy use of the word "Stupidness," and after all, the critic who can tell the whole story in a single word is quite as much to be envied as who requires three columns of a newspaper for the effort—except, of course, when he is paid at space rates. In the current burlesque, that of "The Little Princess," there is not an abundant an opportunity as was presented by Mr. Fick's play, but it is good wholesome fun, and suffices for its ostensible purpose.

Happiness? Sooth to say, it does not exist. Or rather, destiny serves it out to us in fractions, in small doses, homoeopathically. Happiness is made up of halts. In the rough road stage of life, so long and yet so short, there are furtive moments when we sit down by the wayside and would gladly stop there, go no farther, sleep a little on the good earth which will one day embrace us. And immediately the March! March! of honest struggle call and urges us on. A halt? Why? Up and on! quick! we must hark forward; life continues. We rise and take up our burden again. March! March!
Julia Clarete.

Hence nowadays the ruling classes, instead of devoting their time to war and the state, occupy themselves in putting accumulated capital to good use, directing work, perfecting and multiplying instruments and machinery—not from any noble sentiments of social duty, but for the same reasons that the aristocracies of the past went to war so frequently—for the accumulation of great and superfluous wealth.

Gustavus Ferrer.

What we like determines what we are, and to teach taste is inevitably to form character.—Ruskin.

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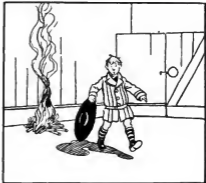
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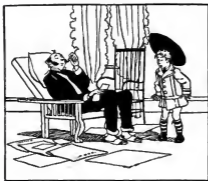
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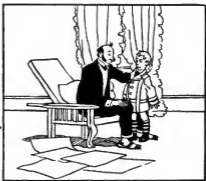
George: "What is an April Fool, Grandma?"
 Grandma: "Why, if you should walk on to papa and shout the horns to an fox, and it wasn't, that would be an April Fool."
 George: "That that is a lie, isn't it?"
 Grandma: "Well—er—yes—that it's only a joke, you know."



George: "I guess this will let me down on the lie part."



George looks a good deal. "Papa! the horns is an fox?"



Papa: "Well, well? Horns after, eh? Now, you're the victim of a delectable quest prevalent on the 1st of April."



"However, an order to dispel your doubts: hallow-moon, we will attempt the reborn of its delectable place another."



China pays her first Debt to the Powers

By Willard W. Straight
Inspector-General of Customs at Peking

See Illustration on double page

AFTER two years of building and hammering and senseless delays, the Chinese have at last made formal reparation to Germany for the murder of her minister, Baron von Ketteler, in June, 1900. On Sunday, the 18th of January, in the presence of Baron von der Goltz, the German Charge d'Affaires, the members of the diplomatic corps, and the officers of the legion guards, Prince Chin, younger brother of the Emperor of China, formally dedicated a memorial arch erected to the murdered man. A small altar covered with yellow silk had been placed some ten yards to the south of the "Pai-lou," and on this altar the Prince offered his libation. It was significant of apology, of contrition, of regret, to appease the spirit of the dead and the wrath of the "war lord." After bowing before the memorial tablet that crowned the altar, his Highness read a speech, which was then repeated in German by an interpreter from the "Wai Wu Pu." He spoke of the regret of his sovereign for the lamentable affair, and apologized on his behalf, promising that in the future such things should be avoided, and trusting that the two nations might be friendly hereafter. Baron von der Goltz, though a splendid Chinese scholar himself, read his reply in German, the translation being given by the Chinese secretary of the German legation. He thanked the Prince in the name of the Kaiser, and said that by the erection of this arch the conditions of the peace protocol had been fulfilled. He too hoped that the future would bring the two nations closer together, that they might understand one another more fully.

This interchange of speeches finished, the Prince and the German chargé, with the diplomatic corps, walked under the arch to the north between the lines of Chinese troops ranged on either side of the roadway, the bands of both detachments playing the German national air. Returning, the party passed down the avenue of German soldiers who stood at the "grouse-step" and then dispersed to the several booths for refreshments. This was the signal for the setting off of great ropes of fireworks, and to this rattling, crackling fusillade, and the whirr war-cries, and rambols of their own life-and-drum corps, the German soldiers marched through the archway. The Chinese, in the mean time, were firing petards and giant crackers and making a most tremendous uproar. After a short pause the Kaiser's "war wolves" marched back again, dodging along in their "grouse-step," and making the archway waver to and fro as they passed underneath. With this march and counter-march the ceremony was finished. Immense crowds that had filled the streets for hundreds of yards north and south, and formed great masses of humanity on the shop porches, began to disperse and go about their business.

The arch itself is constructed of great blocks of marble, and is, altogether, some seventy-five feet high. It is built entirely of stone, the keils of roof with their tile forms and lion-mouthed gargoyles being all cunningly hewn from the solid marble. The "Pai-lou," as structures of this kind are called in Chinese, is a great feature in the imperial palaces and temples, in the hunting-parks, and in some of the great temples. They are erected, as a rule, to commemorate the glory and grandeur of an emperor or to immortalize a Buddhist saint. It is quite common also to find memorial ones erected by the Board of Works to the memory of some virtuous woman or honest official, though such people are really not as rare in China as one might be led to imagine. Over each of the side arches of the memorial is an inscription, one in German and one in Latin, and over the centre arch the same legend in Chinese. It states briefly that the monument is erected as a memorial to Baron von Ketteler, the German minister, finally murdered by the Boxers in June, 1900, and that it shall stand, for all time, as a warning to evil-doers. Above the centre inscrip-

(Continued on page 307.)



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A PHOTOGRAPHIC INTERVIEW WITH BLANCHE BATES

Who is now playing the leading role in the "Darling of the Gods" at the Belasco Theatre, New York

(Continued from page 365.)

tion there is also a small tablet in red and blue and gold, such as one seen in the Imperial aviator halls, and this bears the name, not of an Eastern ruler or sage, but of Von Ketteler.

Spurning as it does one of the busiest thoroughfares in Peking, the arch is sad and bleak in the pride of the Chinese, and they are fond of saying that it was erected by the foreigners in memory of the soldiers who were executed for killing the German minister. This is merely another way of looking at the matter, and is most delightfully characteristic of the Chinese, who will go to any length to deceive themselves concerning the real facts of the case. But the legend, a white incision on a black field, will serve its purpose, and the stream of humanity that passes daily to and fro along the busy street cannot but be influenced by the significance of the beautiful white "Pai-tou" that shadows their teeming highway.

The New South

By Richard H. Edmonds

THE new South is not the old South revisited. The old South did great things for which the world has never given it credit, and the growth of the new South is by many attributed mainly to an infusion of Northern energy. We are told that the industrial development of the South has been brought about by Northern and Western men, and the world believes it, just as it believes that the old South was purely a non-progressive agricultural community. The South itself is largely to blame for this misconception of the business activities of the present and the past, for too many of its writers and speakers, accepting this doctrine without any investigation, have proclaimed it at home and abroad until it is now accepted as a fact, and thus the very strength of the South's development—the inherent power of the people of that section which is forcing it to the front—is misunderstood, and, therefore, not realized. If we would rightly measure the future we must understand the South's past, for none are greater than natural resources. Contrary to general belief, the ante-bellum South was peopled by men of broad activities, men who fully realized the power of industrial life. Until the discovery of the cotton-gin the South was an industrial region. Its foremost leaders in politics and in social life were identified with industrial interests. Washington, Jefferson, Governor M'Keaney, Virginia, Colonel William Byrd, and a host of other men ranking with them were engaged in manufacturing. Washington's father was a miner of iron ore and an iron-maker; Jefferson owned mill-wheels; and the history of their times shows a long list of distinguished names connected with manufacturing and mining enterprises.

But the cotton-gin opened to the South a new field for enterprise and capital, which for fifty years yielded profits such as probably no other industry ever returned for so long a period. By this very fact it fastened slavery on the South for half a century longer than it would otherwise have existed. When in 1842-3 the decline in cotton brought down the profits in its production to a lower basis, the energy and capital of the South once more turned towards industrial interests. This is illustrated in the fact that between 1850 and 1860 the South built 7502 miles of railroad, against 4712 miles by the New England and Middle States combined. During the same decade the percentage of gain in nearly all lines of manufacturing was greater in the South than in the whole country. But the war practically destroyed the entire commercial and industrial interests of the South, and brought about a condition of poverty which none but those who passed through it have ever been able to understand. Following the war came the curse of reconstruction, and about 1880, when the South saw the first glimmer of daylight, it turned its attention vigorously to the retaining of its ruined industrial interests. In that year the total capital invested in manufacturing in the Southern States was \$257,244,561; by 1900 this



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had increased to \$1,133,292,368, or a gain of 348 per cent., whereas for the same period the capital invested in manufacturing in the whole country increased only 252 per cent. The value of the products of Southern factories advanced from \$457,454,777 in 1860 to \$1,463,843,177 in 1900, a gain of 222 per cent., whereas during the same period the value of the products of manufactures for the whole country increased only 142 per cent.

Thus handicapped as the South was in 1860, starting in the depth of poverty as contrasted with the great progress and prosperity of the North and West, and without any of the heavy immigration which helped to enrich the West, the South has made a percentage of gain greater than that of the whole country. That the gain is actually due to the energy of Southern people is fully understood by those who have studied the subject, but the world at large has attributed it mainly to the incoming of Northern and Western people. The South has never received from outside as much as it has given to other sections. In 1860 there were 924,235 Southern-born whites living in other sections. They had crossed the mountains, and were leading pioneers in opening up the great empire of the West and the Pacific coast. At that time there were living in the South only 244,071 white people not born in that section, scarcely one-fourth as many as the Southern people living elsewhere. In 1900 there were living in the South 758,000 white people born elsewhere, but there were 1,347,000 Southern-born whites living in other States. Thus for every Southern and Western man living in the South, the South had two living in other sections. And these men who went out from the South and settled in the West and on the Pacific coast, in New York, and elsewhere, were men of great skill and activity. Their phenomenal success in the financial and industrial centres of the country demonstrates the stuff of which they were made.

With all due credit to the 758,000 people from the North and West living in the South in 1900 for what they have done, they have not been able to do as much for that section as the 1,347,000 Southern-born whites living elsewhere have been able to do for their adopted homes. In 1900, 12 per cent. of the Southern-born white people were living outside of the South, whereas in 1860 the figure had dropped to 9 per cent., showing an increasing tendency of the people of the South to remain at home and take part in the development of their own section. In 1860, of the South's white population 35 per cent. were born elsewhere, and in 1900, 5 per cent.

Shifting of population directs the mind to another phase of Southern life. The increas-

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ing tendency of settlement in the South from the North and West is accompanied by a stronger inclination on the part of negroes to make their homes outside the South, in spite of many discouragements. Up to 1860 the great trend of negro migration, practically involuntary, was toward the fresh lands of the Northwest. This movement, which was slowly destroying slavery as the United States in response to the same economic laws that had removed the institution from the North, was checked by the war. It has been reversed by the negro's own initiative, but alongside of it is another, the results of which appear in the increases of the negro population during the past ten years of 40 per cent. in Illinois, 40 per cent. in New Jersey, 45 per cent. in Pennsylvania, 44 per cent. in Massachusetts, and 41 per cent. in New York, the average increase for the whole country being about 18 per cent. Here is diffusion of the negro to become, with the settlement of Northerners in the South, one of the most efficient means of solving the vexing problem, in that it acquiesces the whole country with the negro and strengthens the conviction that he may be best guided for his own advantage, and for that of the country, by those people who have had the longest acquaintance with him.

In 1860 the entire country made 384,474 tons of pig iron; to-day the South alone is making over 3,100,000 tons, or more than three times as much. In 1860 the total output of bituminous coal in the United States was 5,773,077 tons; last year the South mined over 11,000,000 tons, Alabama alone having an output nearly double the total bituminous coal production of the whole country forty years ago. To-day the South has over 55,000 miles of railroads; the country had only 34,592 miles in 1860, and of this 28000 miles were in the Southern States. The value of the manufactured cotton goods of the South is now over \$111,000,000 a year, while the output in 1860 for the United States was only \$11,500,000. The value of the lumber products of the country in 1860 was \$16,000,000, while to-day the South is annually marketing over 100,000,000 worth. The South's mineral and manufactured products in 1860 aggregated \$1,210,000,000, against \$1,900,000,000 for the whole country in 1860. Then the country had 402 miles of street railways; now the South has nearly 3000 miles. Then the petroleum output was only 500,000 barrels; now the South is marketing over 20,000,000 barrels a year, the output being limited only by transportation facilities, and it is as lately expressed by a London expert, "the Gibraltar of the lights and fires of the world." Even in banking capital we have nearly one-half as much as the United States had in 1860, viz., \$205,000,000, against \$429,000,000.

The trend of the world's economic development is toward the South, for, as Andrew Carnegie is credited with having recently said, in the great capital could draw concentrated to it, and thus industry centered where capital was most abundant, had now more mineral draws the capital, and dominates the development of industrial centers. Nature has done more than her share for the South. She has covered its mountains and its valleys with timber; she has burdened its hill-sides with mineral wealth beyond the power of imagination; she has given it coal and iron and cotton and oil, marble and granite and clay; she has furnished it a variety of soils, which, according to their kind, need but to be "tickled with the plough to laugh with the harvest" of cotton or grain or sugar or rice or fruit.

Against the poverty, the insipience, the discredit, and doubt at home and abroad of ourselves and our section of 1860, the South, thrilled with energy and hope, stands to-day revealed by the world as that section which of all others in this country or elsewhere has the greatest potentialities for the creation of wealth and the profitable employment of its people.

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Harper's Magazine for APRIL

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ENGLISH

Professor Brander Matthews, of Columbia, has written a most interesting article on "Britishisms of All Sorts," in which he contrasts some English and American usages of words and discusses some new Britishisms.

TRAVEL

In the few months before his death Julian Ralph wrote for HARPER'S MAGAZINE a number of studies of people in various parts of our country. One of these, called "A Trip with a Tin-Peddler," appears in the April Magazine. William Sharp, the well-known English critic, writes poetically of "The Country of Theocrists."

PICTURES IN COLOR

There are fifteen pages of pictures in color and tint in the April Magazine, including paintings by Louis Loeb, W. T. Smedley, and Charles King Wood.

ECONOMIC MORMONISM

Professor Richard T. Ely, of the University of Wisconsin, who has been making a study of various communities for HARPER'S MAGAZINE, writes of the social and economic side of Mormonism as seen to-day in Salt Lake City.

SCIENCE

Carl Snyder, in his article on "Physiological Immunity," gives the latest scientific views on how the human body fights disease—a paper of intense practical interest to every one.

HISTORY

Thomas A. Janvier's story of "The Dutch Founding of New York" comes to a conclusion in the April number. It is a delightful study of the end of the Dutch regime.

SHORT STORIES

In addition to Mr. Howells' story, there are short stories by Robert W. Chambers, Alice Caldwell Hegan, Mrs. Stepeny Rawson, Candace Wheeler, Lily A. Long, and H. C. Troutman in the April number—eight complete short stories in all.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY

JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

Editorial section for the week ending March 28, 1903

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COMMENT

No amendment of the Senate's mode of procedure is expected at the present extra session, and it is by no means certain that any change will be made during the Fifty-eighth Congress. It is, of course, a monstrous state of things which is disclosed when a single Senator is able, by a resort to filibustering, to prevent legislation desired by two-thirds of his colleagues. On the other hand, it will be difficult to hit upon any practicable modification of the existing rules which will not seriously trammel the freedom of debate upon which the Senate prides itself, and which has often proved of immense benefit to the country. Many a foolish or iniquitous measure has been adopted by the House of Representatives, with scarcely a pretence of discussion, because it was known to have no chance of passing the Senate. The ideal reform would bring about a little less freedom of debate in the Senate, and a good deal more freedom in the House. Unquestionably, it is the duty of the Federal legislators in both Chambers to transact the public business, but this indisputable truth has been made in the Lower House a pretext for the creation of a despotism lodged in the Speaker and the Committee on Rules, and for degrading the Chamber from a deliberative body into a mere registration-machine. The power, dignity, and influence which have been of late years acquired by the Senate at the expense of the House are largely due, undoubtedly, to the individual independence possessed by members of the Upper Chamber. Nobody denies the desirability of such an alteration in the rules of the Senate as would permit a vote to be taken after ample time had been allowed for debate. The danger is that a regulation framed to that legitimate end might be so applied in practice as to shackle and stifle the minority. It is not inconceivable, however, that a *via media* may be found.

An interesting study in constitutional development is afforded by the fate of the Cuban reciprocity treaty. Since the defeat of the first Hay-Pauncefote canal treaty, which was hailed as a fine expression of civilization by some Senators who subsequently did what they could to cut its throat, it was seen by Mr. Hay that no treaty could probably ever again be rat-

fied unless the latest claim of the Senate was accepted—unless the Executive surrendered to the demand of the ratifying power to share in the process of negotiation. Since then Senators have been consulted and treaties have been framed to meet their views and to command their votes. The negotiations between ninety-one powers on the one side and one on the other must always be up-hill work, but some treaties have been negotiated under these hard conditions, and among them is the Cuban reciprocity treaty. It now turns out that consultation with Senators in advance does not insure the ratification of the treaty. The amendment which the Senate Committee inserted in the treaty, providing that the treaty must be acted upon by the House of Representatives as well as by the Senate, is not only a postponement of the agreement, but endangers its ultimate adoption. Apparently the increase in the number of negotiators is not a remedy for treaty-making incapacity. There is still nothing more uncertain than the Senate's attitude toward a treaty, so there is nothing more humiliating than our attitude toward Cuba since the island became a republic.

It is not only for the sake of securing promptly the approval of the Cuban reciprocity treaty by the House of Representatives that it may be deemed expedient to convene the Fifty-eighth Congress in extra session early in November, or even in October. The necessity of averting a stringency in the money-market by financial legislation is recognized all over the United States, and the demand for relief will become irresistible before the beginning of autumn. It will be remembered that, just before the close of the Fifty-seventh Congress, the Senate authorized the Committee on Finance to sit during the summer for the purpose of framing a financial bill to be presented when the new Congress convenes. It is said to be the purpose of the Republican members of the committee not to insist upon reviving the Aldrich bill, which failed at the last session, but to incorporate with that measure certain features of the Fowler currency bill, so as to make sure of the assent of the House of Representatives. There is an encouraging precedent for the method adopted by the Senate to secure prompt legislation. The present gold-standard law is based upon a bill constructed by a committee of the House which sat during a recess of Congress. When Congress reconvened, the bill was quickly introduced and reported, and was adopted without material amendment by both Chambers.

The cost of our colossal pension list was considerably increased by the Fifty-seventh Congress, and, but for the Senate, might have been greatly distended. Hitherto the widow of a soldier or sailor, whose name had been placed on the pension roll because of her husband's death as the result of injuries, wounds, or disease contracted in the service, has lost her pension irremediably in the event of her marriage to another person. Under the act approved February 29, 1903, her pension will be restored if her second husband dies or if she is divorced from him, provided she is without means of support other than her daily labor. By another act, approved March 2, 1903, the pensions allotted for the loss of limbs are materially augmented. Thus the loss of one hand or one foot, or the total disability of such members, entitles the sufferer to sixty dollars per month; and the loss of both feet, to one hundred dollars per month. This act, as it stands, is not expected to add more than \$500,000 to the pension roll, but it would have added at least ten million dollars annually if the proposal of the House Committee on Pensions had been adopted.

The proposal was to give the Pension Office the authority to determine whether, from disease or otherwise, soldiers might not have suffered a disability equivalent to the loss of limbs. Fortunately, the Senate Committee on Pensions stopped this projected raid on the Treasury. There is, on the other hand, no objection to the bestowal of the small pension of eight dollars per month on the survivors of all Indian wars down to 1861, nor to the provision by which all veterans of the Mexican war are to receive twelve dollars a month. It is computed that the two last-named changes will cost rather less than a million dollars a year. We have no intention of rearguing at this late date the expediency of our stupendous expenditure for pensions. It is perfectly true that we devote more money to this purpose than suffices to maintain the largest of the European standing armies. On the other hand, there is no doubt that our pension system would immensely facilitate recruitment in time of war. As for the obligation to discharge in money the nation's debt to those who have lost life or limb in its defence, that, obviously, is no more binding on the United States than it is on Germany or France, where, from our point of view, it is most inadequately recognized.

It is a combination of infirmities, including partial blindness, which has caused Mr. George Graham Vest, of Missouri, to retire from public life at the age of seventy-three. Two of his contemporaries, also Kentuckians by birth, Justice John M. Harlan, of the United States Supreme Court, and Senator J. C. S. Blackburn, are believed to have many years of usefulness before them. Senator Vest has had a more varied career than either of them, for he moved from Kentucky to Missouri in early manhood for the purpose of practising law, and soon became a member of the Missouri Legislature. By the secession Legislature of that State he was made a delegate to the Confederate provisional Congress, and was a member of the Confederate House of Representatives from the autumn of 1861 till the latter part of 1864, when he was appointed to the Confederate Senate. Finding himself destitute at the close of the civil war, he went to Louisiana, but presently returned to Missouri, where he formed a law partnership with Mr. John L. Phillips, who is now a United States judge. Having been chosen a United States Senator from Missouri, he took his seat in 1879, and was thrice re-elected. He would undoubtedly have been returned to the Senate for six years more had he not refused to serve. Although unflinching in his adherence to Democratic principles, he was good-tempered and conciliatory in debate, was listened to with deference by his political opponents, and made some warm private friends among his Republican colleagues. Next to Senator Morgan of Alabama, he has been the most zealous and efficient advocate of an interoceanic canal. He was a sturdy champion of tariff revision, and he will be missed on the Democratic side when that subject next commands the attention of the Senate. How conscientious he was he showed when he opposed the seating of his intimate friend Senator Quay upon the appointment of the Governor of Pennsylvania while the Legislature of that State was in session. It is to be hoped that he will spend his leisure in dictating his recollections of the political history of the Confederacy. There is, we believe, only one other surviving Senator of the Confederacy, namely, Mr. Augustus Maxwell, of Pensacola, Florida. Senator Vest with Alexander H. Stephens and Benjamin H. Hill constituted a remarkable triumvirate of statesmen, who, after serving the Confederacy to the best of their ability, served the Union no less faithfully.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier, defining the Alaskan boundary treaty in the Ottawa House of Commons, described it as a victory for Canada, on the ground that Mr. Hay receded from the position previously maintained by the United States that territory now in our possession, such as Dyea and Skagway, must, in any event, be recognized as American. As things are now, if it should happen that four of the six commissioners decided in favor of the Canadian claim, Dyea and Skagway would have to be surrendered. That is true, but we deem it much more likely that one of the British commissioners will concur with the three representatives of the United States in sustaining one construction of the Anglo-Russian treaty on which our claim is based. Sir Wilfrid Laurier admitted that he had protested to the British government against the commissioners selected by Mr. Roosevelt, on the ground that they

would not be impartial. The appointment of Secretary Root to a place on the commission was equivalent, he thought, to a demand on the part of a party to a suit that he should try his own case. The objection to ex-Senator Turner is that he is understood to be interested in enterprises the success of which depends on the validity of the American title to the disputed territory. Senator Lodge is also disqualified, according to Sir Wilfrid, because he has notoriously expressed an opinion adverse to the Canadian claim upon which he will be called to pass judgment. We do not see how it is possible for the British government to, heed these objections. The treaty gives each of the parties absolute power to designate three commissioners, and it would be an impertinence for one of the parties to criticize the choice made by the other.

At the hour when we write, it is still uncertain whether the Combes cabinet will succeed in persuading the Chamber of Deputies to sanction the wholesale rejection of the requests for authorization made by fifty-four monastic orders. It will be remembered that the Jesuits and certain other religious associations, knowing that their requests would be refused, refrained from making any, and have withdrawn from France. There is but little doubt that, of the fifty-four requests now under discussion, some would be granted if they were presented separately. Even zealous Radicals, for instance, might hesitate to expel from France the order which manufactures the liquor of world-wide fame known as chartreuse. The government insists, however, that the fifty-four requests shall be submitted in block, or, at all events, in three groups, and it has made the rejection of all the applicants without discrimination an explicit question. Should Premier Combes chance to be beaten, there will merely be a reconstruction of the cabinet; for the Reactionists, avowed or disguised, the Nationalists, and the Moderates are not strong enough, taken together, to form a ministry. Should a new cabinet be organized, M. Waldeck-Rousseau could undoubtedly become Premier if he desired it, but should he persist in declining the post, there is no lack of good material among the Radicals—for instance, M. Brisson or M. Bourgeois. In no event is M. Delcassé, the head of the Foreign Office, likely to be disturbed. His only rival in his particular field, M. Hanotaux, must await the triumph of the Moderates, which seems likely to be long deferred.

The Acre controversy is to follow the Venezuelan dispute to the Hague Court of Arbitration, and one more element of danger is thus to be removed from the arena of world politics. In view of our present knowledge, it becomes evident that Brazil's objection to the Acre Concession did not rest wholly on her unwillingness to see conceded areas created on the continent of South America which would be practically colonies of European states. Brazil had a further reason for intervening: She herself claimed a large part of the territory which Bolivia intended to convey to the Acre Syndicate, and on this ownership Brazil's most strenuous objections were based. A few weeks ago it seemed certain that the matter would be decided by the clash of arms, with the surmise of international action as a result, Germany and England, and in a less degree the United States, being involved in the concession dispute. But wiser counsels prevailed, and we cannot doubt that the Venezuelan situation proved a warning and a deterrent, Brazil having no wish to see her own coasts blockaded. This increasing tendency to bring national troubles to The Hague is one of the most hopeful signs of the times.

Germany and England are once more to be united in a matter which concerns this continent and this country very nearly: the reciprocity treaty between the United States and Cuba. We have already recorded and commented on the protests made against the treaty in England, where representatives of the various English chambers of commerce came in a body to the Marquis of Lansdowne and asserted that their interests in Cuba would be ruinously affected should the treaty become law. A like agitation has now arisen in Germany, where it is clearly perceived that German traders will be placed at a disadvantage; and officials in the Berlin Foreign Office have been sounding the other Continental powers on the subject of Cuba, to see whether common action may be undertaken. As it is certain that Cuba cannot afford to recede in any way from the terms of a treaty on which her commercial

life depends, and as this country will not consent to any modification of the reciprocity agreement, it is clear that Germany's action can only take the form of reprisals against the United States under the new German tariff law. Germany is said to fear that the United States may enter into similar treaties with Mexico and the South-American republics, thus monopolizing the trade of the New World.

Germany's apprehensions are by no means confined to the Latin-American field. They apply, with even greater force, to the competition of American commodities in the home market, within the bounds of the fatherland itself. And to protect the home market against the American invasion, Germany has already taken the most drastic steps, and contemplates others not less decisive. Within a week or two, the new meat-inspection law comes into force, and it will completely bar out the canned beef of the Chicago and Kansas City companies. This will be done, not by direct enactment, which might provoke diplomatic protest, but by a not less effective establishment of conditions with which our packers cannot conceivably comply, since these conditions are necessary to the successful packing and transport of canned meats. This will shortly be followed by the dissolution of the only commercial treaty under the favored-nation clause existing between Germany and the United States. The special amendment to the tariff bill, which shuts the door of Germany against the Standard Oil products, is a move in the same direction, and the special discrimination against American tobacco, while it will not absolutely prohibit the importation of our product, will yet cripple it in a very serious way. We must add to the list the Equitable Life Insurance Company, which, at this very moment, is being driven from the German field, and is liquidating its assets, preparatory to leaving. While these hostile moves against our trade with Germany have already had the gravest effects, and are likely to accomplish even more harm to our interests in the immediate future, it is alleged on the part of Germany that they are not in design hostile, but are rather meant to an end—the arrangement of reciprocal treaties between the two countries, on a basis of mutual advantage. The struggle over the Cuban reciprocity treaty shows how difficult it will be to obtain any concessions from this country, in the face of the opposition of our home interests; but the loss of our German trade is a very strong argument, and we may look forward to a battle of tariffs, not merely between Germany and ourselves, but even more between contending sections and contending interests within our own borders.

It was a wise move on the part of President Castro to raise the blockade of the Orinoco River which he had previously proclaimed. No doubt the United States would have recognized the blockade, provided the Venezuelan war vessels should have been able to make it reasonably effective. What President Castro forgot was that, if a government proclaim a blockade, on the ground that an insurrection exists against its authority, the neutral powers who suffer from the blockade have the right on their part to recognize the insurgents as belligerents. That was what happened in our civil war. The blockade of the Confederate ports which we proclaimed was recognized, but, on the other hand, the Confederates were acknowledged as belligerents, and thus acquired the right to issue letters of marque. We succeeded in strangling the Confederacy, but meanwhile our sea-borne commerce was annihilated. There is no doubt that, if the insurgents against the Caracas government were once acknowledged as belligerents, they would commission privateers, and the last state of the Venezuelan seaports and of the customs revenue derivable therefrom would be worse than the first. It is of the utmost importance to President Castro that his customs revenue shall be adequate for the punctual payment of the sums promised to the allied powers which took part in the demonstration against him, for otherwise under the protocol Belgian officials could be called upon to take charge of the custom-houses at La Guayra and Puerto Cabello. If they once got there, pretexts would be found for keeping them there as long as possible.

Not for many years has the German Empire witnessed a more interesting or more hotly contested election for the Reichstag than that is certain to prove which will take place

in June, and for which preparations are now making on the part of all the political parties. As the Reichstag contains 397 members, it is obvious that 199 are needed to constitute a bare majority. By no possibility can any single party obtain such a majority. With the exception of the first Reichstag that was organized after the North German Confederation was transformed into the German Empire, there has never been a homogeneous majority in the popular branch of the German Parliament. That is why British Parliamentary precedents are of so little value to German politicians. In the exceptional Reichstag mentioned—the first after the coronation of Emperor William I. at Versailles—the National Liberals possessed a working majority, and, had Bismarck assented to their demand that the imperial ministers should be responsible to the popular Assembly, Parliamentary government in the true sense of the word would have been established in Germany. Deprived of the stimulus imparted by the hope of controlling the Executive, the National Liberals were soon disrupted, and the faction that still bears their name is but an insignificant remnant of the once dominant party. Many of the early seceders from it coalesced with the Progressives to form the Freisinnige party, which itself in the course of time was split into two factions, one headed by the veteran Richter, and the other by Rickert.

From the disintegration of the National Liberals up to the election of the present Reichstag there have been but two great parties, to wit, first, the Conservatives (including the Conservatives proper and the so-called Free Conservatives), most of whom, from an economic, as distinguished from a political, view-point, may be fairly enough described by the popular term Agrarians; and, secondly, the Catholic party of the Centre, which, having rendered its aid indispensable to Bismarck, and thus beaten him in the Kulturkampf, secured the repeal of all the Falk laws, except the statute excluding the Jesuits, which is now on the verge of annulment. In the present Reichstag the Centrists constitute the largest single party, comprising about a hundred members. The Conservatives, including both sections, come next. The National Liberals, and each of the Radical, or Freisinnige sections, follow at a considerable distance. The third position in respect of numerical strength is occupied by the Socialists, who command nearly sixty seats, and, since their leaders have assumed an opportunist and conciliatory, instead of a dogmatic and uncompromising, attitude, seem destined to absorb all the genuine Liberals in Germany. The fundamental question which will be temporarily decided at the coming election is this, Can the Socialists obtain about a hundred seats? If they do, they will form the strongest single party in the Reichstag, because their gains will be made partly at the expense of the Centrists, as well as at the cost of the Radical factions. It would not be easy to exaggerate the effect of such a Socialist triumph upon German politics. That is why we say that the coming election for the Reichstag will be more interesting and important than any held since the formation of the German Empire.

Prince Bismarck, in his drastic and epigrammatic way, declared that the Monroe Doctrine was "a great piece of impudence." So we are reminded by that distinguished soldier General von Boguslawski, who is evidently of the same opinion. Reminding his German readers, in the *Tägliche Rundschau*, that the American continent is divided into many states, hardly second in varieties of race and language to Europe, he greatly marvels that one of these states should assert that it has the right of interference and protection over the entire continent, asserting that it will only under certain conditions tolerate any action, however just, of European nations against an American state. General von Boguslawski further wonders how it happens that this doctrine, set up eighty years ago by an American statesman, has been able to justify itself in fact, with absolutely no justification in the law of nations. When the United States feels itself threatened through any occupation of territory, of course she has the right, like any other nation, to employ force. But after admitting so much, he goes on to say that there must be no talk of even an apparent recognition of the Monroe Doctrine, as an international principle of law, on the part of European nations. If the latter act otherwise, they will soon

feel the thumb-screws which they put on thereby. Through the war against ill-equipped Spain, our critic kindly tells us, our self-importance has been infinitely increased, often showing a diseased character. The courtesies shown America by Germany have naturally not diminished our self-esteem. This gives the general a treat for a sermon on the evils of excessive courtesy, in turning weak heads, and puffing up natural vanity into unnatural conceit. The allies, the general admits, cannot be blamed for springing our sensitiveness as far as may be; the allies even went so far in their policy of concession as to offer the position of arbitrator to President Roosevelt. The President declined the responsibility "for the reason that the justice of the case of the allies was so self-evident that his decision could only have been unfavorable to Venezuela, thereby damaging the popularity of the United States among the Latin-American nations." This somewhat strenuous article is a straw in the wind. It shows us what is going on beneath the smooth surface of Berlin diplomacy.

Some recently published statistics bear witness to the wide distribution of American capital in foreign fields. Thus Americans are said to be interested in the construction of the proposed electric traction, lighting, and power system of Johannesburg, the cost of which is computed at eight million dollars. The electric road projected in connection with this system will be nearly thirty miles long. Machinery has also been sent by the Westinghouse Company to the De Beers Consolidated Diamond Mines at Kimberley, South Africa. Machine tools required by railroad-shops and other large industrial establishments in British India have been ordered from the Ballard Machine Tool Company of Bridgeport, Connecticut. A gas-engine needed for a dynamo which is to generate current for a plant about to be constructed for the purpose of lighting the imperial post and telegraph offices at Tokio, Japan, is to be supplied by a New York company. Car-couplers to be used on the Chinese imperial railways are being made in Pittsburgh. Automobiles of American manufacture are to be shipped not only to England, but also to France. In Spain an electric plant which will cost about seven million dollars is to be installed by American capital on the river Duero for the transmission of electricity to the mining district of Guanajuato, more than one hundred miles away. Packing plants are to be erected at Uruapan and Cordova, in Mexico, by the North-American Best Company, and a Pittsburgh concern is about to erect coffee-cleaning, rice-cleaning, cotton and saw mill plants on a property comprising some twenty-five thousand acres in the State of Oaxaca, Mexico. Between the town of the same name as that State and Mita, which is twenty-five miles distant, an electric traction railway is to be built by Americans. Orders for two hundred freight-cars and a large number of passenger-cars have come from Yucatan to the American Car and Foundry Company. What is even more significant, three ship-building cranes, of great capacity, to be operated electrically, are to be mounted in the Harland and Wolff yards at Belfast, Ireland, by the Brown Hoisting Machinery Company of Cleveland. Not a week passes in which we do not find reported similar proofs of the estimation in which American manufactures are held all over the world. If the products of iron and steel sent abroad during the last few months have fallen short of the quantity expected, this is because the manufacturers, owing to the anthracite strike, have been unable to keep up with the home demand.

On February 4, 1901, the centenary of John Marshall's appointment to the Chief-Justiceship of the United States Supreme Court was commemorated by appropriate addresses and proceedings in thirty-seven States and Territories, as well as in the Federal Congress. It is now proposed that a similar tribute shall be paid to Chancellor James Kent by the erection of a statue to his memory, either in Albany, where he lived and labored for twenty-four years, or in the city of New York, where his famous commentaries were penned. The suggestion was made by ex-Judge John F. Dillon in a paper read at the recent annual meeting of the New York State Bar Association. It was pointed out that as Marshall's field was the exposition of the Constitution of the United States, so Kent's field was the development and adaptation of an American system of jurisprudence from English principles and models. The conditions under which the two men worked were similar

in this respect, that each had but few precedents to aid him. When Marshall took his seat on the bench of the United States Supreme Court, fewer than one hundred cases had passed under the judgment of that tribunal. When James Kent was appointed Chancellor of New York in 1814, not a single decision, opinion, or dictum of either of his two predecessors in that office was cited to him, or even suggested. He took the court as if it had been a new institution. He had nothing to guide him, and was left at liberty to assume all such English chancery powers and jurisdiction as he thought applicable under our Constitution. The scope thus given to him was limited only by the revision of the Senate or Court of Errors of the State. So it came to pass that, just as Marshall opened the portals of the Constitution, and began thereon the construction of our constitutional law, Chancellor Kent opened the portals of chancery, and reared thereon a splendid system of equity jurisprudence which has been almost universally adopted throughout the United States. Kent's services to his profession and to his country did not cease, however, when he left the bench. When he retired from the post of Chancellor in 1823, having reached the constitutional limit of sixty years, he gave himself up to the preparation of his *Commentaries on American Law*, the fourth and concluding volume of which was published in 1828. Bar and bench in this country and in Europe have vied with each other in acclaiming the excellence and influence of this work. In accuracy and learning, in elegance, purity, and vigor of style, it rivals the achievement of Sir William Blackstone. In a word, the right of John Marshall to be entitled the Great Chief-Justice is no clearer and more undisputed than is that of James Kent to be known as the Great Chancellor and Great Commentator. There is reason to believe that the American Bar Association will heartily concur with the New York State Bar Association in sanctioning the proposal to erect a monument to Chancellor Kent.

A worthy movement is on foot for the purpose of raising funds for the erection of a monument to Thomas Jefferson at the national capital. Admiral Dewey is president of the Jefferson Memorial Association, and among the vice-presidents are President Woodrow Wilson, Jefferson M. Levy, ex-Governor Pattison, of Pennsylvania, and ex-Governor Lynde Harrison, of Connecticut. The appeal of the association for funds recites the fact that there is no monument to Jefferson at Washington. It might have added, that aside from a grotesque effigy of Lincoln, a tribute of soldiers to Garfield, a statue to Marshall, a statue to Franklin and another to Webster, the last two a gift of a private citizen, the statues in Washington are to soldiers, to sailors, to Frenchmen, and to Hahnemann. No great monument to a great American statesman, except those whom we have mentioned, is to be found outside of Statuary Hall. No signer; no father; no orator has been commemorated by Congress. The statues to the Frenchmen—Lafayette and Rochambeau—are the willing tributes of a grateful nation to those who were its friends in need, but there were Englishmen, too, who were most potent allies of our colonies in their struggle for independence. There ought to be statues at Washington to the elder Pitt, to Charles James Fox, and to Shelburne, without whose friendship our good ally, France, would have cooped us up in the narrow strip along the Atlantic and east of the Alleghenies. It was Shelburne who, against the wishes of Vergennes, drew England north of the Great Lakes, instead of down to the Ohio, as France desired. It was he, too, who gave us ground to the east bank of the Mississippi, although Vergennes insisted that Spain should come eastward to the Alleghenies. There ought to be room for Pitt and Fox and Shelburne, and for Jefferson, Hamilton, John and John Quincy Adams, Henry Clay, and other statesmen. For a nation of civilians we have a strange leaning towards uniformed men mounted on war horses. Why not celebrate our intellectual achievements? Why, for example, do we not put up statues to the men to whom we owe the Monroe Doctrine?

Some recently published statistics attest the surprising growth of national banks and savings-banks in the United States. In 1804 there were fewer than 600 national banking associations, and their aggregate capital was considerably less than \$100,000,000. At the end of 1865 the aggregate resources of the national banks, which then numbered 1515, amounted to less than \$1,360,000,000. Now let us look at the returns

made to the Comptroller of the Currency on October 1, 1902. At that date the national banks numbered 4691; their total capital stock was over \$714,000,000, and their aggregate circulation, \$390,000,000. Their aggregate resources amounted to \$611,000,000. The face value of the United States bonds now held by national banks is about \$457,000,000, and the individual deposits exceed \$3,209,000,000. The amount of money paid in to the Federal Treasury since 1863 by the national banks as taxes on circulation, capital, deposits, surplus, etc., reaches \$170,000,000. We add that the number of shareholders in the national banks is 330,124, to which total the New England States and Middle States, including under the last-named term, New York, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Delaware, Maryland, and the District of Columbia, contributed more than 225,000 individuals. Obviously, the national banks are organized and supported by the relatively rich. Turning to the savings banks, which are intended for the relatively poor, we observe that the aggregate deposits in these institutions increased in the five years preceding October 1, 1902, from \$1,340,000,000 to \$2,640,000,000. In the same period the number of depositors rose from 5,200,000 to 6,400,000. This is an astonishing exhibit when we consider that in many States the savings of the poor are invested in the stock of building associations. It should also be noted that the Federal government, through the money orders issued by its postal department, in 1902, did a banking business of upwards of \$311,550,000.

It is well known that most savings-banks fix a maximum sum beyond which they decline to receive deposits. It is also known that many depositors, having attained the maximum deposit, leave it in the savings-bank to draw interest for an indefinite period. The notion that such depositors or their personal representatives should be deprived by law of the right to appear at any time and claim their deposits will strike most persons as preposterous. Nevertheless, a bill has been introduced in the Pennsylvania Legislature which provides that mutual savings funds, building associations, and every financial institution under the supervision of the Banking Commissioner shall report forthwith to the commissioner the names of depositors, with the amount of their deposits, who have not claimed the payment of said deposits within twenty years. The bill proceeds to direct the commissioner to advertise for the depositors in question, and to summon them to appear and claim the money within a year. If at the expiration of a twelve-month a deposit remains unclaimed, it is to escheat to the State, and the commissioner is to be allowed one per cent. of the amount escheated.

It is incredible that such a barefaced fraud as this should be perpetrated by the law-makers of an opulent commonwealth. The present law in Pennsylvania with respect to unclaimed savings-fund deposits provides that those shall be turned over to the State Treasurer when thirty years have elapsed since the last deposit, but the right is carefully reserved to the depositor or his personal representatives of proving identity at any time, and suing the State for the recovery of the money. Not only would the proposed statute be an iniquitous violation of the rights of property, but the publication of the dormant accounts in savings-banks would be an invasion of the privacy which many depositors desire. As no high-class savings-bank is known to have objected to remaining the custodian of deposits for more than twenty years, the inference seems unavoidable that the bill introduced at Harrisburg has no other purpose but to increase the emoluments of State officials.

In its decision in the lottery cases, the United States Supreme Court took the immorality and hurtfulness for granted. From this point of view we are about a hundred years ahead of the governments of Continental Europe. The Prussian Diet lately spent a week in discussing the addition of another class to the State Lottery, an institution that yields something like \$2,500,000 a year. Of all the speakers, only one advocated the abolition of this mode of gambling. Lotteries play an important part in the finance systems of most of the German states, and the Finance Minister pointed out that if Prussia should abandon her scheme, the Prussians would spend just as much money on the lotteries of other countries belonging to the German Empire. It has been computed that

the net sums annually accruing to the various states from this source amount in the aggregate to some \$12,500,000. There is a current belief in Germany that it is not only morally proper for a man to buy a lottery ticket, but that it is his duty not to miss any such chance of providing for his family. Retired army officers consider the sale of lottery tickets a highly respectable business. Not only are there government lotteries, but private lotteries are authorized for such edifying purposes as building churches or defraying the expenses of charitable undertakings. Exactly the same view of lotteries prevailed on this side of the Atlantic during the Revolutionary war, and for considerably more than a generation afterwards. The Continental Congress authorized a lottery for the purpose of procuring supplies for the army. Many a church now standing in the Atlantic States was wholly or partly constructed with the proceeds of lottery tickets. Neither George Washington nor John Marshall would have deemed it immoral to invest money in lotteries, and Jefferson in the latter part of his life contemplated the organizing of a lottery as a means of repaying his dilapidated private fortune. If John Marshall, a hundred years ago, had written the decision of the United States Supreme Court in the lottery cases, his reference to such methods of procuring money would have been couched in terms very different from those which were actually used.

It is well known that Mr. Andrew Carnegie, and other accumulators of enormous fortunes have expressed the opinion that the kind of education normally acquired at universities, as distinguished from scientific or technical schools, is not conducive to success in life. When called upon to define their terms, they generally acknowledge that they have in view the form of success which they themselves exemplify. Professor Edwin G. Dexter, of the University of Illinois, has recently undertaken to prove in the *Popular Science Monthly*, that, even from the view-point of pecuniary success, a college education is not a handicap. He recognizes that, to prove his point, he must take the men who have most profited by their college opportunities according to the academic standard; that is to say, the men who, when they graduate, are accepted as the best exemplars of the outcome of university training. To that end he has investigated the careers of the members of the Phi Beta Kappa Society, which at Harvard, and we presume, at some other universities, is made up of the sixteen or more men in each class who have attained the highest academic distinction. The result of Professor Dexter's inquiry is that the high-grade man of his college day remains a high-grade man still when put to the tests of active life. The statistics which he has collected indicate that the Phi Beta Kappa man's chances of even pecuniary success are nearly three times those of his classmates considered as a whole.

The result reached by Professor Dexter is to some extent borne out by similar but less extensive investigations in Great Britain with regard to the subsequent careers of Senior Wranglers—that is to say, the best men of their year in mathematics at Cambridge, and of Double Firsts at Oxford, by which used to be meant those who took a First Class in both *literæ humaniores* and in mathematics, though the term is now applied, we believe, to those who take a First Class in mathematics or Greats, and also one in a second school, such as that of physical science, or that of law and modern history. A large majority of the Senior Wranglers become distinguished in after life for achievements in pure or the applied sciences, and the Oxford Double Firsts are almost certain to attain to eminence in the state or in the church. Sir Robert Peel took a Double First, so did Gladstone, so did Lord Carnarvon, who was Colonial Secretary in the first Salisbury cabinet. The roll of Lord High Chancellors and of Archbishops of Canterbury during the present century is thickly strewn with the names of those who had taken a First Class in classics at one or the other of the universities. Whether a university education tends, as a matter of fact, to promote success in manufacturing or commerce is a question which, so far as we know, has not been carefully tested in Great Britain. According to Professor Dexter, it must be answered in the affirmative so far as the United States are concerned.

The new drink legislation in England is immediately directed to the repression of drunkenness. The English

get drunk, and getting drunk has been made unlawful. The new laws in England, of which mention has been made in the WEEKLY, attack excessive drinking by black-listing the drunken and, if necessary, shutting them up. There is also going on in England a gradual and careful restriction of licenses to sell liquor. On the Continent, in France and Belgium, the intervention of government between the drinker and his stimulant takes a different form. In both those countries, observers report, the trouble is not so much that the patrons of alcohol get drunk, as that they manage to consume such an unconscionable amount of spirits in the course of the day without losing control of their faculties. The war in Belgium and in France is not against drunkenness but against alcoholism. The endeavor is to decrease the use of spirits; of Holland gin in Belgium; of brandy, liquors, and fortified wines in France. Accordingly the Belgian government has lately raised the tax on alcohol from 100 to 150 francs a hectolitre, hoping thereby to drive consumers from gin to beer. Belgium has undertaken to provide old-age pensions for its deserving poor, and is having an experience such as this country has had with pensions for military service. It finds that all the aged poor are certified as deserving, and that all the old men want pensions irrespective of poverty. Part of the expected increase of revenue from raising the tax on alcohol will be used to pay these new pensions. In France no new temperance legislation has yet been undertaken, but M. Meunier, Director of Public Assistance, having the drink evil very much on his mind, has been waging war against it with placards, which set forth in large print the dangerous qualities of John Barleycorn, and the great damage sustained by Frenchmen who dally with him overmuch. But the liquor interests in France are enormously strong, and fight hard, putting out counter-statements and citing witnesses on their side. They have even placarded the merits of alcohol as food, setting forth the conclusions on that point reached by our Professor Atwater, endorsed by a notable chemist, M. Duclaux, Director of the Pasteur Institute. It is hard on Professor Atwater that his laborious conclusions should be thus misused, but all that is merely a passing phase. If alcohol is doing as much harm in France as is represented the consumption of it is bound to be checked by something more effective than placards.

The ambition that every typical American feels, to do better than every one else in everything, is one of the most splendidly audacious national characteristics to be found in history. It is very grand to think that, one day or another, we must, by native right, excel the English in commerce, the French in taste, the Germans in scholarship, the Italians in art, the Greeks in wisdom, and the Hebrews in the knowledge of God. With so much to accomplish, the American spirit cannot be like Goethe's star, *Gibst Hast aber ohne Hast*—it must be equally without leisure and without pause. Those in the front must leap into the trench and die, in order that those in the rear may pass over. Of this sort of sacrifice there has been no lack. It began when the first explorers touched our shores; and it has been ready, at all times since, for every emergency of commerce, religion, or war. It has made the country. It has built up every State and city and house of business and seat of learning. Those who have come after have profited by the undying spirit of those who have gone before—of those who worked hard and often died too early. But it may be reasonably asked if the day has not now come for a quieter pace, and a less feverish sense of duty. The country is colossally rich and prosperous, even if it be not rich and prosperous enough. May not the individual begin to put forth his claims? May he not ask for time to breathe a little, to think a little, to live a little? May he not be permitted to remember that in the Pantheon there are other gods besides the great idol *Hustle*? While doing his daily work and treading his common round, has he not a right to some measure of that tranquillity which now he can look for only in the tomb—or in fleeing a change of raiment into a valise and sailing out into that big, unsatisfactory void which we call *Abroad*? In those days of co-operating energies we might venture to suggest

A Society for Knacking Americans,
Who Want to do so
To Stay Quietly at Home,
Without being Rushed to Death.

A hundred American citizens are to be sent to Siberia to work in the mines. As every well-informed reader of Russo-phobe melodrama knows, this is one of the most appalling fates that can overtake the most miserable sons of men—in novels. Yet, not only are the hundred American citizens ready to go, but the sole difficulty at present is to choose from more than a thousand applicants only the very best men. The scheme is this: Russia has, in Siberia, a country of great and varied resources and some six million square miles in extent, the population being about one person to the square mile—by far the smallest in the world for a habitable tract of like area. Russia herself is busy with the southern frontier of the Siberian territory, and the relations of that frontier to Mongolia, China, and Manchuria, a large part of which, probably three million square miles in all, is destined to come under Russian rule. Hence she has no spare energies to devote to the development of remote parts of Siberia, however rich or promising these may be. Siberia resembles the northern regions of our own continent, and the northeastern peninsula of Chukch, which runs up to Bering Strait, and at one point comes within forty miles of American territory, is in climate and character not unlike our own Alaska. This suggests the gold of the Klondike, and it is well known that Siberia is rich in gold deposits of much the same nature as those along the Yukon River and its tributaries; and this is especially true of the Chukch peninsula, which runs up to Bering Strait and the western part of Alaska. Not being able to develop her resources there, for the reasons we have given, Russia has turned to the United States, confident of finding here the help she needs, and recognizing our national gift as pioneers and settlers of new lands. She is willing to open an immense area of about two hundred thousand square miles—or twice the area of the Philippine Islands—to American miners, whose claims will become their absolute property in perpetuity, subject to a small land tax. In order to carry the scheme into operation, a company of transport and settlement has been formed, which will be paid by a royalty on all discoveries of gold, but the rights of which are only temporary, lapsing to the Russian government after twenty-five years. This precedent is likely to be greatly extended, to the benefit of all concerned.

Elwood Bergey has written a little book explaining why soldiers desert from the United States army. He has been a soldier, he says, and he knows that improper feeding and inconsiderate treatment are the trouble. On the strength of experience gleaned in the Spanish war, he accuses the Commissary Department of "criminal incompetency infinitely more horrible than physical torture," and he declares that our army organization has not a single redeeming or commendable feature. But he has remedies for all the army's troubles. His list includes more pay; trained cooks; no rations, but all a soldier wants to eat; like food and quarters for officers and men; "recognition of the right of all soldiers of whatever position to engage in criticism and in free speech at all times and under all circumstances"; and "abolition of military salutes and all other imbecile and servile practices." These are interesting suggestions and show a fine democratic spirit, though it will be questioned whether Elwood has in him quite the sort of timber that serviceable soldiers are made of.

Ponderous and pompous treaties have been written to prove the desirability of so-called compulsory arbitration of labor troubles out of the experiences of New Zealand with its Industrial Conciliation and Arbitration Act. The news columns of some of the New Zealand newspapers not infrequently contain argument calculated to shake faith in the scheme, all the more convincing because it is not intended as argument, but as every-day statement of the course of current events. Here is a case reported in the *Otago Daily Times*, printed at Dunedin early in February, in which the carpenters of Wellington applied to the arbitration court to settle a matter of wages. The court fixed the minimum wage at 1s. 4d. per hour, and the carpenters rebelled at once, voting that the court was unworthy the confidence of the workers, attacking the president with personal abuse, and going far in the consideration of a proposition to "pick up their tools" and leave their work rather than accept the award. It appears, according to an explanation in the *Times*, that while the

employer is bound by the terms of an award that covers an industry in which he is engaged, the individual worker is not personally bound in any sense. He approaches the court through the union, but the union is not responsible for what he may do after the award is made. When this condition is combined with the evident idea of many workers in New Zealand that the court should exist only for the purpose of raising wages and improving the conditions of labor, it is apparent that the true test of the whole system is coming when the court is compelled to reduce wages. "It is clear," comments the New Zealand newspaper, "that there is a section of unionists in Wellington, if not also in other parts of the colony, which, while accepting the principle of arbitration in industrial pursuits for what it is worth, has never ceased to contemplate the possibility of a strike being declared with a view of asserting demands that cannot otherwise be pressed." That is to say, on the spot, where state-managed industrial arbitration is an actual condition and not a nebulous theory, one party is disposed to view the whole scheme as a head-I-wind-tail-you-lose operation—a view which tends to the blurring of all those beautiful visions which can be made to shine at the other end of an antipodal telescope.

It has been reported that the colossal Anglo-American combination which, besides other steamship companies, has taken over the White Star line, has determined to build no more ocean greyhounds of the size of the *Oceanic* until the channel in the harbor of New York has been so deepened and widened as materially to facilitate access to the docks. Whether the North German Lloyd and the Hamburg-American Company will adopt a similar policy is as yet unknown. It is certain that the latest addition to the fleet of the North German Lloyd, the new express steamer *Kaiser Wilhelm II.*, which is due at New York about April 20, will be the largest passenger-steamer afloat. Her dimensions are: length over all, 706 feet, 6 inches; beam, 72 feet; height from top of keelson to promenade deck, 52 feet, 6 inches; and draught, when loaded, 29 feet, 6 inches. Her displacement is 25,500 tons. The engines are 40,000 indicated horse-power, and it is expected that the two bronze screws will give the vessel a speed of 23½ knots an hour. It is possible, if not probable, that she may slightly reduce the present record for voyages between New York and Southampton, but the report is now revived in England that a British company contemplates a change of route by which the transatlantic voyage would be cut down by about a day. The route proposed is from Galway, Ireland, to St. John's, Newfoundland, a distance of rather more than sixteen hundred miles. Allowance being made for the time required to cross from Ireland to Great Britain, and from the island of Newfoundland to the American mainland, it is computed that at least twenty-four hours could be saved. Whether the Galway route would ever become popular is doubtful.

On March 10 the voters of New Hampshire recorded their will as to eight proposed amendments to their State Constitution. They accepted four amendments and rejected six. They agreed that voters and office-holders in their State must hereafter know how to read and write, but they rejected woman suffrage by a heavy majority. Being invited to permit the substitution of "Christian" for "Protestant" in that portion of their bill of rights which authorizes towns to appropriate money for religious societies, they failed to give the proposal the necessary two-thirds vote, though the majority of the votes were for it. New Hampshire is progressive, but its progress is not headlong. The steps it takes, however, are probably permanent. It shows Eastern conservatism about woman suffrage. All the Eastern States are ready to talk about woman suffrage, but they seem to be no nearer its adoption than they were twenty-five years ago. It will evidently be tested in the constitutional West before any Eastern State tries it.

The advocates of woman suffrage are able to record two recent triumphs, one in the Eastern and the other in the Western Hemisphere. In the next elections for members of both the Upper and the Lower Chambers of the Parliament of the Australian commonwealth women will be allowed to vote; they will also be eligible for seats in both Houses. They have had the full Parliamentary suffrage in New Zealand for ten years. In South Australia they have voted since 1890, and in West Australia since 1901. So far at New Zealand is con-

cerned, the admission of women to the franchise had no distinguishable effect on the relative strength of parties. The outcome of the experiment in the Australian commonwealth will nevertheless be watched with interest, because there the great majority of women are said to be wage-earners, and it is possible that their votes may go en masse to the Labor party. In four American States women are already entitled to vote, and it seems probable that within a few years they will gain the full franchise in three other States, to wit, Oregon, Washington, and South Dakota. In Oregon the opposition to woman's rights has dwindled to a small fraction of what it was in 1884, and the majority against a constitutional amendment granting the franchise to women was diminished in the State of Washington from nearly 19,400 in 1889 to less than 9900 in 1898. In South Dakota the majority against woman suffrage, which in 1890 was nearly 24,000, sank in 1895 to less than 3300. Meanwhile, a partial suffrage has been conceded to women in many parts of the world. Thus in England both married and single women have the parish and district suffrage, and in Ireland women can vote for all office-holders except members of Parliament. In Norway also they have the municipal suffrage, and in France they can vote for Judges of the tribunals of commerce. In Kansas women have the municipal franchise; in Iowa, a limited municipal suffrage; in Ohio, Connecticut, and Delaware, the school suffrage; in Minnesota, the right to vote for library trustees; and in Louisiana, the right to vote upon all questions submitted to taxpayers. On the other hand, it cannot be said that women are as near to acquiring the Parliamentary franchise in the United Kingdom as they seemed some years ago.

There was nothing surprising in the fact that Colonel William J. Bryan attracted very little attention in his recent visit to cities on the Atlantic seaboard. If that is the experience of ex-Presidents, what else can ex-candidates expect! At the same time, it would be imprudent for Eastern Democrats to exaggerate the significance of the indifference evinced to Mr. Bryan in their section of the country. In several Southern States, and especially in Texas, Mr. Bryan still has many friends, although it is doubtful whether he will be able to control the whole of any Southern delegation in the next Democratic national convention. In many of the Northwestern States, on the other hand, as we have formerly pointed out, Mr. Bryan and his followers retain a hold of the party machinery, and there is no doubt that the delegates willing to accept his advice will constitute a considerable minority in the convention, although, in our opinion, they will fall somewhat short of the one-third needed to veto a candidate. Confronted by such a state of things, it would be obviously unwise for the Democratic party to antagonize the Bryan element by insisting upon a candidate certain to provoke on its part violent resentment, if not secession. It becomes, therefore, a matter of some interest to learn what candidates Colonel Bryan and his intimate associates regard as totally unacceptable. So far we know of only two that have been denounced in unequivocal terms. We refer, of course, to ex-President Cleveland and ex-Governor Hill. The latter seems to be even more obnoxious to the Bryanites than the former. During the last week Colonel Bryan has declined to say whether he would or would not regard Chief-Judge Parker of New York as a candidate worthy of his support or acquiescence in the national convention. In the address which he delivered at the Georgetown Law School, on February 21, he declined to say anything about the different persons who have been mentioned for the Democratic nomination, and confined himself to asserting that the man selected will subscribe to the Kansas City platform in its every detail. In that assertion Colonel Bryan is unquestionably mistaken. Whoever may be the candidate, he will have to stand upon a platform much more acceptable to conservative Democrats of the Southern and Eastern States than was that framed at Kansas City.

A new local-option liquor law, which was submitted last week to the consideration of the New Hampshire Legislature, provides that licenses shall not be issued except to persons of exemplary character, and takes special precautions to prevent the sale of liquor to the unfit. Under this proposed law a license may be warned not to sell liquor to an habitual ex-cel-der, by notice in writing from the mayor of the ex-cel-der's

city, a selectman of his town, or his wife, parent, guardian, or employer. If after such warning the liquor-seller does sell him liquor or lets him loiter on his premises, the said publican becomes liable to pay damages, not less than \$100, nor more than \$500. This seems a pretty good provision, and well devised to make saloon-keepers wary. It is one thing to refuse to sell a man liquor because it seems not to agree with him, and another and much easier thing to refuse because it may cost from one hundred to five hundred dollars to indulge him. The prospect of a heavy fine is an excellent stiffener to a saloon-keeper's backbone.

Professor Edward H. Strobel, of the Harvard Law School, is going to Siam to be legal adviser to the King. His Majesty of Siam is to be congratulated, for Mr. Strobel is both an exceedingly accomplished diplomatist and international lawyer, and a very agreeable companion. He was born in Charleston, South Carolina, and was one of the first Southern men to graduate at Harvard after the civil war. He studied law, but in 1885 went as secretary of legation to Madrid. In 1893 he was Third Assistant Secretary of State under Secretary Gresham. A year later he went as our minister to Ecuador, and in 1895 became minister to Chile, where he made so good an impression that after his resignation in 1897 he acted as arbitrator in the Ferret claim between Chile and France, and later as counsel for Chile before the United States and Chilean Claims Commission in Washington. As a Democrat Mr. Strobel went out of office with the Cleveland administration, but he is a man who should have been kept in our diplomatic service, and the fact that he is now going into the service of the King of Siam is a reflection on our diplomatic system.

It is getting to be worth while for an ambitious man to be mayor of a city. If the city has been so flagrantly misgoverned that its need of a competent mayor is pressing and acute, the opportunity is by so much the greater. Second-rate men don't answer in these civic emergencies. A man who demonstrates that he is enough of a man to stand between quarter or half a million people and civic misadministration is apt to be recognized as a likely candidate for something better. Melville F. Insalls, president of the "Big Four" Railroad, is candidate for Mayor of Cincinnati on the Citizens' municipal ticket. There are Republican and Socialist candidates in the field against him, but no Democratic candidate. Senator Foraker, who is, of course, an experienced observer of Democratic politics in Ohio, says that if Mr. Insalls wins, he will be the Democratic candidate for Governor, and later an aspirant for the Democratic nomination for President. Well, a successful Mayor of Buffalo became Governor of New York, and did not stop there. In Indianapolis there is a prospect that Booth Tarkington will be candidate for Mayor on the Republican ticket; another case of an aspiring citizen who thinks that preferment should begin at home.

The President is again going West, partly to make the speeches which were interrupted in Indianapolis in the summer, and partly to enjoy the Yellowstone Park. He is to be gone two months, beginning April 1. When he returns to Washington on the 1st of June, he will leave behind him a train of speeches stretching from Chicago westward through Madison, Waukesha, Milwaukee, La Crosse, Minneapolis, St. Paul, and the Dakotas to the Park. Then turning eastward, the speeches will make their way through Nebraska, echoing in the streets of Hastings, Lincoln, Fremont, and Omaha; thence, by way of Iowa, to St. Louis. Then they will turn again to the west and resound across Missouri, Kansas, Colorado, to southern California. Then they will ring through California to Portland, Tacoma, Seattle, fly across the plains of the State of Washington, climb the Rockies, and come back to Washington city by way of Idaho and Wyoming, pausing for a reply on Decoration day in Wyoming after rattling round the temple in Salt Lake City. It is to be hoped that the President will have a pleasant trip and a good time, and that his accompanying travel specialist will have little or nothing to do. It is especially to be hoped that no trolley-car accident will occur, and that if the President should be slightly hurt, he will recall the anxiety of the people when his leg was operated upon at Indianapolis, and try to spare the country any new bulletins. Mr. Roosevelt owes the country a good deal, and one of the smallest payments he can make on ac-

count is a little consideration of its feelings. It has suffered of late quite enough from shocks, so that Mr. Roosevelt ought to be more careful of himself than we all know that he wants to be.

There is a passage in *Lady Rose's Daughter* in which Mrs. Ward says of her heroine, "She resembled one of the famous *amoureuuses* of the eighteenth century, who, in writing to the man she loved but could not marry, advises him to take a wife to mend his fortunes." Our neighbor the Tribune has discovered that the *amoureuuse* in question was Mlle. Julie de Lespinasse, whose *Life and Letters* is familiar to readers of French memoirs. It has discovered and disclosed a number of very interesting analogies between the characters and careers of Julie de Lespinasse and Julie Le Breton, and finding "the points of resemblance between fiction and history in this matter" to be of interest, has wondered "whether or not they have been noticed by a house with the traditions of the Harpers." These expressions came duly to Mrs. Ward's notice. She has written a letter to the editor of the Tribune, expressing her pleasure that the relation between the two Julies has been detected. "I have, of course," she said, "made it sufficiently plain, both by calling my heroine Julie and by several references and passages in the book itself. . . . I might have tried to revivify the whole story, and if your readers had been able to trace my sources throughout, that, I submit, should only have been an additional pleasure to them and no discredit to me." But the Tribune is of a different mind. "The debt," it says, "is too great, too comprehensive, to be disposed of in this summary fashion, and a prefatory note containing the fullest explanation of the source of her plot and characters is the least which Mrs. Ward's readers have a right to expect."

This is a sweeping requisition, but one is glad that the Tribune makes no claim for pagery. In a later notice of the book it says that from the title-page of Mrs. Ward's novel the assumption is that "*Lady Rose's Daughter*" is to be taken as work proceeding solely from the author's brain," and that this assumption being erroneous, there should be professed "the explicit acknowledgment which we have indicated as being in order." Having stated, our neighbor's position is that Mrs. Ward blantly pilfered a good part of her story, and having been caught at it, will do well to make full confession. Neither the Tribune's manners nor its contention will commend itself to intelligent readers. No great novel ever proceeded solely from the author's brain. Human experience is the great treasure-house from which writers draw their materials, and whether they draw from observation or recorded history, or blend the two as Mrs. Ward has done, makes no ethical difference. If a living woman had suggested Julie Le Breton to Mrs. Ward, she could not with propriety have acknowledged her debt, nor is she under obligation to advertise that her heroine's prototype was a living woman two hundred years ago. She has put to a use entirely lawful materials of rare interest which she had the good fortune and discrimination to gather, and those materials, with design prepsse, she has so used as to make it inevitable that their source should sooner or later be discovered. Scott, in the later editions of the *Waverley Novels*, was used to tell in prefaces and notes where he found some of his characters, and how far he had followed history in his use of them. Mrs. Ward may sometime choose to do the like with her Julie, but if not, it is no one's affair but her own.

Akerman McCall says Mayor Low is a cold man; "so cold that he wouldn't melt in the hottest day in July." Except at election-time it is as well that a mayor should be cold. Ames, the runaway Mayor of Minneapolis, was a good fellow for many years. Nothing cold about him. Butler, the boss of St. Louis, has been described as a good fellow, by nature at first, professionally afterwards. There is Scripture for the assertion that to keep cool is better than to take a city, and when a man has taken a city, to keep cool—or even cold—is more important than ever. Taxpayers may like a cold mayor. So may voters who want just government and no favors asked.

The Panama Canal Treaty Ratified

There need be no misgivings in the public mind regarding the value of the canal concession secured by the treaty with Colombia, which was ratified by our Federal Senate on Tuesday, March 17, but which has still to be sanctioned by the Colombian Congress, the elections for which are now taking place. It is certain that the treaty would never be sanctioned in Bogota if it provided for the perpetual alienation of sovereignty over the canal strip under such alienation is prohibited by the Constitution of 1886; or if it had been bereft of the self-denying ordinance by which we disclaim any desire of annexing any part of the territory of Colombia or of any other Latin-American republic. This being indisputably the case, it is evident that the treaty, so far as these features go, would be as good as ratified. No one would be unwise to judge to the contrary, for the apprehensions of patriotic Colombians by insisting upon the concession, in so many words, of the privilege of fortifying the isthmus, inasmuch as such a privilege is implied in the recognized right to defend the canal.

As we have previously said, the treaty is by no means entirely perfect from our point of view, but, had it been, it would have no chance of securing the approval of the Colombian Congress. A hundred-year lease, with the option of renewal, is as near to perpetuity as we need to go, especially as possession is nine points on the law. When we are ever planted on the isthmus, and have spent some two hundred millions of dollars in constructing a canal, we shall not be content by any quibbling of municipal or international lawyers. *J'y suis, j'y reste* is not a motto coined solely for the benefit of England in Egypt. It seems to us, then, that all of the objections arrayed against the treaty by Senator Morgan, although, no doubt, put forward in good faith, were effectively disposed of by Senator Spooner. From the view-point of international law, Mr. Spooner was unquestionably right in denying the necessity or propriety of inquiring at this late date into the credentials of Señor Herran, who, as Colombia's representative at Washington, negotiated the treaty. Having recognized the Marroquin administration at Bogota as the *de facto* government of Colombia, and having our recognized Señor Herran as the authorized agent of that government, our State Department was stopped from disputing the qualifications of either to conclude a treaty. Equally inadmissible is another of Senator Morgan's assertions that, if Colombian Liberals should ever govern in Colombia, they would rescind the present Bogota government, it might decline to be bound by the canal treaty.

Nothing is more certain than that a repudiation of the treaty would be an act of war, from which we should have nothing to fear, for it would relieve us from the self-denying ordinance embodied in the treaty, and would justify us in occupying the whole of the isthmus. The Colombian Liberals are too sagacious to commit such an astounding blunder. Equally ill-founded is another apprehension expressed by Senator Morgan that, under the treaty, the Colombian authorities might interfere with the religious observances of Americans in the canal zone, inasmuch as the existing Bogota government represents the Conservative and Clerical party, and has entered into a concordat with the Pope. How long does Mr. Morgan imagine that we should brook an attempt at interference of the sort, and what evidence of stupidity has ever been displayed in Leo XIII. that would justify the imputation to him of a wish to interfere?

France, also, has a concordat with the Pope, but are not Americans residing in that country at liberty to worship God as they choose? Why should we assume that the Vatican or the Colombian civil power would violently provoke a quarrel in which defeat would be inevitable?

Not content with impeaching the qualifications of the Bogota government to conclude a treaty, Senator Morgan denied the validity of the title which the French Panama Canal Company proposes to convey in the United States for forty million dollars. Senator Spooner defended the conclusion reached by Attorney-General Knox in his report upon the subject, and recited the whole history of the proceedings by which the title formerly vested in the Lesapp corporation passed to the present company. There seems to be no doubt that this company has come legitimately into possession of the canal concession and of all the other property belonging to the old corporation, and has thus acquired an undoubted right to transfer it to any purchaser. Every link in the chain of the title has been tested and pronounced sound by the most eminent French lawyers. Besides, from the view-point of common sense, it is incredible that the French republic, after permitting the treaty to be made without a word of protest, should, after the purchase money has been paid, confront the imminent risk of war by impugning the title of the United States in the interest of pretended creditors of the old company. Did Senator Morgan mean to assert that the French government would come at an attempt to cheat a friendly power? The hypothesis is a wild one.

That the canal treaty ratified by our Senate will be sanctioned by the Colombian Congress is practically certain, because it is well understood at Bogota that any attempt to amend the document would result in postponing indefinitely the conclusion of an agreement. Moreover, the Marroquin government is in desperate need of cash, its paper currency being almost worthless, and the prospect of touching ten million dollars in gold will prove almost irresistible. It is also well understood at Panama, and among all intelligent Colombians, that the construction of an interoceanic canal will immeasurably conduce to the prosperity of their country, to say nothing of the large sum receivable annually by way of rental. We think that we are justified, therefore, in regarding the acquisition of the canal concession by the United States as a fact.

Closure in the Senate

The fact that Mr. Allison was the mover of the resolution looking to a change in the Senate rules involving the adoption of a method of limiting debate is suggestive of a disturbance of the Senatorial mind. Mr. Allison's service in the Senate antedates that of any other Senator with the exception of Mr. Stewart of Nevada, and is the longest service, for Mr. Stewart was out of the Senate for a time. It is also well known, too, that Mr. Allison is probably the most conventional Senator of the body. He clings to its traditions, believes in its rules and in its methods, and is as ready as any other to defend them against the assaults and criticisms of outsiders. Indeed, Mr. Allison has rarely, if ever, shown more passion than in his resentment of the speech made by Mr. Cannon on the last night of the last session. When Mr. Allison introduces a resolution contemplating the adoption of closure, it may be true that the change, if any, will be moderate, if he continues to have anything to say about it, as he will, but it is also true that, before

Mr. Allison moved, the somewhat angry attitude of the country toward the Senate must have been recognized by every Senator. That Mr. Allison was the spokesman indicates a consciousness on the part of the Senate that the time has come when public opinion must be respected.

The fact that the Senate does sometimes actually debate, is, at present, its chief virtue, or it would be if its debates were always reasonable and in defense or in aid of the general welfare. Even with its abuse of the right and duty of debating, the Senate stands in striking and honorable contrast with the other branch of Congress. In the House of Representatives, the adoption of closure has resulted in a tyranny which is unknown in any other country in which parliamentary proceedings exist. The House is now a silent body registering or voting down the effects of a small oligarchy which refuses to permit to the representatives of the people the right to discuss their reasons for their votes, or to discuss the questions before them with the view of reaching intelligent conclusions. No practice can be so bad as that of the House of Representatives, for it is a denial of freedom of speech, and of the individual freedom of the members. The license of the Senate is less dangerous than the destruction of liberty in the House; and this is shown clearly by the rising storm of popular indignation against the evils obtaining in the Senate, and, by the silence, indicative that it is not recognized, as to the more serious evil which has absolutely destroyed the deliberative character of the House of Representatives.

It is clear, however, that the Senate should possess the power to prevent the parliamentary offense of obstruction. During the session which has just closed we have seen some of the most important measures before Congress fall before the obstructive powers, including the strength of lungs, of Mr. Morgan, Mr. Quay, and some of their accomplices. Freedom of debate does not imply license to talk to death nor to assure which the talkers do not like. The country and the Senate have the right to a vote on the subject. It ought to be impossible for a single Senator, or for a minority, to destroy for practical purposes a session of Congress. As matters stand today, however, a single Senator, with an especially strong pair of lungs, can prevent the enactment of legislation. It is this power to which Mr. Cannon alluded when he said that legislation in Congress depended upon the unanimous consent of the Senate. By reason of the Senate's lack of power to curb and prevent merely obstructive speech, and by reason also of the "rule of courtesy," which gives to each Senator a power of veto over a measure which is so great that he is able to hold the floor against all comers and to defeat the purposes of the session, to disappoint the country, and to deny it remedial legislation such as the Aldrich bill of the last session, for example, which may be necessary to avert financial disaster.

In the English House of Commons the sort of license to which the Senate has just treated the country is called "the offense of obstruction." It is an offense of very grave character, and one which ought not to be permitted absolutely to destroy all legislative proceedings. But it is to this point that the practice has brought the Senate, and the country is demanding a remedy so loudly that even Mr. Allison has heard it. Closure is a method which is not popular among people bred in the atmosphere of free institutions. It ought not to be necessary. It is, in fact, never necessary until legislative institutions are breaking down. When the Reed rules were adopt-

ed, for example, the House had become incapable of transacting public business. The minority held it by the throat. It was a body off as the Senate is to-day. The remedy adopted, however, is as bad as the disease. Absolute prevention of all debate, as is permitted by the rules of the House, is as evil of the same kind as prevention of debate by obstructive speech. Mr. Morgan's performance on the Panama Canal treaty was not debate; it was no more debate than a rule of the House hierarchy actually forbidding speech. Senate obstruction is as House obstruction formally was, merely a method of reaching the end now accomplished in the popular branch by a special rule, the difference being that the killing of debate by obstruction is done by the minority, or by a single Senator, while the killing of debate by a rule is done by the majority. The end is precisely the same up to a certain point, deliberation and discussion are ended, but in the House business is done by an irresponsible oligarchy, which, refusing to make public the reasons for and the purpose of its actions, may undermine our institutions without our knowledge.

What the Senate ought to do is apparent. It ought to restore real freedom of debate, to which, as we have said, it still clings as a measure, by putting an end to obstruction. It would do itself and the country a great wrong if it followed the example of the House, and it is to be hoped that there is one branch of our government which may be depended on to preserve what the freedom of our race have always called "our ancient liberties." Among these is freedom of debate, which, with the power to act, is at the mercy of the minority in the Senate, while in the House free speech has been killed by the majority. The most deplorable feature of the conduct of the House, and of the so-called Reed rules, is the evidence afforded by them of the loss of the instincts of freedom by the representatives of the people. A body which possesses these instincts can prevent the commission of the offence of obstruction in such a way that real debate will be more free. It is true that every legislative body to which closure is necessary has lost, to some degree, the traditions which marked the progress of the English Commons to the headship of the English government. Closure, as we have said, is necessary to retard and prevent decadence, but if decadence be a fact, as it seems to be, it is a fact which, like others, must be reckoned with. A high-minded legislative assembly, as our Congress and the English Commons were until the present generation, will not avoid closure, will be above it; but when closure is needed, the need is absolute and must be met. That the need is present in the Senate we well-informed persons not a Senator will deny.

In adopting a rule of closure the Senate should follow the example of the Commons and not that of our own House of Representatives. The House of Commons adopted closure in 1882, but its rule differs materially from that of the House of Representatives. In England, some debate is assumed, and must actually have taken place, before further debate is shut off. Even in the application of what the Commons calls the "guiltiness," which has been enforced only three times—in 1887, in 1893, and in 1904—debate must have been proposed and more obstinate opposition must have been revealed. Milder methods even than these the Senate, it is to be hoped, will find effective. It must put down its hands in doing as it ought to preserve the essential spirit of free debate. Closure is now essential; if it is ever again to become non-essential it must be by a reform in the spirit of our lawmakers. As Leonard Courtney, speaking

of closure in "The Working Constitution of the United Kingdom," says: "It may be said with some truth that it is an odious necessity provoked by reiterated discussions from which the parliamentary spirit had already vanished. Those who desire to see it fall into disuse must be zealous to co-operate in restraining the abuse of opposition on the one side and of impatience on the other." In other words, when the Senate comes again to that sweet reasonableness which is the genuine spirit here of perfect knowledge of the sanctity of free speech, and of the dishonor of disordered talk for opposition's sake, it may get along without closure. At present it cannot perform its duties except under a rule of closure, rational and wisely administered, and the country has the right to demand that it shall adopt all measures that will put an end to its present insolent inefficiency.

The Cuban Treaty

At the hour when we write it seems to be settled that the Cuban Reciprocity treaty will be ratified by the Senate, but that the ratification will be coupled with a provision that the treaty shall not be operative until it is approved by the House of Representatives. There is no doubt that, had not the Republicans consented to this compromise, the Democratic Senators, under the leadership of Mr. German, could by filibustering have prevented ratification. Neither can it be denied that, from the view-point of constitutional law, there is a good deal of ground for the claim of the House that its approval is required for the validity of a treaty which affects the revenue, or the power of Congress to regulate commerce. The dissolution of the point involved is a hundred and seven years old. It is now well known that certain provisions touching the regulation of commerce were inserted in the Jay Treaty concluded with Great Britain in 1795 by Alexander Hamilton, with the express design of establishing a precedent for making laws by the convenient combination of President and Senate, instead of President and the whole Congress. When the Jay Treaty was proclaimed by President Washington the law of the land, a resolution was offered in the House, and adopted, rolling on the Executive for the papers relating to the negotiation. Washington refused to submit the papers, and, after a time, the House receded from its position in this particular case, but, nevertheless, put on record its claim of a right to deliver it upon the expediency of carrying into effect any treaty which must depend for its execution on laws to be passed by Congress, or that deals with subjects given by the Constitution to the control of Congress. Gallatin made at the time a speech which Jefferson pronounced the best commentary ever published on the treaty-making clauses of the Constitution, and Jefferson himself, in a letter to Monroe, expressed the opinion that an act of legislation is needed to confirm treaties that include matter confided by the Constitution to the three branches of the Legislature. Jefferson acted on this principle in the Louisiana Treaty of 1803, seeking and obtaining the judgment of the House before the treaty was made. In 1808, although the House receded from the larger claim which it first put forth with regard to the Alaska Treaty. It succeeded in securing the assent of the Senate substantially to the treaty doctrine announced by Jefferson. A conference committee evolved a compromise declaration that, whereas the President had entered into a treaty with the Emperor of Russia, and the Senate had therefor given its advice and consent to said treaty, and, where-

as the stipulations thereof could not be carried into full force and effect, except by legislation to which the consent of both Houses of Congress would be necessary, therefore it should be enacted that the sum required should be appropriated. It is further to be noted that the Dingley act, which permitted a reduction of customs duties in the case of countries that should conclude reciprocity treaties with the United States, was careful to provide that such treaties should be approved by the House of Representatives. The fact, however, that the Cuban Reciprocity treaty is not to become operative until it obtains the assent of the House renders it the more necessary for the President to convolve Congress in special session at a date considerably earlier than that at which it would normally assemble. It is a great pity that the Cuban treaty was not ratified during the last session, so that it might then have secured the approval of the House. The delay may be detrimental to our interests, for, after the agreement against sugar bounties reached at the Brussels conference goes into effect, as it will early in October, the sugar industry in Cuba may receive so great a stimulus from the guarantee that the insular government will withdraw some of the large concessions offered to the United States. It is an ominous fact that on March 14 some three thousand tons of raw sugar were purchased in Havana for the English market. This was the first transaction of the kind in a quarter of a century.

Germany's Mistake

ACCORDING to the latest news from Berlin, it is now recognized by intelligent Germans that the booting-out of Venezuela, while ostensibly a success, has proved a blunder from the viewpoint of Germany's naval interests, and has indeed been met with being sagaciously anticipated and partially accomplished by Dr. von Helldorn in the way of conciliating American good-will. There is reason to believe that Dr. von Helldorn was not personally responsible for the visit of Prince Henry of Prussia, much less for the offer of a statue of Frederick the Great. These foolish and futile overtures are chargeable to the Kaiser alone. The late German ambassador, who was not only a highly educated man, but a keen observer, had the advantage of a long acquaintance with the United States, and almost from the outset he discerned that the true sovereign of this country is public opinion, to which not only Senators and Representatives, but also the wisest Presidents turn over an attentive ear. He devoted himself to gaining the respect and sympathy of the real shapers of public opinion, who, we need not say, are not Federal officials, but the great jurists, lawyers, educators, editors, and financiers. How well he succeeded was attested by the unthought bestowal of an LL.D. degree by Harvard University, an almost unique honor, the significance of which seems to have been totally unappreciated by his imperial master. Although a studious attempt has been made at Washington and by administration organs to suppress the truth, there is not a shadow of doubt among well-informed persons that in April, 1898, Dr. von Helldorn opposed, while Lord Pauncefote favored, a joint protest on the part of the European governments against our interposition on behalf of Cuba. This we could easily prove by a mere citation of dates and facts, but we have no desire to revive dead issues or to preach to the converted. It concerns us, however, to know that Dr. von Helldorn was too thoroughly in touch with the deeper currents of American opinion to

suggest, or even approve, of the armed demonstration against Venezuela, which culminated, and was intended to culminate, in the sequestration of a considerable fraction of the customs revenue of an American republic. From the view-point of German interests, it matters little whether the demonstration was first mooted in London or in Berlin; the fact remains that it was eagerly adopted by Kaiser William II., and that in the application of force to Venezuela the German war vessels, sailing under orders, made themselves particularly odious.

Now what has been the outcome of the Venezuela business, so far as Germany is concerned? In the first place, the German Emperor has been politely informed by our State Department that it would be judicious to postpone the execution of the silly project of presenting us with a statue of Frederick the Great, who, during our Revolutionary war, repeatedly refused to recognize the independence of the United States. In the second place, the American Congress, which, but for the Anglo-German expedition against Venezuela, would almost certainly have contested itself with a modest appropriation for the navy, ordered the building of five battle-ships, besides providing for a large increase in the number of officers and men. This sudden and notable expansion of our expenditures upon the navy coincided with the inflexible refusal of the Reichstag to carry out the programme of the German naval authorities, the appropriations demanded being cut down by several million dollars. What makes the situation worse in German eyes is the knowledge that the course taken by the Reichstag was entirely justified, in view of the depletion of the fatherland's pecuniary resources, whereas the American Congress might have ordered the construction of fifteen battle-ships instead of five without subjecting the Federal Treasury to any excessive strain. In circumstances such as these, we are not surprised to hear that distinguished dispatchers has been provoked in German naval circles by the new naval programme of the United States. The reflection that the mighty increase of the American fleet is mainly due to the Venezuelan demonstration is not, we can well believe, a pleasant one. There would be some consolation for Germany if the acquisition of England's friendship could be set against the loss of American good-will. This is so far from being the case that it is precisely since Lord Lansdowne and Chancellor von Bismarck agreed upon a joint coercion of Venezuela that British public opinion has forced the Admiralty to establish a naval station on the coast of Venezuela, which, in the event of war, would be a serious menace to the conveyance of food supplies to Germany, inasmuch as a blockade could be established of the Channel and the North Sea.

Having failed to secure England's friendship, and having lost that of the United States, what can Germany be said to have gained by the Venezuelan affair? She has not even gained the establishment of a precedent which, applied hereafter to Latin-American republics, might enable her to control them through the confiscation of their customs revenue. She has not established a precedent, because a President and a Secretary of State have no power to bind the American people. As was shown in the case of the Clayton-Bulwer convention, the national will cannot be constrained even when the folly of the State Department is embodied in a treaty sanctioned by the Senate and perpetual on its face. The American people have never authorized the interpretation of the Monroe Doctrine which Mr. Roosevelt gave to it in his second annual message, nor have they authorized Mr. Hay to countenance the Anglo-German ex-

pedition against Venezuela which was undertaken for the express purpose of consuming a part of the republic's customs revenue. Until the American people have maturely considered the question, and announced a definite decision thereon, the precedent which, for a time, the Berlin Foreign Office supposed itself to have acquired, is absolutely worthless. This truth seems already to have penetrated the minds of some intelligent Germans. Thus the other day an eminent naval expert, in close touch with official opinion at Berlin, said by an interview that the danger to Germany from the United States lay not so much in the expansion of the American fleet as in the popular sentiment which had compelled the action of Congress. He admitted that the expansion of the American navy was to be contemplated with alarm by Germany, because popular feeling might at any time require the fleet to be used. Especially significant was his final declaration that recent history had convinced the German government that, no matter how cordial might be the relations between our State Department and the Berlin Foreign Office, the real factor in the situation is now, and always will be, American public opinion. If this fundamental fact has been driven home to the consciousness of German officials, the expedition against Venezuela will not have been entirely useless. Otherwise it was a grave mistake; the sums of money extorted from the South-American debtor will prove but a meagre compensation for the distrust and dislike aroused in the people of the United States.

But a few months will elapse before the divergent interests of Germany and the United States on this side of the Atlantic will again be sharply emphasized. According to another telegram from Berlin, the German Foreign Office has decided that, as soon as the reciprocity treaty between Cuba and the United States is ratified, it will ask both the Cuban and the United States governments for identical privileges, on the ground that its treaties with those governments contain the "most-favored-nation" clause. There is no doubt that the reciprocity treaty, when it becomes operative, will enable American exporters so to undersell their German competitors as practically to drive them out of the island. There is not the slightest chance, however, that American public opinion will permit our State Department to pay any heed to the protest from Berlin. The threat to deprive us of the benefit of the "most-favored-nation" clause in our treaty with Germany has no terrors for us. It is Germany's fault that we are so long in a frame of mind to care what Germany may do or refrain from doing.

Argentina's Overtures

ALTHOUGH an attempt has been made to minimize the significance of the communication addressed to our State Department by the Argentine Minister for Foreign Affairs, it is undoubtedly an incident of great international importance. Admitting that Argentina did not formally propose to conclude an offensive and defensive alliance with the United States, for the support of the Monroe Doctrine, as it was originally propounded in 1823, we must still recognize that she indicated a willingness to enter into such a coalition by signifying a frank and full acceptance of that doctrine. Powers that heartily desire the same result can be relied upon to co-operate in furtherance thereof whenever co-operation shall be needed. So far as we know, Argentina is the third Latin-American power of any considerable magnitude which has officially ac-

knowledged the Monroe Doctrine to be a principle binding on the whole of the New World. There is no doubt that the Jurez government equidistantly applied to that doctrine when it sought the good offices, if not the active aid, of the United States for the purpose of repelling the French invasion of Mexico. No less undeniable is it that the same doctrine was invoked by Venezuela when that republic requested the United States to support her demand for the submission of the boundary dispute between herself and British Guiana to arbitration, a demand which Great Britain had persistently rejected. Whether on the same ground Nicaragua requested our intervention when Corinto was seized by Great Britain we are not now able to say, for so far as we know, the fact, if it be one, has not been divulged by our State Department. That Peru during her war with Chile would gladly have recognized the Monroe Doctrine, or even consented to our assumption of a protectorate, in return for our interposition on her behalf, we have no doubt whatever. As yet, however, none of the three populous and powerful South-American States, to wit, Brazil, Argentina, and Chile, has officially adopted the doctrine formulated by Monroe, much less expressed a readiness to co-operate with us in its defence. That is why the position taken by the Buenos Ayres government may well be regarded on both sides of the Atlantic as the beginning of an epoch. Henceforth, whenever the territorial integrity of a Latin-American republic is threatened by a European power, not only will it be our own duty to interpose, but we can have for the asking Argentina's help in the intervention. That is to say, we should have at our disposal, if we needed them, not only coal and repair stations in the south Atlantic, but also the military, naval, and fiscal resources of one of the most prosperous of Latin-American commonwealths.

That is its duty, as well as its prerogative on the part of Argentina is a death-blow to any hopes of annexation that may have been more or less secretly entertained in Italy and Germany. For every German settler in Brazil, there are ten Italian settlers in the territory of the Argentine Confederation. An incomparably stronger case could be made by Italy for interference in Argentina than could be put forward by Germany for interference with the southern provinces of Brazil. So long as the Buenos Ayres government refrained from planting itself squarely on the Monroe Doctrine, it was always conceivable that intimate racial and commercial relations between Argentina and Italy might eventually lead to a close political connection, and with the outbreak of our war against Spain there were signs in Buenos Ayres itself of a sentiment favorable to the formation of political ties between the Latin-American republics of the New World and the Latin powers of Europe. Strange to say, a great many, if not the majority, of Latin-American sympathizers with Spain rather than with the Cuban insurgents and with the United States, that feeling, if shrewdly encouraged, and not extinguished by a premature exposure of European designs of financial, if not territorial, conquest, might have brought about an alienation of Rio America from the conqueror of Porto Rico and the Philippines. That so such result has followed the first outbreak of sympathy with Spain on the part of Spanish-American is due to two causes,—first, our faithful compliance with the self-denying ordinance by which our Congress pledged itself to give Cuba political independence, and, secondly, our refusal to take part, although we also had unliquidated claims, in the acts of war by which Great Britain, Germany, and Italy undertook to enforce the payment

of debts alleged to be due by Venezuela. The British-German-Italian demonstration, coupled with the disapproval of it expressed in the United States, proved two things to Latin-Americans.—first, that they have nothing to fear from us, and, secondly, that they have everything to fear from Europe. That is why Argentina, after hesitating for three-quarters of a century, definitely made up her mind to throw in her lot with the United States, and we may be certain that her example will, soon or late, be followed by Uruguay, by Chile, by Brazil, by Peru, and by Ecuador. As for Bolivia and Paraguay, they are protected against foreign aggression by their interior position, while the proximity of Colombia and Venezuela to the projected Panama Canal constitutes an insurmountable safeguard.

It is the fault of President Roosevelt and of his Secretary of State that the second suggestion made by Argentina proved unavailing and perplexing. That the suggestion, when its purport and consequences shall be thoroughly understood, will be approved by the American people, there is no doubt whatever. It is insisted out by the Argentine Minister for Foreign Affairs that the permanent occupation of the territory of an American republic was by no means the only way to which the Monroe Doctrine, as originally defined by its proponent, could be violated by a European power. For what said President Monroe? He said that this country could not view with approval any attempt of a European power to oppress or in any way to control the destiny of a Latin-American republic. As the Argentine Minister for Foreign Affairs points out, it would be absurd to pretend that the destiny of an American republic was in no way controlled if its customs revenue, on which mainly it depends for the support of its civil and military administration, were confiscated for the benefit of European creditors. Nobody in his senses would deny that, under precisely similar circumstances, the destiny of Egypt is controlled absolutely by Great Britain. Just now Argentina punctiliously meets her obligations to foreign creditors, but, as her foreign debt exceeds a billion dollars, we must recognize that, should the default in the payment of interest and sinking fund, and should she thereupon be subjected to the treatment which Venezuela has received, the whole of her customs revenue might be sequestered in the interest of creditors. That is why Argentina proposes that the Monroe Doctrine shall be defined more explicitly in regards the latter, without departing from the spirit of the principle. She asks us to join with her in announcing that hereafter ordinary debts, arising out of contract, to which the maxim *credetur captor* is fairly applicable, shall not be collectible in the Western Hemisphere by force. That is to say, the penalty incurred by an American republic for the failure to pay ordinary debts shall simply be the loss of credit in the stock-exchanges of the world, which is a sufficiently grievous punishment. Or, to put the matter in a nutshell, either now or hereafter shall any American commonwealth be exposed to the fate of Egypt. Of course the Argentine Minister for Foreign Affairs is careful to draw the obvious distinction—a distinction only overlooked by those who desire to offend the public mind—between a demand for the redress of grievances or reparation for wrongs, and a demand for the payment of loans and advances which European lenders and investors have made with their eyes open. As a matter of fact, at the time of the English-French-Spanish expeditions against Mexico, and, again, in the Crimean war, our State Department was careful to distinguish between damages exacted for wrongs or grievances, and ordinary debts. Those widely different

classes of claims were confounded, however, by Mr. Roosevelt in his second annual message under the vague and elastic term "just obligations," and the demonstration against Venezuela was the almost immediate result. It should be remembered that damages for wrongs constitute but a very small fraction of the sum for which Venezuela has, with the connivance of our State Department, been compelled to plodge for an indefinite period a third of the customs revenue of La Guayra and Puerto Cabello. By far the greater part of the sum consists of ordinary debts, including bonds on which the Caracas government has failed to pay the stipulated interest.

We have no doubt that, when the true inwardness of the Venezuela business, and of the precedent sought to be established by the blocking power, becomes thoroughly known to the American people, they will compel their Federal government to adopt the definition of the Monroe Doctrine suggested by Argentina.

The Czar's Reforms

THE favorable impression produced by the ukase in which Nicholas II. promised religious toleration and local economical and political reforms was quickly dulled by the announcement that the practical methods of carrying out the Czar's intentions are to be planned by a commission presided over by Mr. von Plehwe, the Minister of the Interior, one of the most inflexible reactionists in Russia. He is no more likely to be credited with any honest desire to improve the civil administration than would be Mr. Pobiedonostzeff, lately the Procurator of the Holy Synod, with a wish to reverse diasters and Jews from persecutions.

It is true that Mr. von Plehwe may be outwitted in the commission, and that he may be only permitted to retain his post on the understanding that he will make no attempt to thwart the designs of more progressive colleagues. There is no doubt, however, that, as the Czar evidently wants to conciliate the Russian Liberals, he would do well to assign the framing of the projected measures to men who enjoy the public confidence. Unless the provincial and district assemblies are to be allowed to raise more money for local purposes and to exercise a larger measure of control over the money when raised than they have lately possessed, the proposed political reforms will prove fruitless from the viewpoint of local autonomy. The representatives of the Ministry of the Interior have steadily enervated upon the functions originally delegated to the zemstvos, and nobody has been a worse sinner in this respect than Mr. von Plehwe. To expect such a man to aid in a revival of local self-government is like employing a wolf to recognize a sheepfold. We repeat that, as it is of vital moment to Nicholas II. that the Russian people shall be convinced of his sincerity, it would have been expedient to put some but well-known Liberals on the reform commission.

By whom the precise extent of the religious toleration proclaimed is to be defined is as yet undivided. It is scarcely credible that all of the multitudinous sects of the Raskolniks, or dissenters from the orthodox Greek Church, will be suffered to propagate their peculiar views and practices, for some of these, such as the refusal to serve in the army, have been deemed incompatible with the safety of the state.

That something will be done for the relief of the village communities, which comprise about four-fifths of the Russian population,

and which are suffering, not only from inordinate taxation, but also from the galling necessity of performing forced labor at the bidding of government officials, we may unquestionably assume. Unless measures are taken to allay the widespread discontent of the Moujiks, who, for the first time, are beginning to doubt the beneficent intentions of their Little Father, the whole autocratic system of Russia may collapse. It will be observed that not a word is said in the ukase about the Imperial Parliament, which it was once hoped would crown the constitutional edifice, of which the middle and lower stages were to be provided by the provincial and district assemblies or zemstvos. Never has Russia been so near representative government, in something like the Western sense of the word, as she was on that fatal day in 1881 when Alexander II. having just signed a proclamation convoking a species of Parliament, was done to death by nihilist assassins. It is no secret that his son and successor, Alexander III, suppressed the document and embarked upon a policy of violent reaction.

Will England Renounce Free Trade?

THE recent reposition of a registration duty on importations of grain and flour is only one of many indications that the United Kingdom is tending toward an abjuration of free-trade doctrines. The London National Review, since it passed into the hands of the present editor, has been a persistent and vigorous advocate of a reversion to a protectionist policy, and it has gradually acquired a great deal of support among newspapers representing Conservative opinions and Imperialist aspirations. At the recent conference of colonial premiers in the British metropolis, the fact was brought out clearly that for the desired consolidation of the empire an economic basis was indispensable—that is to say, the mother-country would have to impose so considerable a duty on food products imported from foreign countries as would establish her as a substantial preference to similar commodities coming from the colonies. It has since been pointed out that, even if Australia should follow Canada's example, and grant a preference of 33 1/3 per cent. to British manufactures, the concession would prove fruitless unless Great Britain should impose a corresponding duty on foreign manufactures of a similar kind; for, otherwise, it would prove practically impossible to prevent the latter from being shipped to Great Britain, and thence transhipped to the colonial markets. It is also no secret that the one inflexible apostle of free-trade principles in the Balfour cabinet, Sir Michael Hicks Beach, was virtually forced to resign the post of Chancellor of the Exchequer, and that Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, who now dominates the ministry, is by no means opposed to such moderate measures of protection as would render it possible to form closer ties with the great colonial dependencies. It is this combination of circumstances which gives great importance to the volume just published in London by John Millar, and entitled *The Coming Reaction*, or "Legislation." The author, who writes, not like a theorist, but like a statesman, has undertaken a brief survey and criticism of what he believes to be the vices of England's present economic system. He declines to accept the orthodox economy of the Manchester school as a deductive science the outcome of which is absolute truth, but pursues the historical method of inquiry, and arrives at the conclusion that it is a protectionist policy unwaveringly applied

for many generations that England owes the supremacy which she has enjoyed in the sixteenth century as regards the ocean-carrying trade and the prosperity of manufacturers to the world. One of the most interesting sections of the work is devoted to a demonstration that only by the enforcement of a protectionist system were Englishmen enabled to oust the Dutch from the position of maritime ascendancy which the latter undoubtedly enjoyed throughout the seventeenth century. Finally, the argument is clinched in a section which traces the extraordinary prosperity of the iron and cotton industries of the United States directly to our inflexible acceptance of a protectionist policy.

It is well known that, for many centuries after the Norman conquest, England was a wool-growing and wool-exporting country. The raw wool was sent to the Netherlands, and part of it came back in the shape of cloth. It was Edward IV. who, in 1463, inaugurated the protection of the woolen manufactures of his country by forbidding the importation of woolen cloths and woolen caps. With the exception of a very short period in the days of the commonwealth, the prohibition of the importation of foreign woolen cloth is almost without exception. On the other hand, the small export duty on woolen cloth was swept away under William III., after which all British manufactures of wool could be exported duty free. In a word, the fostering of the native woolen industry was, for nearly four centuries, the keystone of the trade policy of England. What was the result? In the reign of Elizabeth the export of woolen goods represented approximately one-half of the total export trade of the country, and in the eighteenth century the proportion was even higher. Not only did the protectionist policy all into being and perpetuate in England an hereditary textile skill as the basis of the woolen industry, but it fostered invention. All the inventions which have revolutionized the industry were made before the days of free trade. It has been loosely asserted that England was bound to develop a textile trade in wool because she was a wool-growing country. If so, why did not the same result come about in Spain? For five centuries Spain has been a wool-growing country, producing the finest wools in the world, yet she possesses no textile industry.

England's cotton industry owes even more to a protective policy than does her woolen industry. Cotton is not indigenous in the United Kingdom, as wool is, and it is little short of a marvel that such an industry should have built up in a country which does not grow as much of the raw material, and does not consume more than a fraction of the total output. Lancashire manufactures cotton which is grown in the United States, and sells it as cloth to India and China. In a sense, therefore, the industry is entirely exotic, and nothing but the powerful energy of government support could have localized and specialized the trade in England. At the first glance England's iron industry may be thought to owe less to protective action than do her textile trades. The author of this book shows, however, that the protection which it enjoyed during the critical period of its early growth was efficient and sufficient. We should bear in mind that it was not until 1728 that the process of smelting iron in a blast furnace by means of pit coal instead of charcoal was perfected. From the moment this process was invented the obstacles which had been thrown in the way of the iron industry by the laws against decaying timber vanished, and the government led itself zealously to the support and protection of the manufacturers of iron and steel products.

From the middle of the eighteenth to the days of free trade in the nineteenth century, the tariff was arranged with the double object of discouraging the import of manufactured articles of iron and steel, and, at the same time, of encouraging the importation of raw iron—that is to say, iron in the form of pig or bar.

Passing to the effect of protection upon the American cotton industry, the author notes that in 1807, when the embargo was imposed on imports from England, the number of spindles in the cotton factories was only 8000. By the close of the War of 1812-15, the number was 500,000. The tariff of 1816, with its 25-per-cent. duty on cotton goods saved the native trade from extinction at the hands of its British competitors. In all the subsequent tariff legislation of the United States the protection of the cotton industry has been maintained, with the result that in 1895 the number of spindles had reached the total of 15,831,823, and the exports of cotton goods amounted to \$30,000,000. Such an export would be an utter impossibility, and American competition with Lancashire in the China market would be entirely impracticable if the American industry had gone to sleep and become demoralized under protection, which, the advocates of free trade assert, is the inevitable effect of a protective policy.

The American iron industry was protected to a certain extent by the tariff of 1816, and the duties on pig iron and rolled bar were considerably raised at various subsequent dates, but it was not until after 1840, when the process of smelting by anthracite was applied, that the enormous growth of the industry began. It was not, however, until very high duties on iron and steel products were imposed during and after the civil war that the industry advanced by leaps and bounds. Between 1870 and 1900 the imports of steel rails from England sank from between one and two hundred thousand tons to nothing at all. Within the same twenty years the total production of raw iron in the United States expanded until it exceeded that of Great Britain. In 1870 England produced nearly four times as much; in 1896, the United States completely outdistanced her. No longer, moreover, do we hear of the demoralizing and retarding influence of protection in connection with this industry. On the contrary, if American iron and steel manufacturers are able to beat their British competitors, not only is foreign, but is colonial markets, and even in Great Britain itself, the result is at least partly attributable to the superior quality of the American iron and steel labor, the higher specialization of machinery and processes, and even the higher individual intelligence of the workman himself. In a word, free-trade England is sending deputations to study the industrial methods of a protectionist country.

His appeal to history has convinced the author that the free-trade theory has broken down, and that common sense and patriotism alike demand that British statesmen should repossess themselves of that valuable weapon of a tariff which they flung away two generations since. He does not hesitate to say that, were he the Chancellor of the Exchequer, he would transfer boldly the miller industry which Germany has stolen from England back to the latter country by a stroke of the pen. He would do the same with the metal-enclosure trade, for the simple reason that he prefers the prosperity of Birmingham before that of Bremen. Evidently he would also put a duty on food products coming from the United States, in order that he might give a substantial preference to colonial commodities.

A Tunnel to Staten Island

We have the highest respect for the professional qualifications of the consulting engineer employed by the Rapid Transit Commission of the city of New York. With a single exception, all his plans for promoting intercommunication between the five boroughs that make up the American commercial metropolis seem worthy of hearty commendation. Especially admirable are the methods proposed for connecting by means of bridges the famous Battery, the Borough of Manhattan with the Borough of Brooklyn and the Borough of Queens. We think, however, that he appreciates from a wrong point of view one feature of the rapid-transit problem, that, namely, which contemplates the placing of Richmond borough, or Staten Island, within easy reach under all weather conditions of the surrounding tenement districts of Manhattan. He says that in devising a programme of interborough communications, he has postponed the consideration of a tunnel under the Narrows between Brooklyn and Richmond boroughs because the population of Staten Island is for the moment relatively small. He holds that mature reflection should convince him that it is not the Islanders, but the teeming millions of Manhattan who are mainly interested in the attainment of rapid transit to the frida and hills of Richmond borough. The area of Staten Island is many times greater than that of the island of Manhattan, and the very fact that, for the moment, it is thinly populated, and that, consequently, land is extraordinarily cheap, constitutes the strongest reason for rendering it quickly and regularly accessible to the middle and poorer classes of Manhattan's vast and growing population. The present means of communication by ferry is not only slow and infrequent, but it is liable to interruption from fog in winter and from fog at every stage of the year in the summer. Under present conditions working-men and business men, for whom punctual arrival at their places of occupation is indispensable, are practically debarred from acquiring homes on Staten Island. If, on the other hand, a tunnel under the Narrows were used in conjunction with the proposed tunnel from the Battery to South Brooklyn, it would be entirely feasible to reach Staten Island from the tenement district of Manhattan in about fifteen minutes, and trains could be relied upon to run with absolute regularity. There is good reason to believe that, within five years after the completion of such means of intercommunication, upwards of a million persons who are now packed together in the flats and tenements of Manhattan, would be the occupants of homes in Richmond borough. It is now, and is likely to be for a long time to come, positively cheaper to own a house and lot on Staten Island than it is to rent rooms in a Manhattan tenement. We do not hesitate to say that it is the duty of the Rapid Transit Commission to relieve the congestion of the tenement districts of Manhattan, and to give their denizens an opportunity of securing light and air. This could be done in no way so effectively as by a tunnel under the Narrows, which, from an engineering point of view, would be neither impracticable nor costly. It is also manifest that the emigrants from southern and eastern Europe would be transformed into American citizens much more rapidly were they distributed in separate and roomy habitations.

An idea of peace, as well as of intelligence, is associated with study, which makes uneducated people stupid, it, and almost every it a happiness.—*Fourber.*

Hysterical Criminology

WHATEVER the errors of the Buffalo police have been or shall be with regard to the mysterious Burdick murder which they see still dealing with, they will not be able to excuse themselves on the ground that they have failed of the public co-operation in their efforts for the public security. Every sort of advice, criticism, and suggestion has been offered them from every sort of thinker, and the dim realms of emotional insanity have apparently been searched for their advantage. They have been helped night and day by amateurs and professionals in their lurid science, and if it is not their fault that they have not profited by the aid of these volunteers, they are clearly to blame for not opening their hearts to the reporters, and answering them that they know just who the murderer or murderers is, and that at the right moment—say, at the climax of the third act, when the whole house has been wrought up to an anguish of expectation—they will produce him or her. Throughout, we must say that the whole department of justice in Buffalo has been actuated by motives which seem to us, here in the metropolis, as entirely provincial. If the murder in question had been done in this city, we need not tell the reader how the department of justice would have behaved. Every officer of it would have been head in glove with the reporters, and hourly editions of the public prints would have been issued to keep the metropolis as conscious with the advance of doom toward the detection and conviction of the secret assassin, who would not from the first have been a secret to the authorities, but only the material of a magnificent *ouep de théâtre*. The curtain might, indeed, fall at last upon the comely *désastrement* of a second or third trial, with the acquittal of the accused, but in the mean time the popular interest would have been continually appeased, and the course of justice would have revealed the man who stood first among his equals should have met with an accident in his automobile, and been killed, with his wife, at a most crucial instant of the performance. The Buffalo police have apparently accepted at once the theory that the accident was an accident, and not a most ingenious and remorseless suicide and wife-murder; but metropolitan justice would never have condescended itself to such a lame conclusion, or it would only have accepted it after months of unavailing belief to the contrary.

We are not now accusing the Buffalo community, at least not the whole of it, of the provincial inadequacy shown by the Buffalo police. There are doubtless many men, and many more women, in Buffalo, who just simply know that the victim of the automobile accident was the murderer, and that the accident was really a suicide, double or single, or perhaps both. Such inspired persons are not confined to the city of Buffalo; they abound throughout the country, and we shall owe it to them, if to anybody,

that the memory of an unhappy man, most miserably mixed up with the shame of the affair, shall be handed down to lasting abhorrence as the author of the crime. When we think of the indefinite number of clubs at which condemnation has been already pronounced on his memory, and the infinite number of breakfast tables at which it has been devoted to infancy between the coffee and the griddle-cakes, and then consider the engine indifference of the Buffalo police in the matter, we are really at a loss what to say. But it is clear that the case ought to be taken out of their hands at once, and given over to a national committee hysterically equal to the occasion.

The Observance of Lent

We certainly do better in our day. The social critic who judges his generation to be decadent in religion is in the sad embrace of error. He is confusing outward manifestation with inward and spiritual grace. He is mistaking outward observance for spiritual achievement. He cannot understand spiritual activity without noise or persecution. He has failed to see below the surface of modern society, and he therefore does not realize that the Christians of to-day are better men and women, men and women of a higher type, than the persecuted Christians of the second century; that they are nobler and nearer to the divine ideal; while he fails to comprehend that the time for symbols and authority long since passed away, to be succeeded by the willing sacrifice and service which have been considered since the time when the herd old law had at last moulded character to conform to a new spiritual development.

It is the fashion to smile at the modern observance of Lent as if it were senseless; but, say what we will about the putting on of the putting off of religion, or our manner of keep church feasts and fasts, like this fast of Quadragesima, is at least as wholesome as was the manner of our ancestors, and denotes the attainment of a higher range, of a better civilization, and of a more spiritualized Christianity. In the Middle Ages, when religion was used as the stimulant of hatred, observance of a church festival or a church fast held the rank of an essential article of faith. Then, although there were many disputes as to the length of Lent, and as to the manner in which the fast should be kept, all who differed with any one of the many orthodox views of the matter were condemned, in each instance, to a eternity of suffering.

In this matter of keeping Lent, for example, there was a great diversity of practice. Irenæus says that in his day there were great differences of opinion. Some thought that they ought to fast one day before Easter, and some two days, and some had other views. In the early days of Christianity, the custom in Rome was to fast three weeks before Easter, Saturdays and Sundays excepted. In Illyria, Greece, and Alexandria, the fast used to extend over six weeks. Some Christians fasted seven complete weeks, while others, setting aside seven weeks, divided the time for fasting purposes into three periods of five days each. Leo I. insisted on the traditional forty days, the forty days of the wilderness, while Gregory the Great fixed the number at sixty-six. The rule and the practice also differed as to observance. Not speaking generally, the church has always required, or at least desired, that its communicants shall, during this pleasant season, abstain from worldly pleasures, from the combats of the arena, from theatres and

the opera, from dancing and other sports; that they shall fast on fast-days, not on every day, and not all day then, but until the evening; that they shall attend divine service, and listen to a sermon every day; and that their diligence in almsgiving shall be increased.

Perhaps the modern world does not conform strictly even to the modified rules of the modern church; but let us pause for a moment to consider how wicked in those days would be conformity to the rules of the ancient church, the rules of the church in those bad old days at the birth of Christianity, when the question of the proper time for observing Easter, according to Mr. Lecky, "involved an issue of salvation or damnation." In those days a Christian was a Christian, in the language of our own time, for "what there was in it for him." Why be a Christian at all, it used to be argued, if we are to fail of gaining eternal bliss by reason of a slight mistake as to when Easter should be celebrated? To cite Bede, the first English historian of the church: "Eadmer says there was a sharp controversy about the observing of Easter, and other rules of life for churchmen; therefore, this question severely excited the mind and feelings of many people, fearing lest, perhaps, after having received the name of Christians, they should run or had run in vain." In other words, if they were to fail of heaven by a slight mistake as to Easter-day, why take the trouble to be a Christian at all? And we must confess that there is something in this view, and something especially impressive when we consider that mistake as to date was heterodoxy, and that too in a time when heterodoxy meant not only eternal punishment and suffering in the world to come, but that in this world it meant being beaten to death with clubs, blinded by scorching the eyes with lime, flogged with the prickly branches of palm-trees, and other like experiences.

Yes, we are much better in our day. We do not quarrel about who Easter comes; and while the church has its preferences as to the proper observance of the great Christian fast, it is not rigid, and is certainly not cruel or murderous. The fast, on the whole, is celebrated by a more wholesome social regimen than is the custom of the fashionable world. We speak necessarily of the world of fashion, because it is that world which doubtless, of all the elements of our social state, needs the most improvement. Besides, it is that world of which we think when we ask ourselves is Lent kept in these busy and splendid days? We do not, of course, refer to the criminal and other classes who have no religion, nor to the devout with whose religion is everything, nor to the intellectual people who are too likely to be indifferent. Those who are in our mind see the people who maintain a connection with fashionable churches, who, in truth, maintain the churches themselves, and who err, therefore, within the pale of the church. Do these people observe Lent?

A very truth they do. It may be that to many of them this observance means very little, but to some of them it is of great spiritual importance. Their slower pace, their partial withdrawal from gayety, the sanity of the forty days apart from the crushing labor of fashionable amusement,—all this must make for the health of the mind and the soul, even if the bettered mind and soul are unnecessary of the reason for the refreshing peacefulness of the life which Lent brings to them. Naturally, people who usually do not think of religion at all will not think of it as pertaining to them in Lent or in any other season, but it is well for them as anything can be if they see

compelled once a year by the church and its fest to think of religion as still existing and as something of which, some day, they may be glad to take advantage. In their case the lesson of the modern Lent is the gain of the church, which demonstrates its growth in grace by its kindly treatment not only of heretics who deny its verities, but also of its careless and its almost useless children.

To thousands upon thousands who are not fashionable, or worldly, or indifferent, and chiefly to women, Lent is now a refreshing season, graciously uplifting their hearts, elevating their minds, assuaging their griefs, softening or ennobling their lives. It is the ever-recurring presence of a divine reality in the middle of a year given over mostly to greed and pleasure. It is best observed quietly, and so, perhaps, most of us who are too busy to comprehend the subtler and finer activities of life do not often realize that there is a time in every year, apart from Sunday, when religious life is quicker among many of our fellow-beings than it is at other times; but so it is, and the thought of thousands cannot be regularly and persistently elevated to loftier planes without, in some measure, at least, and by then, lifting up a careless, occasionally a rebellious, neighbor.

Prof. Delitzsch and the Kaiser

It is justice to the Kaiser if it should be ascertained that his recent incursion into the field of theology was not quite a voluntary outbreak, but was induced by circumstances of much coercive force. Professor Friedrich Delitzsch, whose lecture on the Bible was the immediate cause of the Kaiser's letter, is the most learned of German Assyriologists, as his father, Professor Franz Delitzsch, was before him. Stirred by the remarkable discoveries made by French, English, and American searchers in the ruined mounds of the Tigris and Euphrates region, he issued an appeal about four years ago to the German people, begging them to supply means to German investigators to take part in the excavations and discoveries that were going on. The Germans responded. The German Orient Society was formed, with the Kaiser as an enthusiastic member and its largest subscriber. Thanks largely to the Kaiser's zeal, and to his influence with the Sultan, the German society has had excellent opportunities to search, and it has improved them with the utmost zeal. About a year ago the Kaiser sent Professor Delitzsch himself to the Orient. His recent lecture, delivered about Christmas time, was, in a way, a report of the impressions resulting from his journey. The Kaiser was one of his audience, and having sided the professor very substantially, and countenanced his discourse by his presence, he was tacitly held to some responsibility for the professor's views. A full report of this lecture has been published in the *Das*. The lecturer told how wonderfully the cuneiform inscriptions found in the ruins of Nineveh, Babylon, and other ancient cities had identified Bible places, and verified Bible history. Assyriology, he said, has restored confidence again to the Old Testament text, that it has thrown light on the origin of some Bible stories, and corrected others. He told of the discovery of the story of Nebuchadnezzar, written on Babylonian tiles, and of the origin of the tale that he was turned out to grass for seven years. The original documents being discovered, the deviation of the Jewish writer from the original record was disclosed. He found the book of Jonah a moral tale of high interest, but the form in which its truths were conveyed

was human and full of the fancy of the Orient. Hardly a greater error of the human mind can be imagined, he said, than to have looked for centuries upon the precious remains of old Hebrew writings collected in the Old Testament as the religious canon, a revealed book of religion. When such books as Job, Solomon's Song, and some of the Psalms are explained from a theological and Messianic standpoint, the result, he felt, could only be stupefying. All scientifically educated theologians, he declared, had been given up the idea of verbal inspiration. He went on to discuss at length the story that God wrote the ten commandments with his finger on tables of stone, pointing out what seemed to him the objections to its acceptance as a literal history. He spoke handsomely of the Babylonians, their laws, religion, and civilization, and deplored the error in which they were held by the Hebrew prophets. The great Babylonian law-giver, Hammurabi, whose code was dug up in 1861, he held in the highest estimation. The sense of an exclusive right to God's law which permeates the Old Testament, and which left all other nations for thousands of years "without hope" and "without God in the world," he found it difficult to consider as "revealed by the righteous God." But he said we are so hypnotized from childhood, by this dogma of the sole commonwealth of Israel, that we look at the whole history of the ancient world from a wholly distorted angle.

"Personally," he said, finally, "my belief is that the sacred Hebrew writings, even if they lose their character of 'revealed' writings, will always preserve their great importance." But he deprecated blind adherence to antiquated dogmas from the fear that our belief in God, and our real religion may be harmed. Let us remember, he said, that everything sacred is in living motion; that to stand still is equivalent to death. Let us strive humbly towards the goal of truth placed in us by God, by fully holding to the task of the further development of religion that has been seen from the high water-level by an eagle glance, and readily heretofore to the world."

This last allusion, which eaded the lecture, was understood to refer to the Kaiser, and made him appear more conspicuously than ever as the sharer of the learned professor's views. Germany, in consequence, was so much disturbed that on February 15 the Kaiser addressed to Admiral Hollman his letter declining to stand on the platform his friend, the professor, had constructed. He did not accept, he said, the professor's conclusions and hypotheses. He dissented from his suggestion that the Old Testament contains no revelation referring to Christ as the Messiah, and from his more or less qualified denial of revelation. "I distinguish," said the Kaiser, "between two different kinds of revelation one continuous, and to some extent historical; the other partly religious, a preparation for the later appearance of the Messiah. The first kind was experienced by great sages, such as Hammurabi, Homer, Charlemagne, Luther, Shakespeare, Goethe, Kant, and Kaiser Wilhelm I. The second kind, more strictly religious, is that that leads up to the appearance of our Lord." It is self-evident, the Kaiser thinks, that the Old Testament contains messages that are human history, and not God's revealed words. He sustains the view of Delitzsch that "the act of the giving of the law on Mount Sinai can only symbolically be regarded as inspired by God," but he holds that God prompted Moses, and to that extent revealed himself to the people of Israel. The greatest revelation of God in the world he found to be that which continued from Abraham's time through the centuries "until the Messiah,

foretold and announced by prophets and psalmists, at last appeared." "This," he said, "was God's greatest revelation. For He appeared in the Son Himself. Christ is God in human form."

An Incorporated Family

THE scale business being prosperous and least-lord in break demand, the tribe of Fairbanks thought itself warranted in holding its reunion last August at the Fairbanks homestead in Dedham, Massachusetts. Jonathan Fairbanks was the original American ancestor, and from him are descended 4000 American families. The reunion tarred out to be interesting and successful, and one of its results is the recent filing of articles of incorporation of the Fairbanks Family in America, as a society for historical purposes, to hold property, preserve records and objects of family interest, and promote the education of its members in subjects relating to their family history. The society will buy the Dedham homestead, and make that its headquarters, and will doubtless raise as large a fund as is necessary to provide a sufficient annual income to carry on its work. The project seems adapted to furnish a good deal of lawful and innocent entertainment at small cost, and is likely to commend itself to other families that are scattered over the United States.

Prosperous people, as a rule, do not want too much intimate knowledge about their distant relatives, but a fair degree of success in the world is almost sure to begot some inquisitiveness about genealogy. If a man does no more than make a million dollars in a stock speculation, or marry the heiress of a miner or a patent-medicine millionaire, he is pretty sure to realize, when he has brains, that he is a person of more than ordinary power and sagacity, and to wonder how he came by his talent. He usually knows who his grandparents were, and he is quite willing to trace his line back further if it is not too much trouble. If his family has a headquarters somewhere, where its records and relics are preserved, he will be ready to contribute his share towards its maintenance.

Such an organization as this of the Fairbanks family forms a tie, slight but appreciable, between families scattered all over the United States. It makes, in its way, for cohesion, and will do its modest part in welding together the American people. It will give a good many people the sensation of having a family home, and that sensation is valuable, even though it only exists in a very limited degree. The record of most of the older American families is a record of successive migrations, beginning somewhere on the Atlantic seaboard and progressing westward by jumps of from fifty to a thousand miles, in successive generations, leaving some representatives here and there at each stopping-place. The result is a scattering of kindred over an extraordinarily wide surface of country, and the existence of great numbers of families in the old Middle States, the Middle West, the trans-Mississippi States, the Northwest, the Far West, and the Pacific slope, who trace their derivation to New England or New York. These families like to remember where they came from, and many of them need nothing more than a timely suggestion to make them join in such an organization as the Fairbanks families have contrived.

The world will turn round still. Industry is produced by want. Wealth is produced by industry. Idleness is produced by wealth. Poverty is produced by idleness.—Lender.

Lord Rosebery

By Sydney Brooks

London, March 11, 1902.

It is one of the commonplace of public life in England that people who never read speeches read Lord Rosebery's. And the commonplace is a perfectly true one. Two evenings ago there was a debate in the House of Lords on the Venezuelan affair. Lord Lansdowne spoke, the Duke of Devonshire spoke, the Earl of Selborne and Earl Spencer also spoke. Yet the only speech that made the slightest impression on the populace, the only one you ever heard mentioned in the club smoking-room, at the dinner table, or on the Tropicway Tube, was Lord Rosebery's. It was not a particularly good speech, though there were flashes in it of which only Lord Rosebery is capable.

People read it because it was Lord Rosebery who delivered it; they talked of it because Lord Rosebery is one of those men, President Roosevelt is another, and the Kaiser is a third, who cannot do or say anything that is not interesting. He has an abundant share of what Americans are accused of prising altogether too highly in their public men—he has "personal magnetism." If he were to start in at a public meeting to read the *Century* Dictionary on loud, or the Kaiser's *virgin* on the Higher Criticism, or one of Alfred Austin's poems, he would do it in such a way that in five minutes the whole audience would be rapturously chattering. I don't suppose he could write even a dinner invitation as another man would write it, and I know from personal experience that a journalist who applies to him for an item of information that has to be withheld, will find consolation for his refusal in the distinctive comments and asides that accompany it. It is this kind of exceptional magnetism that makes up the chief charm of his oratory. There are many excellent speakers in England, but Lord Rosebery alone deserves the adjective *refreshing*. From Lord Salisbury one may get, or rather one used to get, the easy, semi-conversational outpourings of a wide experience and a comprehensive, rather cynical, mind; and they were often delightful. But there was always a gulf between Lord Salisbury and the average member of any audience he might be addressing that neither cured to bridge over. His heart so clearly was not in his work, and his relief when the whole affair was over was so evident, that the gray masses did not, and indeed could not, warm to him. He had the pride of intellect, and always seemed to be in a state of inward revolt against the necessity of talking "shop" to the uneducated. Then there is Mr. Balfour, but Mr. Balfour is nitroglycerin a House of Commons orator. He needs a picked audience that will appreciate the most delicate turns and catch the lightest shades to bring out all his powers. Then he is admirable—in his own way, perhaps unworldly—but on a platform, before a popular audience, he seems to feel himself out of place; he cannot let himself go; the sense of incongruity is strong upon him; the horrible consciousness cannot be got rid of that there is but scant intellectual common ground between himself and those in front of him; and so he fails. This embarrassment does not, at any rate, affect Mr. Chamberlain, who always feels the pulse of his audience, cannot feel being deaf, and is a past master at scoring the petty points that count for so much with the populace. But Chamberlain is a man who jars and offends as often as he stimulates. No one ever thought of reading one of his speeches for the mere pleasure of the thing. On another

and higher plane of oratory there are the rash and swing and trenchant firmness of Sir William Harcourt; Mr. Morley's strong and patient reasonings, admirably expressed; and Mr. Asquith's compact lucidity. Yet of all these speakers, with their varying styles and gifts, Lord Rosebery is easily and beyond dispute the national favorite.

The truth seems to be that Lord Rosebery excites in himself all the excellencies of his rivals, and few, if any, of their defects. Bring a hero *bittefeuer*, he has all of Lord Salisbury's and Mr. Morley's instinct for words and expressions, and he impresses them both in the terseness of his phrases. He can be as unambiguous as Mr. Chamberlain, as graceful as Mr. Balfour, and more amusing even than Sir William.

Listening to Lord Rosebery, one feels it would be difficult for him to have a commonplace thought, and impossible for him to express it in a commonplace way. It is an intellectual luxury to follow the sly, incisive turns, the agility and the surprises of the diction. You are never able to foresee how one of Lord Rosebery's sentences will end; you can only be sure it will not end in the banal, obvious fashion you expect. And this is not because the speaker is deliberately given to literary prowl; it is that the workings of his nimble mind make such ambushes inevitable. He is one of the few speakers who are just as good to read as to listen to. Indeed, the workmanship is often so fine and telling that only by studying it at leisure can one really gauge its worth. At the same time, one misses much by not being actually in the audience. One misses the roused and resonant voice which, if it has not the mellowness of John Bright's or the vibrating spell of Gladstone's, is at least an organ of astonishing carrying power and clarity. Above all, one misses the atmosphere that Lord Rosebery creates, the sense of parity of authority, but chiefly of sympathy, that he creates. He dominates an audience, not yet at the same time gives an impression of essential comradeship. You feel at once, when he gets up to speak, that it will be a pleasure to hear him; his mere presence somehow conquers; and the completeness of his democratic spirit, the many cordial links that seem immediately to bind him with the audience, put the last touch on the victory. Pascal gave the secret of his and every other orator's success. You expected to hear a mere speech; you are astonished and delighted to find yourself listening to a man.

And then there is the wonderful record of the man to serve as a further bait. What is there that he has not done? He seems to have touched life at all possible points. He has held the two greatest of English offices—has been both Prime Minister and Foreign Secretary. He was the first chairman of the London County Council. He has written brilliant books. He has won the Derby; he ended the great rail strike; he expiates prices by the dozen at all the leading agricultural shows; he is a conspicuous, welcomed, darling figure in society; and there is hardly a subject, from street advertisements up to imperial politics, on which he has not spoken. Windsor knows him no better than Whitechapel, and Whitechapel no better than Windsor—in both he is equally at home, equally popular, and equally prosing. Queen Victoria declared him a heaven-born Foreign Minister; Bismarck was open in his admiration for a man with a will equal to his own. He is apparently supreme in everything he cares to do or to attempt. Praise, honors, splendid triumphs, have come to him almost, one might think, without his making an effort to meet them. Besides this, he is a lord,

and a wealthy one, with three or four large estates in England and Scotland, each a centre of brilliant hospitality. Small wonder Englishmen flock to listen to him or prize him as the most gorgeous and fascinating nobleman of the day, a reincarnation, it would seem, of those glittering beings who sanctioned so carelessly and so magnificently across the stage of eighteenth-century politics. And then, apart from his personality and his achievements and his superb gift of eloquence, he has this extra attraction that people can hear from him what they can hear from no one else. There is never anything querulous or petty about Lord Rosebery. It is astonishing to reflect that in all his speeches he has never once given away to that passion for small fastidious which is the bane of Mr. Chamberlain's harangues. He never distorts the truth of things to serve a merely partisan end; he is not eternally preoccupied with proving this faction and running down that, with attacking an opponent and defending himself. He has won his title of "Public Orator" as much through his knack of giving expression to the midway convictions that are too sensible to be the property of either party, as through the inimitable style in which he is able to present them.

Is this a merit or a defect? Is there any firm and lasting place under the party system for a man of Lord Rosebery's disposition, for a man whose intellectual honesty recoils from the extremes that a party demands? Are there policies for the heedward man, or at least for the men with one idea at a time, like John Bright and McKinley? The great trouble with Lord Rosebery is that he cannot be a thoroughgoing partisan. He sees both sides too clearly; all his mental instincts are at war with fanaticism, exaggeration, bias of whatever kind. Of course there are moments when a man with these sentiments is of the utmost service to a nation. Many such moments occurred during the Fashoda crisis and the first few months of the Boer war, and Lord Rosebery turned them to memorable use. He alone seemed able to seize on the secret wishes of the anti-imperialists, to lift himself free from party prejudice, and speak for the people as a whole. It was a real public service that he rendered then, just as effective and needed in its way as Lord Roberts's victories. But can a position such as this be held permanently? Lord Rosebery seems to think it can. He looks forward, apparently, to playing the part of an intermediary between the two parties, of a man concerned only with the national views of the matter, and of voicing the opinions of the bulk of the constituents. To an outsider that looks too much like giving up to mankind what was meant for one's party.

After all, there never has been, and there is never likely to be, a great political leader who was not on occasion a ferocious partisan; and until Lord Rosebery is able to disfigure himself, and use his robes to some inspiring prejudice, instead of perpetually talking common sense, he must always be in conflict with the root principles of the party system. Moreover, he has another failing—he lacks insistence, the last touch of nerve and persistence. He can only lead when others are ready and even anxious to follow; he cannot create a mutinous or discontented group into accepting his *ipso facto*. His training and temperament have made him a statesman, but not a politician. To be a successful party leader one should be both; at any rate, one has to be the latter. That in why so many Englishmen meet any question as to Lord Rosebery's future with a shrug of the shoulders.

Correspondence

THE SALARY OF THE PRESIDENT.

CONCORDIA, MASSACHUSETTS.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—In your late issue of HARPER'S WEEKLY you have on several occasions expressed your opinion that the salary of the President of the United States should be raised. In your several articles you have positively said nothing more than express an opinion. I hope in the future you will give us some facts in detail from which we can form an opinion.

It is true you have attempted to support your opinion; but you certainly will not contend that the facts and reasons you have given warrant your conclusions. You say, in the first place, that our President should receive a larger salary because his salary is small when compared with the same paid in much poorer countries for minor services.

You mention the fact that the Governor-General of Canada, a mere figure-head costs \$30,000; and that President Loubet, a mere dummy, gets \$250,000. From these facts you argue that you should pay our President more. I need only state the facts and the conclusion, and let any one judge whether your conclusion follows. To say that, since other countries are so foolish as to pay figure-heads large salaries, we should pay our President a larger salary, is certainly not the kind of logic that appeals to the average American. Secondly, you say, \$50,000 is "unreasonably small when compared with the dignity and importance of the office." To measure "dignity and importance" in terms of money is adopting a standard which no high-bred person can conscientiously accept. We certainly hope no man will ever be President because he feels he is getting his money's worth.

The greatest people do not work for pay. They work because they love to work,—to do their duty. It is such people we need; and let us not make the office of President an example of that which we do not approve.

What considerations, then, should determine the salary of the President? Let him be so placed that he may serve the nation, and represent the kind of citizen we are proud of. The Americans rely on the intelligent middle class. It exhibits little from the aristocracy with its sumptuous living, nor from the extreme poor with its injurious habits. Let our President, then, represent the middle class. Let his state dinners be such that all who eat them become stronger in body and mind. Let everything be so arranged that he may better serve the people. To decide this we must know the facts in detail. We should know the expenditures he makes, and for what the money is expended. From these facts we should preserve those that help along the good; we should destroy those that tend to the bad. It is these facts we seek for. And will HARPER'S WEEKLY kindly supply these for its readers; or tell us where we can find them?

I, am, sir,
S.

"LADY ROSE'S DAUGHTER."

LAKESIDE, NEW JERSEY, March 15, 1902.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—I suppose the majority of casual novel-readers skip through a story quickly; get an hour or two's pleasure or emotional satisfaction out of it; sum up their impressions of it in some such word or

words as "delightful," "charming," "most interesting," "dull," "stupid," "wretched stuff"; and then forget it. I confess that this has often been my own unattractive way of reading; and it is in this spirit that I began to read Mrs. Humphrey Ward's latest book, *Lady Rose's Daughter*. But the narrative took such possession of me that when I had finished it, I could not put it aside and forget it. I turned the leaves over again and again, seeking to analyze the power in the book and discover the secret of its effect on my mind. I wonder whether you and your readers would be interested in these amateur efforts at criticism. Here are the notes I made:

To me, Mrs. Humphrey Ward is one of the greatest of living authors and in the vanguard of women writers of all time. I thought I had forgotten other books of hers which I read when I was too young to appreciate them. But I find I still have a vivid impression of the power and greatness of *Robert Elmer* and *The History of David Greener*. Looking back at those and at the book before me, I am struck by the following qualities in the novelist: her wide range of sympathy and understanding; her ability to deal with any milieu, high or low; the richness of her mind; her profound knowledge of life and the human soul; her extraordinary culture and erudition; her rare combination of great intellect, great heart, and great constructive imagination; her unerring artistry; her steadfast sincerity; her dramatic force, precision, and intensity (the drama always seems to come directly and inevitably out of the circumstances); her faculty for character delineation; her subtlety without obscurity; her frankness, integrity, courage, and ability to handle delicate situations; her firm, strong, supple style; and, in general, her masculine power and feminine sensibility. What could be more delicate than her way of showing how Julie Le Breton's delinquencies were the outcome of her circumstances, how the false conditions of her life exacted false little actions in defence—"the doublings and ruses of the persecuted"? And what more satisfying than the manner of the fulfillment of the hope that "poor Rose's tragedy would at last work itself out for good" in the author's words. "How strange, romantic, and providential!" I think I understand something of the secret of the fascination of one book, at any rate.

I am, sir,

A. R.

READING FOR CHILDREN.

MR. VERMONT, INDIANA, February 14, 1902.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—In regard to the reading of fairy tales by children, will say the mind grows by what it feeds upon. Take a bright imaginative child, feed it up on fairy lore, and you produce an abnormal condition of the brain. Give the child plain history, practical facts, geographical studies, the multiplication table, and you developed the young mind, and open to it possibilities of usefulness.

Many children of the present generation have drifted into useless lives from the reading of impossible stories. Thirty years of my life I have been associated with school and library work. The children who devote their early years to useful studies are the men and women who are filling useful and honored places in life, while those who read fairy tales are still expecting the impossible. The Good Book says, as the twig is bent the tree is inclined.

I am, sir,

MRS. M. ALEXANDER.

THE TRUTH ABOUT ART.

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART,
NEW YORK, February 4, 1902.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—At last something has been said about art that is worth while. No greater favor could be bestowed on the American public than this article, in HARPER'S MONTHLY for February, by Jean Léon Gérôme.

The two great words, Truth and Work, are sadly needed in the life of the New York artists to-day, who have followed too much the devices of the labor organizer, and have banded themselves together to escape both truth and work. Few have without this unfortunate present tendency, but the few who have are the great sons of art in America.

Many painters and sculptors are considered great whom they are only clever copyists, who with considerable ability appropriate the ideas of other to their own advantage, not caring to make the vigorous personal effort to see truth and to work honestly.

The art critic is very often a man who has failed in being recognized as a literary man, so he enters the new effort with clouded mind, determined to make himself felt, because it is so easy to write in a sarcastic vein about a picture or work of sculpture when one rarely knows very little about either.

The editors of magazines and great dailies are men of rare intellectual ability, but short on knowledge or appreciation of good art,—too often their covetous of an art critic is whether he can amuse the public. The idea of instructing or calling attention to good works of art has not yet reached the editorial rooms.

The public was so willing to learn about art as fed, in the newspapers and sometimes in the magazine, by opinions, not knowledge, of this important part of its national effort. The least-finding critic rarely points out beautiful, well conceived, well executed works of art, but calls attention to trivial faults, and indulges in useless comments.

Much of the wealth of this country is diverted from art because of the constant loss' attitude of the modern art critic and his lack, the press, who degrade art in the eyes of the public. If some one with a mind like Pericles would show the robber politician how he could redeem himself somewhat by spending a part of the public funds for great art and encourage individual men of genius, it would not be long before American art would take on its true color.

No one who has not devoted his life to American art can conceive in the slightest degree the almost eternal discouragement set up by the newspaper art critic of today, who, in a most thoughtless manner, assails without due consideration the sacred work of men of genius. Without any creative ability himself, with little or no knowledge of art, he proceeds to demolish at one stroke the work of the artist, who may have spent years in training to produce art that finally becomes recognized by the public, held back too often by the ignorance of men who write.

The American artist is a great artist. All he needs is continual encouragement and public belief in him, and to be allowed to do his work unhindered by art-reform organizations and the middle-class art critic. Even he cannot prevent the strong vigorous march of our great men of genius; for art is greater than men—it is the life of men.

I am, sir,

F. EDWIN ELWELL.

The Canterbury Club Tales

By James MacArthur

THE Canterbury Club owed its existence to a revolt on the part of certain members of the Fortnightly Jaunts. It was all very well, they said, to study Chaucer and Shakespeare and Homer and Æsop, but how were they ever going to understand their own times or follow the trend of thought to-day if they neglected the books of the hour?

"It's like hawking among the fowls and fungi in the heart of an ancient wood," said the Sentimentalist—who had a weakness for pretty similes—"while the sunlight beacons just beyond where the meadows are sweet and bright with Nature's fresh gift of flowers."

"For my part," quoth the Humorist, "I vow never to read another book that is more than a year old."

The Scholar smiled a wise smile, the Matron frowned, the Cantankerous Critic growled, and cries of indignant protest arose from several members. But the all-around member of the Sentimentalist had done his work. She was a sweet girl graduate, fond of talking of the joy of life, the light that never was on sea or land, and of quoting poetry and Stevenson. It was she who suggested the name of the new club as a concession to the old one—they were then deep in Chaucer. It caught the fancy of the Humorist. "Agreed," said he, "and we shall hold our studios the 'Canterbury Club Tales.'"

It was also agreed that they should meet once a fortnight, like the Jaunts, and a list of the latest books was drawn up for consideration at their first meeting, as follows:

The Star Dreamer. By Alice and Egerton Castle (Stokes).

The Circle. By Katherine Cecil Thurston (Dodd, Mead).

Calves of Wrath. By Carter Goodloe (Scrivener).

The Fungus Cap. By Arthur Cassell Smith (Scrivener).

The Light Brigade. By Mrs. Wilfred Ward (John Lane).

In the Garden of Charity. By Basil King (Harper).

Lady Rose's Daughter. By Mrs. Humphry Ward (Harper).

Veronica. By Martha W. Austin (Doubleday, Page).

Youth. By Joseph Conrad (McClure, Phillips).

Leas and Leases. By E. W. Townsend (McClure, Phillips).

The eventful night arrived, and the Sentimentalist was called upon to lead the discussion with

"The Star Dreamer"

"It is some years now," began the Sentimentalist, "since Alice and Egerton Castle, wedded in genius as in their lives, made us their debtors by that spirited romance, *The Pride of Jezebel*. Since then they have added to our indebtedness by some half-dozen books of thrilling adventure and romantic interest. *The Pride of Jezebel* found its way inevitably to the stage, and, if rumor be true, *The Ruth Comedy* will soon follow with a celebrated actress as the stellar attraction. The title of the new book is characteristic—*The Star Dreamer*. Like the lightkeeper in *The Light of Heartley*, these modern romances may be called 'Dreamers of Beautiful Things.' *The Star Dreamer* is a tale of well-nigh a century ago, when George III. lay dying; a strange tale of star-gazing and alchemy, of sinister schemes and evil plotting; and in the midst

of it all, there stands the Garden of Herbs with its ancient gateway, locked against all comers except Love and its haunting secrets. Into the dark shadows of Bindon and the ghostly fancies of its young master, Sir David, enters Mistress Elinor Maxwell, daughter of Simon Rickard, alchemist and alchemist, who, in his underground chamber, lives as silent and solitary as the star dreamer in the tower. 'Do you not see,' cries Elinor to Sir David, as they explore the dim old house, 'that all shadows give way before my hand?' And the passage of Elinor—Elinor, as David learned to call her, meaning 'Star-of-Comfort'—through these pages is like unto her passing along the shrouded corridors and long desolate rooms of Bindon. Everywhere light and freshness break through the darkness and oppression: mirth and music, and love at last, breathes new life and brilliance into the faded splendor and silent, weighted atmosphere. 'Elinor!' repeats Elinor, announcing the disordered fancies of David's troubled mind, 'the ghosts of Bindon are rust and dust and emptiness and silence and regret. God's light, dear cousin, and the wood airs, the birds' songs, soap and water, wind hearts and true, and good company—give me but those, and I'll warrant you I'll lay your ghosts.' But it was not only the House of Bindon that had to be elevated of ghosts—that was an easy task as compared with the ghosts in David's House of Life which it was Elinor's long and sorrowful task to exorcise. At last the hour struck when her love and lover emerged from the blackness, and she was able to say: 'The dream-life is over, David. We stand upon the threshold of the golden chamber. Shall we not enter?'

The Sentimentalist seemed pleased with herself; not so the Cantankerous Critic. "Hoop!" he growled, as she finished, "I am bound to say that *The Star Dreamer* inspired in me no such feelings. That our young friend is sincere in her enthusiasm I do not doubt; the secret of it is to be found, I suppose, in that freshness and simplicity of mind and sentiment characteristic of her excellent youth. She is unconscious of any trick, any charlatanism of letters on the part of these authors. In point of fact, the story is nasal and hysterical, a thing of sentimental shreds and patches. What respect could a lover of letters have for the writer of such a sentence as this, for instance: 'Upon her moonless brow this autumnal night were a coronal of stars that might have shamed her later glories!' And this is a fair sample of the whole fabric. As for the gurgles ingredients that make up the story—I could almost believe I was back in the days of *The Mysteries of Utopia*."

"In defence of my cloth, you will permit me to say," exclaimed the Young Clergyman, somewhat hotly, "that it is always in questionable taste, to say the least, to make a minister of the gospel a butt of ridicule and to cast discredit on his mission, unless by so doing it is intended to stigmatize evil characteristics unworthy of his calling. The purpose of the authors of *The Star Dreamer* in putting forward Parson Tutterville and his ranting wife seems to have been a humorous one, but it only succeeds in becoming offensive. No person, however crazy and eccentric—and the parson's wife was neither—would be capable in all seriousness of making such a gross travesty of scriptural quotations as 'All flesh is lay,' or 'Him whom He loveth, He loveth.'"

"For my part," said the Scholar, "a book like *The Star Dreamer* causes me to wonder at the folly that creates a demand for such literature. Literature, did I say? There is no semblance of literature in it."

"You forget the poetical quotations," quoth the Humorist. "They adorn every page almost."

"Oh, I don't know," mildly protested the Merchant. "*The Star Dreamer* may be moonshine and melodrama, but it helps to lighten a humdrum existence."

"Makes it harder to bear, you mean," interrupted the Matron, severely. "Especially when a virtuous sentimentalism is made to take the place of pure love, and girls are told that 'the real love is a genius, and in Italian, too! None of my daughters shall read it!'"

The Humorist smiled tolerantly. "Suppose we go on to the next book," quoth he.

"The Circle"

"The Circle, as a story," resumed the Sentimentalist, "has the distinctive novelty of being unlike any novel I have ever read. And yet its interest is not confined to the working out of its plot; it has, at least, two characters of striking personality: Anna Solny, the little wittolika daughter of an exiled Russian Jew living in a London slum, who becomes a great actress; and Mrs. Maxted, who has 'a capacity for exploiting clever people, while never claiming cleverness for herself.' Mrs. Maxted recognizes Anna's great gift, and persuades the girl, through fear of exposing a poor hatted Austria who has taken shelter in her father's house, to turn her back on her home and give herself up to Mrs. Maxted's plans for her education and training for the stage, from which the clever woman looks to reap a rich reward ultimately. Anna becomes famous. Mrs. Maxted returns to England, and retires to a sheltered spot on the Cornish coast with Mrs. Maxted for a brief rest before making her debut in London. Here she meets Maurice Strude, and a whim seizes her to keep him in ignorance of her identity. They become betrothed, and she is on the point of revealing her secret, when her lover relates to her with withering scorn and contempt the story of Anna Solny's desertion of her father and the friend who loved her, as he had heard it by chance. She goes away without telling him. He recognizes her a few weeks later on a London stage, she disappears, but eventually he tracks her to New York. The circle is complete, but love guides Anna to a new trial of life."

"Anna Solny, in my opinion," early rejoined the Cantankerous Critic, "is an impossible character. In fact, she corresponds with the book itself, which is artifice, not art, but very clever artifice. Mrs. Maxted is more natural; she is a clever actress on the woman who scorns on other's wings. Much has been made of the author's sage remark: 'In youth we dream that life is a straight line; later we know it to be a circle in which the present presses on the future, the future on the past.' Very pretty put, and somehow there's a bit of truth away in it. But *The Circle* is as the result of such a proposition, an arbitrary circle. The book isn't cold, chiefly, I think, because the heroine is unconvincing."

"Now, I think she was just splendid," said the Matron. "And Mrs. Maxted was a heartless, worldly woman, and it was all her fault that trouble came to Anna. The only good thing she did was to introduce Anna to

Maurice Strode, a fine example of the stolid, English gentleman, who is a mass of feeling when his heart is moved. All I have to say to the Cantaneros Critic is that if he doesn't like *The Critic*, I'm sorry for him. It was quite exciting at times, and one did feel so sorry for the poor Austrian Johann, who loved Anna with doglike devotion, onward though he was. I shall reluctantly tell my daughters to read the book."

"In the Garden of Charity"

"I didn't care much for the *Critic*," said the Merchant. "I found the heroine rather trying. I suppose the book is clever, and I'm a fool not to see it, but it didn't take hold of me. Now in *Garden of Charity* affected me so that I forgot it was only a novel, and I felt as badly for those two women as if they had been my own kin. I think it will always make me more tender toward women. One sees how much they suffer in their blinding devotion and misplaced affection."

The Sentimentalist gave him a look of gratitude, and the Matron blinked.

"The Merchant is right," said the Young Clergyman. "In *Garden of Charity* is a book that teaches a grave and necessary lesson without offending it as a message. To me it is a matter of gratification that fiction should be used to such noble ends. Charity is a word that is often on our lips, but seldom in our hearts. We do not begin to realize the depth of its meaning, the beauty of its virtue, until a story such as this presses home the reality and beauty of its truth. The experience revealed in this book is as real as if it had actually happened; it has happened. It is always happening. And we but eyes to see and ears to hear. I should like to commend the touching conclusion of this most human story to the Matron; she will appreciate it, I am sure. Charity was the wife of William Pennland years before he deserted Hagar Leroux into marriage with him. The man dies. The two women come together, and for some time Charity shelters Hagar until her baby is born. As the baby grows Hagar becomes jealous, and attacks away. Charity overtaken her, and completes her conquest of Hagar by an exchange of wedding rings. 'In the kingdom of Heaven,' said Charity, 'there's no more marriage, nor giving in marriage; but we'll all be—you and me and William and the baby, and all of us—we'll all be as the sages of God.' 'Take the baby,' Hagar whispered. 'No,' said Charity. 'You take him. We'll carry him home together.'"

The Matron furtively wiped away a tear. "It is one of those books," remarked the Scholar, after a pause, "like *Silas Marner*, which make a direct appeal to mind and heart by their very simplicity and elemental humanity—books which we read again and again when the mood they command returns."

"That is so true," exclaimed the Sentimentalist, "for although the scope of action is confined to a remote spot on the Nova Scotia coast, and the characters are few and far removed from civilization, yet the book makes a lasting impression, and clings to one's memory like an actual experience. Every page is warm with feeling that stirs the heart, and calls forth the deepest sympathy. The two women, Charity and Hagar—symbolic names!—described by the same weak, feeble man—how they appeal to the old fundamental instincts of human nature! Yet how opposite each is by nature and character. One pities Hagar, but Charity calls for love and admiration. It is all so human and true; yet so finely wrought and finished by the unerring artistry of a cunning craftsman. In *Garden of Charity* is a book that will live."

The Sentimentalist comes nearer the truth when she praises in the *Garden of Charity*, conceived the Cantaneros Critic. "It deserves her commendation. It is not a second *Silas Marner*, but if it does not live, as she says it will, I see no reason why it should die. I grant that it has that something in it which keeps a book alive in the recollection of successive minds. But what has she to say to Veronica, I wonder?"

"Veronica"

"I found the story of Veronica a little slow," replied the Sentimentalist, "but what it lacks in action it possesses in feeling. There is the feeling for nature in the beautiful land of Louisiana, and also the feeling for beauty. It is the sad story of a girl whose passion for perfect beauty and love brings disillusion and trailing banners in its wake when she finds that she is an idealist who is brought to earth, broken-winged. The solitude of her heart as it is laid bare in these pages will find an echo in many a woman's empty life. The process is almost too intimate and delicate; it hurts with the pain of a personal revelation. But in the end 'some spirit of nameless beauty and sadness and fine unfolding truth' descended upon her, and her heart became strangely still with a new-found peace."

"I have no patience with Veronica," broke in the Matron, hastily. "She was a spoiled darling, and little wonder that Hagar grew tired of her airs and high-falootin' fancies about the 'passion of beauty.' Veronica, we read, 'was secretly pleased that Hagar should not distinguish between the semblance and the spirit, that he should not realize that at heart her own life was deeply and truly religious; that it should be the artistic and not the spiritual side which appealed to him.' Hagar was too busy doing an honest man's work in the world to split hairs over the artistic and the spiritual, or to doubt his common sense in the vapors of a girl's idle dreams of idealism and the perfect man. It's the old story of Sense and Sensibility. Anna Selwyn was a far different type of girl. She did things, while Veronica sat with folded hands and dreamt things."

The Cantaneros Critic smiled grimly. "The Matron is quite right," said he. "Veronica is not only slow, as the Sentimentalist admits, but foolish. It gets nowhere, accomplishes nothing except to expose a sentimental feminine egoist. And the style—well, it has none. 'Day, that is what you call them down here, isn't it?' remarks Hagar to Veronica. 'It's such a nice word, by-god.' 'How silly you can be,' she said. I echo the sentiment."

"Lady Rose's Daughter"

"When I come to speak of *Lady Rose's Daughter*," resumed the Sentimentalist, consulting her notes, "words seem to fall as with which to express the joy, the delight, the deep satisfaction it has imparted. There is a quality in its thought and style which is as apt to split the mind, and raises appreciation to an uncounted intellectual level. This is what, I suppose, the Scholar would call Distinction. It is like getting away from the books one has been reading as they fly from the press, and taking shelter for a while with, say, *Middlemarch* or *Daniel Deronda*. Yet, even *Lady Rose's Daughter*, despite its intellectual elevation, is less weighted with ponderous thought than these later works of George Eliot. And Julie Le Breton—what woman is there who does not feel she is alive! Every heart-beat of emotion, every throop of moral conflict, every thrill of fear, of courage, of hesitation, of daring, must find a quick response in the breast of the woman who has lived and dreamed and

hoped and loved. All that Julia was, other women are, if not actually, then potentially. It is not the experience that counts, but the temper of the soul behind the experience. Julia might stand alone, isolated, so far as externals go, or as her reserve is concerned, from all other women; but in heart and soul she touches universal womanhood. It has been said that women will condemn her, men condone her. It is not so. Men will admire and condone, perhaps, even when moved to criticize; but women will understand—and love her."

"Mrs. Ward, I admit, has taken my breath away," observed the Cantaneros Critic. "Truth to tell, I have never had any great liking for that lady's fiction, though I have admired her earnestness of purpose, for the reason that I depreciate the special pleading in fiction. I pine that the propaganda of theology or social amelioration has as much right in the novel as preaching has on the stage, or acting in the pulpit—a by no means rare exploit. The novel is for pure uses of the imagination, and this is what Mrs. Ward has acknowledged at last in *Lady Rose's Daughter*. We have been impatient with her, but this was worth waiting for. It is a great novel, and by that I mean that it has nothing in common with the cagging and bobtail of general fiction of which some of you seem so fond; it belongs to the aristocracy of letters: Julie Le Breton is one of the great ladies—that is why we all bow down to her. It is very simple, this accounting for the unanimous homage paid to her. A great lady commands the earth. I have a sneaking regard for Captain Warkworth. That may surprise you, but he wasn't such a bad fellow, come to think of it. He was meant to be a smiling, sentimental villain: Mrs. Ward tried to make everybody tell you so, but she herself, dear lady, was by temperament incapable of creating the part. I am not quite certain that Julie didn't fall when she tripped over the line, but Mrs. Ward took care she shouldn't."

"I must confess," said the Matron, "that my confidence in Mrs. Ward was shaken for a moment when I reached that point in *Lady Rose's Daughter* I read it in the *Magazine* first) where Julie made an appointment with Captain Warkworth, and was on the eve of yielding to temptation. I told my daughters they were not to read the next instalment until I myself had first examined it."

"I'll bet they read it, just the same," murmured the Humorist.

"But I may have had no fear; Mrs. Ward knows what is due to a self-respecting family. Julie is a dear, lovable girl, but there were times when I'd like to have shaken her. I think she tried Lady Henry sorely, and I simply don't understand how she could ever tolerate that scamp Warkworth. But she suffered for her hero-worship, poor thing! and I'd like to believe that Jacob DeLaford made it up to her after they were married, but I'm not so sure that she was always happy. Julia had a strong maternal instinct in her nature, and her deepest joy in life would come from the mother-love. Her hope for happiness, I should say, lay in her having a large family of sons and daughters."

"I don't know what you call a great novel," buried the Merchant, or great literature and all that sort of thing—I mean that to the Cantaneros Critic—but I tell you *Lady Rose's Daughter* is the greatest story I have read since in my young days we were all reading George Eliot's novels. Julie is a brick of a woman, and no mistake. She's the right sort. Even if she had gone off to that little French place with Warkworth, I could find it in my heart to forgive her, notwithstand-

ing our dear Matron's fear of impropriety. I don't know much about these things, but it seems to me that Julie wouldn't be the woman she is to all of us if Mrs. Ward hadn't shown us that she was capable of supreme sacrifice and surrender as well as of superb self-control and self-mastery. You may talk about women like the weaker vessel, but a woman like Julie shows that her very strength lies in her weakness, and that it is the woman who has to fight and struggle, and that the issues of right or wrong are in her hands. I suppose I am getting a bit better about the one could you, who a book takes hold of a well-seasoned old fellow as if it were a living thing, there must be something big and strong and noble in it."

"If it is the function of the critic to separate the letter from the spirit," observed the Young Clergyman, with fineunction, "it is the function of the novel and spiritual guide to try the spirits, whether they be good or evil."

The Humorist took a sip from his long glass, and winked slyly at the C. C.

"Our good friend, the Merchant," continued the Young Clergyman, "need not be ashamed of his seriousness. His sentiments do him honor, but one could come under the noble elevation of Mrs. Ward's thought without being impressed with that high-minded seriousness which is characteristic of one of the most sincere and thoughtful writers of our day and generation. The influence of Mrs. Ward's work is incalculable for good; there is always a lofty purpose, a high ideal, a spiritual restful in her view of life. That influence is not less, but greater, because she has preached less, so to speak, in *Lady Ross's Daughter*. She has been content to set her character in motion without commentary or reflection upon their acts; and by their conduct of life we learn life also, its temptations, its struggles, its purposes, its triumphs and aspirations. In *Lady Ross's Daughter* there is no question of creed, no problem of social amelioration, no specialization of mission or purpose; it is a drama of the individual, a life history of a woman's soul, a book of life."

"The Light Behind"

"Why is it," inquired the Cantankerous Critic at this point, "that English novelists always repair to Italy with their heroes and heroines, when they want to play to soft music and low lights? *The Light Behind*, by Mrs. Wilfred Ward—another Ward, I see—carries us to Italy, as does *Lady Ross's Daughter*, to help unravel the tangled lives. And in both the problems as it would have been in life is dodged; death is made to cut the knot. Henry Darcy loses Lady Christian, the woman nature chose for him, and marries the wrong one for sentimental reasons. We know what happened to Julie. Who will dare to say that Jacob Deinfeld was the right man? *The Light Behind* is a good novel of the English sort; it has finish and style and firmness of thought and feeling. It reflects a section of English Roman Catholic life and culture which exists in and about London to-day, but it belongs to the same school of fiction as *John Ingelhart*, and I have little patience with the cult."

"Nevertheless," rejoined the Scholar, "as a critic you must acknowledge that *The Light Behind* has an intellectual ease and charm which one seldom meets with in an American novel of manner. The conversations are so natural, yet distinguished, so lightly handled with a familiar touch-and-go, yet pregnant with the utterance of deep thought and conviction. It rests on a high level of aspiration and worthy idealism; the consciousness of power to uplift and

regenerate resides in the mind that impels and projects its imaginary characters and conditions of life and thought. The strong, rugged figure of Biddulph suggests, I may say, the late Mr. R. H. Hutton of the *London Spectator*. The description of him: 'The unwieldy, bulky form, its untidy, ink-stained clothes, and collar of saccharin foam, shaggy beard and rough hair, with dim eyes almost lost under heavy brows.' And those who knew his personality will recognize the truth of this revealing picture."

The Scholar opened the book at page 274, and said: "Mr. Biddulph hurried to the Stanleys at Felkrosvic, and gave up his holiday in their service. He had his reward in his admiration for the dying man, in whom he divined a sanctity and a spirituality that others might not have seen. It was not patience, but joy, that shone from the ordinary features and dull eyes of the suffering old man of business. And as Mr. Biddulph sat by the bedside, with an awkward tenderness in his dim eyes, peering at the bottles, and the fan, and the fruit with which he was unequal to dealing, he felt that strange glow of triumph which is infectious in the near neighborhood of martyrs. Pursuing his dim and perilous way amid the subterfuges, and the fustidial beliefs of his day, and of his society, Biddulph had passed on undisturbed; but simplicity of faith had not been possible to him. His feet were on a rock of confidence in God, and his mind was infinitely reverent and patient of apparent mystery. But he had known few moments of such soul sunshine as these."

Closing the book, the Scholar continued: "There you get a spiritual glimpse, as it were, of the able editor and critic who wrote *Aspects of Religious and Scientific Thought and Contemporary Thought and Thinkers*. For this one portrait alone *The Light Behind* would be a precious book to me."

"Calvert of Saratoga"

There was silence when the speaker concluded, like one who had struck out on a lonely path where none else walked. As if seeking to regain his companions, he reached out his hand for another book, and went on in his shy manner.

"I am delighted to find in the list of books that have come under our consideration even so many that possess more than passing charm and power. Now here is one—*Calvert of Saratoga*. It is called—a story of the American legation in Paris when Thomas Jefferson was our ambassador at the French court, and the names of many famous personages occur as well as several of these memorable persons themselves. The narrative is written with fine reserve and scholarship, and a sensitive appreciation of the gay life and momentous issues of that fateful hour in France's history. The aftermath of the American Revolution reverberates in the revolt of Paris with an historic value and sense of proportion that give distinctive power to the work as history as well as fiction. One is thankful for the natural march of events through which the story is constructed without recourse to cheap bombast and sensational episodes."

The Cantankerous Critic nodded approval. "No doubt of it," said he, "*Calvert of Saratoga* is an excellent piece of literary workmanship. The book interested me because of the period—the Treaty of 1763—and the portrait of Mr. Jefferson which it presents. It is not a novel properly, but what might be called an historical biography. I say I enjoyed it; the workmanship is fine and true, amazingly so for a first book—I have not encountered Mr. Goodloe's name before—but I wish there was some way of distinguishing a work of this sort from fiction proper, which it is not. I don't like

being taken in, even when compelled to rejoice in the result."

"I am afraid I found *Calvert of Saratoga* rather dry and unexciting," remarked the Sentimentalist, apologetically, "and *The Light Behind* seemed a bit tiresome. There was no love story to speak of in either book."

The Matron regarded the Sentimentalist with a severe eye as she replied in a tone of reprimand.

"*The Light Behind* and *Calvert of Saratoga* were difficult reading. I admit, but I felt it my duty to acquaint myself with the state of society they depicted. What I say is that if one must read history one may as well get a knowledge of it in the pleasantest form, and a novel like *Calvert of Saratoga* does make you feel so well informed after you have read it. And after reading *The Light Behind* I feel as if I had mingled in the best London society, and hobnobbed with prime ministers, and been behind the scenes of high life in ecclesiastical and political circles. I owe the author of *Calvert of Saratoga* a grudge for one rash statement: 'It is so with all women,' he says; 'they hate to be put in the wrong, even when the doing so means protection to themselves.'"

"The Matron must concede, however," observed the Merchant, raising his hands complacently, "that the author proved his point. I liked it, and Madam de St. Andre certainly deserved it for the way she treated her cavalier. It was the prospectus showing this same gallant young American's recipe of the fair lady from the disastrous attack of a French nurse that caught my fancy and led me to read the book. I tell you, a good, strong, picturesque cover and a dashing prospectus are the best bait for a tired man when he picks up a book to read of an evening. The story in *Calvert of Saratoga* is all right, and I was pleased to follow the fair figure of our eminent statesman, Thomas Jefferson, in its pages. It is like meeting an old friend, this rabbling shoulders with a real personage."

"Lees and Leaven"

"By the way, I see that Mr. Edward W. Townsend," the Cantankerous Critic cut in, "not content with his failure to realize New York life in *Days Like These*, has made another futile attempt in *Lees and Leaven*. He hasn't done it, because it won't be done for a hundred years yet. The life of New York city is far too heterogeneous to reduce to a novel; it is a jumbled mosaic of many patterns, and no man living can make a clear design out of it. But Mr. Townsend is always vivid in touch when he describes some familiar bit of metropolitan life, or sketches with a touch of caricature the side-tracked characters of the great city, such as the 'sea-foot man.' He isn't a novelist, as he probably knows, but he can tell a good fairy-tale which is calculated to make the shop girl cease from troubling, and to give the typewriter a rest—for the time being."

"Well," responded the Merchant, "I liked Mr. Townsend's *Lees and Leaven*. I was interested in the machinations of the land grab for mining purposes, and rejoiced when that old skinflint, Buntion, got his deserts. I was sorry for his wife, though; she was a decent sort, and deserved a better husband and daughter. Mr. Townsend has a way of making you see things in New York that you have missed, although you don't have familiar with them for years. I don't know whether it's a fairy-tale or a novel, but I do know that much of it is true, and you can't get away from it. The story of the lost deed and the runaway wife, and the misadventure of the horse which matched in fine style may be more in the

Sentimentalist's line, but there are things more peculiar to New York concerning the various ways of getting a living that will interest those who know the life, and those who don't, but want to know."

"The Matron was frowning at the Merchant in evident disapproval. "I'm not so sure of that," she retorted.

"I read Mr. Townsend's *Love and Lovens* and finished it, because I had to find out how the story ended. But I'm not quite sure that I shall let my daughters read it. One has to make the acquaintance of such low people, and Mr. Townsend seems to accept with equanimity a deplorable state of irregularity not only among his low characters, but in society. One doesn't want to know these things nor to believe them, even if they are true. All I have to say is, if this is what New York life is like, the less we know of it the better, and I shall continue to keep my daughters in the country."

"But, my dear Matron," quoth the Humorist, "did you not say that you felt it was your duty to read these novels in order to acquaint yourself with the state of society they depicted?"

"It depends, sir," replied the Matron, tartly, "on the kind of society one is introduced to."

"Oh," quoth the Humorist, innocently, "then you define the 'proper study of mankind is man' to mean the best-regulated families?"

"I shall be proved with the next book!" asked the Matron, ignoring the Humorist.

"Youth"

"Willingly," replied the Cauterous Critic. "And I want to say that the book I enjoyed most of all was Mr. Conrad's *Youth*. 'Youth,' the first of the three stories that make up the volume, is one of the best short stories in any language. I would not have one word omitted. 'Heart of Darkness' is a little tantalizing at times, as the author keeps on a still hunt trailing through the analytical processes of his mind, but the end crowns the effort. 'The End of the Tether' has more emotion at the heart of it than Mr. Conrad's stories usually have—I recommend it to the Sentimentalist, who seems to have skipped this book. One thing is certain: Mr. Conrad is the most vivid reader and the finest literary artist now writing in the English tongue. 'The August light of abiding memories'—what a spell of haunting reverie the imagery of the phrase casts upon the mind!"

"Do you know," exclaimed the Merchant, "I haven't read anything in a long time that excited me so much as Mr. Conrad's story, 'Youth.' It was absurd the way it made me feel young again, and I saw all the world before me. Listen to this passage: 'And there was somewhere in me the thought: By Jove! this is the dence of an adventure—something you read about; and it is my first voyage as second mate—and I am only twenty—and here I am landing it out as well as any of these men, and keeping my chops up to the mark. I was pleased. I would not have given up the experience for worlds. I had moments of exaltation. . . . Oh, youth! The strength of it, the faith of it, the imagination of it! That's the right stuff, I tell you. I'd like to have been young again, and in that youth's place at the pumps—pumping in that old tank of a boat for dear life.'"

"Speaking of Mr. Conrad," observed the Matron, "there is one thing I have to say, and that is he doesn't understand women, and perhaps he is when he keeps his hands off the sex. He seems to have some old-fashioned notions that are angry, and all that sort of thing, and altogether too good for human nature's daily

food. In 'Heart of Darkness' he observes: 'It's queer how out of touch with truth women are. They live in a world of their own, and there has never been anything like it, and never can be. It is too beautiful altogether, and if they were to set it up it would go to pieces before the first sunset. Some confounded fact we men have been living contentedly with ever since the day of creation would start up and knock the whole thing over.' Now what I say is that if it wasn't for the practical genius of woman-kind the men would be nowhere. The first asset, indeed! And it's queer, is it, how out of touch with truth women are! It's a gross libel, that's what I say. Why, it is her love of truth, her loyalty to the ideal, that keeps the world from going to pieces, as Mr. Conrad demonstrates to his own utter confusion, at the end of this very story that he tells of the 'inevitable triumph' of the woman's faith in the man who was unworthy of her belief in him. That is the tragic note in woman's history. But as Mr. Conrad remarks, the heavens do not lie for such a trifle."

"I concede the point to the Cauterous Critic," suavely remarked the Young Clergyman, "that Mr. Conrad is a powerful literary artist, and a wonderful analyst of human motives and the dim, bewildering processes of moral deterioration. But I deplore the fact that a pall of pessimism lies on his work, and leaves a sad depression behind it. In following the human soul, he has missed the truth recognized by George Meredith, that 'Somehow the light of every soul burns upward.' Browning, too, grasped this spiritual factor in life, and thereby breathed into his poetry a sane and lofty inspiration. 'Droll thing life is,' observes the narrator in 'Heart of Darkness'—'that mysterious arrangement of merciful logic for a futile purpose.' The motto you can hope from it is some knowledge of yourself—that comes too late—a crop of unextinguishable regrets.' It is this spirit of submission to an inexorable fate that gives to his writing 'an impalpable grayness,' to quote his own phrase, 'a sickly atmosphere of tepid scepticism.' In the third tale, 'The End of the Tether,' it appeared as if the author were about to vindicate himself. The portrait of the fearless, enduring, loving old Captain Whalley is a noble one. 'He trusted his Maker with a still greater fearlessness—his Maker who knew his thoughts, his human affections, and his motives.' But that very simplicity and trust which was like a delicate refinement of an upright character, and which in such a nature would have upheld his faith in the inscrutable ways of Providence, is introduced in his dark and fiftieth hour when all his life seems fallen into the abyss, and for no purpose except to justify the theories of the pessimist. 'God had not listened to his prayers. The fight had finished ebbing out of the world; not a glimmer. It was a dark waste.' 'Waste! Not so, as the Apostle says, have we learned Christ.'"

The Cauterous Critic sniffed sceptically, but the Scholar let his hand rest on the Young Clergyman's shoulder. "This was a frequent assertion of his, quietly affirmed, that what the world needed most of all in its young men was a passion for earnestness. "It may be that Mr. Conrad is a pessimist," the Scholar began, with that winning voice which carried persuasion, "but I submit that our young friend is inclined to take too gloomy and dejected a view of his pessimism. Besides, Mr. Conrad is frankly an artist, and we have sorely the right to read into the life and words of his characters, the author's own creed. He has been a sailor him-

self; something of the sea has entered into his soul—the vastness, the loneliness surrounding their dark stolid souls." This something—call it what you will, as you can find a name for so subtle a quality as soul stuff—he has breathed into his pages through his sailors, as no one else has ever done in the literature of the sea. As for Captain Whalley, he was doomed to believe that all his spotless life had gone for naught when faced with the inevitable, but God knows, the author knew, and we know that his life was not a waste. We are richer for this very record of what he endured and passed through at the dark end, before the illuminating light of Eternity shone into his soul and flashed the truth upon him."

"Perhaps you are right," murmured the Young Clergyman. He said to his credit that his zeal was always tempered with a spirit of forbearance and tolerance.

"The Turquoise Cup"

"There is a little book in this flat," exclaimed the Scholar, "containing two exquisite stories which seem to have escaped your notice; I do not remember that any one mentioned it. The book itself is a thing of beauty to handle, but the tales are in prose, classic in taste and metre, in their beautiful setting. The first story is called 'The Turquoise Cup,' and gives the title to the volume. The second is called 'The Desert.' I could not give you any idea of their rare charm, the stories must be read before they give up their fine secret, so imbedded is the charm in the style of the writer, like the subtle perfume and delicate coloring of a flower. The Clergyman might not quite approve of the Cardinal in 'The Turquoise Cup,' or of Abdallah and his Moslem bride in 'The Desert,' but I have faith in his humanity to discern and, at least, appreciate, if not approve, the stuff in them of which our creeds are made."

The Humorist moved that the club adjourn, and it was so ordered.

The Age of Display

"We see a nation of shopkeepers, but so we the other nations, and we have to put everything into the shop windows like our Western cousins or we shall lose our trade!"—The Ticker.

Time is the age of display,
Every one turns advertiser;
Posters are needed to-day
Even by King and by Kaiser.
Do not be frigid and proud,
Act as your cousins and kin do;
Capture the eye of the crowd—
Everything into the window.

Have a procession a week
Stopping the workaday traffic;
Victories, won by a squeak,
Give you excuses to maffick.
Get up a gorgeous durbur,
Greatly impressing the Hindu,
Showing how splendid you are—
Everything into the window.

Live in the front of your shop,
That is the aim to arrive at;
Traders will come to the top
When they have nothing that's private.
Write to the papers, of course,
Put full year history in, do—
Marriage and death and divorce—
Everything into the window.

Books and Bookmen

One never grows weary of gleaning fresh reminiscences of Charles Dickens. The broad humanity of the man in his books brings him very close to every one of us, and it is always with keen interest we slight on some fresh scrap of information or recollection that interprets anew his personality or explains the relationship existing between certain of his characters and their prototypes in real life. It will astonish many readers of *Little Dorrit*, to whom the "child of the Marshalsea" has remained in imagination as Dickens portrayed her, the sweet and lovable child of a bygone age, to learn that "Little Dorrit" still lives, hearty and well, at Southgate, in England. Mrs. Mary Ann Cooper, now in her ninetieth year, was the original of Dickens's famous character, although there is no correspondence between the life depicted in the novel and Mrs. Cooper's, for she was never inside the dreary walls of the debtors' prison. Her father was a well-to-do farmer named Mitton, who lived in Hutton Garden, but who also had a place at Sunbury, where Dickens in his early youth was a frequent visitor. Mrs. Cooper points with pride to the bed on which she now sleeps as the one that young Dickens slept on when he used to visit her father in those days. She remembers him as a youth of high spirits up to all sorts of mischievous pranks. On one occasion, when staying with them at Sunbury, "Charles," as the old lady fondly calls him, borrowed some old clothes, disguised himself as a farm laborer in search of work, and so clever was his make-up that he completely deceived her father, a shrewd, hard man, who, not having employment for him, was persuaded to allow him a corner and some straw in one of his barns where he might pass the night!

A few years later the Mittons were living in Johnson Street, Clarendon Square, and the Dickens family occupied a house directly opposite. It was there that the acquaintance with "Mr. Charles" ripened into the closest friendship between the young people. Mrs. Cooper's brother had been a school-fellow of Dickens, and often assisted him in later years in law matters and in correcting manuscripts. They were at this period in the heyday of youth, and the garrulous old lady will tell you with plea how they used to call at a little place in the Hampstead Road, where the grandfather of the late Cecil Rhodes, "a grumpy old man," served them with milk; how after church Dickens would take her for a walk to "New St. Pancras Church," for the fun of staring at and "taking off" the pious heads who used to strut about its pinnacles. There was a very merry incident, and his imitation of the walk and bearing of the heads always sent his companions into fits of laughter, much to the great indignation of this prototype of Bumble. "Once when we were out walking," she says, "I remember we met a procession of schoolgirls from a select boarding-school, headed by a very grim and severe-looking principal. Seeing an old apple woman near by, Charles bought up her stock, and slyly slipped two apples into the hands of each girl, and then stood innocently by when the horrified principal discovered her very select establishment munching apples in the street!"

Dickens had a habit of giving nicknames to his friends, as he had a way of bestowing literary names on his sons. His name for Miss Mitton was Little Dorrit. She cannot remember how he came to give her this name. "I only recollect that somehow I was always Dorrit with Charles. How did I come to get into the Marshalsea!" she repeats with pleasure. "Well, I cannot exactly

say, but, as I have told you, Charles and I were, I think I may say, very fond of each other, and one day at home he told me: 'The next book I write I shall put you in it, and I shall call it *Little Dorrit*.' And, sure enough, he did." Mrs. Cooper has been a widow for over twenty years, and now lives alone in a little room full of flowers and knick-knacks and photographs, with one notable portrait of "My Charles." She is always pleasant to visitors, and delights in recalling the happy memories which cluster about her intimate friendship with the great novelist.

Mr. Henry James is very much with us these days. He is a most indefatigable writer and spinner of tales. It is only the other day that we had from him *The Sacred Fount* and *The Wings of the Dove*. And now comes a volume of stories, *The Better Sort*, while in the pages of the *North American Review* he continues to weave the web of



Henry James as Max Beerholm sees him

The Ambassadors. "If what your Majesty commands be served, your Majesty may count it as already done. If it be impossible, your Majesty may rest assured that it shall be done." This historic answer of the French courtier was quoted once by Mr. Henry Harland as symbolizing, in a way, the attitude, or at least, one of the attitudes of Mr. James toward his art. He is constantly undertaking the impossible, and constantly achieving it. As a critic, Mr. James more than once has reminded us that the writer of stories is, after all, first a painter of pictures. Most painters of pictures prudently confine their efforts to the representation of the wholly obvious; a few more intrepid spirits—Childé Rolands approaching the Dark Tower—dare the half obvious, the clear obscure. But Mr. James boldly attacks visions to the common eye invisible, and paints them, and makes them visible and lovely. A past master in the art of shadow painting, he has been styled, "The story that can be told is not worth telling." He seems to say, and, as Mr. Harland declares, "rigorously, lavishly he sets himself to tell the story that cannot be told and tells it."

One of the most startling things about *Lady Ros's Daughter*, which is now enjoy-

ing an enviable popularity, is the complete metamorphosis of the author. As the work of a literary artist, it starts a new formula in the criticism of her art as a novelist; no conclusion reached from the premises of her former novels will fit her latest piece of fiction. For example, half a dozen years ago, the following statement was made by an acute critic and then, at the same time, stamped with truth, it falls in every respect to characterize the author of *Lady Ros's Daughter*. Of Mrs. Ward, the critic had this to say: "She is pagan rather than positive, a rather conventional pagan, studying in the breakfast-exp of the British matron the sports of the arena. She could have taught Marous Aurelius much that would have opened his eyes. One is sure, however, that her head would have been cut off early in the work if she had pre-empted as the story-telling princess of *The Arabian Nights*." When this critic comes to read *Lady Ros's Daughter* we foresee that he will have to record another "corrected impression."

The most sensible word on a recent discussion of the topic "The Decay of the Novel," by certain well-known novelists in the *Critic*, was uttered in conclusion by Mr. Joseph Conrad, who thus summed up the whole matter: "No doubt Mr. Swift" (who set the ball rolling with a denunciatory article) "is perfectly right in his survey of the so-called literary production of to-day. I dare say it's jolly bad. For myself I have really nothing to say on the subject from that point of view, being too worried with my own imperfections to worry about the imperfections of other people, who, after all, may be—probably are—so conscientious in their way as I was trying to be in mine."

It would never occur to the reader of *The Circle* that the author was a daughter of Erin. The scenes of the story are laid in London, and the characters are English with the exception of the heroine, Anna Soloy and her father, who are Russian Jews, and the American fugitive, Johns. Not only so, but the restrained and repressed tone of the work is characteristically English. Yet Mrs. Katherine Cecil Thurston was born in the south of Ireland, and spent most of her life there up to the time of her marriage. It was only three years ago that Mrs. Thurston first thought of literary work, and then it was at the instigation of her husband. For a year thereafter she plodded away laboriously, and at last sent out her first finished story, which had the good luck to be accepted. This was in April, 1901, and since then she has contributed stories to a number of English magazines and periodicals. *The Circle* was begun in September, 1901, and completed in the following spring, when it was at once accepted by the old-established firm of Blackwood. It is a remarkable first novel, and is deserving of the unusual attention it is commanding.

Ian MacLaren recently preached a sermon to young men on the subject of "Imagination." He warned his hearers that imagination did not mean merely a taste for poetry, but insight into events and characters, whether real or imaginary. No great practical enterprise could be achieved in any domain of the world's work without imagination. This recalls a closing sentence in Ian MacLaren's story *Afterwards*, which made a deep impression at the time it was written. "For we sin against our dearest, not because we do not love, but because we do not imagine." Many years previous Mrs. Oliphant embodied the same truth in her charming story, *Janet's*. "I believe," she observed, "for my own part, that imagination is the first faculty wanting in those that do harm to their kind, great or small."

Finance

THE course of the speculative markets during the past few days has reflected merely the transient changes in technical conditions. The situation at large has remained without new developments of importance. The bears have discovered that the public and for that matter, the strong interests of the Street evince no desire to purchase securities, and this sickly encourages the man who would "sell what isn't his'n." But at the same time, liquidation of speculative accounts is over for the time being, and neither the public nor any one else is selling stocks, which is not encouraging to the short who must "buy it back or go to prison," according to the rhyming couplet attributed to the late Daniel Drew. Therefore, the stock market from time to time shows weakness, but it is distinctly traceable to the operations of the professional speculators; and on the next day it displays strength, because the same professionals are buying back stocks sold on the day previous. And as always happens when the trading is of this "professional" character, "sentiment" changes with the fluctuations in prices, being depressed when stocks are falling, and hopeful when they are rising. On the whole it would seem fair to assume that there is a more hopeful feeling abroad, which, however, is not yet positive enough to mean greater speculative activity or purchases for the rise.

It is money rates and possibilities of surges which has acted and continued to act as the chief deterrent in stock-market ventures. The cash rate has not indeed risen above seven per cent., but the very low surplus reserves held at this writing by the New York banks make it perfectly plain that there are disagreeable possibilities in the way of calling of stock-market loans and the liquidation which always follows such drastic measures. The last bank statement showed such slight improvement that the condition of affairs cannot be said to have changed. At this writing the drain on the banks' cash holdings from Sub-Treasury operations is less than last week's, and before long the evils resulting from the antiquated fiscal system of the Federal government should be more than offset by the return movement of currency from the interior to this centre. Foreign exchange has risen considerably from the low rates of last week, reflecting the stiffening money-markets abroad, and possibly the buying of bills by our bankers at the low and inviting figures. It is quite likely, moreover, that bankers here have had in mind the future operations, which the payment of \$40,000,000 by the United States to the French owners of the Panama Canal property will necessitate.

In connection with the future course of the foreign-exchange market, great interest attaches to our foreign-trade statistics for February. The most noteworthy feature of the statement was the increase in the exports of manufactures. Considering that prices of our manufactured products are high by reason of the great domestic demand reported in all branches of industry, the volume of our export trade is significant in its bearing upon the times, yet to come, when the domestic consumption shall have become lighter. The huge volume of traffic being piled upon the railroads, taxes their capacity to their utmost. The indications, based upon the assertions of people in a position to know the facts, are that the net earnings of the United States Steel Corporation for the current year will be in excess of \$125,000,000; truly, a stupendous achievement. It will be recalled that Mr. Schwab predicted they would be \$140,000,000; but at that time, the figures seemed extravagant. And it is so in nearly all lines of industry.

IN HARPER'S WEEKLY for next week there will be, among other features, a complete short story by Hamlin Garland, author of "The Captain of the Gray-Horse Troop"

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STATEMENT OF CONDITION (CONDENSED)

Report to the Comptroller of the Currency

APRIL 30th, 1902

RESOURCES

Loans and Discounts	\$12,745,106.86
Bonds	770,029.74
Banking House	545,796.92
Due from banks	835,129.80
Cash and Checks on other Banks	8,297,120.80
Total	\$23,193,883.32

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

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January 15, 1902
NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, AS REQUIRED BY THE Greater New York Charter, that the books called "The Assessed Record of the Assessed Valuation of Real and Personal Estate of the Borough of Manhattan, The Bronx, Brooklyn, Queens, and Richmond, comprising The City of New York," will be open for examination and correction on the second Monday of January, and will remain open until the

1ST DAY OF APRIL, 1902.

During the time that the books are open to public inspection, application may be made by any person or corporation claiming to be aggrieved by the assessed valuation of real or personal estate to have the same corrected.

In the Borough of Manhattan, at the main office of the Department of Taxes and Assessments, No. 216 Broadway.

In the Borough of The Bronx, at the office of the Department, Municipal Building, One Hundred and Twenty-Seventh Street and Third Avenue.

In the Borough of Brooklyn, at the office of the Department, Municipal Building.

In the Borough of Queens, at the office of the Department, Herbert Building, Jackson Avenue and Fifth Street, Long Island City.

In the Borough of Richmond, at the office of the Department, Messers Building.

Corrections in all the Boroughs must make application only at the main office of the Department of Taxes and Assessments in relation to the assessed valuation of personal estate must be made by the person assessed, the office of the Department in the Borough where such person resides, and in the case of a non-resident carrying on business in the City of New York, at the office of the Department of the Borough where such place of business is located, between the hours of 10 A. M. and 4 P. M., except on Saturdays, when all applications must be made between 10 A. M. and 12 noon.

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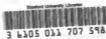
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